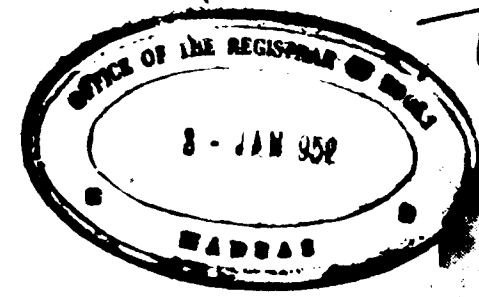


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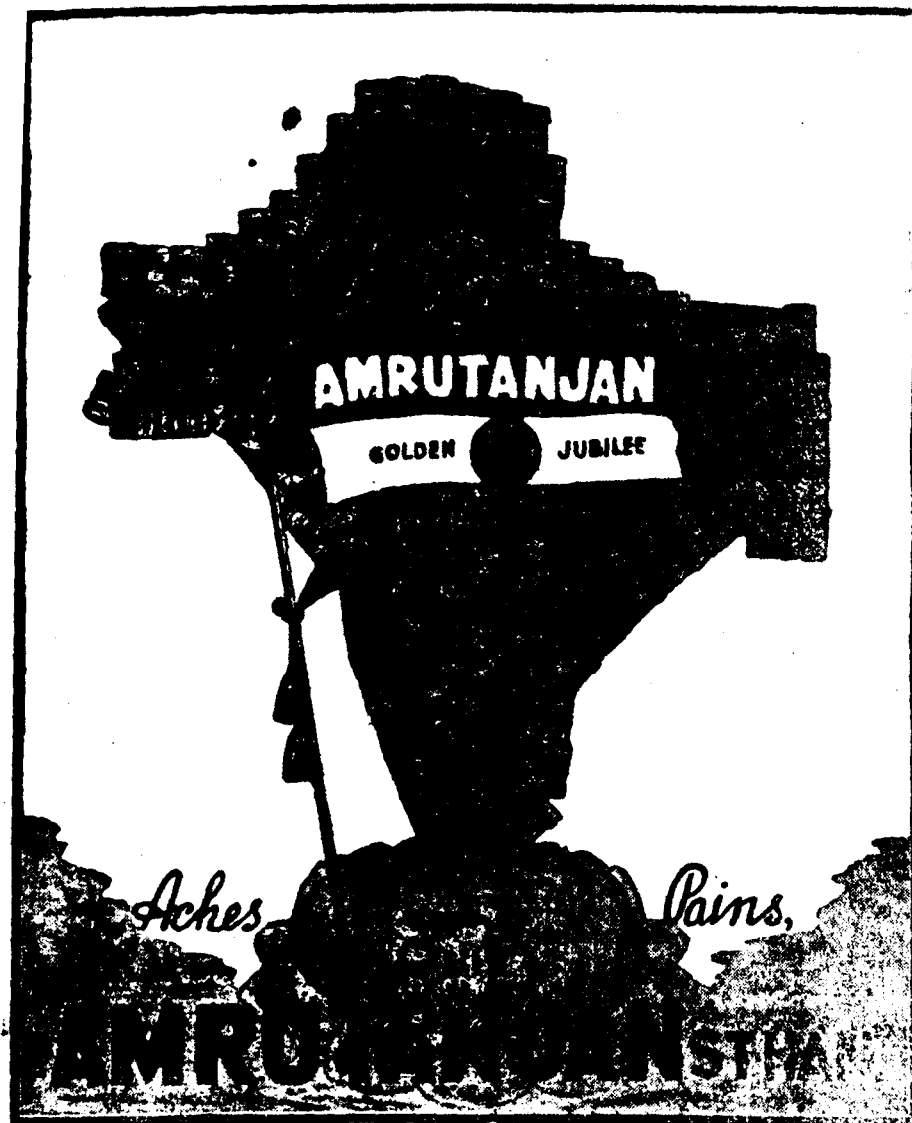
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1951.

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VOL. VI
No. 43

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ELECTIONEERING ANOMALIES

PANDIT NEHRU addressed on Tuesday one of the biggest gatherings ever witnessed in Madras City. Wherever Pandit Nehru went in his recent South Indian tour, enormous crowds collected to see and hear him. South India is not exceptional in the matter of pouring out admirers in hundreds of thousands to greet the Prime Minister with their welcome. It is a universal phenomenon throughout the country. In the glamour that surrounds the Prime Minister, judgment is suspended, and at Tuesday's meeting the vast multitude listened to him with suspended judgment, while he indulged in a voluminous appeal for support of the Congress that was as full of fervour as it was lacking in valid reason for the persuasion of logical and unbiassed minds.

Pandit Nehru began angrily with a tirade on newspapers and periodicals that had ventured to call the Congress decadent. But everything that he said subsequently only endorsed the view that the Congress had degenerated greatly in the past four years. He was himself at great pains to prove that success had spoiled the Congress leaders and they had lost in stature in consequence. He thus ended by agreeing with those whom he started by denouncing. And yet, as though deterioration were a passport to support, he pleaded for the suffrage of the voters on behalf of the Congress.

Pandit Nehru sought to transfer the popular adoration for himself into electoral backing for the Congress. To some extent he might succeed in his endeavour, but there

are figures in the Congress candidates' lists whom not all the influence of the great Nehru can elevate in the public estimation above the level of respect paid to habitual dealers in the black market. Between these and the Prime Minister there is nothing in common, and if they succeed in the elections, such success would be due partly to abuse of money power and partly to divisions in the ranks of opponents of the Congress. Pandit Nehru admits that there are black sheep in the Congress but makes no distinction between the black sheep and the white in his comprehensive appeal for the votes of the people in support of the Congress. Why should black sheep be sent into the legislature merely because they have evaded discovery and expulsion, on the strength of hopes that might not be fulfilled, that they will be properly dealt with in some reorganisation of the future?

The unintelligent section of the public might respond to Pandit Nehru's invitation for treating the Congress as the equivalent of himself in the matter of electoral support, but those with any vestige of common-sense will refuse to be taken in. Pandit Nehru is himself the prisoner of forces that have helped to make the Congress a degenerate body, stamped with inefficiency and corruption, and if the Congress is victorious, the problem of his liberation from such forces would still remain, rendered more difficult. His arguments that other parties are not well equipped to rule are graceless. It is open to the other parties to draw as much on outside talent as the Congress has drawn on non-Congress

personnel. Even from Pandit Nehru adverse assessments on parties and persons in a competitive relation cannot fail to be cheapened by an opportunist blemish. Under the Congress regime the delirious mass enthusiasm of Independence Day has withered into the universal apathy of the present. Congress victory would

only prolong this apathy into the future, which would be a national misfortune. It is a graver national misfortune that the party leader in Pandit Nehru has triumphed over the national hero, making him oblivious for the moment to the evil consequences of continued Congress supremacy.

Sotto Voce

"I SPEAK FOR INDIA"



"WE cannot both reform the organisation and fight elections at the same time. Let the elections be over and we will clean the undesirable elements from the organisation." So Mr. Nehru, performing one of those agile somersaults for which he has set up a record. It is hardly six weeks since he smoked Mr. Tandon out, proclaiming that he did not care if the Congress lost the whole world provided it kept its soul intact. The one thing that doesn't change with him is the epic bravado which reminds you of all the noble ranters from Hector to Hotspur.

"We may have selected a number of bad men, but I take full responsibility for the selections." And the voter must meekly submit to have mud put into his mouth because the nation's darling has pronounced an incantation over it. If the admiring audience of thirty thousand in remote Chamba swells to three hundred thousand in familiar Chowpathi the incoherence of Mumbo-jumbo multiplies correspondingly. "I don't come as a beggar for votes. I am not here as Prime Minister nor even as Congress President." What, then, is he and what is he there for, the wondering, simple-minded listener might ask.

The answer is slightly shop-soiled.

"If I am beggar for anything it is for your love and sympathy." We seem to have heard it all before. But halt: there is something more which, if not exactly new, is rather disconcerting in the present context. Monopolising the air for a solid half hour the other day the Prime Minister told the voting millions, "Whatever your verdict, we will accept it." If he was speaking for the Congress, he should have remembered that leaders of other parties should have been provided with equal facilities by the Government-controlled A. I. R. to give a similar assurance of constitutional rectitude to the electorate. But Mr. Nehru seems to be falling more and more into the idiom as well as the mental modes of the Grand Monarch.

He told the Chowpathi crowd that he was there "speaking to old colleagues as one who had fought in the battles for freedom." The self-esteem of the "colleagues" must have soared in that electric moment. In prosaic fact there may not have been more than half a dozen in all that mammoth gathering who had played any part in the "battle for freedom", including the nice gentlemanly one of token satyagrahis looking forward to *de luxe* jail life. But Mr. Nehru laid it on with a trowel. "One thing is

given to me in abundance, that is your trust and affection." After this sweet confiding how could they be so churlish as to say 'no'?

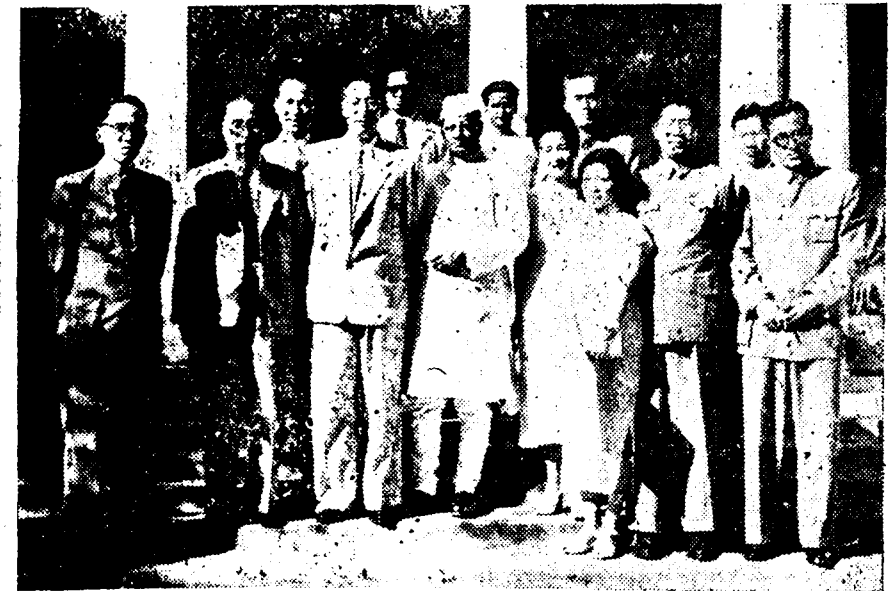
Any incipient impulse to escape on the part of the most hardened truth-teller caught in the well-known Nehru charm like flies in treacle, must have been quietly strangled by the Delphic utterance that followed. "Sometimes when I speak I speak for India," said the oracle. That "sometimes", now was wholly superfluous—so his ecstatic fans must have said to themselves as they wended homewards after the spate of words and their stock of peanuts were over,—but it was characteristic of the man's modesty and humility. Who else but malignant communalists would, in the face of such candour, say that here was a dictator *manque*?

By force of habit the Prime Minister ended by urging his hearers "to vote for the fittest man—the man with a record of service, honesty of purpose and integrity." But, he himself had begun by admitting that a few black sheep may have strayed in. And

even the most purblind voter must by now know quite a few things that are hidden from our perspicacious P. M. The double sieve of the Congress President and the Old Guard has, like the *pannadai* of the Tamil proverb, managed to retain most of the scum on top, whether it came from the one pot or the other.

So when Mr. Nehru asks the voters to select men of integrity, he is no doubt suggesting a yard-stick to measure the morals of other parties by. Congressmen, the chastened voter is expected to remind himself, "do not abide our question." Has not the bell-wether said, "You must take me with my flock of good sheep and my patches of black sheep, if you want to keep hearing the brave sound of my bell"? The masses are not to cherish the illusion that they have an alternative. "Congressmen alone can deliver the goods to the country": and as they have been four years at it already with nothing particular to show for it you may be sure they will be in no hurry.

VIGHNESWARA



The Chinese Cultural Delegation at the Madras School of Arts. Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury, the Principal (fourth from Left) with members of the delegation.

WHY I CAME TO AMERICA?

By Sir C. P. RAMASWAMI IYER

In sending this article to Swatantra, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar writes that it is being published in America.

WHAT was the reason that led me to accept an invitation to be a professor in America and thus to tread a new path after many years spent in administration and the practice of the law? It was because I felt that there was never so much need as at present for mutual comprehension and mutual understanding between America and India—inherently supplementary to each other and not so dissimilar as some persons may imagine.

But, when I came here, I discovered that recent events and essentially transient divergences of policy had led to chronic irritations between India and the U. S. A., and from time to time during the last few months my attention has been focused upon intemperate and fretful utterances by statesmen and journalists. One of the most recent and perhaps one of the most calamitous is a recent article in the *LIFE* Magazine by Mr. Bullitt, a famous journalist who has also been a noted diplomat. It is not my purpose to deal in extenso with that article or to answer it point by point. I prefer, rather, to deal with those basic matters that should unite India and America and not those that divide.

It has been stated that there can be no indictment of a nation or a civilization, but there is a constant temptation, especially in an age of hurry to pass summary judgments and to affect a lofty superiority when referring to the habits and outlook of other peoples while being oblivious to foibles in one's own country. At this juncture in world-affairs it is positively dangerous to risk the loss of good will by a needless exhibition of a superiority complex. There is much less reason for repeating or resurrecting old stories like those which that redoubtable lady, Miss Mayo, recounted a quarter of a century ago.

Many references are made to the "illiteracy" in India, but illiteracy is not equivalent to want of culture. Eastern and especially Indian culture has been largely imparted and assimilated through the ear and not through the eye, and the Indian peasant who may not know how to read or write, is yet largely imbued with the traditional knowledge of India and is an alert and essentially "cultivated" individual. In any case, the so-called illiteracy is the by-product of two hundred years of an administration that did not concentrate on popular education and is now being strenuously combated by means of a nation-wide program of juvenile and adult education. It has been stated that the Brahman community is inherently opposed to democratic doctrines and principles. So to say is to ignore that the village community of India, in the foundation of which the Brahmans played no small part, was fundamentally democratic. It is easy to assert that the Brahman is a perfect snob but it is not often remembered that this snob was responsible for a civilisation that during more than 3,000 years assigned to money and the possession of money a relatively smaller place than to self-chosen poverty combined with the quest of learning. Moreover, in spite of sporadic and temporary exceptions, the culture for which the Brahman was responsible prevented not only the growth of plutocracy but also of the growth of militarism.

In inveighing against caste and its unfortunate and poisonous outgrowths in recent times, it is often forgotten that during the Vedic period (about 2,000 B. C.) and even after the time of the Epics, i.e., until after the beginning of the Christian era, caste played a part not very different from that of the Guilds of Medieval Europe. The Gita, for instance, describes caste as a differentiation due to environment and personal endowment. Caste was for long an elastic institution

and new castes came constantly into being and many upheavals took place from within. There were, too, reformers like Kabir who even sought to unite the Hindus and the Moslems in a common faith and life; and examples were numerous like those of the outcast saint, Nanda, who was canonized by the Brahmans and many others who campaigned against the injurious excrescences of the caste system. The Vaishnava reformers of the fifteenth century wrought a single community out of several by a process of widespread conversion transcending caste barriers and so did the Lingayats. Even during the last few decades the great reformers who successfully protested against the unwholesome developments of the caste system, namely men like Rammohan Roy, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Vivekananda, Dayananda, and Gandhi, came from the so-called superior castes. Although I am, myself, a Brahman it was given to me to be instrumental in the promulgation of a decree in Travancore abolishing untouchability and throwing open the temples to all communities and castes. Continuous steps are now being undertaken to reintegrate Indian culture in the light of present needs and to resuscitate fundamental values. But, it is wise when looking to the future, not to indulge in bitterness over the past.

The castes in India derived their origin from circumstances similar to those that led to slavery and to helotage in Greece and Phoenicia and Egypt and Rome. The exclusiveness of trade guilds and their insistence on hereditary skills are well-known incidents of history. Do we not find even in the utterances of St. Paul the following: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." (I Cor. 7:20)

When people talk of burning ghats they seem to forget that the practice of the burning of the dead or of consigning the bodies to the ocean or to a running stream is not unique to India; and it is believed by many that cremation is a clean and hygienic method of disposal. In alluding to naked hermits, it is overlooked that early Christianity saw many naked hermits whose penances are not derided even by the civilized Westerner.

The worship of nature in her Mother aspect is not essentially dissimilar to the worship of the Virgin, which has seen a marvellous resuscitation quite recently. No observance and no practices in Hindu temples can be unmatched in the practice of other religions and I have myself seen in Lima, (Peru) patient and faithful Christians circumbulating the church on all fours to gain the protection of the Holy Virgin. Sects like the Holy Rollers and Christian Scientists flourish in the West. Every ancient religion, moreover, was profoundly influenced by the phenomenon of the multiform creativeness of nature and the Mother Goddess described by one of the Tamil poets as "The Mother of all the clustering worlds and yet forever virgin" was venerated in Greece, in Crete and in India, alike.

The Supreme is approached in adoration through many forms—as Mother, and as Child, as a martyr and as an ascetic; and through many symbols like the Cross, the Kaaba in Mecca, the Tablets of the Law, the temple and the images therein. Even the ignorant worshipper knows that these are only modes of approach and solely a method of concentration. These symbols are not gods in themselves and are in reality not so regarded by the so-called idol worshippers in Christian or Hindu communities.

The fertility principle in the universe was symbolized in certain emblems, but neither in the worship of the Virgin Mother nor in what is described as the phallus, is there any suggestion of the physical aspect any more than there is in the worship of the Cross, which, itself, has been described by several recent anthropologists as a survival of sun worship and by others as a variant of the phallus. The works of such scientists, beginning with the celebrated Sir John Fraser, are full of discussions on the phallic origin of the cross (or Tau) and similar holy symbols, but no one will dream of suggesting that the Cross in Europe or America or the Swastika or Linga in India has any crude physical reaction on the mind of the worshipper. In truth, all religions have relied upon symbols as a means of concentration and to delve into the origin of symbols to discover

their obscure or hypothetical origins is to fix attention not on the lotus but on the swamp and the mud wherein its roots live and have their being.

But enough of these comparisons. They are essentially as purposeless, or even mischievous, as one's attempts to generalize from the growing cult of nudism in the West, or from the survival of belief in witchcraft in present day America, as illustrated by the recent branding of a whole family by a very pious father with a view to cast out devils believed to inhabit his wife and children. Neither Thomas Wilder's "Flamingo Road," descriptive of wholesale corruption in Florida, Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," descriptive of restless and predatory plutocracy and its ills, nor some recent books circulating in America, describing the nymphomaniac excesses of some perverted women, would be a fair summation of America with its undeniable practical idealism, and its ready response to the cries of want and distress from all quarters of the earth, and the essential quest for spiritual

equilibrium which as I daily notice is manifest in the America of today.

I would rather dwell upon the aspirations of the Americans and their potentialities in the future order than upon daily stories of graft and corruption and tax evasion or the constant holdups, the prevalence of juvenile crime and addiction to drugs, or the Mammon cult or warmongering that Communists ascribe to their chief opponents.

I would appeal to the American public to realise that India with her enormous resources has been for various reasons unable adequately to develop those resources, or to make herself self-sufficient in food and basic industries and that it is up to India to improve her standards of living, to diminish the incidence of disease and to combat the short-term and long-term effects of food shortage. This shortage and the illiteracy with which people reproach India are there in spite of three hundred years of avowedly benevolent foreign rule—some have even said, because of it. The efforts of Indians in the past in

favour of introduction of primary education were opposed presumably in all good faith by the British authorities. They also did not venture to interfere with social customs for fear of rousing powerful (and to them, unknown) forces of antagonism and they were thus in effect opposed to the growth and adaptation from within which characterized Hindu society during many centuries.

It has only been four years since the declaration of Indian independence and those who speak scornfully of India's unreadiness to adopt birth control forget what is happening in all Roman Catholic countries today and also forget that birth regulation automatically follows upon economic improvement. In every country, moreover, those who most successfully practice birth control are not those who are economically insecure; rather the reverse.

At this juncture what is needed is not the flinging of epithets nor an affectation of fancied superiority. What is required is a recognition of the diligent and strenuous efforts made by a government and a people who have been newly liberated, who are busily and conscientiously reconstructing their society and their economy and, who are honestly endeavouring to get rid of such social excrescences as untouchability.

Gibes against the protection given to cows and monkeys take one nowhere. The religious sanction against the eating of beef was a result of climatic, hygienic and economic necessity. As is well-known, beef was not forbidden at the time of the Vedas, or even of the early Upanishads; it was the technique and the needs of rural life and agriculture and the importance of cattle, and especially of the milch cow, in a predominantly rice-eating country were fully recognized that the cow began to be venerated. Further, in a country progressively denuded of forests even cow dung became one of the main items of fuel. Let us not, then, indulge in facile judgments without seeking to understand underlying causes and without appreciating the fact that today's acceptance often becomes tomorrow's tradition and the future's

rule of conduct that may acquire the blessings of religious groups.

Mr. Chester Bowles, the newly appointed ambassador to India has rightly emphasized the need of American help to India as an imperative world necessity to avert the risk of the enthronement of subversive forces. That help, as he emphasizes, should be furnished not in a spirit of patronage but spontaneously. This is a kindly and wise approach to a great problem. Mr. Bullitt concludes his article with the words that "too often, the epitaph, "Too Late" is written on the graves of nations." But equally dangerous with such delay is the gracelessness or perversity of national attitudes and actions. Today the world stands poised on the edge of a precipice. Today, moreover, the sentiments of nationalism and of self-respect and self-vindication, act as potent spells. Every word spoken to purposeless ridicule or scorn of practices and ideals that are cherished by large masses of men, is a dangerous explosive. In essence, the Indian attitude is friendly towards America and England, especially after the latter's great gesture of renunciation. I find, also, that the attitude of the average American is likewise friendly to India, a nation that, like his own in its early days of independence, is passing through a period of difficulty, economic and social, following upon liberation. Many Americans realize that until the first World War their country was a debtor nation.

India is nervous of and sensitive to the possibilities of political or economic aggression on the part of powerfully organized communities. In my opinion, this sensitiveness can be exaggerated. But equally dangerous is a feeling on the other side that the leading countries of the world have a right to expect an attitude of submissiveness and automatic conformity. Mutual trust can alone produce friendly collaboration without which the fortunes of the world will be in jeopardy. Such mutual trust must be earned and not taken for granted. It will not be earned by sweeping generalization or by tendentious criticisms like those it has been my misfortune and unhappiness to witness in recent weeks.

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REPORT ON THE DRAFT FIVE YEAR PLAN

By R. RAMADAS

THE draft Five Year Plan prepared by the National Planning Commission represents the first official attempt to co-ordinate the development activities of the Centre and the States and substantially raise living standards in the country in the next five years. It is a planned programme of public expenditure on agriculture, irrigation and power development, industry, transport, and communications, social services and rehabilitation.

The financial implications of the plan are:

(a) An over-all expenditure of Rs. 1,493 crores in the first instance, raised partly from the revenue and capital reserves of the Central and Provincial Governments: partly from the railway revenue reserves, and the rest by the issue of public loans and increase of currency, or foreign aid.

(b) An outlay of nearly 2 annas in the rupee on agriculture, 5 annas in the rupee on irrigation and power, and 4 annas in the rupee on transport and communications.

The scope of the scheme could be substantially expanded in case foreign aid is available, whether under the Point Four programme or the Colombo Plan of the Commonwealth nations.

The plan clearly incorporates and co-ordinates all previous attempts at planning undertaken in India. There are however salient points of difference as between the draft five year plan and the other plans. The main emphasis of the Bombay Plan, for instance, is on industrial development, of the Colombo Plan on improvement in transport (and on agricultural development), whereas, under the Five Year Plan, it is on agricultural, industrial and power development. Though the scope of the draft Five Year Plan is limited and the plan does not offer any targets, it is indisputably a realistic attempt to tackle the basic facts of Indian economy and

develop our economy on a sound basis. The Bombay Plan is ambitious, but somewhat one-sided, while the Colombo Plan is a somewhat hurried attempt to prepare estimates of our national needs.

The draft Five Year Plan may be looked upon more or less as a national plan because it steers clear of all "isms" and focuses attention on basic matters such as agricultural reorganisation, irrigation, and power development which are of common interest to all political parties.

The plan is formulated under certain definite limitations:

(a) The plan has to suit the constitution of the Indian Republic; and no compulsion or coercion of the individual is possible.

(b) No adequate statistical data is available for working out details of the plan; the members admit their inability to promise definite targets, or present a picture of the economic pattern emerging out of the implementation of the plan.

(c) The economy of the country is at present subject to unprecedented strain on account of post-war and post-partition problems, and also certain long-term economic trends which make the problem of planning in India an unenviable task. The high and rising prices, shortage of raw materials, of essential consumer goods, and of housing, and the relief and rehabilitation of displaced persons constitute the immediate problem for which the plan must provide an answer. On the other hand, viewed over a long period, Indian economy has been more or less stagnant and has failed to meet the demands of a rapidly growing population. There are certain long-term trends in the economy, like an increasing rate of population growth, an immobility in the occupational structure, a chronic problem of under-employment in agricultural classes, low yields per acre of cultivated areas,

and of a relatively slow growth of industries. Unless the plan tackles these long-term trends, future planning would be as difficult as now. In the formulation of the plan, due attention had to be paid to this basic problem of development in addition to the problem of post-war and post-partition re-adjustments. While immediately available resources are limited, the needs are manifold and complex. When we understand these limiting factors of the plan, the charge that the plan promises little recovery or progress would appear superficial.

The outstanding features of the plan are:

(i) It confines itself admittedly to the public sector of activity, though the difficulties facing the private sector are sought to be rectified by suggestions in regard to control and co-ordinated progress. The criticism of the Federation of the Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, that the plan is merely a planned programme of public expenditure rather than a national plan of economic development, is apt. But the available resources being limited, the plan accords priority in the matter of State expenditure to agriculture, irrigation, and power development; planning in the private sector is only attempted in its broad outlines, the details being left to private enterprise itself.

(ii) Agriculture constitutes the primary occupation of the population. It contributes the raw materials for established industries like cotton textiles, jute, sugar and tea. Agricultural development implies an increasing demand for industries manufacturing agricultural goods and appliances like centrifugal pumps, Diesel engines and fertilisers. It also raises the purchasing power of the agricultural population, thus assuring industries producing consumer goods of an expanding market. Hence the priority that the plan concedes to agriculture and irrigation is largely justifiable. The plan provides nearly six annas in the rupee for agriculture and irrigation. It also provides for extension of transport services to the rural areas though on a limited scale. This emphasis of the plan is criticised by representatives of industry and

trade. It is said that the plan starves industry. The defence advanced by the members of the Commission is that industrial development and expansion is left out for the private sector of activity. Another argument advanced in this matter is that the plan assures increased supply of raw materials, cheap power over wide areas of the country, an expanding market, relief in the transport bottlenecks and active State assistance by means of control and regulation through development councils. Moreover missing links in our industrial structure are sought to be made up under the industrial policy statement of 1948 in the matter of establishing key industries such as chemicals, locomotives, fertilisers, machine tools, telephone equipment, mathematical instruments, etc. It is clearly admitted in the plan that "since the total resources available for development are limited and since projects calculated to raise agricultural production are given the highest priority in the plan the resources available for industrial expansion are limited." Thus the second salient characteristic of the plan is its order of priority.

(iii) The plan promises little immediate relief. The plan offers nothing more than an attainment of the 1939 living standards. This is considered by some critics as a defect in the plan. In a superficial sense the criticism is true. But the approach of the plan is not simply to promise and achieve spectacular increases in standards of consumption, in the short run. Rather, the plan puts stress on the rate of future progress, and on the needs for capital formulation in the country. It is categorically laid down as follows: "A large and early increase in consumption and a high rate of capital formation cannot go together"—unless capital formation is stepped up substantially, the community will have to go on living from hand to mouth, and the rate of economic advance will be small." The plan has therefore made the choice in favour of less spectacular achievements, which would however build up the economic potential of the country. Thus the third characteristic of the Five Year Plan is its long-term emphasis. "It thinks more of to-morrow than of to-day."

(iv.) Another striking feature of the plan is its recommendation in favour of State trading. The Federation of the Indian Chamber of Commerce and Industry considers the Commission's views on State trading erroneous, but fails to explain why. In India the history of industrial progress during recent years clearly proves that industry has suffered because of diversion of investment to trade, more especially in disturbed times such as during war. Industrial leadership in India has suffered because most of the managing agency firms were content to act as commission and insurance agents satisfied with the profits of trade rather than court the risks of industrial pioneering. Cooperative trading or State trading in specific lines through corporations set up for the purpose is recommended by the Commission as a corrective to private trade.

Thus, the main features of the plan are the priority it concedes to agriculture, irrigation and power development, the absence of any spectacular promises in the standards of consumption and the long-term approach to the problem of optimum allocation of productive resources.

The plan envisages increase in agricultural production as a result of extension of major and minor irrigation works. The targets expected to be reached by the end of 1956 would be of the following order:

(In thousands)

Foodgrains (tons)	7,200
Jute (400 lbs. bales)	2,060
Cotton (392 lbs. bales)	1,200
Oil seeds (tons)	375
Sugar (gur-tons)	690

It is held by some critics that the basis upon which these targets are arrived at is not clear. Others criticise the decision to postpone the ideal of self-sufficiency in food. But the recommendation is realistic and accepts the logic of facts and enables the Governments, Central and State, to avoid lapses in arriving at food import agreements. The plan similarly lays down targets for industrial

production; but some critics feel that industrial expansion would be seriously impeded by lack of finance. Dr. Mathai, the ex-Union Minister for Finance, questions, for instance how the private sector could expand its activities when almost all available investment funds would be required for the public sector. In the sphere of transport, Rs. 200 crores are earned for railways, mostly for maintenance and rehabilitation programmes. Road development funds provided in the plan look disappointingly meagre. There are also signs of inadequate co-ordination in the road finances of the several States. Madras, for example, provides only 5 crores for "roads" and nothing under the head of "road transport" and "ports". Bombay, on the other hand provides Rs. 11.64 crores for roads, Rs. 2 crores for road transport and Rs. 25 lakhs for ports and harbours. Similarly, Uttar Pradesh provides Rs. 5.22 crores for roads and 1.2 crores for "road transport." These figures would indicate the absence of any agreed approach in the formulation of the several State plans.

The Five Year Plan does not provide large enough sums for social service through relief works in drought affected areas. Such works appear to be left for private philanthropy, and such organisations as the proposed Bharat Seva Sangh.

Most of the criticisms of the Five Year Plan lose their force on a fuller understanding of the approach to the problem adopted by the Commission and an appreciation of the limitation of available resources. It must be said that the plan has achieved a commendable level of objectivity in this basic task. The emphasis of the plan throughout is on rectification of some of the basic defects of our economy and not a mere attainment of spectacular increases in immediate consumption. The plan, successfully implemented would provide an increasing momentum to all future planning. The plan is defective only in one important respect and that is, in the make-up of the State plans. Greater attention than is given now in this matter is necessary.

CAN PLAN CREATE CONFIDENCE IN PUBLIC

By Prof. S. V. PUNTAMBEKAR

HISTORY of planning in totalitarian countries shows that any over-all and high tension plan can be worked out within any allotted time if there is a unity of objective and directive amongst the people and the Government and if there is an all-powerful force and a concentrated drive behind it. This is not possible in democratic and politically disintegrated countries where objectives are not unified, directives are many, an over-all force is not centred and a powerful drive is not continuous and concentrated.

Premature

All plans are theoretically possible but not necessarily their realisation within the short time-limit proposed and within the conditions, fluid and fluctuating, indefinite and undefined. Have we arrived in our political, administrative, economic and psychological progress, at the stage of successful over-all planning within a short period of five years? I would say no. An over-all five years' plan is premature in our conditions of society, government, administration, economic development and psychological attitude. There is too much inefficiency and backwardness, lack of understanding and discipline, want of technical equipment and financial resources, for any such plan to be successful. There is also absent an efficient administrative personnel which is fundamentally necessary. No plan can work and is really of worth which will always or largely depend on foreign technical financial and administrative assistance and control.

Our Polity Is Not Stabilised

In the first place our polity is not stabilised. Its implications are not as yet fully understood and have to be worked out. We do not know if it encourages individual rights and private efforts and property or envisages social planning and socialisation of effort and wealth. There is enormous contradiction in its authoritative interpretation by the executive in

power, by the judiciary, by the parties in opposition and by professors in universities. Therefore it lacks the necessary strength to be used for any particular purpose or in any particular direction which the party in power wants. Our economy is not integrated. It is at present agricultural, feudal and bourgeois in structure, not really capitalist in nature, nor advanced industrially, technically and financially. The conception of socialisation of means and of communal production, equal distribution and consumption, and the establishment of proportion between the growth of population and the development of resources which underlie any social or socialized planning is totally absent in our mental and moral atmosphere today. There are sharply antagonistic and strongly diverse views held about this matter. Unless the planners are able to impose their own approach and understanding of social and economic problems on all and are able to maintain themselves in power indefinitely, the planning process which requires security of power and the means of exercising that power will not start. Under our conditions the five year plan is premature and a sort of gambling when politically, economically and financially favourable conditions are more or less absent.

Social Objectives Not Settled

Moreover our social objectives are not generally settled and accepted even though indicated in the Constitution. Considering the traditions and stages through which our society has passed, the directives in the Constitution betray an absence of reality and merely a presence of imitative capacity. Our society is not integrated and uniform and does not possess any sense of territorial homogeneity.

Our psychological attitude is very complicated and also complex. It is at once individualistic and socialistic, religious and secular, feudal and communal, national and international.

P. S. VISWANATHA IYER

By P. N. S.

Our scientific and technological advance is poor. We have no heavy industries and are not self-sufficient in food and key industries. Our industrial resources are not sufficiently developed. We have no outstanding scientific and technological inventions and implements to our credit. Our industries are comparatively few and at a low level of efficiency. Our power resources are limited and not fully developed.

Therefore the basic conditions for a successful over-all planning are lacking. Add to this our lack of efficient administrative personnel and technical experts and workers, and we can say the planning process lacks all the essentials necessary.

Work Of Theoreticians

The draft plan shows no experience nor an experienced and expert mind behind it. Only theoreticians are sitting in judgment in formulating the whole scheme. This is evident in its verbosity and indefiniteness. It is the plan of the present Government which has failed to make the country self-sufficient in food within five years of tenure of its office and to bring down or to control the rising prices. Hence a note of unreality pervades the assurance given in the draft plan. The planners have no past credit nor future credentials for the plan proposed. We must judge the plan in the context of the failure of the Government in their food and price policy. The preparation and presentation of this plan cannot create any confidence amongst the public nor justify itself after the disastrous failure of food-production, price-reduction and profiteering-suppression policy. No amount of philosophising about planning which is found in the report can overcome the facts of our incapacity and inefficiency in these matters.

Let us first improve our administrative personnel and administrators,

our technical equipment and technological experts, our finances and financiers. We are today seething with inefficiency, dilatoriness, corruption and amateurishness in many branches of our administration.

Planning And Dictatorship

Over-all planning has been possible and successful mostly in dictatorial countries. I am not sure if any democratic State has yet undertaken a continuous series of five years' plans to improve its socio-economic conditions. No plan can get the necessary continuity of policy and execution in a multi-party State where one party cannot rule for a long time continuously.

Our new socio-economic conceptions are undulating between Gandhian, Liberal and Communist socio-economic ideals and values and ways of life. Acharya Vinoba's Pt. Nehru's and Comrade Jaya Prakash's socio-economic conceptions and programmes differ fundamentally. One emphasizes distribution, the other production and the third class consumption. Therefore they will not have the same five years' plan if they are in power. In our democratic conception and constitution of the State the draft plan does not possess basic social and psychological conditions and values of the people. It is our duty to start on limited and not over-all objectives. I would suggest the undertaking of self-sufficiency in food and clothing, of better housing, education and sanitation, and of reduction of high prices, inflation and profiteering instead of such over-all plans at this stage. No one Government or party in power in a democratic State is expected to achieve everything during its short tenure of power. In such a State only limited objectives and reforms can alone be real and successful without taking away the private initiative of individuals and groups who are not in power.

The pleasures of ignorance are as great, in their way, as the pleasures of knowledge. For though the light is good, though it is satisfying to be able to place the things that surround one in the categories of an ordered and comprehensible system, it is also good to find oneself sometimes in the dark, it is pleasant now and then to have to speculate with vague bewilderment about a world which ignorance has reduced to a quantity of mutually irrelevant happenings dotted, like so many unexplored and fantastic islands, on the face of a vast ocean of incomprehension.—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

EVERY cause has workers who strive for it. Some of these are dynamic men who occupy the whole of the stage while they are on it; they are the centre of all activity and the recipients of all the bouquets; others in the picture do not matter. And there are other workers, who do their job unostentatiously, silently. Every step is taken and is inspired by them, but every fellow-worker in the cause feels that the step is taken at his own instance. The importance of these men is felt only when they are absent; when they pass out we feel a void, something immeasurably absent, irreplaceable at every step in the work. Such selfless, self-effacing workers in a cause are rare at any time, rarer indeed in these days. But such a one was Mr. P. S. Viswanatha Iyer, whose tragic death in an air crash at Calcutta in the early hours of Wednesday, Nov. 21, moved every one of us to poignant grief.

Viswanatha Iyer was born 45 years ago to a humble station in life, second son of a father rich in Vedic lore and culture. Twenty-three years later he had passed out of the portals of Presidency College with a distinguished honours degree. Then he sailed over to the United Kingdom in 1931 and came back a member of the Indian Civil Service—with a future, which he could build on his own, spread out before him.

And well did Viswanatha Iyer build it. Sincere and hardworking, with a smile for everybody, he rose steadily and surely in the ranks; and at the time of his death he had built an enviable reputation of "thoroughness, courage, devotion to duty and unbounded sympathy for all who came into contact with him." It is now revealed that when his assistant suggested that Viswanatha Iyer should take the day plane to Calcutta and avoid the vagaries of air travel in the night, he firmly put aside the suggestion on the ground that it would cost the State twenty and odd rupees more! It is no surprise that he was as popular with the State he served

as with the subordinates over whom he presided.

The list of officers of the Government and the State is adorned with names of men with as fine a record of service, but the virtues of Viswanatha Iyer exceeded the bounds of office. He was a versatile man; he was a scholar in Sanskrit, which he considered the hand-maiden of progress and culture; he was well-versed in Tamil, Telugu and Oriya. And with his efficiency in the language of his adoption, English, he was equally at ease in all company. Besides he was one of the few really erudite and thorough music critics in South India and a keen mathematician.

If Viswanatha Iyer had been merely a good officer and a man of culture many of us would still have not known him. But he was much more; he was also a sportsman in the full and best sense of the word. He not only played games but also took a leading part in the promotion of them. Wherever he was at work—in the city or in the mofussil—he created 'play-fields' wherein all those interested could gather and play cricket, hockey or table-tennis in gay camaraderie.

Viswanatha Iyer was at his best in table-tennis, having represented India in the Swathyling Cup. The game owes its present stature in the State largely to his influence, and many of its stars to his generosity and encouragement. Sivaraman and Tiruvengadam are his proteges. In the all-India sphere his influence was extensive. Indeed, it is impossible to estimate his services—from the small word of cheer to a struggling youth to the role of non-playing captain of the Indian team—to its growth. "Many a poor sportsman was supported by him and one who has gained international fame was more or less living in his house for some time past. When he took the Indian team to England this year, he refused to be paid even his ticket money by the All-India Association. Buying a station wagon in England he carted the team from place to place in England and in Europe, because the Indian Associ-

ation could not afford the conveyance charges. The two girls in the Indian team who earned plaudits throughout Europe would not have been allowed to join by their parents but for his accompanying the team." This passage from the tribute by Mr. C. R. Pattabhiraman, who literally grew up with Viswanatha Iyer reveals the extent of the love that he possessed for the game, the sacrifices he was prepared to make in its cause, and the integrity of his character. In a nutshell, under his guidance the relatively unknown game of 'ping-pong' became transformed into the now very popular table-tennis.

There is a section of opinion that sport should be taken as seriously as life, that there should be no playing for fun, no game for the game's sake. Every match and every encounter, if not a test match must be played like one. Those who hold this opinion cannot suffer the James Barries and Leveson-Gowers. To them the game

is only for the Jardines, Merchants and Hazires. If one of such fraternity had witnessed Viswanatha Iyer at cricket or hockey, he would have bitten his lip and cursed. For Viswanatha Iyer was never an expert at these. He could bat a little and derived immense pleasure at the feel and sound of the bat hitting the ball; he could bowl a little and when he hit the stumps, a grin of pleasure suffused his face; he could also field a little and enjoyed chasing the ball to the boundary or making a catch. More than all these, he loved the games for the infinite pleasures of companionship and the opportunities these offered to rub shoulders with persons from various walks of life and to talk to and with them.

And now he could talk! When the rivalry between bat and ball sent you to boredom, he would regale the hours with stories of veterans he had seen—the exquisite skill of Duleep, the brilliance of Bradman, the ma-

jesty of Hammond's drives, the superb accuracy of Verity, and so on; he would recite stanzas from Sanskrit and add tonic to a mind tired with the struggles of everyday life. It was this spirit that made Viswanatha Iyer so popular and so well-liked by everybody who came into contact with him. A member of what was till recently known as the 'heaven-born service', Viswanatha Iyer had his feet firmly implanted in earth but without effort.

It is indeed a tragedy that a life so useful and so varied should have been nipped so soon after blossoming. It adds poignancy that a man so simple, so good and so unoffending should meet death in such a cruel manner. What irony of fate!

The man has now become a memory. But it is the duty of every sportsman, especially those connected with the game of table-tennis, to see that it does not become evanescent but to cherish it in a fitting manner.

ALL ABOUT BABIES

By SANKARA SASTRI

A woman complained in the Bombay High Court that another woman's baby was substituted for hers in a maternity hospital when her baby was taken out for a wash. This is a rare case in our country. But the possibility of a change of babies is the nightmare of many women going to a maternity hospital for delivery. In some of the large maternity hospitals, the new-born babies are removed from their mothers and are placed in a row of cradles or beds and are taken to the mothers only for breast-feeding. The babies and mothers are given serial numbers. This system affords loopholes for mistakes.

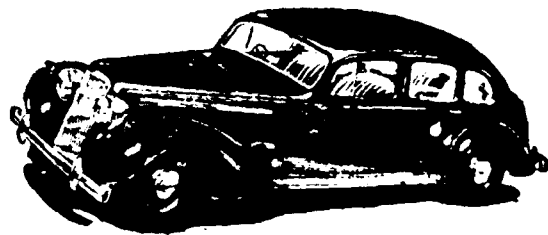
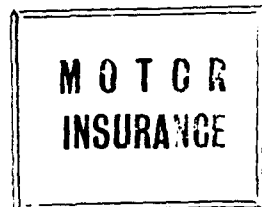
I have known an instance in which babies were exchanged very soon after they were born on the same day, by mutual consent of the mothers. One woman was poor and had two sons, while the other was rich and had no son and feared that her estate might go to her husband's distant relatives. So poor woman's male baby was substituted for the rich woman's female baby. And all went well.

A novel factor in the Bombay case is the fact that the plaintiff took blood tests and produced the expert's evidence that the baby which she said was not hers could not have been born to her and her husband. The defendant couple refused to submit to similar blood tests, stating that the baby which they possessed was their own and that the blood tests were not conclusive evidence of parentage. The

Judge observed that the law in India did not provide for compulsory blood tests and dismissed the petition for taking the blood test of the defendants.

The blood test is admitted as evidence in the courts of some of the States of Europe and America, in disputed paternity cases which are very numerous in those countries. Over a thousand cases of this nature are tried every year in the Sessions Court of New York, and the blood test is accepted there as evidence. Modern scientists say that there are four distinct "blood groups" among human beings and that certain features of the parents' blood are inherited by their child, according to a particular doctrine. But this test can give only a negative evidence—that a given child is not the progeny of a given couple. It cannot prove positively the parentage of a certain child, for, there are only four "groups" in the whole of humanity.

Most of such disputes arise from unmarried mothers' attempts to foist the paternity of their babies upon some unfortunate men who may be fit for black-mail. Where the blood test is not accepted as legal evidence, the sympathies of the judge and jury may be inclined towards the weeping unmarried mother and the unfortunate man may be ordered to pay for the maintenance of the baby, unless he produces an acceptable evidence to disprove her charge. Many



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such women have broken down in court when the blood test evidence went against them.

There are many lakhs of children in the orphanages and other institutions in America deposited or deserted by their unmarried mothers and they are available for adoption through recognised agencies. It seems that the demand is greater than the supply, for there are numerous well-to-do people who are childless and are eager to adopt neglected children. Often we read complaints in the Press from the childless folk about the restrictions in the law of adoption and the vagaries of the agencies and institutions which deal in children. There is, of course, no caste or creed prejudice in those countries.

Children generally help to maintain the ties of husband and wife even there. There were more than six lakhs of divorces in the United States in one year. Many of them are reported to have occurred among married couples who had no children. So it is not a special evil in "Mother India" of Miss Mayo that married people want children, or are in hurry to have them. As our democratic legislature is creating new facilities for divorce, we shall also probably see thousands of homes broken and children neglected, without adequate provision of orphanages and applicants for adoption.

Side by side with the reform of matrimonial laws, the population problem is also engaging the attention of our Government in order to solve the food problem. "Grow more food and less babies" is the complete slogan. They have asked the W.H.O. to help them with advice for reducing the Indian birth-rate. Dr. Mani of New Delhi and Dr. Stone of New York are now accordingly organising a campaign "family limitation" among the millands in Delhi and other cities. In the first instance, with the idea of extending the operation in the light of experience gained. They propose to work on the "rhythm system" which is reported to have been successful in America, both for begetting and for avoiding children. We do not know whether it is workable in the conditions of life of the working classes in our country.

This system differs from all other methods of birth control. It is based on a daily record of the woman's temperature taken with a thermometer in the morning before rising from bed, for two or three months consecutively. A woman's temperature varies from day to day in a rhythmic manner during her periodic cycle, and a study of the temperature chart by a doctor will show her days of fertility which occur in about the middle of her period. Conception is considered to be possible only on those few days. She must use those days or avoid them according to her wish to have or not to have a baby. It is said that thousands of women in America have tried this method with satisfactory results.

Some time ago, a Royal Commission in England enquired and reported on the population problem in that country. But their object was to discover why the size of the British families was dwindling, and how it could be increased. They want more babies while we want less. The British Government was scared by the calculation made by the experts that at the present rate of births, the British nation must shrink from 50 to 20 millions within a century and that it would then consist mostly of old folk. Still, the Commission did not recommend interference with the voluntary process of family limitation. On the other hand, it recommended financial relief to parents of large families, aid to mothers, housing and other facilities to the needy families, for the natural growth of population.

The Soviet Government offers attractive rewards and reliefs to mothers of ten or more children. Many other States of Europe encourage the output of more babies, in order to increase their military strength or to provide fodder for cannon. The great wars denuded the nations of their youths and this deficiency has to be made up before the next war. But in any war the babies are the worst sufferers, being deprived of parents and thrown to the mercy of a cruel world. It was alleged during the second world war that the German Nazis used the "enemy babies" as guinea pigs for medical experiments.

THE CUP AND THE LIP

By JOHN O'HIND

"WANTED—an England-returned young man, good-looking, fair-complexioned, about 26, to marry a beautiful girl of 19, well-educated, highly connected, heiress to a large fortune. Oxford man preferred. Need not be wealthy. No caste restrictions. Apply with photo. Box No. 4027 A, C/o The Daily Despatch."

Gopikumar's eyes glancing through the matrimonial columns of the newspaper caught the above. He read it once again. England-returned and good-looking, fair complexioned, aged 26—the description fitted him exactly. "Need not be wealthy." He was not wealthy.

It was through the kind interest of a rich relation that he finished his education in England. The rich relation had died while he was still abroad, and had made provision for him in the will to complete his three years' course. He was now back in his homeland with a good university degree, an empty purse and no employment.

He had come to the city, rented a set of rooms and daily went through the 'Wanted' columns in the newspapers in the hope of finding something suitable. It was while thus employed that his eyes strayed into the adjacent Matrimonial column.

A thought passed through his mind—why not try his luck? Beautiful girl of 19, well-educated, highly connected and above all an heiress! She was certainly a catch if she was but half what she was represented to be. The only point that did not quite suit him was the clause—"Oxford man preferred." But the advertisement did not bar a Cambridgian from applying.

He at once sat down and set forth his attainments in the best possible manner. He knew that if he succeeded at all, it would be but a marriage of convenience. Gopikumar, like all young men, had visions of love and

romance, but he had sense enough to realise that lovers could not live on kisses alone.

In a luxurious suburban villa sat Mr. N. N. Varma, of Varma & Co. with the morning mail spread before him. He was in his later fifties, slightly bald, hook-nosed and bull-necked, and reputed to be very rich. Going through the pile of letters he came upon Gopikumar's response to his advertisement. He opened the drawer and took out half a dozen snaps that had come in answer to his advertisement.

While he was comparing them with Gopikumar's photo, a knock came at the door. He put the photos back in the drawer and bade the visitor enter.

The door opened and in came a person whose age might be anything between 25 and 45. His uncombed hair was tinted with premature grey. His complexion was ashy pale, and his once handsome features bore the unmistakable marks of dissipation.

Seeing him the elder man frowned. The oldish young man advanced into the room, threw out a casual 'Good morning', and flung himself into a chair.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Varma with little warmth.

"You wanted to see me, I understand," said the other lighting a cigarette.

"Yes, I am going to talk to you seriously."

He took out a few photos from the drawer and glanced at them, and then at the dissolute young man opposite. The contrast which the photos presented to the human wreck before him struck him forcibly. Yet there was resemblance too. They reminded him of what the other might have been, had he had the sense and force of character. At last he turned to the young man.

"Now listen to me, will you?"

"All right. Fire away!" said the other emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth.

The conversation thus begun in an atmosphere of mutual dislike lasted for about half an hour. The older one spoke out without any reserve, and the other was left no longer in doubt as to what was required of him.

"Pack off at once," was the elder man's parting injunction. "Don't be seen in this house, or in this city. Don't come back until—well, I've told you when you may come back."

"Right—O!" the young man took his dismissal nonchalantly, and rose and left the room.

That morning N. N. Varma had another visitor—his solicitor, Mr. Dey. They had a fairly long consultation. "Things can't go on like this for long," said Mr. Dey by way of summing up. "Of course nobody suspects yet. But Mr. Varma, unless something is done in time, Varma & Co. can't escape going into liquidation."

The other took the information calmly enough.

"Surely, we have fallen on bad times, but I don't think matters are so very desperate. I suppose the position could be reprieved?"

"Only if you could find Rs. 20,000 within two months. Can you do it?"

"I hope so. By the way, have you drawn up the marriage settlement I instructed you about?"

"No. You said the draft could wait since there happened to be some hitch."

"There is no hitch now. The marriage will soon take place."

"In that case the whole affair assumes a different aspect altogether. I congratulate you, Mr. Varma."

Next day, Gopikumar got his reply. He was invited to an interview by Mr. N. N. Varma. He dressed with care and presented himself at the latter's residence at the appointed hour. Varma himself came down to receive him. The greeting was extremely cordial for a first visit. The host led him upstairs into his private apartment where they seated themselves.

"Naturally, you would like to know more about the matter before settling

anything," said Varma breaking the silence. "You should like to see Lalita, of course, which is only right and proper. But as it happens, she is now staying with her uncle. He is a rich man, her uncle Tara Nath, but childless. So he has made Lalitha his sole heir. He has already bestowed on her a considerable fortune, and at her marriage she will come in for some more. Indeed, she is almost a daughter to him. So, to see her, we shall have to go to her uncle's. You will be allowed to meet her a few times. Not a regular courtship or anything of that kind. As I am rather old-fashioned, I don't encourage too much intimacy before marriage. You will see enough of each to know what the other is like. That's all. But before that I ask you a few questions. You are a Cambridge graduate?"

"That's right."

"I would have preferred Oxford. But it can't be helped now."

Then followed some more questions touching his domestic circumstances, his near relations, his personal habits and so on. Gopi would have considered some of the questions highly impertinent but his present position was rather a peculiar one, and so he gave a truthful answer to every question, making no secret of his genteel poverty.

Mr. Varma seemed on the whole to be satisfied with the prospective bridegroom. He said at length, "In all matters touching Lalita, her uncle should be consulted first of all. You know the position in which she stands. I shall of course report favourably of you. Come here the day after tomorrow about this time, and we shall together call on Tara Nath. But there is one condition. You must promise never to see Lalita except in my company. As I have already said, I am rather old-fashioned in my views. I don't approve of young people of opposite sexes mixing without proper chaperons."

Gopi was inclined to laugh. It was certainly old-fashioned to think that a young man and a young woman could not mix without misbehaving.

However, he merely said, "I see your point, Mr. Varma. I shall be delighted to see your daughter in your company."

"Thanks. So that is settled. Now, one word of caution. Tara Nath is very old, and somewhat hard of hearing, and also very irritable. He is impatient especially with anybody who notices his deafness or tries to correct him and likes to pretend that he hears you all right. So you see, Gopi, my boy, a lot of patience will be required on your part to get along with the old man. His approval is very essential if you are to get the girl."

Gopi promised to be very careful and soon after took his leave.

The day after the next he called again as arranged.

"I saw Tara Nath yesterday," said Varma after greetings. "There was great difficulty in getting him to understand. Anyhow we shall call on him today. But, mind, don't correct or contradict the old man! He would hear just half what you say, the rest he supplies from his own imagination. Rather difficult, I know; but, Gopi, my boy, you will never regret it."

"I am entirely in your hands, Mr. Varma. I shall be the soul of discretion," assured the young man.

Together they drove to Diwan Tara Nath's house. It was quite a grand place surrounded by a beautiful garden. An obsequious servant showed them into a large and heavily carpeted room, where they found a grey headed, dignified looking old man sitting in a cushioned armchair, reading. He turned his head and seeing them put down his book.

"Ah, Varma," he said extending his hand without rising, "Good evening. How do you do?"

"This is the young man I've told you about," said Varma in a slightly raised voice. The other placed his hand behind his ear to catch the words.

"This is young Madan, your boy?" he repeated after Varma. "Very good. I am glad to see you, Madan. Sit down, Madan. Sit down, Varma."

The two visitors looked at each other in perplexity. The old man got it all wrong from the very start. They sat down as directed. Gopikumar became aware of the eyes of Tara Nath scanning his features rather closely.

"You remember, Tara Nath," Varma

began after a time, "I had been here yesterday—"

"Do I remember Barrister Dey? Of course I do. Is he not your solicitor whom you have recommended to me for drawing up the marriage settlement?"

Varma tried to hide his confusion and said in a louder voice than he had yet dared to use, "Yes, Barrister Dey will soon have the document ready for your approval. But it is on another matter we have come here."

"Another matter? Good. What is it?" He got it correct this time.

"I and the boy here have come to ask for your consent in a rather delicate matter. You know what it is."

"Your boy has come from Oxford in rather delicate health? But he doesn't look at all delicate now. In fact he appears to be just bursting with life and vigour. I am very glad."

Gopikumar began to wonder how it would be possible to clear up things without ever contradicting the old man. At that moment there came into the room a young girl. She was not more than 18 or 19, of fine figure and great beauty. Gopikumar rose from his seat involuntarily. He knew it was the girl.

As he gazed on her, his heart began to beat rapidly. "Beautiful girl of 19." The advertisement was an understatement. This girl before him, possessed a charm which could not be put into words. He realised that from that moment this young woman held him captive. The matrimonial venture on which he had embarked from purely mercenary motives was turning out better than his utmost expectation.

He was awakened from his dream by the voice of Tara Nath. "Come up, Lalita, my girl. Here are visitors for you—".

Mr. Varma at this point cut in and effectively prevented the deaf old man committing any further blunders with regard to Gopikumar's identity.

"You can guess, Lalita, who this young man is," he spoke rapidly. "I told you yesterday, you remember. I have brought him along as I have promised for inspection—ha—ha—ha!"

A slight flush mantled the girl's cheeks which enhanced her charm in the young man's eyes. Both the young people felt a little embarrassed.

"Sit down, both of you. Make yourselves at home," said Tara Nath. He took up his book and was soon lost in it.

Both sat down. Varma took his seat between them. Gopikumar longed to say something appropriate, but the presence of a third party put him out.

At last Varma broke the awkward silence. "If both of you are bent on having a dumb-show we'd rather say good-bye for the present."

"I was about to ask—" began the girl rather shyly.

"Of course, of course," interrupted Varma. "I can understand the difficulty?" He took out a snuff box, opened it and held it under his nose.

The girl made a fresh attempt. "I was about to ask Mr. . . ." Here Varma gave a violent sneeze which drowned the rest of the girl's words.

"I beg your pardon. What were you about to ask him, Lalitha?"

"I was going to ask him about his life at Oxford."

"You mean Cambridge," corrected Varma. "It was there the lad had been for the last three years."

"Really! I thought it was to Oxford that you . . ."

"Atchshoo! Atchshoo! Atchshoo!"

It was really becoming a nuisance, this sneezing. One could hardly finish a sentence.

"Atchshoo! It is a mistake, my good girl. He had never been to Oxford. It was the other place."

"Indeed I am sorry I made the mistake. I hope you really enjoyed your life in England?" The girl turned to Gopi.

The ice was now definitely broken and the young people would have got on splendidly but for Varma who sat wedged in between them with his snuff-box in hand, sneezing away at frequent intervals. Under such conditions it was impossible to have much conversation, but they parted very favourably disposed towards each other. With Gopi it was nothing short of love itself; while with the girl it was almost that, but not quite.

Gopikumar saw Lalita again some days after. The deaf old uncle seemed to take the young suitor for granted and troubled himself no further about the matter. However, Varma was there with his snuff-box and sneezed and interrupted the talk as much as before. The young couple felt it an unbearable nuisance. He stuck to his seat between them and took a vigilant interest in everything that was said, and carried off the young man all too soon for his or the girl's liking.

The next visit was fixed for about a week later. Gopi wished to see the girl alone, but he kept his word and first called on Varma as usual.

Mr. Varma hardly returned his visitor's greeting, but went on with his work. Gopi continued to stand but at last his patience gave way and he took the liberty to sit down unbidden. At once Varma put down his papers and towards him.

"Well, Mr. . . . er . . . Gopikumar, what may be your pleasure now?" He looked at the young man in a distant, frigid manner.

"You know, this is the day fixed for our visit to Diwan Tara Nath's."

"Ah, that's now out of the question."

"I—I beg your pardon?" stammered Gopikumar doubting whether he had heard right.

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"What letter? I didn't get any." There was a very marked change in his host's manner towards him.

"I see. That explains it. Then I must inform you that your application in answer to a certain advertisement was considered thoroughly, and, I am sorry to say, finally rejected."

Gopikumar was dumbfounded. It was a turn of events for which he was least prepared. He tried to speak, but his throat was parched. At last he managed to mutter.

"It is—it is so—I didn't—so unexpected—"

"Quite right. The unexpected sometimes happens."

The old man turned to his correspondence again.

"To treat it so lightly—Are our hearts—"

"Hearts be blowed! It's just a mat-

ter of business." He took up a letter and began to open it.

"Sir, hear me out, I pray. What does Lalita—I mean Miss Varma—"

"Sir, do you wish to plead with me?" He turned cold contemptuous eyes on the young man. "If you require assistance to find your way to the door, I shall call the servant."

At that, pride came to the young man's rescue. He rose to his feet. He stood for a moment with set teeth and clenched fists, looking at the other with blazing eyes. Then he turned on his heels and walked to the door.

At the door he turned back—"Sir, you are rich, you are powerful," he said in a voice shaking with emotion. "I am poor and without friends. You can be all smiles and cordiality one day, and spurn me the next. You can trifle with people's hearts—"

He could not go on, and walked hastily away. He passed the gate and walked on, not caring where he went. When he at last became able to think coherently, he began to see the matter in a different light.

Had he any right to grumble if his application was rejected? It was just a matter of business! To speak of trifling with people's hearts! Hearts! There was no such thing as hearts! It was all in the way of business!

He tried to steel himself thinking thus. But try as he might he could not cast out the image of the girl from his heart. He loved her. There was no escape from that.

Next day he packed up his things and went off to a hill station some miles from the city. There he tried to shake off sad thoughts and pull himself together. But the loneliness of the place made him melancholy, sad. Then an idea crossed his mind.

Drink! Find forgetfulness in drink! He fought against the temptation, but the idea prevailed. One day he came across a recent issue of the *Mirror of Society*, a publication of the gossip type. In it he found a photo of Lalita and news!

Heiress Engaged

Miss Lalita Bai, the beautiful

niece of Diwan Tara Nath and heiress to his vast wealth, is engaged to be married to V. Madan, scion of one of the oldest houses . . ."

His head swarmed and he read no more. That evening he found himself seated in the bar room of a hotel. Whatever he did, he must find oblivion. There were not more than a dozen people in the room. Opposite to him sat a lean cadaverous individual now flushed with drink. He was alternately taking large mouthfuls from his glass and looking into a magazine he was holding. He turned his puffy eyes on Gopikumar. He leaned forward and thrust the magazine under Gopi's eyes.

"See that!" chuckled the drunkard pointing out to Gopi the photo of Lalita in the *Mirror of Society*.

"Charming girl, what!" continued the drunkard. "Read that! Heiress engaged! Engaged to whom, do you know?" He slapped his thighs in great glee. "Do you know? I shall tell you a secret. I am the man to whom she is engaged!"

"You?" Gopi blurted out.

"Yes, me! Do you doubt it? Are you jealous? I'll punch your head!" He took another long draught from his glass.

"You won't find my photo there," he resumed. "Do you know why? Ah, there lies the secret. I know it, the Gov'nor."

He fortified himself with another drink. "In engagement photosh it ish customary to have the photosh of both the man and the woman. But heah you find only the gal. Why? Ha, ha, ha, why? Tha'sh the secret."

He took another drink. "And the name—V. Madan! But why V. Madan, and not M. Varma, Madan Varma? Ah, tha'sh the shecret!"

"Varma!" the name struck a chord of memory in Gopi's mind.

The drunkard was becoming more and more communicative and Gopi sat listening to him with tense interest. Some minutes more and he was seen rushing out of the hotel as if suddenly gone mad.

In the next issue of the *Mirror of Society* appeared the following comment:—

Curious Transaction in the Matrimonial Market

Mr. N. N. V.—a reputed business man of the city, seeking to ward off the bankruptcy of his firm, hit upon a clever plan, which was nothing but to have his son marry money. A wealthy friend of his, Diwan T. N. had a most charming niece who was also his sole heir. Our astute business man forthwith opened negotiations with the wealthy friend.

The latter was agreeable but would not give the final word until he had seen the bridegroom in person. This created a difficulty, because the young man who returned from Oxford was a moral and physical wreck, and if the old gentleman was to see him, he was sure to reject him. But N. N. Varma was not a person to be baffled by such a trifle.

He provided his son with a double! He inserted in the papers a matrimonial advertisement for an Oxford Graduate and among the applicants selected one. He straightaway pre-wreck, and if the old gentleman and his niece. They naturally took him for the bridegroom in question, while he gave the young man to understand that the girl was his own daughter adopted by a childless uncle!

In carrying off this smart trick N. N. V. was greatly assisted by the fact of his wealthy friend's deafness.

The latter, having seen the young man, gave his approval, and the marriage settlement was drawn up and duly signed. Thus, having attained his object, N. N. V. summarily got rid of his son's double. All this while the bridegroom was hiding in a hole in a hill station, ready to appear on the wedding day.

The father and son hoped that in the bustle and the hurry of the wedding day this nefarious scheme would work out successfully. But, as bad luck would have it, the bridegroom in the hill station babbled in his cups and let the cat out of the bag, and as a consequence both the schemers are now absconding from police and justice."

Soon after Gopikumar called upon Diwan Tara Nath. He was a bit apprehensive regarding his reception. But much to his relief both the uncle and niece, thankful of escaping the trap laid for them, welcomed him warmly. He fully explained how he was made an unconscious tool in the hands of the man Varma.

"You were an unconscionable fool!" the deal man repeated after him. "Well, I dare say you were. But that is all past, young man. We can be quite friendly as before. What do you say, Lalita?"

"I am entirely of your opinion, uncle," said Lalita.

"Oh, you want my opinion about him? Well, I have given it before, you know. I have approved of him as your future husband, and my approval stands. Are you satisfied?"

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NEXT U. S. PRESIDENT

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: One year from now on, Wednesday morning, Nov. 5, 1952, America will know who the next President of the United States is to be.

How is the race shaping up now? What is the popularity of various possible candidates, and what is the relative strength of the parties today?

If the United States chose its Presidents without regard to party considerations who would be the first choice of the country's voters?

To find out, the American Institute of Public Opinion conducted a new kind of candidate popularity race.

The names of 18 prominent men in both major parties were submitted to voters, with no party designation attached to any name. Voters were asked to make their choice, or, if they liked none of the names, to volunteer some one of their own choosing.

The winner by a big margin is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. He runs ahead in every section of the country.

Sen. Robert A. Taft is strongest in the Middle West, while Gov. Earl Warren of California pulls well in the East.

President Truman's popularity bulks largely in the East and the South. Gen. Douglas MacArthur also has a substantial following in those two sections.

With women voters throughout the country, Gen. Eisenhower proves more popular than with the men voters, whereas the opposite applies to Taft, who gets a substantially larger share of the men's vote than the women's.

For the nation as a whole the vote divided as follows:

"Here is a list of men who have been mentioned as possible Presidential candidates in 1952. Please look at every name and tell me which ONE you would like to see elected President."

Eisenhower	28%
Truman	13
MacArthur	13

Taft	12
Warren	8
Stassen	4
Dewey	4
Barkley	4
F. D. Roosevelt Jr.	3

The remaining votes of those expressing a choice were divided among Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia, Justice William O. Douglas, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, Paul Hoffman, Sen. Henry C. Lodge of Massachusetts, Congressman Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts and Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey.

But at the same time the stop-Eisenhower movement is also on top-gear.

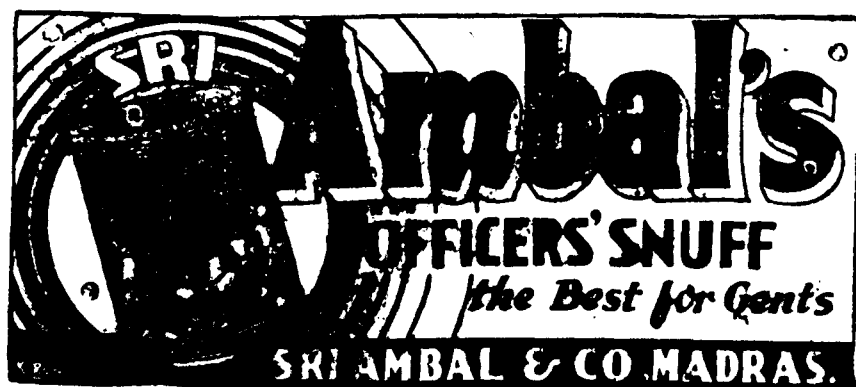
This is the story of the desperate, power-hungry men in and out of the Republican Party who stop at nothing in the next year in their drive to capture the Presidency.

These men, and their supporters on the lunatic fringe of the extreme right, are known by the enemy they fear—they are the "Stop Eisenhower" bloc.

The General is the choice of most internationalist and liberal-minded Republicans, but while he has not even indicated that he would run for the Presidency his potential candidacy has set off an orgy of defamation and dirty politics.

The campaign to kill off Ike via Smear, Inc., can be traced to the political camp of Sen. Taft (R-Ohio), who wants the nomination himself. Taft is 62; this is his third try for the White House. For him, it is now-or-never.

Taft and GOP Chairman Gabrielson and other respectable figures in the anti-Eisenhower movement have disavowed this smear campaign. Yet it flourishes and grows. It had its origin with a GOP group in California, was re-echoed by the official Maine State Republican Committee, and has been widely circulated in many parts of the Mid-West.



Here are some of the charges in the smear being broadcast against Eisenhower:

He is the active member of a Soviet conspiracy.

He is generally pro-Communist.

He is a Jew.

He is the tool of international Zionists.

He is a New Deal stooge.

He is concealing serious scandals in his private life.

He is a mediocre and incompetent general.

Eisenhower is being subjected to this attack because he is almost the sole obstacle in the path of the reactionary and isolationist GOP forces fighting for national power. The Taft crowd is confident that the Democratic Party can be licked in a "rough" campaign but they fear that enlightened elements in the party may put across Eisenhower, thus "stealing" the nomination as they did with Wendell Willkie in '40.

A Republican regime controlled by such men as Gov. Dewey and Sen. Duff who are backing Ike, might smash the power of the Republican right wing through patronage and other weapons.

Thus for Taft and Sen. McCarthy and their followers this is no ordinary election. It may be a battle for survival.

The attacks on Eisenhower go way back, but they first came to wide attention in September. At that time, the Partisan Republicans of California, a splinter group set up in 1948 to resist "the ever-present threat of New Deal capture" of the GOP put out a 16 page pamphlet including attacks on Dewey, Gov. Warren of California, Harold Stassen and Dwight Eisenhower.

The pamphlet identifies Ike as one of the "principal prospects which Communists and New Dealers are expected to try to impose on the Republican ticket."

In a 5,000-word "analysis" of his record, the pamphlet charges that Eisenhower has always been the knowing tool of a Communist conspiracy and that he collaborated in "betraying" Eastern Europe into the hands of the Russians.

"We remember," the document says, "that Roosevelt selected Eisenhower over 335 senior officers... Shady international deals of the Roosevelt gang required the appointment of a General who would go along with pro-Soviet foreign policy and who would participate in the betrayal of Eastern Europe to the Kremlin."

"Eisenhower was the perfect choice."

As evidence to support this interpretation, the Partisan Republicans cited the fact that Ike received a military decoration from the Soviet Union and that he and Gen. Marshall blocked the Churchill plan to invade Europe through the Balkans rather than across the English Channel.

The document continues: "This betrayal of Eastern Europe... shows the type of criminal minds that manipulate international policy. It also explains the appointments of Eisenhower and Marshall, who served as perfect stooges for the Reds in the State Dept."

The pamphlet also accuses Eisenhower of holding up the American capture of Berlin and of Prague to permit the Russians to take those cities, and goes on:

"Only God knows how many hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were tortured and murdered by the Soviet criminals because of these actions. The blood of these innocent victims justified Eisenhower's decoration by the Soviets."

The Partisan Republicans do not stop with the claim that Eisenhower is a Communist stooge. They accused him of being an active and knowing servant of a "diabolically clever policy conceived by the Soviet Fifth Column within the New Deal administration."

Although the charges were patently fantastic, it is plain that their effect could not be discounted, and anything that weakened Eisenhower's prestige obviously helped Taft even if he had nothing to do with it.

Thus "Mr. Republican" remained silent while the Partisan Republicans hung out their dirty linen. He could afford to keep quiet—the Partisans were not an official GOP body and in a pinch their work could always be discovered as the work of crackpots.

But Taft and other respectable Republicans had to take a stand

finally, when the Maine Republican State Committee—under the control of Taft's friend and booster, Sen. Brewster—started to distribute the Partisans' rantings officially.

Russia Girds To Grab W. Europe

Russia is secretly mounting a possible attempt to seize W. Europe early next spring.

That will be the last spring that the U. S. and its Allies will still lack the

military strength to withstand a Soviet assault. By spring of '53 the NATO powers will be sufficiently rearmed to hold the Reds at bay.

The sinister danger that the Kremlin will strike its long-feared blow next spring was the principal subject discussed by Gen. Eisenhower and Pentagon chiefs during his brief Washington visit. It was at their request that he was summoned to the U. S. by President Truman.

CHECKING INCREASE IN POPULATION

By S. V. GANAPATI

A statement appeared in "The Hindu" recently that the population of the world has grown to four times to what it was some 300 years ago, when the population was 500 millions only. The average rate of increase is 1% per annum. Production of food stuffs has not kept pace with the growth of population and so the remedy suggested by experts is to check this alarming rate of increase of population by people taking to birth control. This is a widely discussed subject now; but there are other aspects of the problem which deserve to be examined.

Birth is the instinct of the Species to perpetuate itself and this has been handed down to us from the earliest forms of life and thus backed by the experience of hundreds of millions of years. The earliest forms multiplied themselves a million-fold in a very short interval of time, i. e., they worked with an immensely high factor of safety so that they may not become extinct. As we look higher up the scale of evolution, this factor of safety is greatly reduced until it is reduced to a pitiable 1% per annum in the human species. The question now is whether this process can be set in reverse gear and whether it is possible to run counter to the momentum of millions of years. It is too stupendous to be tackled, granting for a moment that this rate of increase of 1% per annum is somehow arrested and the increase is changed to a decrease. It is futile to hope that we can so arrange matters that there is neither increase nor decrease. It is

humanly not possible. If then a decrease sets in, would not the human race wipe itself out in a few centuries?

But birth is not an independent phenomenon by itself. It co-exists with death and in fact they are synonymous expressions, for the end of birth is death and the end of death is rebirth. As sleep, dream and waking states succeed one another in our present life and represent different modes of functioning of a single life stream, so also are death and immediately following rebirth continuing manifestations of the same life stream. This is the very foundation of the life process and without accepting it, evolution would be meaningless. So then, birth control implies the control of death also. What then is the fate of the world population if people did not die and make room for others? The results would be quite the reverse of our expectations.

Let us consider the question from another angle. Assuming for the moment, although it is unrealisable, that a great section of the population exercises self control. The repression of this normal and natural impulse will make it gradually gather momentum until it bursts its bonds at some future time. For this impulse is a contrivance of nature to perpetuate the species, just as hunger maintains the race. So this primary impulse cannot be restrained with impunity and we must reckon with the manifestation of this suppressed impulse with multifold vigour at some future time. What would be the

result? We would let ourselves go for all we are capable of and more than make up for the temporary setback we inflicted on ourselves. The future rate of increase of population would be much more than what it is at present. We have no right to saddle the unborn generations with the same problem magnified many times.

Again not all parts of the world would take to birth control at the same time. Some nations may respond to the suggestion but the rest would lag far behind. What happens then? The reduced birth rate in one country would be compensated for in accelerated growth in some other parts of the world. Such invisible exchange of population is going on all the time, although none of us take cognisance of it. This invisible exchange of population is far more potent than the visible one, as it contributes to better understanding and mutual sympathy between the nations of the world and to bring them together into a closer bond. Down the ages this influence has been at work.

Now what sections of the people register the greatest increase in population and at what level should this knowledge of birth control be most widely diffused. Not surely among the upper middle class nor the uppermost class, as they suffer more often from lack of children; and even if they were to be prolific it would not matter as they represent a small percentage of the total population. It is the lower middle class and the poor that make a real contribution to the growth of population and it is therefore they that need to practice birth control widely. But does anyone seriously think that the knowledge of birth control would permeate these large masses to such an extent that a declining birth rate can ever be achieved? Does not their present standard of life itself proclaim that they are the most incompetent to benefit by any such advice, presuming that the advice is really effective.

Thus, from whatever angle we may consider birth control as a means of reducing the growth of population, we arrive only at absurd conclusions or unexpected results; added to

which there is the real difficulty of applying it in practice.

Let us now proceed to consider something much more fundamental concerning the phenomenon of birth; which this idea of control tries to defy. Can we honestly and truly say that we have been brought into this world designedly by our parents. Far from it. We are the unconscious results of their ideas of enjoyment. While they disported themselves, we ushered ourselves in and so we are but accidents in their lives. If we do not accept this, we will have to deny individuality which is against experience and therefore absurd. I do not consider myself as an accident in somebody else's life; though they be my parents. I come into this world or make an exit out of it at my choice and not somebody else's desire. It does not rest with anyone to bring out or not somebody else at his will. The idea is against all reason and common sense.

Then again the phenomena of birth and death are associated with a dynamic vital principle which is variously termed jiva, soul or mind and so forth. No one can create or destroy this as he likes, not even God. To create or destroy is not in anyone's capacity. All that the human endeavour has been able to achieve is to effect a change or give a different form to things which exist. He has not produced a speck of dust with all the advancement in science and learning. When therefore dead matter is not within his capacity to produce, how then can we hope to produce a human being, a vital force? For that is what is implied when we talk of birth being controlled or decontrolled.

Every individual even the most degraded of human beings, represents a dynamic force determining its own life course from birth to birth. The parents in its successive cycle of births and deaths are accidents and serve only to bring forth the habitats, unintentionally though, for it to take residence. Material body is the result of the parents' fusion and not another vital principle.

Thus the idea of birth control, as is now understood, is obviously based on misconceptions about the phenomena of birth and death. The phenomenon of life cannot be played with so easily as people imagine.

WHY EGYPT IS AFLAME?

By The Rt. Hon. LORD KILLEARN

British Ambassador to Egypt from 1936 to 1946

WHY have we come to such an impasse that Egypt appears to stand on the very verge of conflict with Great Britain?

I have played some part in shaping Egyptian affairs. So it may be of value if I present the problem as I see it.

I well remember my arrival in Cairo as High Commissioner in 1933. At that time the Wafd, the Nationalist Party, were denied a voice in the Government, and were under a cloud, although they had a very large following in the country.

Nahas At Party

It seemed a sensible move to give a garden party to which I asked all political parties with the object of getting to grips with the local situation and the various personalities.

The late King Fuad expressed pitying surprise that anyone should be so naive as to think that British methods of mixing all parties, even on a social occasion and on the neutral British Residency lawn, could achieve results in Egypt.

Nevertheless, the party was reasonably successful. There I met for the first time Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafdists and Prime Minister today.

Canal Vital

The outstanding problem was the vexed question of treaty negotiation between Egypt and Britain. We wanted to leave Egypt free to arrange her own destiny while at the same time making adequate provision for the security of imperial communications through the Suez Canal.

It was about this time that Italy invaded Abyssinia, Egypt's southern neighbour, and Egypt was apprehensive about what Mussolini's appetite for conquest might mean to her.

It was not long before we were sounded on the possibilities of reopening treaty discussions. The initiative came from Nahas Pasha himself, who is now so glibly denouncing the treaty.

I had no hesitation in commending

the proposal to the Foreign Secretary in London, then, as now, Mr. Anthony Eden.

It seemed so clearly important in the event of another world war that we should have a friendly and not, as last time, an unfriendly Egypt to count upon as a base.

They Co-operated

Our Government agreed, and so came the treaty of 1936, which sanctions the maintenance of British Forces on the Canal, and about which there is now all this trouble.

It is only fair to remember that the treaty served its purpose well during the war, and that the Egyptians were most co-operative.

None the less, it was a surprise to all of us that she did not at once declare war on our side. Looking back, I think her neutrality was probably a blessing, for, though not juridically at war as our ally, Egypt put all her resources, short of taking the field, at our disposal, as provided by the treaty.

We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Nahas Pasha for his courageous attitude when Rommel was at the gates of Cairo. He arrested Fifth Columnists and doubtful elements. While other officials fled, he stayed on with me to see things through.

Now Deadlock

It is a tragedy that Nahas is now tearing up the treaty which he initiated and signed in common with all Egyptian political parties. As an admirer of Egypt and her people I am profoundly distressed at what has happened.

In earlier days it was possible to argue out problems and difficulties in an atmosphere of mutual helpfulness and understanding so that head-on collisions could be avoided by judicious preliminary talks and the customary process of give and take.

That is the essence of successful diplomacy. One wonders what can have gone wrong to lead to the present crisis, and can only suppose that the Egyptians have changed their

methods and failed to respond to friendly overtures.

So we have arrived at the present deplorable deadlock.

We in Britain certainly have no intention whatever of upsetting or impairing Egyptian sovereignty. We respect any nation jealous of its sovereign rights. Nahas Pasha's Government must know this.

But there is a limit. One's word should be one's bond, and especially when so freely given and on one's own initiative as it was over the treaty.

It follows in my view that our Government are absolutely right to be firm over the incontestable treaty provisions regarding the Canal Zone and the Sudan.

Naturally, we are always ready to resume talks if they are unaccompanied by threats and attempts at intimidation.

Stand Firm

It gives satisfaction to read that the British High Command make it clear beyond all shadow of doubt that they intend to stand firm. Fairness with firmness is the right principle.

To ensure this there must be complete support from London and this support our soldiers on the spot are receiving in full measure.

Concession from strength often is desirable; concession from weakness is fatal.

It is, of course, so much easier to follow this admirable precept if you know you are acting with the full backing of your Government and the full might of the Empire behind you.

I was lucky in both these respects when the war reached the Western Desert.

In the post-war world circumstances have materially altered for us, and it can hardly be contested that British prestige has sunk deplorably low as a result.

Constitutional developments in the Empire, the loosening of our anchor-hold in the Middle East, the humiliating turn of events in Persia, the continuing violence in Malaya, the tragedy of China going Communist—

all these things have inevitably weakened our position.

Nothing but the firmest hand and most clear-sighted statesmanship can provide the remedy. In Mr. Churchill's sagacity and wide-world authority, coupled with the skill, touch, and experience of our present Foreign Secretary, lies our hope.

Do not let us be too despondent. Always let us remember that right at the top of the credit side stands Anglo-American partnership, which is the key to everything.

Blaming British

Why is Egypt aflame? It is a case of nationalism run wild. This nationalism in its origin may possibly have been worked up to distract attention from home abuses. It has always been the fashion to blame the "brutal" British when something has gone wrong internally.

In this Egyptian drama the palace in Cairo must in the nature of things play a dominant role. Much must depend on the personality of the sovereign.

In the course of my duties I had the privilege of seeing King Farouk often. I knew him as the young Crown Prince, and was there when he ascended the throne in 1936 at the age of 16 on the death of his father. Thus I have watched his development from youth to full-fledged monarch of his country.

Offended

He has great personal charm and intelligence. Although he has been hurt by unfortunate incidents which everybody would have preferred to avoid, I believe he has the vision and statesmanship to realise that a clash between Britain and Egypt can only harm both countries and impede world progress.

Is it too much to hope, therefore, that even at this late hour he will see his way to curb the activities of his more extreme subjects?

I am heartened to note that as far as reports go the Egyptian Army has not yet been involved in any incidents, for the army has normally been a steady influence and loyal to the king.

It is essential news that the four Powers—Britain, America, France and Turkey—are going ahead with the establishment of the proposed Middle East Command under UNO.

Surely Egypt was singularly ill-advised to throw out the invitation to join this important regional command after such scant consideration.

I should think it very doubtful that the adjacent Arab States wholeheartedly endorse that summary rejection. These States have not been impressed by Egypt's handling of

Middle East matters for some time past.

It may well be that Egypt's out-of-hand rejection of the invitation may react on her aspiration to be the leader of the Arab League.

At Cross-roads

Egypt stands now at the parting of the ways. Will she throw in her fate with the West, who have invited her full partnership? Or will she deliberately turn her back on a world which is striving to build up an enlightened system of life for all peace-loving peoples?

The choice should not seem so difficult.—Lens.

FINANCIAL JOURNALISM IN INDIA

By R. J. VENKATESWARAN

ALTHOUGH the Press in India has become a powerful and popular institution, there are sections of it which remain in a comparatively undeveloped state. In the field of financial journalism, for instance, we have not progressed to any appreciable extent. Of course, we do have a few financial journals which are conducted with ability and distinction. But their number is small amounting to hardly a dozen in the whole country. Moreover, because of the educational backwardness of the people, these journals have not been able to play as influential a part in the affairs of our country as their counterparts in the West.

This state of affairs should be corrected as early as possible if we are to build up our economy on a strong and prosperous basis. One of the important requisites of a Welfare State is the willing and active co-operation of the public in the administration of economic problems. Without it, no plan, however modest, can ever hope to succeed. The Planning Commission has stressed the need for bringing the people into association both at the state of formulation of the plans and in their implementation from stage to stage. "If obstacles are encountered and things go wrong anywhere," says the Commission, "it would be helpful to every stage if information is shared promptly and

the people acquainted with the steps being taken to set things right. It is an error to belittle the capacity of the common man to find out and accept what is good for him."

In awakening public opinion and enlightening it on economic problems, the financial journals of India have a very important part to play. This task, however, can be carried out effectively only if the number of financial journals is increased and they are conducted in such a way as to enable the common people to understand them without difficulty.

Financial journalism in India is comparatively of recent origin. Of course, a few prominent journals like *Capital*, *Commerce* and *Indian Finance* have been in existence for a long time. *Capital* was founded in 1882 and *Commerce* and *Indian Finance* were started over 25 years ago. In recent years, some more financial journals have come into existence of which one of the most important is the *Eastern Economist*. All of them are weeklies and none has a circulation exceeding 3000 which incidentally indicates the general educational backwardness of the country and the apathy of the common people towards economic questions.

The task of increasing the number of financial journals is, however, rather difficult in view of the great

ral shortage of newsprint, funds and trained personnel. In the circumstances, the best thing to do is to encourage the existing newspapers and periodicals to devote more attention to financial and economic problems. Of late, many of them have begun to take active interest in the problems of the money, stock and commodity markets. A few regularly bring but supplements dealing exclusively with economic questions. Others like the *Times of India* and the *Hindustan Times* maintain regular columns for interpreting the day-to-day financial events.

It is to be hoped that the general press would devote greater attention to financial subjects. What is, however, even more important is the way in which these problems are presented to the public. It is rather unfortunate that the language in most of the financial journals is highly technical which even the educated sometimes find difficult to understand. If financial journals are to play their proper part in economic development, they should develop a popular style of writing. Technical language should as far as possible be avoided and when employed, should be explained in simple style.

There is no doubt that financial journalism is bound to become more and more popular in India. With the coming of freedom, the common people have begun to take a keen interest in economic problems. The administration of controls, for instance, however unsatisfactory in some respects, have stimulated in the people a desire to know the fundamental facts about the nation's economy. As Dr. John Mathai observed recently, "currency and exchange are no longer esoteric subjects to be handled only by experts and presented in the cumbersome argon so dear to them. The common people have a right to know the why and the wherefore of these matters." With the spread of education and the growth of democracy, financial journa-

lism will, indeed, have a bright future in our country.

It will be worthwhile in this connection to note the progress that financial journalism has made in western countries. In the U. S. A. the need for removing economic illiteracy has been long felt and there are numerous journals and newspapers which deal with financial problems in a very attractive and interesting manner. One of the most popular journals is the *Fortune* whose method of presentation is lucid and admirable.

Another great financial journal of the West is the London *Economist*. Founded in 1843, its aim was to "set its long term assessments of political, economic and social trends against the short term pre-occupation of politicians and businessmen." Under the editorship of Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, the journal has made remarkable progress during the last 11 years and its circulation today stands at 44,000 of which over 5,000 are in the United States. Mr. Crowther has been described as carrying on in the tradition of Wilson and Bagehot—"to hold opinions, to hold them strongly and if need be, express them strongly, but to have as few prejudices as possible and certainly no party prejudices." The secret of its success is, as *Fortune* pointed out some time ago, "that the *Economist* at bottom and above all, is an institution devoted to discussion. And nothing is more important if errors are to be apprehended and mistakes corrected than discussion. As Walter Bagehot himself wrote a hundred years ago, "If we know that a nation is capable of enduring continuous discussion, we know that it is practising with equanimity continuous tolerance."

Anxious as we are to develop and promote financial journalism in our country, we would do well to learn a lesson or two from the success of this type of journalism in the countries of the West.

BEFORE THE ELECTIONS IN INDIA

By S. BORZENKO

("Pravda" Correspondent)

(The following is a translation of an article that appeared in Pravda, in its issue dated October 25, 1951.)

THE 57th Congress of the ruling party of India, the Indian National Congress, has ended. The people in power delivered from the rostrum of the Congress a great many ardent speeches. Ministers and Party leaders were not sparing in their promises and held out for the people in the future mountains of gold and rivers of milk.

But these demagogic promises were hardly able to convince anyone and, above all, the millions of Indians, who adopted a fairly indifferent attitude to the ostentatious Congress which looked like a pre-election meeting. The hypocritical speeches could hardly replace for the starving workers of Bombay the cup of rice that they lack.

The characteristic feature of the Congress was the fact that not a single voice of a rank-and-file Party member was heard at it. The leaders of the Party did everything to prevent criticism of the Congress government.

The building in which the first meeting of the Congress was held, suddenly caught fire. A bad omen, some said, but others remarked ironically that the cause of the fire was Nehru's too inflammatory speech.

The ruling hierarchy of the Congress is trying in all possible ways to raise the falling authority of its Party. The 57th Congress was regarded by it as one of the strongest devices capable of relieving if only slightly the tense atmosphere in the country. Hard times have come for the Party: the Indian people has to have its say about the former's deeds at the forthcoming election.

The four years' domination of the Indian National Congress Party has led the country to the brink of abysses.

Millions of people are threatened by a slow death through starvation. The

domination of the feudal-landlord system, the excessive taxes, the debts and the rent, closely interlaced with the British imperialist yoke, are squeezing the last drops out of the peasantry. The beggarly earnings of even skilled workers have fallen far behind the ever increasing prices. Members of the intelligentsia, despairing of finding any work, are swelling the multi-million army of unemployed. Students are leaving their colleges—they have no money to pay for their studies. The rise in the prices of raw materials is ruining tens of millions of handicraftsmen and traders.

The British and American monopolists, the princes and zamindars, the Indian capitalists such as Birla and Dalmia are continuing to plunder the Indian people.

The hierarchy of the National Congress is alarmed at the growth of the movement of the progressive forces in the country and also at the intensification of the dissatisfaction of the population at the policy of the ruling circles.

The people is beginning to move. Downtrodden, illiterate peasants are ridding themselves of the inertness, passiveness and submissiveness instilled in them by the reactionary teaching of Gandhi about non-resistance to evil. The *Indian News Chronicle* writes in a fluster that in a number of regions of the East Punjab the peasants have taken away the land from the landlords by force. In these regions there resounds more and more loudly the cry: it is better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees.

In the Communist Party the Congress see a serious opponent and with the aid of the police apparatus are trying beforehand, already before the elections, to undermine its position. The Central Committee of the Communist Party is in the underground since immediate imprisonment threatens the leaders of the Communist Party.

It is from the silliness not from the wickedness of mankind that the evils of the world seem to me to spring. It is not because men are bad at heart, but because they are weak in the head that they oppress and torment one another and make their world a hell. — C. G. K. ROBIN.

The Communist Party is banned in the biggest states of the country—Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad—since the government fears that at the parliamentary elections the Communists would gain the majority of votes there. The authorities do not permit one of the leaders of the Indian Communist Party, Gopalan, who is making a trip through the province of Travancore-Cochin, to speak at meetings. By a special order all processions and demonstrations of the people are banned in the region of Traigr in connection with Gopalan's arrival there.

The same thing has happened in Hyderabad. The local government has forbidden Gopalan to speak at public meetings organised by the People's Democratic Front of Hyderabad. The authorities refused to give Gopalan permission to travel to Telengana where all political activity is banned, where thousands of peasants—fighters for land—are languishing in prisons, where the police and troops burn down villages and shoot peasants, not sparing either women or children.

Fearing their complete downfall in Telengana, the Hyderabad organisation of the National Congress, by means of political machinations, has deprived 5,000,000 inhabitants of this region of their electoral rights. It has already been reported in the press organs of the country and, primarily, in the Communist press.

Some time ago the Central Bureau of the Communist Party of India for the holding of the elections to parliament published its pre-election manifesto.

The Communists characterised the present Congress government as a government of landowners and monopolists, a government of national betrayal, truncheons and bullets. Appraising the foreign policy of the government, the manifesto stresses that it is not a genuine policy of peace. The Communists stated that the Indian people must replace the present government with a popular democratic government.

The long-suffering, worn-out Indian people is beginning to understand how necessary it is to create a united, anti-imperialist, national front for the

achievement of genuine freedom and democracy.

All progressive forces of the country, everyone who cherishes the vital interests of his fatherland, are grouping around the Communist Party. 25,000 people were present at the meeting held during the opening of the provincial conference of the Communist Party in Kanpur. Mass meetings were also held in a number of other towns. The participants in the meetings warmly supported the pre-election manifesto of the Communist Party and its candidates.

The left-wing democratic bloc of Indian progressive parties is growing and gaining in strength. Seven left-wing parties of West Bengal, including the Communist Party, the "Revolutionary Socialist Party," the "Socialist Republican Party," etc., have concluded amongst themselves a pre-election agreement for combined action at the January elections.

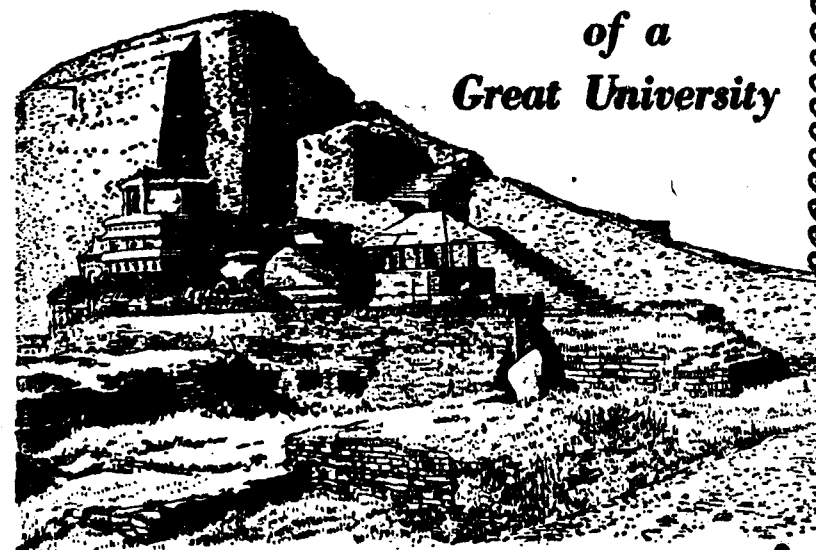
A similar alliance has been concluded in Delhi. The Communist Party organisation of the province of Uttar Pradesh has signed a pre-election agreement with a group of left-wing Socialists. Great successes have been scored by the left-wing front of Bombay, led by the Communists, which, besides the Communist Party, is composed of the Workers' Peasant Party and the group of left-wing Socialists. The left-wing front of Bombay has nominated 150 candidates for the elections to the Indian Parliament and the local legislative assembly.

A popular democratic front, composed of the Communist Party, a group of left-wing Socialists and a group of former Congressmen who are not in agreement with the policy of their Party, has been created in the province of East Punjab. Similar unification of the progressive forces around the Communist Party is taking place in other towns and provinces of the country.

The spirit of cheerfulness and optimism, inherent in Communists, has instilled in the hearts of the Indian proletariat confidence in victory. The people remembers the old Indian proverb which teaches that fortune favours the bold.

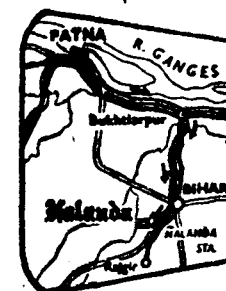
Delhi, October.

The Ruins of a Great University



Founded in the rich creative epoch of the Gupta kings, Nalanda soon became one of the largest universities of Asia. Of its 10,000 scholars, a large number came from overseas, and were lodged in special hostels endowed by foreign kings. Instruction was provided in seven separate colleges, and a vast library spread over three buildings. Food, clothing and medical care were free, which as a contemporary remarks, accounted for "the high perfection of the studies." For 700 years, until destroyed by foreign invaders in the 12th century A.D., it was like a beacon illuminating the contemporary scene.

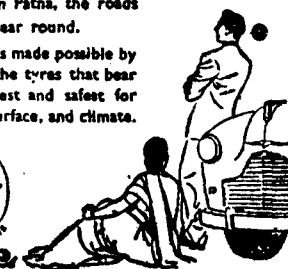
DUNLOP



29 miles eastwards on the road from Patna stands Bukhtiarpur. Here a road branches off due south to Bihar Sharif (19 miles) whence a smaller road leads to Nalanda station (6 miles). From the station to the excavation site is 2 miles. Throughout the distance of 56 miles from Patna, the roads are serviceable all the year round.

Touring by motor car was made possible by John Boyd Dunlop; and the tyres that bear his name remain the best and safest for all conditions of load, surface, and climate.

★ THIRD OF A SERIES ON THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING





By V. P. SATHE

WHAT'S wrong with Hollywood? How is it that a director who once made "Emile Zola" is now content with the making of such trash propaganda film as "The Peking Express". And the great John Ford who made such significant films as "Grapes of Wrath", "The Informer" and "The Prisoner of Shark Island" is now making inconsequential westerns.

That is not all. Take Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense. Over a decade ago he made "Rebecca"; and now he has been making some pseudo psychological inhuman murder dramas like "Stranger on the Train". The idea of one man suggesting to another man that the former would murder the latter's wife provided the latter agreed to murder the former's father is novel but revolting. And Hitchcock has built all the suspense and drama on this revolting idea. Indeed, see any Hollywood picture today, it is devoid of all those human values and ideals which make life worth living and it is full of neurotic passions, selfishness, murder and heinous crimes which reveal the moral degeneration of the modern society of the West.

Indeed, if the film emanating the from Hollywood dream factory reflects the true conditions of America, then far from leading the world, the Americans are in dire need of moral cure.

The malady of Hollywood is scientifically analysed by an American anthropologist who made a research on the subject and wrote a brilliant book "Hollywood the Dream Factory."

In direct contrast to Hollywood, Britain, Italy, France and other countries have made considerable progress

in film-making. The British film "Seven Days to Noon" which is a fantasy about a scientist who threatened to blast London if the Prime Minister did not stop the manufacture of atomic weapons, reveals imagination, social awareness and technical brilliance which these days are missing in Hollywood pictures.

The Hollywood empire is apparently crumbling and its future seems to be quite dark unless Hollywood changes its ways of film making.

Picture Of The Week

Producer Harnam Motwane with the creative help of scenarist Krishan Chander, the progressive Urdu author, and director Phani Muzumdar, has tried to present the story of the Indian struggle for freedom right from 1885, the year in which the Indian National Congress came into existence to the realization of freedom in 1947 followed by communal riots. In addition there is a sequence which recapitulates the past history of India partly in the form of ballet, shadowplay, drama and panoramic scenes enjoined by a musical piece.

The very idea is laudable and to some extent this effort is successful. The story of the Indian struggle is told through the story of one family, one village. It begins with the first Congress session of 1945 and in flashes it shows the growth of the struggle for fifty years. There are two methods adapted for the narration; one is the documentary record in which the characters of the story play no part. And the other is the personal happenings of the village. The first style, though inevitable, is the main weakness of this picture. For the

blending of the historic happenings with the individual human story is not always happy; moreover, told in the form of a narrative it is neither dramatic nor inspiring.

Had Motwans avoided the temptation of using stock shots of national leaders the picture would have been more compact, coherent and dramatically more thrilling. As it is, the story never runs smoothly, the narrative is often interrupted with the newsreel shots which, far from adding to the beauty of the film ruin its dramatic impact. As it is, to some extent *Andolan* has become a conglomeration of disjointed scenes and sequences loosely strung together through the running story of one particular family.

Besides, the period covered is so great that the producers could not do justice to all the important events of the struggle for freedom. There are many serious lapses and omissions in the picture, the most noteworthy being lack of reference to Lokmanya Tilak who gave the slogan (Swaraj

is my birthright). Any history of the freedom struggle without even a mention of Tilak is a mockery.

Moreover, the producer seems to have been suffering from the censor complex. They have omitted all references to Bhagat Singh (except showing him in a song) and other revolutionaries on the one hand and the risings of the workers and peasants on the other.

Indeed there are many such serious lapses in *Andolan*. Hence one feels that it would have been advisable to confine the production to the story of one village, one family and its contribution to the fight for freedom. Shorn of all the documentary shots and the pedantic history of the past which has been ruined in the presentation by wrong blending of ballet with drama, the main human story is very interesting; and Shivrāj, a comparative newcomer, has lived his role as a village pandit who visited the Congress session of 1885 and died fasting for the entry of Harijans into the temple in 1934. Even the struggle

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of 1942 as portrayed in the picture is moving; for it affects individuals of a particular village and the havoc wrought by the riots also moves us because it affects not masses but the pujari and chacha of the village. The last shot in which a child is shown walking alone is significant.

With all its faults and shortcomings *Andolan* is to be commended for the sincere effort to portray a patriotic story with new stars, all of whom have done well and without any of the nauseating box-office clutches (songs and dances and vulgar comedy). And though, perhaps, the picture, because of its obvious lack of drama, may not prove very popular it opens a new vista in film production. One hopes that Motwane will not be disheartened by the criticism or box office failure of his picture and that he will try to make a similar picture in the future.

Personality Of The Week

Over a decade ago a young artist took the film world by storm by producing a short film of 1600 feet. He wrote, directed and photographed the film in outdoors; he requested his friends to act. The net result was an interesting short called *Pravasi*. The story was of a primitive couple; but its photography (considering the fact that the whole picture was photographed with hand lomo camera) and direction was so brilliant that it evoked praise from the most fastidious critics.

The young artist who was making designs for film advertisements was none else but Chandrashekhar, who was also interested in making cartoons. In fact, with the help of artistes afterwards he did make a cartoon, which however, did not prove successful. As a result of the publicity he got for his amateur short film he approached several directors and Shantaram took him as his first assistant when he migrated to Bombay and made *Shakuntala*. For four years Chandrashekhar worked for Shantaram and then he got his chance. He made *Banwasi* which in many ways was a remarkable film about the oppressed World tribes exploited by the Sahukar (Money-lender). Apart from

the social content, the picture was remarkable for its brilliantly photographed outdoor sequences.

The picture, however, failed at the box office and Chandrashekhar, who had left Rajkamal, was again jobless. Ultimately he got a chance to direct a picture called *Deepak* starring Prithviraj. The picture was made with great difficulty. But thanks to several factors, it did not improve the lot of Chandrashekhar. Moreover, he got serious eye-trouble and he was so badly off that he could not undergo an operation.

Only some months back one of his eyes was operated upon. The operation was fairly successful. Yet, jobless, penniless Chandrashekhar had hardly any reason to be happy. It appeared as if with all his talent and genius he would remain in oblivion.

But luck changed and last week Dalsukh M. Pancholi called Chandrashekhar and signed him to direct *Mehgil*. With Chandrashekhar's talent and Pancholi's experience as a showman, it now appears that in *Mehgil* he will get a real break. Perhaps in ten years after producing his first shot he will now establish himself as a full fledged front-rank director. Let us hope that now at least Dame Fortune will smile on him!

News Of The Week

—Sohrab Modi's *Jhansi Ki Rani* went before the cameras on Thursday 22nd at 1-30 P.M. at Minerva Studios. Mehtab faced the camera uttering these words "I shall not give my Jhansi" in Hindi and English. All the Hollywood technicians imported to make this picture in technicolor were in attendance. Since these technicians have completed *Monsoon* in 29 days they can be expected to finish *Jhansi Ki Rani* within the scheduled time.

—Nargis is reported to have received an offer from France to act in a French picture.

—The stars, director and technicians of Ranjit's *Humlog* were presented gold-medals by Ranjit at a special show held at Liberty on Saturday night.

BEVANITES ALL!

By ANDREW ROTH

DURING recent months many Conservative speakers have been attempting to frighten people by the horrendous possibility of the Labour Party being 'captured' by Mr. Aneurin Bevan. But, in actual fact, there is a chance that not only the Labour Party but the Conservatives as well may come to "stand up" to the Americans, as proposed by the chubby Welshman, and demand a slow-down of rearmament.

Although Bevan is now attacked as "anti-American," it should be recalled that this aspect did not come to the surface until he decided the burden of rearmament was too great for Britain. Similar streaks may become clear in many politicians far to the right of him if General Eisenhower presses too hard for an increase of troops in 1952. If Mr. Churchill returns almost empty-handed from Washington, the Conservative anti-American reaction may make Mr. Bevan look like a sycophant.

It is the habit of most American reporters in London to suggest that apart from the Communists everyone in Britain loves the U. S. except a small group of 'Bevanites' on the left wing of the Labour Party. It is worthwhile therefore considering the source of the following words:

....As the balance of strength between the United States and this country has changed to the British disadvantage, so American policy has become less restrained, less comradely in matters of vital interest to the whole Commonwealth. The dominating factor in future defence planning—the atomic weapon in all its forms—has been treated as an American monopoly, despite the scientific achievement and strategic bases that Britain contributes....

It should... be the British purpose to discuss with the Americans not only the grand strategy of defence, but the grand strategy of settlement. Stalin insists, and Beria has again insisted, on the possibility of peaceful co-existence....Is co-

existence on such terms the most that can be hoped for in the lifetime of Stalin and Mr. Churchill? Very probably it is. But will the Americans be content with this? There is not the slightest reason to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Acheson when he states that the aim of his peace policy is to contain Communist imperialism by creating situations of strength, and then to negotiate from strength. Negotiation—but what about?...From strength—but how much strength and at what cost?

This is not the voice of the Labour back-benchers, the *New Statesman*, nor any other alleged "Socialist appeasers." It is excerpted from the rightist, pro-American *Economist's* lead article of November 17. It is particularly significant because *The Economist* has been one of the leading proponents of the Anglo-American alliance.

As *The Economist* explains, there are many tensions that naturally rise between a power that is young and restless and a power that is mature and sedate. Energetic, uninhibited, Babbit-like Americans have annoyed tired, reserved, aristocratic Britons since British travellers first started exploring "darkest America" in the middle of the last century.

America's energetic replacement of Britain as the central organizing power of the non-Communist world during the last decade has naturally produced many irritations. Even during the most intimate days of the Roosevelt-Churchill wartime collaboration, the one subject which enraged Churchill was Roosevelt's suggestions on India. "It may be said," says Robert E. Sherwood in his documented *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, "that Churchill would see the Empire in ruins and himself buried under them before he would concede the right of any American, however great and illustrious a friend, to make any suggestions as to what he should do about India."

This same fury is displayed by Bri-

tish leaders wherever they suspect the U. S. is trying to move in on their remaining Empire. When, in the early stages of the Persian crisis, the American position differed considerably from Britain's it was openly alleged in both Labour and Conservative circles that the United States was pushing out Anglo-Iranian in order to bring in an American oil company.

More recently, Britain's empire-builders have been fuming about Washington's success in bringing down the cost of natural rubber and tin. Since the U. S. buys half the world production of these two products, it has been able to deflate the price by monopolizing purchase in Government hands and staying off the market until the price declines. "Malayan rubber and tin are two of (Britain's) foremost dollar-earning commodities," wrote the *Manchester Guardian's* Financial Editor last week. "The huge dollar deficit of the sterling area in the third quarter and in October has clearly been aggravated by the decision of the United States Government to monopolise tin and rubber imports, to stop all tin purchases and sharply to reduce rubber purchases in Malaya. The planters and tin miners, working in the shadow of sudden death, may well wonder.... Britain is forced by United States Government policy to buy cotton at 44 cents which costs less than 10 cents to produce. Where are the real cartellists today?" This same theme is attacked even more frequently and bitterly by the *Financial Times* whose chairman is Mr. Churchill's close friend, Brendan Bracken.

The Necessary Alliance

The conflict in the minds of British leaders is that while they are envious of America's growing power and frequently irritated when they think it elbows them, they are simultaneously absolutely certain that their own survival is dependent on American support. They feel they need not only direct economic help but, even more important, the backing of U. S. military-diplomatic power. The leaders of Britain know that the Kremlin is not afraid of British military power but does respect the military-industrial potential of the U. S. Isolated from the U. S., Britain would



Mr. C. H. Sibghathullah, the new Mayor of Madras

quickly lose permanently many areas of imperial influence.

This combination of fear of, and reliance on, the United States is demonstrated in Persia. British leaders believe that the primary reason that the Kremlin has not given the green light to the Tudeh party in Persia is that the U. S. might consider this an act of aggression and launch World War III. While relishing this American defence of the Persian status quo, Britain still has no desire to share its stakes in that country with the United States.

The same reasoning applies to South-east Asia. Britain welcomes the American assumption of responsibility for strengthening the Franco-Baodai position in Indo-China. But in all of the bitter comments on the deteriorating position in Malaya that have filled newspaper and magazine columns since the killing of High Commissioner Gurney, there has not been a single suggestion that Britain turn to the U. S. for help in Malaya.

Friendship "At All Costs"

In the recent foreign affairs debates in the House of Commons handsome Geoffrey de Freitas, former Labourite Under-Secretary for Air, was worried that "the great personal popularity of the Prime Minister in America may confuse the American people and mislead them into believing that he is representative of the

feelings of this country toward the United States. The Prime Minister has gone far indeed in saying that "we must stick to America at all costs." He thought it would be better to send to Washington Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden who "has a better understanding of public opinion here.... (and) the limits which public opinion places on our co-operation."

It is, indeed, very easy to be misled by Mr. Churchill's flamboyant public utterances to think that he believes in the Anglo-American alliance "at all costs" and under all conditions. But in his Mansion House speech and in pre-election parliamentary statements he has made clear his feeling that Mr. Attlee let the atom bomber bases in East Anglia go to the Americans too cheap and that he will try to get a better price for it. Churchill, intimates insist, will attempt to secure a more explicit veto right on the dispatch of American atom bombers from British bases. In short, despite his unconditionally pro-American public speeches, Mr. Churchill will try to drive a much harder bargain than Mr. Attlee in the privacy of conference rooms.

The thing that misleads Americans probably more than anything else is Britain's ability at self-censorship, whether in print or in speech. One can read Conservative newspapers like the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Yorkshire Post* for months under the impression that "love the Yanks" is their chief slogan. But if one mixes with their editors and editorial writers it is soon clear how deep is their resentment that the U. S. now sets the pace, in a manner which they consider to be crude and inconsiderate of British interests. Thus, W. L. Andrews, Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, recently expressed to visitors to Leeds a fear of an Eisenhower-precipitated "showdown" in Europe in 1952 which is only pallidly reflected in his editorial columns.

There are, in fact, roughly two groups in both the Conservative and Labour parties. The dominant, top group in each party is convinced of the necessity of the Anglo-American alliance, and suppresses its doubts about the way Washington acts. Their contribution, particularly in office, is to say nothing nasty in public. Thus, Mr. Eden, declined to say anything

about the admission of Communist China to the UN in his November 19 survey speech, and excused himself: "I think... members will realise that nothing could be more unwise at this moment than that I should raise the subject of the status of China in relation to the United Nations." The next day he said he was "in absolute agreement... that the United Nations should not become an anti-Communist alliance" but was unwilling "to be drawn further at the moment...." Experienced Britons know that Americans like to be liked and are furious when they are criticised—particularly by allies in need of aid.

The Labour Party leadership is as pro-American as Messrs. Churchill and Eden, although Mr. Attlee could never be as flamboyant as Mr. Churchill. In office they were equally chary of uttering a word which might be incorrectly construed by a sensitive American Senator. But out of office they are disclosing, in a guarded manner, the doubts they stifled before. Even the most devoted Labourite friends of the U. S. now reveal their fears that headstrong American action may precipitate an unnecessary war. "A momentary aggressive mood, or, what is perhaps more possible, a needless attack of nerves—it may be on the part of one nation alone—could plunge us into the third world war" warned former Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Christopher Mayhew, whose attitude toward the U. S. is little short of Churchillian, is worried that the U. S. may frighten the Russians into a preventive war.

The essential fact to recall is that the bulk of the Labour Party accepted rearmament last year because they felt it was insurance required as a result of the aggressive tendencies of the Communist world demonstrated in Korea. Now the bulk of the Labourites—even excluding the Bevanites—are beginning to wonder whether the premium is not too high. They feel that rearmament is crippling Britain's recovery and worry about what the U. S. will do with its forces when they are considered sufficient to cope with the Soviets. "What worries people concerned with Anglo-American relations," said moderate Labourite Geoffrey de Freitas, "is that a situation might arise in which this country is involved in war with Russia and

that a large number of people here might believe that it had been brought about by an error on the American side. The fact is that there are people in this country who fear that the Americans are moving towards a stage in which even to suggest a settlement with Russia might be regarded as treachery. This wave of hate and intolerance—which is very real—is amazing to those who know the kindness and the warmheartedness of ordinary Americans in their day-to-day life...."

It is misleading to suggest, as do most American correspondents, that these fears are limited to the Labour side. Certainly Conservative M. Ps. tend to voice their fears in their clubs more than in the House of Commons. But the Tory M. Ps. from Lancashire are just as worried about Japan's American-supported comeback as their more vociferous Labour colleagues. The journals which form Conservative opinion have been rather plain-spoken, in their own British way. As early as last July 25, *The Times* commented: "There are times when European Governments and peoples ask uneasily whether the pace (of rearmament) is not too fast. Will the momentum of the whole process carry the United States further than it desires to go? At what point will the United States consider that deterrent strength has been sufficiently established?"

As is clear from these statements, the crime of the "Bevanites" was not really their suspicion of the rate of rearmament or of the effectiveness of American policy, but that *they publicly posed these questions and asked for answers when others favoured continuing the hush-hush policy.*

Like the lad in the fable they mentioned out loud that the king was nude when everyone else silently thought the same thing. Significantly, these views won the Bevanites more votes within the Labour Party and cost them no votes in the general elections. These views at present come down to the following propositions: There is no immediate danger of a Soviet attack, otherwise some defensive preparations, including air-raid shelters, would be in order. The rearmament burden Britain has undertaken has given her some increased military strength but sapped her economically. Continuation of rearmament, even with American aid, will perpetuate a top-heavy economy which will make it permanently dependent on the U. S. The pressing need for such rearmament will diminish, the Bevanites feel, if a political settlement is attempted, particularly on the German question. The only hope for an agreement with Russia on Germany is on a disarmed Germany, but Washington will not agree. In that case, the Bevanites insist, Britain must "stand up" to the U. S. "Our view," said Mr. Bevan on October 8, "is that we are equal partners and we claim the right to talk back." The trouble with Mr. Bevan's reasoning is that while Britain has more bargaining power than it has used, it is no longer an "equal partner!" Furthermore, he hasn't answered the question: What if Britain "talks back" and the U. S. does not listen. What would he do? First, of course, we will see what Mr. Churchill will do if his requests are not granted. Perhaps he will return from Washington a Conservative "Bevanite."

SIDELIGHTS :

One of the strongest characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.—JOHN FOSTER.

PROFESSOR Durjati Prasad Mookerjee, Head of the Department of Economics and Sociology in Lucknow University, visited Madras this week in the course of a lecture tour to Madras and Annamalai universities. Outside the class routine I am told the Professor never delivers a lecture unless he has a new point of view to present. It is an intellectual treat to listen to him. Of a vast scholarship and brilliant in exposition, he took off their feet the select circle of research students who had the good fortune to attend the three lectures that he delivered at the local University buildings. The time of the second of the lectures synchronised with that of Pandit Nehru's great mammoth meeting in the Island Ground. I know of at least one student who deliberately elected to attend the Professor's lecture in preference to the Prime Minister's oration. It is a pity that the University authorities made no arrangements for a record being made of what the Professor said in his lectures though it would have been quite worthwhile to do so. There is no reason, when the eminent are invited to discourse on subjects of interest, why the benefit of their knowledge and wisdom should be limited only to the few that happen to be physically present. Every university should have a competent reporter to take down talks to select circles given by distinguished scholars that visit it from outside.

During his stay the Professor was also a guest of honour at the premises of the Madras branch of the Council of World Affairs. At the informal discussion that followed, he gave a marvellous exposition of the economic and social trends generated under the administrations that came into being with the advent of freedom. The trends were not the creation of the

administrators, but in point of time they began to be apparent in the period when the administrators came to the forefront. The Professor was categorical in his assertion that the middle classes were doomed. Twitted on his pessimism he retorted that his pessimism was the outcome of association with optimists. He had a good word to say of capitalists as organisers of production, but in India many capitalists had nothing to do with production, they were speculators trading on "differences." So they took away far more than they ever gave to society. The Professor disapproved of the movement to give land to tillers, as such gifts tended to multiply the strength of the small peasant proprietors who of all classes were the most greedy and acquisitive with the least capacity for the social obligations of citizenship. The spirit of proprietorship operating on land through millions of small peasantry had to be undone if Socialism was to have its chance in the country. In spite of the terrific poverty of the working class, there was more of adjustment to prevailing conditions as though it were a patriotic duty of the masses to the leaders of the National Government, than divine discontent, the lever of progress for getting things changed. It would appear that we were immersed in an economy of inertia. The Professor despaired of witnessing any substantial bettering of conditions in his lifetime.

Professor Mookerjee drew a distinction between Madras and Lucknow in educational administration. In Madras, like King Canute, they were warding off the waves of popular invasion of the institutions of higher education. In Lucknow no hindrance was offered to the waves, and the M. A. class consisted of 300 students, some of whom were South Indians. The Professor is the beloved of his pupils and some of them from Andhra were his hosts in his South Indian tour.—SAKA.

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blending of the historic happenings with the individual human story is not always happy; moreover, told in the form of a narrative it is neither dramatic nor inspiring.

Had Motwans avoided the temptation of using stock shots of national leaders the picture would have been more compact, coherent and dramatically more thrilling. As it is, the story never runs smoothly, the narrative is often interrupted with the newsreel shots which, far from adding to the beauty of the film ruin its dramatic impact. As it is, to some extent *Andolan* has become a conglomeration of disjointed scenes and sequences loosely strung together through the running story of one particular family.

Besides, the period covered is so great that the producers could not do justice to all the important events of the struggle for freedom. There are many serious lapses and omissions in the picture, the most noteworthy being lack of reference to Lokmanya Tilak who gave the slogan (Swaraaj

is my birthright). Any history of the freedom struggle without even a mention of Tilak is a mockery.

Moreover, the producer seems to have been suffering from the censor complex. They have omitted all references to Bhagat Singh (except showing him in a song) and other revolutionaries on the one hand and the risings of the workers and peasants on the other.

Indeed there are many such serious lapses in *Andolan*. Hence one feels that it would have been advisable to confine the production to the story of one village, one family and its contribution to the fight for freedom. Shorn of all the documentary shots and the pedantic history of the past which has been ruined in the presentation by wrong blending of ballet with drama, the main human story is very interesting; and Shivraj, a comparative newcomer, has lived his role as a village pandit who visited the Congress session of 1885 and died fasting for the entry of Harijans into the temple in 1934. Even the struggle

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NO REST IN THE GRAVE

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE brutal assassination of Liaquat Ali Khan had, it appears, a rather tragic-comic sequel. The late Premier of Pakistan was buried near the grave of the late Quaid Azam Jinnah. The grave of Jinnah had a wall surrounding it and people had to cross it to go to the grave of Liaquat to pay their respects. So a part of the wall was removed by the authorities of Pakistan. But as a result, many went in this way, through the grave of Jinnah. Miss Fatima Jinnah protested. So the wall was restored. Next day the crowd had again razed the new wall to the ground.

But this of course is not the first time in recent history that men have been disturbed even in their graves. A far more dramatic instance than that which happened near the graves of Quaid Azam and Liaquat Ali took place in Milan. Nearly two years ago, the Communists and the Fascists staged open battles in the streets of Milan over the grave of Mussolini. The unfortunate Il Duce, who was shot dead near Milan, was buried in an unknown place. Nearly three years after his burial, reports came in 1948 about the location of his grave. Immediately the Communists gathered at the spot to desecrate the grave of the murderer of Matteotti (Mussolini) and the architect of the anti-comintern pact. The Fascists, not to be foiled, were there before, to consecrate the spot and make it a place of pilgrimage. So the two parties fought at various places where the grave of Mussolini was reported to be. But the grave was not to be found anywhere. Report comes recently from Italy that it has been revealed to the family of the Il Duce that his grave is behind the altar of St. Mary's Church in Milan. Still nobody seems too sure of it.

Hitler was more fortunate; he disappeared leaving literally not a rack behind. But how far the love of admirers or antiquaries can go in disturbing the sleep of the graveyard can be gauged by another news item from France.

The silver urn containing the heart

of the only son of Napoleon, the young King of Rome, is to be returned to Paris from Vienna where it was. It appears that Frenchmen have been agitating for this little piece of decomposed flesh and ligament for the last hundred years. But there is some loss as well to the Parisians. While the heart of the son of Napoleon is being returned to Paris the heart of the Father of Napoleon Bonaparte is now to be taken away from Paris to be returned to Ajaccio. Thus literally there is, one can say, an exchange of hearts, only long after these hearts have ceased to beat.

The curse of the great, the famous and the noble, has been that in earthly life, they have little privacy and less leisure. But the populace of admirers or detractors would not often let them rest even when they are safely buried or burnt. Instances like the above can be multiplied. A few more will, however, suffice to illustrate the irony of it all.

Prophets have been the most unfortunate in that worship chases them into the grave and the burial ground. Christ, having safely risen out of his grave, as the legend goes, there can be little by way of actual worship of his remains though the spots of his crucifixion and burial are held sacred. Buddha, however, was cremated, but his ashes and bones and teeth were shared by the kings of India. One at least of his relics, the sacred tooth, now in the Tooth Temple at Kandy, was the most fought after relic in the world. The King of Patna tried to seize it from the King of Kalinga, who finally sent it to Ceylon, hid in the hair braids of his daughter Hemamala. In Ceylon also the relic was the coveted prize of invading armies and the object of worship of millions of Buddhists.

But the prophet of the desert, however, had a less fortunate graveyard history. Thundering against idol worship all his life, Muhammad had warned his followers against idolizing him at any time. "I am neither the son of God, nor his offspring in any way" he had declared. But to

millions of Muslims he was the Prophet and nearest to God and his grave became a holy place of pilgrimage. But in the eighteenth century, the deserts of Arabia saw the birth of the revivalist sect of Wahabis, who wanted to restore Islam to its primitive purity. The worship of the Prophet's grave against the spirit of Islam irritated them and with ruthless fury, they stirred up his bones as well from their long rest.

The glorification of the corpse of Lenin as the founder-God of Kremlin is an irony of history, just as bad as the veneration of other prophets. Standing erect in a glass case, the body of Lenin watches the march-past of thousands of admirers, whom he shunned throughout his life.

But the most interesting instance of the desecration of a grave is that of the antiquary and the father of the discursive English essay, Sir Thomas Browne. Disgusted with the desecration of graveyards in his time, the cultured knight and essayist thundered against them in his famous long essay "Urn Burial." He recom-

mends, therefore, to safeguard the bodies of great men from these graveyard wolves, the method of 'Urn Burial' wherein the remains of the body enclosed in an urn are buried far down the earth. But not all his latinised learned sentences could save the knight from the fate he so dreaded and thundered against. A few years after he was buried in the churchyard, the grave-diggers had to dig a grave nearby. By chance, the spade struck against his coffin, which was opened. The Sexton, who was watching the operations, immediately seized the skull of the great antiquary with unholy glee and kept it in his house as a memento. Writing about this, Edmund Gosse, the Biographer of the antiquary, bitterly bewails the irony of his fate.

Their bodies are buried in peace, sang a prophet, mistakenly adding that their name liveth for evermore. How mutually contradictory these statements are is illustrated by the above examples. Whose name liveth for evermore, rarely hath his body buried in peace!—(P. M.)



Exhibits relating to the life of Sri Sankara were displayed in a colourful array by Ananda Vikatan during the Centenary Celebration of the Government Museum. Pandit Nehru was attracted by a map of India wherein the tour for propagation of Advaita undertaken by Sankara was indicated in detail. Sri R. Mahadevan of Ananda Vikatan explained to him the details.

VENKATARAO SISTA

By V. KALIDAS, Editor, 'Anandavani'.

MR. Venkatarao Sista was a man among men and one of the pioneers and leaders of modern Indian advertising. I had the privilege of his friendship and confidence for over fifteen years and opportunities of watching and grasping the various facets of his life and work in the great city of Bombay, which attracted this man many years ago. He made his contribution to the public and social life of the cosmopolitan city of India, true to the finest and loftiest traditions of Telugu hospitality and honour. Mr. Venkatarao started life as a very humble but firm young man in Bombay as a stenographer in the railway administration. Picking up courage and nursing faith in himself and his work he joined advertising early in life and he impressed businessmen as a desirable advertising man with principles and integrity. His thoroughness in handling anything he took charge of in advertising, be it a small job or a big advertising campaign running into a few lakhs of rupees, and his methodical mind contributed greatly to his weaving himself into the business life of Bombay and India and he rose to fame and popularity everywhere. He had a warm heart and an open mind and the silent way he helped causes with his work and energy and money will remain for me and for his friends a sacred memory.

A few years ago a friend, to whom Mr. Venkatarao had given his best in life and business dealt him a mortal business blow. Then I could watch the stout, heroic and defiant spirit of the man in him working out a way of business life which did not carry any rancour or bitterness but which retained a smile of adventure and faith.

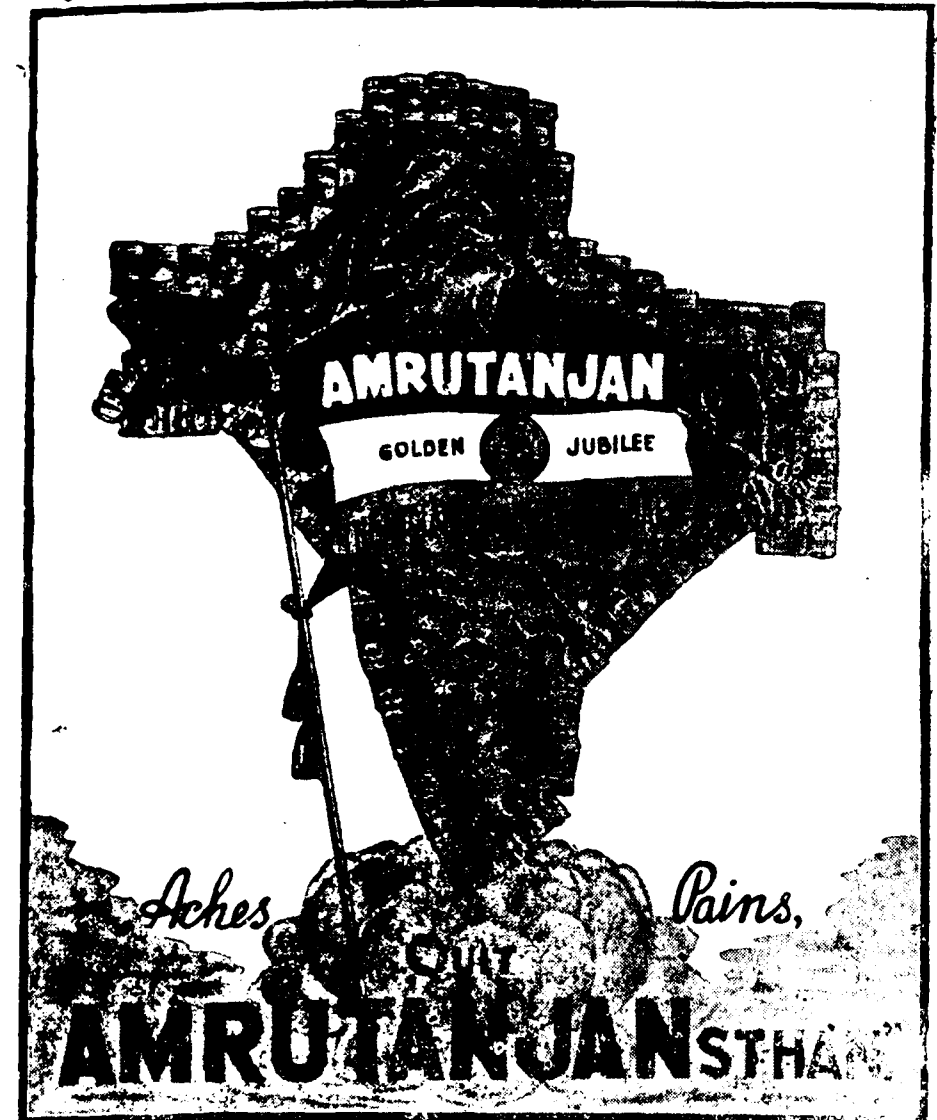
The traditions of integrity and class service he built up the hard way, will live for long. He was the first Andhra, possibly one of the few Indians, who sensed the potentiality of a brave new novel business-advertising, and he remained a devoted votary all his life and he died, as possibly he would have loved to do, in harness, at his post of duty.



Venkatarao Sista

Mr. Venkatarao's faith in advertising and the future of advertising was synonymous with his love of country. It was only with that burning faith that he stood up manfully to shocks and came out of ordeals as a great and honoured man. His capacity to discover talent was equalled by his ability to take risks. He had the supreme knack of commanding the loyalty of his men and he could create the atmosphere for getting out of his men the best they could give to their work. He was an eternal lover of the highest standards of service. The lion-hearted way he trod the advertising world in organising and consolidating Sistas Limited, as a pioneering advertising institution with headquarters in Bombay and spread over the whole country servicing the leading business and industrial houses, in the shortest time that was available to him, is probably a record in the annals of Indian advertising.

In his memory, I suggest, at least, a hall to house an institute of business intelligence to be conducted in a spirit of scientific research for discovering business talent and promotion of business enterprise. It will be a fitting memory to a great cosmopolitan citizen.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 45

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ELECTION AMMUNITION

THERE is a feeling of growing disappointment with Pandit Nehru's electioneering speeches even on the part of many of his admirers fully alive to his great qualities. In his speech at Madras he frankly admitted the existence of black sheep among the Congress candidates set up for election, but he called upon the voters to support them nevertheless, relying on his ability as leader to get rid of the undesirables in the Congress fold after the elections. Pro-Congress newspapers went into ecstasies in the wake of the Pandit's visit over the easy grace with which he had swung the voters to the Congress side with a single speech. Whether these jubilant transports are justifiable, only the elections can reveal. Adult suffrage, letting into the ranks of the enfranchised for the first time, millions of illiterate people of uncertain political views, makes it extremely hazardous for anyone to venture on predictions as to the results of the elections. But certain factors that have emerged as the electioneering of the various parties has gone into full swing, have made it quite clear that the Congress has taken every precaution against being dislodged from office. Though Pandit Nehru and other Congress leaders have been very loud in their pledges of free and fair elections, the practice in vogue has been patently in violation of the pledges. To give an example: After Pandit Nehru's Madras speech, another political party has been trying to have a meeting of its own in the same place, but its application is being tossed about between the military and the Zymkhana Club authorities, each

disclaiming power under the rules to let the ground for public meetings. In the process of electioneering, many things are possible for Congress propagandists which are utterly beyond the reach of other parties, and pledges of free and fair elections, however grand they look on paper, do not at all command any respect from those to whom they are addressed. We understand that in various other respects also, impediments are thrown against other parties from which Congress propagandists are immune. (Some of these are indicated in the article on page 9 published in this issue of *Swatantra*.) Pandit Nehru makes his grand speeches and goes his way, but it is the people who have to bear the burden of the black sheep whom he wishes to elevate into the sovereign status of legislators with their votes. Well may people ask, How can Pandit Nehru who in four years of undisputed leadership and power could not get rid of his black sheep, hope to succeed any better after the elections when he will be older and less energetic than before, and will perhaps not be so very powerful and undisputed in leadership as he has hitherto been?

In his speech at Allahabad Pandit Nehru said he agreed to a large extent with the principles of Socialism. "Our ultimate aim," he declared, "is to establish a classless society." Then he threw a challenge at Socialists ill-advised enough to hope for the achievement of Socialism through legislative means: "If anybody thinks that Socialism can be achieved by legislation, then I respectfully submit that the person who says so knows



nothing about Socialism." Socialists to whom these remarks are addressed are not likely to object if Pandit Nehru shows them a way for the achievement of Socialism by other than legislative means. But what they do and have a right to object to is the Congress President's reliance on avowedly anti-Socialist instruments for reaching alleged Socialist objectives. What sort of Socialism does Pandit Nehru hope to achieve with Sri Ramnath Goenka as a Congress legislator? Or with Sir M. A. Muthia Chetty whose electoral chances the Congress has gone out of its way to promote? Or with Sri Guntur Narasimha Rao whom one may search in vain with a microscope for one drop of socialist blood?

If Pandit Nehru's estimate of his aims is correct, he will not be able to realise them with the support of those listed as Congress candidates, many of whom are anti-Socialist in spirit if they are not indeed close allies of the more predatory species of commercial exploiters. It will be found that congenial instruments genuinely capable of advancing the objectives he has announced, will be found not in the Congress Party but in those ranged in opposition to it. If he achieves electoral victory, he will attain a party following having little in common with his aims, from which he will have to be liberated by Socialists and others on whom he is now squandering his election ammunition so recklessly and thoughtlessly.

Sotto Voce

A VERY GREEN KNIGHT



FOR all his mildness of manner Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh must be a person of considerable courage. He has taken his Congress novitiate so seriously that he is thumping the country with a fervour which is hardly less than that of his chief. He is not frightened by the sound of his own voice, which is all the more startling amidst the prevailing, almost sepulchral silence. One can only suppose that he is so completely engrossed in this novel task of electioneering that he has not noticed that the political temperature in the camp of his adoption is below zero.

Swaraj India has had three Finance Ministers in four years. It must be a sobering thought for the present incumbent. But Mr. Deshmukh seems

so little fearful of falling from favour that in one of his very first propaganda speeches he blandly assured a Bombay audience that after the elections he would follow, as Finance Minister, a particular line of policy which he proceeded to describe and justify at some length. No doubt, for form's sake, he let it be understood in delicate dutifulness to his audience that it depended on their pleasure whether he would be put to the proof. But he seemed to have no doubts either about the Congress's return to power or his own remaining in its good graces.

This freshness of confidence, as of the morning rose on which the dew of innocence has hardly had time to dry, is to say the least unusual in

the blase world of politics. Essex had to be prodded by a doggerel from the pen of his queenly mistress to substitute a more robust ambition for his half-heartedness. He was not a *faineant* by any means. But a sense of history can be very disabling: he must have remembered the many who in their time had put their trust in Princes—and come to grief. And to the quirks and chances that govern the rise and fall of individual fortunes Democracy seems to make very little difference.

That old rogue Lucian of Samosata, in his version of the story of the Golden Ass, veraciously records that the man who, during his Bottom-like translation, had found a rich woman to play Pasiphae with him, returns hopefully to her on his reversion to his natural biped condition, only to be repulsed with ignominy, as a mere man would hardly content her who has enjoyed the company of an ass! The story may be regarded as a political allegory. The affections of Demos are normally as bewitched as those of the poor Queen of the Fairies victimised by Puck. The beast lives on an exclusive diet of marvels and miracles. That is why, on election-eve, every party tries to paint a rosier picture of the country's future under its fostering care than any of its rivals.

But when it wakes up from its drunken sleep and finds that there are no wonder-workers but only wonder-fibbers Demos can be frightfully blood-thirsty. And it is then that the time-honoured process of throwing a victim to the wolves comes into play. The man who has been indiscreet enough to make too specific promises—promises which have so soon come home to roost—is quietly shed. I am not for a moment suggesting that that may be Mr. Desh-

mukh's fate. But at least one of his predecessors has grouched in public that he was tossed aside like a sucked orange.

Besides, has not the Finance Minister been playing up that melancholy document, the Five-Year Plan, a little too heartily? My own private explanation would be that the Sanskritist's gift of imaginative sympathy here tends to run away with him. Now, I can understand Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda working himself up into a mild rapture over it. "A poor thing, but mine own"—that would be the style. Strangely enough Mr. Deshmukh seems to have, for that unlikely wall-flower of Ahmedabad, an admiration hardly less thorough-going than that of Mr. Nehru himself. There was a positive note of unction in his voice as he gratefully acknowledged the Associated Chambers' President's silky reference to "the characteristic Nanda touch."

Even more exuberant have been the praises Mr. Deshmukh has been showering on the Prime Minister's foreign policy. That policy may have many virtues. But no one doubts that it, more than anything else, has made our search for the elusive dollar desperate. And Mr. Deshmukh's enthusiasm is all the more puzzling because his own financial policy is more or less orthodox. That is not to say that he is very much more convincing when he says that we should not revalue the rupee than Dr. Matthai is when he says that we should. In such matters the public, like the chorus in Greek tragedy, is content to look with resignation on the incomprehensible antics of Finance Ministers. But when they begin to discourse on foreign policy, it is time to tell them that the cob-bler should stick to his last.

VIGNESWARA

If not all the world, the world of politics is certainly a stage; and all the men and women who plunge into the turbulent and exhilarating waters of party politics, are actors playing many incongruous and unconvincing parts. Some get away with it profitably; others fret and strut their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more. But the first equipment of an aspiring candidate for public service is a mastery over words and gestures—preferably those that are full of sound and fury and signify nothing to the gaping multitude.

—Times of India.

SIDELIGHTS : :

It is not in mortals to command success, but we will do more, we will deserve it.—ADDISON.

SRI Anantharamakrishnan, who has been appointed Sheriff of Madras, controls the largest combine of industrial and commercial undertakings in the State. But it is not the output of his enterprises that is striking. It is the quality. He may be said to have imported the Englishman's method, system, discipline and rectitude into the South Indian business world. Our native talent is in parts brilliant. It is in capacity for organisation that we are deficient. Successful organisation calls for a measure of restraint in the directing chief. He should let others do their allotted tasks without butting in needlessly with his own ideas and directives. One remarkable thing that impresses the visitor to Britain is the scrupulous respect they pay each other in their offices in the matter of executing unhampered the functions and duties of their respective positions. No office boy whose duty it is to post a letter will delegate his job to another passing that way to save trouble. He will do what he is paid to do with a pride in the work which he will not share with any other. The topmost officer in an establishment will not encroach on a subordinate's sphere. Initiative and leadership and responsibility are developed all along the line through a unique habit of each minding his own business leaving others free to do theirs. It is a habit which has enabled English people to achieve sensational results with commonplace instruments, in administration and in many a department of industry. The Indian practice is quite the reverse. We have brilliant individuals producing meagre results because of the wastage involved in overlapping authority, each pulling in directions divergent from those of his colleagues.

It is Sri Anantharamakrishnan's distinction that he has planted English standards of business in our generally slovenly and inefficient economy.

Though Western in method and progressive in outlook, he is conservative culturally. He is a devout Hindu with a deep core of religion not apparent on the surface. He has a flair for detachment from controversies breeding bad blood. He has the born businessman's insight and genius for not getting involved in conflicts, and therefore commands with ease the goodwill of many who are to each other inveterate opponents. In the politics of our day, industry has to pay toll to ministers' fads to be able to get on, and with the ministers themselves, patronage in various forms masquerades as economic advancement. There is deep hurt to the cause of democracy in this exchange of power and pelf between Government and Industry since it tends to squeeze into partisan avenues resources of happiness and prosperity that belong to the whole community. Here again is exemplified another of Sri Anantharamakrishnan's services. He has been able to achieve and maintain industrial success without the scaffolding of out-of-the-way political support, a feat not merely personal but of social import, since production and welfare have to continue whatever party comes into office or vacates it. He has brought science and commonsense into business as the yardsticks of efficacy. Unlike most self-made men, he delights in discovering talent in others. The leadership he has given to the ventures he has taken on hand is thus not acquisitive and exclusive, but imbued with the team spirit; and it has given to the future a band of capable captains of the highest calibre. The post of Sheriff is more honoured by his accepting it than he is honoured by its being conferred on him.—**SAKA.**

GOVT. SERVANTS, THEIR WIVES, AND ELECTIONS

IN a Press Note dated December 1st, 1951, the Government of Madras issued a warning to all Government servants that if their wives or dependents actively took part in the elections by canvassing for candidates or otherwise, they would be liable to punishment under Government Servants Conduct Rules. On December 10th, they issued another Press Note modifying their previous ruling and lifting the embargo laid down therein.

It is easy to conjecture what has happened during the interval of ten days. It cannot be that the wives and or dependents of certain officers who have been interesting themselves in the elections have had so much influence with Government as to persuade them to review their decision; it is obvious that certain candidates who have been vitally affected by the former decision were able to throw their weight about and have it rescinded. If this surmise is conceded, it would be correct to assume that such candidates belonged to the Congress Party; for, it is only they that have the stature to influence Government at this juncture. Proceeding on this basis, it must be concluded that a very sad state of affairs has been disclosed. The slogan "free and fair elections" remains after all only a slogan.

It would seem that the second Press Note was issued when representations were received (we are not told from whom) laying emphasis on the protection of the rights and privileges of wives and dependents of Government employees rather than on their obligations. This is not surprising as the Constitution of India itself was promulgated with an overdue emphasis on rights and privileges, as a result of which the Constitution remains today a paradise for people who hanker after rights and privileges and conveniently forget their obligations to society and to the State. Inevitably therefore it is a paradise for lawyers.

In this context some very pertinent questions may be asked, such as:—

1. If it is considered a wholesome

qualification for a Government servant aspiring for diplomatic positions to have a wife who possesses grace, tact and social virtues in good measure, would it not be correct to assume that these qualifications should be found in some measure also in the wives of Government servants all round, particularly when we are endeavouring to usher in good parliamentary government on the two-party system?

2. If the wife of a Government servant is to be allowed free play to exercise her rights as a voter and citizen, even to the extent of taking part in the elections, why should she not be allowed to lend moneys, borrow moneys, undertake trading enterprises, enter into business contracts with Government and generally to cash in on her social status for the benefit of her family? Where, then, would the dividing line be to distinguish between what is permissible and what is not? Because, should there be no limit for her activities, there would be nothing to stop her from becoming a parasite both on society and on the Government.

3. Before issuing these Press Notes, have the Government consulted the persons primarily concerned, namely the Government servants themselves? For instance, have the senior Government officials in Madras and the districts been asked for their opinions? Have the non-gazetted officers been consulted? Have they been told that the second Government order may be assumed to confer on the wives of Government officials the fullest rights to take part in the elections whether in favour of the Congress Party or in favour of the other parties?

4. The existence of the embargo or its subsequent removal may not affect the wives of senior officers, most of whom are perhaps over middle age and could excuse themselves by pleading inability to work for candidates. But the wives of junior officers, the younger women with no children and family preoccupations, will not be in a position to refuse invitations from influential candidates who may apply

to them for help. Have the Government considered the possibility of such women getting their husbands into trouble by refusing to work for influential candidates?

5. The privileged candidates are usually those belonging to the Congress Party. They alone have greater access to Government servants and greater organisational support. They are the persons who are most likely to benefit by the second Government Press Note. Under such circumstances, does not the Government lay itself open to the charge that they have succumbed to the machinations of the Congress Party?

6. A major charge against the Congress Government has been that the Ministries in several States have been nepotistic in their selection of certain officers. It has been freely mentioned that some of them obtained their position through the influence of wives and relatives who have been Congress workers in the past. The latest Government order is sure to produce a large number of aspirants to preferment solely on the plea that their wives rendered great service to the Congress candidates in the election.

In this connection it would be interesting to read a few extracts from Mr. A. D. Gorwala's report on Public Administration published earlier this year:

"If a democracy is to function well, Government servants must be non-political and free from party bias or allegiances. One of the worst disservices any political party could do the country would be to destroy this non-political attitude on the part of Government servants. Whichever the Government in power, Government's work continues. If a Government servant becomes a partisan, neither can he do that work with the impartiality essential, nor can the political party in power, if it belongs to the camp opposed to him, trust him in the discharge of his duties. Once the bias of political partisanship attaches itself to Government servants, some form of the spoils system is inevitable. Countries in which this system has prevailed, have realised the evils that followed from it and having modified its worst excesses, are now attempting to get rid of it completely. We, who have been in a favoured posi-

tion in this respect, should not allow our system to deteriorate.

"This point is of special importance at the present time when an election is in the offing. To some of the men in power the temptation is great to use the influence of Government servants, even to the extent of arranging transfers of suitable instruments, to secure power again, but they must realise that this very short-sighted policy is bound to recoil upon them within a few years and is disastrous in the larger interests of the country.

"Some may feel that for the good of this country there is no room for anything except a single party and that accordingly it is perfectly justifiable to use Government servants to secure the success of that party. Those who think in this strain, however patriotic they may be, do not understand or want democracy. The good public servant, in any case, welcomes a position in which he can exercise complete impartiality and conduct his duties without leaning in any direction. The Prime Minister has on more than one occasion declared his complete agreement with the view that elections must be free and fair and that no attempt must be made by Government servants to influence votes by their actions, either by direct canvassing or by doing favours or disfavours to produce the necessary results. It would, however, seem that this position is not quite clearly understood in some areas and that there is considerable danger of pressure being put on Government servants, more especially, where splinter groups predominate. No categorical remedy is possible for this state of affairs. A joint declaration by all leaders of parties forbidding any attempt to use Government servants or the influence of Government servants would probably be useful."

Most Government servants are victims of the conviction that their prosperity in the service depends on having a god father. After the present election in which many wives of Government servants will play a major part, this conviction is likely to extend to the existence of god-mothers in the persons of their wives and daughters. In a man-made society, woman is always exploited for the benefit of man. It will be an insult to India's culture and womanhood for such exploitation to be increased in the manner in which the Madras Government has agreed to do.

THE ETHICS OF PROHIBITION

By M. PHILIP MATHEW

THERE are two ways of looking at the vexed question of drinking and intoxicants. One is to start with the assumption that drinking is an evil and to take one's stand on prohibition as a directive principle of State policy laid down by the Constitution. The question then remains how best and how quickly to make prohibition effective. In this case the moral and social issues are automatically put aside. But even so, prohibition as a matter of State policy does not stand out clearly and unequivocally to the exclusion of all other objectives of State policy. The Constitution enjoins prohibition of intoxicating drinks as one of various aims to be pursued by the State. The Constitution also lays down other important aims, the pursuit of which is covered under directive principles. In respect of some of these other aims a time limit is prescribed, unlike in the case of prohibition, for example, a period of 10 years for the provision of free and compulsory education for children. The State is also enjoined to make provision for securing just and humane conditions of work and for maternity relief, living wage and a decent standard of life for all workers, agricultural as well as industrial, protection of the scheduled castes and tribes from social injustice and all forms of exploitation, and last but not least is the directive to bring about an improvement of public health and to raise the level of nutrition and the standard of living of the people.

In view of these multiplicity of aims, what place should prohibition occupy in Government policy, particularly in view of the fact that the resources of the State are limited and have necessarily to be distributed among the competing objectives?

Even though one may not question the propriety of prohibition as such, its progress has necessarily to depend on the progress that the State is able to make in various other directions. It has to be made very gradual so that the structure of public finance may not be undermined and topple down.

All the States have not yet resorted to prohibition; only Madras and Bombay have gone far in the direction of Prohibition and it has so greatly upset the budgetary position of these States that others have decided very wisely not to extend prohibition in accordance with the advice of the Central Government. Even in the case of these two States, the loss of revenue has been such as to seriously impair their progress in other desirable directions.

The loss of revenue from excise has to be made up somehow, and the one source on which most States have fallen back is the sales tax. Actually, but for this imposition which the poorest cannot escape, the impact of prohibition on the State finances would have been very severe indeed, but the loss of revenue from prohibition has been offset by the proceeds of the sales tax to a certain extent.

Excise is a bad source of revenue since it encourages vice indirectly but the sales tax is perhaps worse because this burden is not apportioned to the ability of the payer to bear it and hence the pressure falls much more heavily on the poor, for even the poorest cannot escape it. To this extent, the economic benefits supposed to accrue to the industrial workers from prohibition are more than offset by what the latter have to pay by way of the sales tax. The common argument is that if the money wasted on drinks by the improvident mill-hand could be saved, it would enable his family to buy more food, clothing and provide education for his children. In reality, however, what the mill-hand saves on drinks has to be paid out in the form of the sales tax. And it is not exactly robbing Peter to pay Paul. On the contrary, it is penalising the whole society for the supposed sins of a few. At least no one is compelled to contribute to the excise revenue unless he or she voluntarily wants to.

In short, if the present position is bad, it would be a lot worse if prohibition is proceeded with any further. It will entirely demolish the structure of provincial revenues and seriously

curtail the ability of the States to spend more on the things crying for redress, for example, better sanitation, primary education, public health, housing and the fight against disease.

Drink is not an evil under all circumstances. When those who can afford it, drink in moderation, no harm is done to anybody. The question of individual morals apart, the social consequences of such drinking are not such as to call for Government action. If the findings of modern science are to be believed, hard drinking stands in a special category. The habitual drunkard is a sick person; he is physically and mentally sick and has to be treated as such. The general prohibition of drinking is not an answer to his special needs.

The attitude towards drinking varies from place to place. It would be a shock to many to turn over the pages of Valmiki's Ramayana and come across the passage where Sita is entertained with liquor by Sri Ramachandra himself. That the attitude to drink varies from place to place and in different sections of society should never be lost sight of in a rational treatment of the problem. Drinking indulged in by aboriginal tribes who make their own liquor is not the same as that of the mill-hand who often takes liquor in excess because the conditions of his life are so miserable that he seeks an escape from them. If the latter is really to be cured of drink, the conditions of his life have to be made more bearable. Seeking a short-cut will only bring in its wake something much worse—a flourishing trade in contraband liquor. To deprive the tribesmen of their traditional means of entertainment and relaxation will have equal, perhaps unsuspected consequences. Medical investigation has demonstrated that all drinking is not bad for health. On the contrary, it has been found among primitive tribes in the South Sea Islands that the vitamins and other nutritional elements in liquor are an important constituent of an otherwise deficient diet. Prohibition, in such circumstances, if it is effective, will aggravate malnutrition and will thus be fraught with grave social harm.

Thoughtless pursuit of a policy of

unreason will land us in a mess out of which it will be difficult to extricate the country. For one thing, it will encourage much further than it has done so far, the illicit trade in liquor. And the inequalities between province and province which have already become glaring owing to lack of any uniformity in the matter of prohibition will tend to destroy that basic homogeneity on which alone a State can be firmly established. If it were claimed to be one, we must have the same opportunities and share the same hardships whether we are in Delhi, Madras, Madhya Pradesh, Bombay or the Punjab.

Moreover, despite the theoretical disputations which have been going on since men started living together and kings felt the need for imposing taxation, the principles of equality have always been sacrificed at the altar of expediency. No other justification has been found for taxation than the one immortalised by Kalidasa. The State, like the sun, sucks up moisture only to be able to return it a thousand-fold in the form of rain. The Government's right to extract taxation depends just on that and on nothing else. And it has been forced by hard necessity in every country to have some convenient form of taxation by which money can be extracted from the people without causing much resentment. Such a taxation was imposed in the British days. The revenue from tobacco, spirits and tea, supplies the balancing factor to the tax system in Britain and it is difficult to see that even though there has been a change of Government, it can do without some such innocuous form of extracting money from the people. For the alternative that has been adopted is certainly much worse. The tax on tobacco and spirits affect only those who indulge in these things. The sales tax falls on everyone. And the working class family budget, as published by the Labour Ministry for Bombay State for 1944, in the rank of the prohibition adventure, shows that the average monthly expenditure on liquor varied from Rs. 2-9-8 in Bombay, Rs. 2-2-0 in Sholapur, and 0-14-9 in Ahmedabad to 0-8-3 in Jalgaon in 1944. As against this, the sales tax paid by working class families per year is as follows: Bombay Rs. 7-5-0, Ahmedabad Rs. 8-12-0,

Sholapur Rs. 8-5-0 and Jalgaon Rs. 6-10-0. Thus the sales tax which makes good the loss of liquor revenue eats up completely the benefits supposed to flow from prohibition in the case of industrial workers in Jalgaon. In the case of Ahmedabad, the benefit is reduced by three-fourths. Though in the case of Bombay the extra purchasing power remains substantial, it is cut down from Rs. 31-4-0 to Rs. 23-15-0. Excise revenue is paid only by those who drink. But the sales tax cannot be escaped by the poorest or the most abstemious.

As Dr. S. S. Vazifdar pointed out at the All-India Medical Conference held in Bombay last year, moral persuasion rather than rule of the thumb should be the policy to be adopted to curb excessive alcoholism. Sometime back, a sub-committee of the Who Expert Panel on Mental Health meeting in Geneva, outlined a pioneer programme, for the prevention and treatment of alcoholism on medical and scientific grounds. According to this programme, public health administrations should provide treatment facilities and advisory educational and other services in the field. Lay reform groups may not be of much use. The estimates of the number of chronic alcoholics presenting complications are: Switzerland, 50,000; Chile, 43,000; France, 375,000; Yugoslavia, 90,000; USA 945,000; Australia 34,300; Sweden, 30,800; Italy, 135,800; Norway, 8,400; Finland, 8,800; England and Wales 86,000. No figures are available for Asian countries. The Who experts say that the level of per capita drinking in a country is no evidence of alcoholism. There is extreme variation in social drinking customs in different countries. In some countries a higher rate of alcoholism is associated with urban life and the upper-level socio-economic groups, while in others the higher rate is to be found in rural communities and at the end of the income-scale groups.

Voluntary organisations of the type of "Alcoholics Anonymous" in USA, whose membership is composed entirely of alcoholics who have become—or are attempting to become—abstinent, have been the most helpful social development which has

taken place in the handling of alcoholism. As Dyson Carter substantiates in his book "Sin and Science," nowhere in the world has prohibition with bayonets been successful, not even in Czarist Russia, which experimented with prohibition on a mass scale with a royal decree with effect from the morning of July 1, 1916. The fate that befell the efforts of some of the American States in this direction is common knowledge now. Whatever be our attitude to the Soviet system of administration, Soviet experiments provide overwhelmingly convincing proof that liquor control methods based upon scientific principles can be used, on a vast scale, to abolish the menace of alcoholism without introducing prohibition. The most concise expression of the basic conclusion of the broad problem of drinking is found in the famous statement of Frances Willard, the foundress and lifetime president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "Most people drink because they are miserable than are miserable because they drink." The problem is social, economic. People drink because they are frustrated, their lives are wretched and unsatisfying. It is useless to preach or teach or force abstinence without first creating, for the vast majority, conditions of life in which addiction to liquor is unnecessary. The trend towards heavy drinking is a product of our present culture with its strains and tensions on the emotions. Preventive measures on a broad basis should definitely, therefore, incorporate ways and means of helping to modify or change our social environment so that it will not tend to stimulate the production of anxiety and tension but rather will tend to provide relative security. The real liquor problem is the problem of eradicating alcoholism, not all drinking. Practical freedom from this evil can be achieved largely by means of eliminating unemployment and poverty. History proves it is impossible to compel people, by laws or religion, to be good; because the fundamental reason why people sin is to be found in the circumstances under which they live, with poverty and joblessness as the major causes of socially harmful behaviour.

LALA AMARNATH

By P. N. S.

THE second Test match at Bombay between India and the M. C. C. will be watched with great enthusiasm and interest for more reasons than one, and for none better than how Lala Amarnath will fare in his hour of trial. For on his performance in this match depends the prestige and honour of this splendid cricketer.

Amarnath has been called by some as the stormy petrel of Indian cricket. Nothing is farther from the truth. A victim of machinations and of circumstances—this will be nearer the truth, when we look back on the career of Amarnath.

Twenty years back, at Bombay, Amarnath began in a blaze of glory. During the first official Test in India against the M. C. C. led by Douglas Jardine, he scattered the powerful English attack of Clark, Nichols and Verity to the winds by a repertoire of strokes that evoked breathless admiration. And three years later, when he had hardly begun lighting the grey English fields with strokes that made people talk reminiscently of Ranji, the Wizard, the cruel hand of fate fell heavily on the youth and robbed him of further honours. How cruel was the blow, and how unjustified the treatment meted out to him was shown when he was acquitted of all charges in the enquiry that was held regarding the affairs of that English tour.

Restored to cricket, he picked up with consummate ease from where he had left off, and once again shone as one of the brightest stars in the firmament of Indian cricket. Centuries from his bat found their way into the record books and in a manner which was exclusively the Amarnath manner. The player had set up his own standards and his own law in the art of batting!

But fate played the scurvy trick once again. Returning in all glory (despite his failure in the Tests) from Australia where, in the words of Victor Richardson, he had "the whole of Australia talking and already worshipping at his shrine as much as Bradman at any time of his career," Amarnath had to face an attack by

A. S. De Mello on his reputation and his future. But happily, after an elaborate defence had been set out in print by him, the charges were unconvincingly withdrawn. The light which was in danger of eclipse began to shine again—but only to be eclipsed once more, when a deep injury to his foot put him out of action for two complete seasons. And now, at Bombay after proving to the selectors that he has lost none of his skill, Amarnath steps into the Test arena once again.

As a batsman Amarnath is incomparable in style, and comparable in quality only with the very best in the game. He bursts down the steps of the pavilion with gusto and walks his way to the wicket with such supreme self-confidence as to send a shiver down the spine of the "enemy." And at the wicket, the only still moment for the batsman, the bowlers and the spectators is when he takes "centre." After that preliminary, Amarnath is always on the move, taking the bowling by the scruff and beating it horribly out of shape. While he is batting, the bowlers seem bewitched by his excellence and bowl either half-volleys or long-hops, to be sent crashing to the ropes.

Amarnath is like all great batsmen master of every stroke—from the delicate leg glance to the more delicate late cut. But more than any other it is his scorching drive—back of the bowler, or through the cover,—that will burn as brightly in the memory as they always do on the field. Nimble and quick-footed as a dancer, Amarnath moves up the pitch with ease and with a classic swing of the bat brings forth drives of incomparable beauty that make one catch one's breath. He plays with equal facility and majesty on the back-foot, and when he cuts we feel too enraptured even to applaud. It is not for nothing that Fingleton said of him: "This is the first time I saw him, and I am, already prepared to accept him as one of the first six batsmen in the world today."

Still, there are some who look with disdain at Amarnath's ability and

point out that after all figures tell their tale and this batsman has only one Test century to his credit. (These pundits laugh away as valueless his scores in unofficial Tests, as if hitting a hundred against Gover, Wellard, Miller, Pepper and Langridge was any less skilful than a century against Jones, Trim and Lindwall!) True it is that Amarnath has been a comparative failure in official Tests. So was C. K. Nayudu, whose position in Indian cricket none can question. The truth is that when Nayudu, Amarnath and Mushtaq Ali bat, their skill has no relation to figures; the spectator goes into raptures over their strokes as if each one of them had just fetched the hundred.

It must also be remembered that

Amarnath's claim to greatness does not rest on his batting prowess alone. He is a splendid fieldsman who has evoked the admiration of critics like Macartney and Richardson. And he is a bowler of a very high order, his ability with the ball being only a little less than with the bat. In Australia he was the only member of his team who kept even the great Don Bradman tied to his post, while in England he bewildered with his length, spin and swing such masters as Hammond, Hutton and Compton. There is little doubt that Amarnath is the complete cricketer.

And today in his forty-first year, with such glory behind him, this great cricketer must prove his ability to a few doubting Thomases!

THE HAGUE COURT AT WORK

By F. ELWYN JONES, M.P.

IN a world that has become frightened of its own shadow, there is something heartening about a session of the World Court at The Hague.

Here are a dozen or so judges drawn from all parts of the world. An American sits next to a Russian, a Frenchman next to a Pole, and an Englishman next to an Egyptian. Lawyers schooled in the laws of Islam and of Christianity, of China and of Mexico, of East and of West, sit together and adjudicate together some of the world's thorniest problems. When sitting in that Court the fact that we are all citizens of one world seems to be the only political fact that matters.

The first essential of such a court as this, indeed perhaps of any court, is the judicial independence of its members. Everything possible has been done to make sure that the judges are independent. They are selected by a majority of the members of the General Assembly and of the Security Council of the United Nations. In no sense are they Government nominees. They are—or should be—completely free from pressures from their own Governments.

It is true that sometimes one of the judges may come from a country whose case the Court may actually be

trying. To equalise this, each country which comes before the Court can have one of its own nominees on the Bench. So that if, for instance, Persia had agreed in June to argue its case before the Court, a Persian judge would have been added to the Bench. The judges can only be dismissed by the unanimous vote of the other members of the Court. And, perhaps I ought to add, they are the highest paid judges in the world.

I have called it a World Court. It is not quite that, because there are some States which do not belong to it. But it is as near to being universal as any institution in the world today. Its official name is the International Court of Justice, and it is the principal judicial organ of the United Nations, and successor to the old Permanent Court of Justice.

It is, of course, a civil court concerned with civil disputes between Governments. It has no criminal jurisdiction whatsoever. So when at the end of the war the problem arose of dealing with the mass crimes of the Nazis and the Japanese, the Allied statesmen had to set up special international military tribunals to try the Germans and Japanese war criminals.

This is yet another illustration of the fact that development of inter-

curtail the ability of the States to spend more on the things crying for redress, for example, better sanitation, primary education, public health, housing and the fight against disease.

Drink is not an evil under all circumstances. When those who can afford it, drink in moderation, no harm is done to anybody. The question of individual morals apart, the social consequences of such drinking are not such as to call for Government action. If the findings of modern science are to be believed, hard drinking stands in a special category. The habitual drunkard is a sick person; he is physically and mentally sick and has to be treated as such. The general prohibition of drinking is not an answer to his special needs.

The attitude towards drinking varies from place to place. It would be a shock to many to turn over the pages of Valmiki's Ramayana and come across the passage where Sita is entertained with liquor by Sri Ramachandra himself. That the attitude to drink varies from place to place and in different sections of society should never be lost sight of in a rational treatment of the problem. Drinking indulged in by aboriginal tribes who make their own liquor is not the same as that of the mill-hand who often takes liquor in excess because the conditions of his life are so miserable that he seeks an escape from them. If the latter is really to be cured of drink, the conditions of his life have to be made more bearable. Seeking a short-cut will only bring in its wake something much worse—a flourishing trade in contraband liquor. To deprive the tribesmen of their traditional means of entertainment and relaxation will have equal, perhaps unsuspected consequences. Medical investigation has demonstrated that all drinking is not bad for health. On the contrary, it has been found among primitive tribes in the South Sea Islands that the vitamins in liquor are an important constituent of an otherwise deficient diet. Prohibition, in such circumstances, if it is effective, will aggravate malnutrition and will thus be fraught with grave social harm.

Thoughtless pursuit of a policy of

unreason will land us in a mess out of which it will be difficult to extricate the country. For one thing, it will encourage much further than it has done so far, the illicit trade in liquor. And the inequalities between province and province which have already become glaring owing to lack of any uniformity in the matter of prohibition will tend to destroy that basic homogeneity on which alone a State can be firmly established. If it were claimed to be one, we must have the same opportunities and share the same hardships whether we are in Delhi, Madras, Madhya Pradesh, Bombay or the Punjab.

Moreover, despite the theoretical disputations which have been going on since men started living together and kings felt the need for imposing taxation, the principles of equality have always been sacrificed at the altar of expediency. No other justification has been found for taxation than the one immortalised by Kalidasa. The State, like the sun, sucks up moisture only to be able to return it a thousand-fold in the form of rain. The Government's right to extract taxation depends just on that and on nothing else. And it has been forced by hard necessity in every country to have some convenient form of taxation by which money can be extracted from the people without causing much resentment. Such a taxation was imposed in the British days. The revenue from tobacco, spirits and tea, supplies the balancing factor to the tax system in Britain and it is difficult to see that even though there has been a change of Government, it can do without some such innocuous form of extracting money from the people. For the alternative that has been adopted is certainly much worse. The tax on tobacco and spirits affect only those who indulge in these things. The sales tax falls on everyone. Analysis of working class family budgets compiled by the Labour Ministry for Bombay State, foremost in the rank of the prohibition adventure, shows that the average monthly expenditure on liquor varied from Rs. 2-9-8 in Bombay, Rs. 2-2-0 in Sholapur, and 0-14-9 in Ahmedabad to 0-8-3 in Jalgaon in 1944. As against this, the sales tax paid by working class families per year is as follows: Bombay Rs. 7-5-0, Ahmedabad Rs. 8-12-0.

point out that after all figures tell their tale and this batsman has only one Test century to his credit. (These pundits laugh away as valueless his scores in unofficial Tests, as if hitting a hundred against Gover, Wellard, Miller, Pepper and Langridge was any less skilful than a century against Jones, Trim and Lindwall!) True it is that Amarnath has been a comparative failure in official Tests. So was C. K. Nayudu, whose position in Indian cricket none can question. The truth is that when Nayudu, Amarnath and Mushtaq Ali bat, their skill has no relation to figures; the spectator goes into raptures over their strokes as if each one of them had just fetched the hundred.

It must also be remembered that

Amarnath's claim to greatness does not rest on his batting prowess alone. He is a splendid fieldman who has evoked the admiration of critics like Macartney and Richardson. And he is a bowler of a very high order, his ability with the ball being only a little less than with the bat. In Australia he was the only member of his team who kept even the great Don Bradman tied to his post, while in England he bewildered with his length, spin and swing such masters as Hammond, Hutton and Compton. There is little doubt that Amarnath is the complete cricketer.

And today in his forty-first year, with such glory behind him, this great cricketer must prove his ability to a few doubting Thomases!

THE HAGUE COURT AT WORK

By F. ELWYN JONES, M.P.

IN a world that has become frightened of its own shadow, there is something heartening about a session of the World Court at The Hague.

Here are a dozen or so judges drawn from all parts of the world. An American sits next to a Russian, a Frenchman next to a Pole, and an Englishman next to an Egyptian. Lawyers schooled in the laws of Islam and of Christianity, of China and of Mexico, of East and of West, sit together and adjudicate together some of the world's thorniest problems. When sitting in that Court the fact that we are all citizens of one world seems to be the only political fact that matters.

The first essential of such a court as this, indeed perhaps of any court, is the judicial independence of its members. Everything possible has been done to make sure that the judges are independent. They are selected by a majority of the members of the General Assembly and of the Security Council of the United Nations. In no sense are they Government nominees. They are—or should be—completely free from pressures from their own Governments.

It is true that sometimes one of the judges may come from a country whose case the Court may actually be

trying. To equalise this, each country which comes before the Court can have one of its own nominees on the Bench. So that if, for instance, Persia had agreed in June to argue its case before the Court, a Persian judge would have been added to the Bench. The judges can only be dismissed by the unanimous vote of the other members of the Court. And, perhaps I ought to add, they are the highest paid judges in the world.

I have called it a World Court. It is not quite that, because there are some States which do not belong to it. But it is as near to being universal as any institution in the world today. Its official name is the International Court of Justice, and it is the principal judicial organ of the United Nations, and successor to the old Permanent Court of Justice.

It is, of course, a civil court concerned with civil disputes between Governments. It has no criminal jurisdiction whatsoever. So when at the end of the war the problem arose of dealing with the mass crimes of the Nazis and the Japanese, the Allied statesmen had to set up special international military tribunals to try the Germans and Japanese war criminals.

This is yet another illustration of the fact that development of inter-

national institutions for giving effect to—for putting teeth into—international law has lagged behind the development of international law itself.

It is international law which the World Court applies and it comes from four main sources. First, international treaties and conventions, like those governing the treatment of prisoners of war. Next, international customs which have obtained the force of law, like the right of passage on the high seas. Thirdly, the general principles of law recognised by civilised nations, like the principle that nobody should be judge in his own cause; and, lastly, the decisions of courts and the writings of jurists.

Some people complain that international law in its present form is inadequate to deal with international problems. But the more pressing problem in this atomic world is, I think, to give effect to what law we have.

Goodwill Necessary

The Hague judges represent the main forms of civilisation and the principal legal systems of the world, and they have shown that there are certainly no technical reasons why international disputes should not be settled judicially, so long as goodwill is shown by both sides. That is the clue. Unless that goodwill exists, we can go on codifying international law and drafting charters of human rights until the atom bombs come home.

The Court's proceedings are conducted in French and English. Interpreting takes up a lot of time, for although the Court has microphones, it has not made use of the simultaneous translation system which was so successful at Nuremberg.

The question which struck me when I saw the Court in action was this: have these judges in fact succeeded in bridging the political gap that now divides the nations? Have they proved capable of neutrality in the cold war?

It is perhaps too early to give an answer. So far as appearances go, the judges, despite the fact that they all wear the same dignified court dress of black gowns and white lace jabots at the neck, are typical products of their own countries and look it, too. Yet this has not prevented them on important occasions from behaving like citizens of the world.

On one issue in the Corfu Channel case, for instance, the British judge joined with the rest of the Court in rejecting the British case. In that same case, too, the Polish judge agreed with the majority that Albania gravely transgressed international law because she failed to notify the existence of a minefield near her shores and to warn British destroyers of the danger, so that 44 British sailors were killed.

It was just the kind of incident which in the past has led to war. Instead it led to litigation. The Court finally awarded Britain over £800,000 damages. It is no fault of the Court that not a penny of this has yet been recovered.

Here again we get back to the problem of lack of goodwill. The Charter of the United Nations itself contains an undertaking by each of its members to comply with the decisions of the Court in any case to which it is party. It goes further and adds that if any party to a case fails to perform its obligations the dissatisfied party may appeal to the Security Council. This Britain has just done.

The Security Council may decide on measures to be taken to give effect to the judgement. The whole machinery of enforcement therefore depends on the Security Council working effectively. Once again, that machinery is being put to a crucial test in the Persian oil dispute.

Vital Work

But whatever shortcomings there may be in enforcing the judgments of the Court, this must not be allowed to obscure the vital work which the Court is doing. And it is worth remembering that it is only in the Corfu Channel and the Anglo-Persian disputes that any countries concerned in any of the Court's rulings have failed to comply with those rulings.

The truth is that even in this convulsive world there is far more obedience to world law than defiance of it. Civilised men tend on the whole to rally to the support of the law. Their opinion—public opinion—is the strongest force behind international law. After many bitter lessons, mankind is slowly realising that war and civilisation are incompatible and that unless certain standards and rules are accepted by all the nations, we are unlikely to survive in this atomic age.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHILD ART

By D. P. ROY CHOWDHURY

(Excerpts from address at the opening of the Lawrence School Art Exhibition on Monday, 10th December, under the auspices of the British Council, Madras.)

THE principal characteristics of child art are sincerity, directness and simplicity, but it would not be possible to define its place unless we had made a comparative study of other forms of art practised by matured artists, particularly by those who delight in breaking away from discipline, to win freedom of expression at any cost.

Patience and ceaseless study, are essential assets of an artist who means to communicate his message without effort or dragging the sympathetic observer to difficulties. This expectation is nothing short of a moral obligation. When such a motive is associated with representational art that records human emotions, it should be fit for a ready appeal at least to those who have prepared themselves to receive the message in earnest, no matter how the pattern, the technique or the medium dominates in the pictorial arrangement. Therefore, the first impression must be made to last till the purpose of the work is absorbed by the observer. Any deviation in this respect is likely to jeopardise the very cause art stands for. Therefore, when a reciprocation is in urgent need, the interpreter cannot afford to rely on a thing which is not true to what he has experienced in his physical environment, nor can he indulge in creating patterns of puzzles. The pursuit in the latter case has an unholy name, called abstract theme. Some feel that such a thing does not exist in art forms when an identity is sought or projected through a concrete and vivid form.

Since every visible form executed either in the round or in flat is too obvious to be transformed at will, it cannot be made to fit in with a quality which has no connection whatsoever with the surface appearance. In the circumstances, whatever the range of imagination one is allowed to dis-

cover a quality which is non-existent, it will end in a fruitless result, the cause being eclipsed by abstruse explanation. Therefore, a conscientious test of a good work of art will be, that appeals at once to those who are ready to receive the message, a thing of beauty can transmit. The reaction is identical with that of tuned cords which respond to each other's call, one vibrating even after the other has stopped. So does the reaction of a contact with the beautiful. It grows.

Further analysis of the non-existent quality in the abstract theme will reveal that every imaginative function in this regard is motivated by an interest which is strictly personal and based on temperamental qualities. The possibility of wishful thinking of a quality cannot be altogether dismissed if the observer is bent upon satisfying his inclinations. Such an attitude leads to conscious self-deception, which I consider should not be the mission of an artist who is not only a seeker after truth but a straightforward interpreter as well.

The moral aspect unfortunately does not appeal to the senses of those who are apparently crazy to be original by repeating borrowed patterns. The source does not matter so long as the effect can give some shocks to healthy nerves. They want to disturb you somehow or other. They want things to move from inertia. The formidable weapons used for the drive are screaming colours, violent and unsteady lines, one challenging the other for self-assertion. The victims of the battle field are the dwellers of the rooms where the pictures bearing such qualities are hung. The poor dwellers must take precaution to save their nerves or they succumb to the pain caused by the modern artistic trend. The social status of the suffering individual demands it; therefore,

there is no escape either. We have doubts whether such a method of psychological torture was ever in force in the medieval period of history.

There may, however, be a difference of opinion with regard to the ideal of beauty. But making all due allowances to the difference of character, standard and objective of art forms, one fails to understand how the fundamentals of truth associated with a thing of beauty can be lost sight of. A true form of beauty in whatever manner it is presented echoes in the heart and lives within, to grow for a better understanding. The result is a joy that gives relief to the mind. It is constructive, it grows and initiates one into a higher existence.

But the revolutionaries have a different approach to their subject and ideals. They refuse to accept the progress made by man through ages. They disown the legitimate heritage and rely on discord and destruction to lay the foundation of their dream castles forgetting entirely the fact that the materials necessary for the reconstruction will have to be collected from the debris of the destruction they have themselves caused. The consequence is a going back to nowhere and starting afresh without an ideal or standard as a guidance. I may add here that standard is not made in a day. It is the result of great contributions through ages.

One may well question what is the root cause of all these reckless activities? The probable reason is frustration as a result of successful failures to approach within a measurable distance of the masters of the past. That is one aspect. The other is encroachment on the unsophisticated expression of a child by ignoring the discipline that should govern the adult's behaviour.

Folk art has somehow got linked up with child art under pressure of sudden awakening of culture. In consequence of which, a drive has been manoeuvred to go back to the village. The mission of the fanatic enthusiasm is to liberate people from the clutches of bad taste. The only course to make the mission effective is to teach the greatness of folk art and make people appreciate the same without any reservation. The purpose being reinforced by Swadeshi sentimentalism,

the success unfortunately appears to be considerable. It is reported that quite a number of persons have really submitted to the call to serve the purpose.

The victims of this cultural domination have gone to the extent of covering up smart distempered walls of their city houses with coats of pure cow-dung. The purpose behind the adherence to the new faith is to create a false rustic atmosphere and extend a fitting reception to the ultra-modern folk art known as "patachitras." The consequence of the appreciation is queer. Stream-lined modern architecture is amazingly transformed overnight into palatial huts.

Now, let us see how much of the child's innocence and sincerity has been absorbed in this enterprise and how far the new exponents have succeeded in getting rid of the spirit of the genuine indigenous folk art. For this, we have to examine the factors which obviate complications for an undisturbed expression. To meet this end, it is necessary to collect the essential assets that go to make a good picture. The most vital point being filling up of the space, which means confidence in every bit of addition to the composition of a picture. Second comes knowledge of form which helps to build a pattern to suit a specific pictorial theme, and the third is adjustments of colours which have to settle down in harmony. A little clash among the neighbours is likely to blow up the whole of the arrangement. It is something like bringing an exposed flame in contact with a highly explosive object.

Folk art could not afford to pay attention to such vital points deemed acceptable to a scientific demand on account of their patterns being subjected to a rigid traditional hall-mark. The patterns of folk art were a gift handed over from one generation to another. Hence there was no market for sale in the absence of the traditional motives. It was due to the fact that the buyers were generally local people, who felt quite satisfied if they could get what was familiar to them. Therefore, the current patterns were free from experiments and confined to a limited few, such as, portraits of gods and goddesses, studies of birds or animals or certain scenes depict-

ing village life. The presentation hardly faced troubles, the patterns being formalised, hence the lines that defined the forms were decisive. In the circumstances, it will be seen that the skill behind the presentation of folk art was the result of repetition that was being carried on for hundreds of years. It is no wonder, therefore, that a special character had formed in the execution, the most interesting feature being delicacy and strength in lines as well as simplicity in arrangement. The simplicity was an inevitable coincidence resulting from handicaps and not achieved by calculation, because highly developed science had no influence in this sphere. These, in short, are the merits and demerits of the indigenous folk art, which had developed in the main through mechanical processes and not necessarily through an urge for an individual's self-expression. But its modern version is carrying on a devastating campaign to establish its cunning appearance as simple. This is manipulated behind the shield of highly developed western science.

The effect thus brought into existence reminds one of the antics of a clown in a circus. In the circus, the clown tries to demonstrate childish achievements hoping the cultivated crude display of the expert will be taken as simple. It is no doubt an ambitious disguise, but any one who does not want to betray himself will discover the clash between the refined and the crude. Modern folk art is playing the part of a clown to register an impossible affinity between the advanced science of the West and the profound ignorance of the rustics. Such a combination can never work together for a clear expression. In the circumstances, a prejudiced approach directed by Swadeshi sentimentalism or foreign appreciation charged with dictatorial qualities is nothing else but an unwarranted intrusion into a pleasant ignorance which the village artists were contented with. Hence we can safely say that everything that is crude is not necessarily a work of art which can claim such a high standard as simple

even if strong sentiment demands the verdict. Simplicity is not the result of the choice of the subject, but its intrinsic value is recorded by the manner it is presented. This is where comes the difficult task of one who sits in judgment, since the criterion is the question of relative values which decide the total effect.

A child's domain of art is a dream-land, it is clean of suspicion. Why not we take shelter therefore for a while to be relieved of the ordeal of cold intellectual pursuits. Every child is a born dreamer and the dreamer is the maker of the artist. The artist in his workshop loves to live in excitement, always curious and ever alert to give vent to his expression to the limit of his capacity, often challenging the scope of his medium. He is fearless in this regard, because his presentation of facts is always dictated by a conviction which is derived from imagination and the conclusion is final. He is privileged this way, since no authoritative help is permitted from outside, nor has he time to devote to reasoning or calculation as the ever discontented experienced man would do. Intellectual consideration therefore is a trespass into the sphere where the emotional aspect rules and protects itself behind the ramparts of unshakable conviction.

In graphic or plastic art, the child's imagination grows to fit in with the object he creates, not unlike the work of a matured artist who permits the imagination of the observer to grow on the pattern created. The latter is a vision projected through experience, whereas the former is experience born of imagination. Therefore, we have to associate ourselves with the pictures just as the child did at the time of interpreting his vision by the help of a pictorial language. In short, we have to rejuvenate ourselves to come down to the level of the child to understand him and his expressions. There is no other course because unless you know the temperament of the individual artist it is difficult to follow the reflections of his thoughts on graphic forms.

INDIA'S PLACE IN CHURCHILL'S "ATLANTIC UNION"

By ANDREW ROTH

INDIAN diplomats have been vastly amused by Turkey's efforts to be considered an Atlantic power. But India itself may soon be offered a place in an Atlantic confederation.

As Prime Minister Churchill prepares for his fateful trip to Washington speculation has mounted about what dramatic proposal he will unveil. No one who has followed his career doubts that he will wrap up his demand for more American aid in some dramatic covering which can be whipped off amid oratorical flourishes.

As the time approaches conviction grows that Mr. Churchill's proposal will be for some form of federal "Atlantic Union" which, around an Anglo-American core, will federate the bulk of the non-Communist world. The most likely plan would be that Britain would serve as a bridge to the Commonwealth and a co-equal partner with a participating European Union.

The proposal of an Atlantic Union by Churchill would not in any way exclude his subsequently negotiating personally with Stalin. As the *Economist* has put it, Mr. Churchill's route to Moscow must be "via Washington". His approach to the Russians will be more assured if he feels he has the permanent backing of the United States.

There is very little direct proof that Churchill will propose an Atlantic Union in Washington, but there are many straws in the wind. Australian Foreign Minister Richard Casey, a close friend and long-time political associate of Churchill's, said he "personally would place high emphasis" on the forthcoming Churchill-Truman talks. He emphasized that Britain and the United States are the "hard core" of the democratic world. Viscount Halifax, a long-time Churchill intimate, has recently proposed an enduring Anglo-American alliance.

Churchill has frequently utilized dramatic proposals about common sovereignty. In June 1940 he offered

France, staggering toward defeat, "an indissoluble union." He has also referred to the need for the British and Americans to become "mixed together" more. And, until he abandoned it rather precipitately last month, he was one of the chief inspirers of the "European Movement" and the Council of Europe.

The working out of a much bigger scheme, closer to Britain's strategic and economic needs, would help explain why Churchill abandoned his sponsorship of European Federation, to the dismay of European representatives at the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg. They had hoped for his warm support. "To members of the Consultative Assembly the name Churchill means so much that it is difficult to convey the impression even in England," wrote the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent. "Here was the man who made the Hague Congress, who created the European Movement, and who conceived the idea of the European Army. At long last he had become Prime Minister again." But Sir Maxwell Fyfe, Churchill's Home Secretary and his special envoy, explained that the British Government could not surrender its powers to a federal body in Europe because it had "interests and responsibilities" in the Commonwealth and North America as well as in Europe.

What is the point of federating with an equally impoverished competitor when you have hopes of federating with the world's greatest power while retaining absolutely essential links with the Commonwealth including India?

The editors of the influential *Economist*, which frequently articulates conservative thinking, clearly feel that Mr. Churchill is, or should be, on the verge of restating "his views on western unity" if he is to avoid the "disorder and disillusionment" arising from Britain's blunt jettisoning of union with Europe. The *Economist*, which supported Mr. Churchill's reelection, agrees Britain should not

federate with Europe. "Britain's position compels it to seek not new responsibilities but new strength; it is, therefore, strongly attracted by the United States..." it emphasized in its lead article on December 1. It favours the "bigger and looser alternatives offered by" the further "development of the North Atlantic Treaty" whose "purpose... is to multiply links across the Atlantic..." The *Economist* feels Britain should be America's chief partner, sowing the suspicion that if a united Western Europe gets on its feet it might eventually turn "neutralist" and turn its back on the United States. "The political issue" for Britain is "to discover how relations across the Atlantic are to be organized on a permanent and efficient basis." It calls on Mr. Churchill to present this in "a positive and inspired form" which is "both more spacious and more down to earth" than his past speeches.

There has probably been no time in recent history in which such a proposal would be taken more seriously in the United States than at present. There has been mounting evidence of irritation with the conflicting claims of small, weak European countries. In 1949 Paul Hoffman, then Marshall Aid administrator, demanded in every European capital, the creation of a "single market" in Western Europe. The Mutual Security Act of 1951, which controls U. S. economic and military aid, speaks of encouraging "the economic unification and political federation of Europe." More recently American Senators and Representatives at Strasbourg have been reading Europeans homilies on how they should imitate the original 13 American colonies and federate. Senator Brian McMahon intoned: "The world will be won by those who are not tired... and you will not be tired if you are united." Even more important, on November 23, 33 leading citizens of the U. S., including General Marshall, published an open letter demanding an Atlantic federation which would bind together the North American and West European states.

Some bold new Churchillian plan is believed needed to overcome American disappointment arising from Britain's continued aloofness from the European community. It has been noted here that virtually only the *New York*

Times has attempted to dissipate widespread American disillusionment by explaining that Britain considers herself to be a separate member of the Atlantic community—with its own ties to the non-Atlantic Commonwealth—rather than merely a member of the European community. The proposal of an Atlantic Union in which the United States would be the senior partner by reason of its population and wealth, would probably restore Mr. Churchill's dimmed glory in American eyes.

The advantages of such a federation to the British and American leadership have been spelled out, curiously enough, by a German-born British journalist. Sebastian Haffner is best known now as the theoretician of the influential Sunday *Observer*. He first came into prominence, during the war, as the editor of the Foreign Office's German-language newspaper. His articles are still sometimes officially distributed by the Foreign Office as representing their views. But he has learned to work both sides of the Atlantic. During his long stay as Washington correspondent of the *Observer* he developed excellent connections with the planning people in the State Department.

In an article syndicated by the *Observer* on November 15 Haffner insisted that lip-service to the "Atlantic community" and even the North Atlantic pact are "not enough." Speaking on behalf of the Americans he said they "are reluctant to invest heavily in the half-hearted efforts of uncertain Allies." He also expressed a typically and understandable American irritation with the "enormous waste of precious time" in "confused negotiations." He insists it all "could be done so much faster, easier, and more efficiently through governmental action in the framework of a Federal Union.... The sober truth is that the North Atlantic Treaty Powers have embarked on tasks which can in the long run be mastered only by one State...."

He insists there is no value for the U. S. in a "European Union" alone. It could never be strong enough by itself but "would always depend on the continued support of America, and the continued alliance with Britain and Canada...." And, if European

states get strong enough "they could desert" the U. S. "at the crucial stage of the political world struggle."

Most significant is his underlining that "there is no future for Britain outside a permanent association at least with America. Economically, the beginnings of rearmament have produced a new British balance-of-payments crisis which can be overcome only with renewed American aid. This shows that Britain cannot hope to discharge her commitments as a Great Power without such continued aid; and she cannot abandon these commitments and contract to small-nation status without forcing half her population to emigrate or starve. Diplomatically, the Persian debacle has proved that Britain can no longer, even in her traditional zones of influence, successfully pursue a foreign policy of her own in disagreement or conflict with American policy.... surely it is preferable for her to merge with America in one economic and diplomatic Union, in whose policies she has a say and to whose assets she still has a respectable contribution to make, than to remain in the position of a perpetual client and pensioner. She might still prefer to enter into such a Union with America alone, instead of with all her Atlantic Allies. But America would probably be interested only in the wider Union."

It must be realized that these suggestions arise from the clear crisis in Western Europe over the economic burden of rearmament. Britain is running in the red at the rate of about £800 millions a year and its crisis is duplicated in France and other West European countries. Their imperfect economic recovery from the war and the loss of colonies has been complicated by the burden of rearmament and inflation. Added to this

has been a mounting irritation with the U. S., part of it due to inevitable resentment at the subordinate position of once-proud Europe, part to crude American tactics. Many West Europeans have been willing to swallow their nationalistic pride out of the fear of a Soviet attack which became general after the outbreak of the Korean war and the hope of adequate American aid. But current Soviet tactics have lulled their fears. The present period is a water-shed. Soon Western Europe will have to decide whether it will federate further under American influence or jettison the whole panoply of West European and Atlantic organizations. The revolt by De Gaulle against the French becoming "America's subjects" is symptomatic.

A Churchill proposal for an Atlantic Union would be a further expression of dissatisfaction with Britain's present precarious position—the reverse side of the De Gaulle coin. It should not be forgotten that Churchill is, in reality, as impassioned a nationalist as De Gaulle. He can make a brilliant rhetorical offer to yield a bit of Britain's sovereignty if he believes it will further Britain's interest. But he will withdraw into a hard nationalist shell the moment he feels Britain's interests are not being served. His curt retreat from Strasbourg should warn Washington.

What is even vaguer at the moment than the precise plan Mr. Churchill is going to offer in Washington is the place in it for India and other Asian members of the Commonwealth. All that can be said at present is that India's place in the Commonwealth will be clarified in January both by the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' meeting in London and Mr. Churchill's proposals in Washington.

Surely there is nothing contradictory in saying that a man is charming and, at the same time, that he is a villain. Charm is unfortunately not necessarily a moral quality. Some very bad men have possessed it in superabundance; some very good men have been deficient in it. Charm is often the rogue's advertisement. I have a notion that a considerable proportion of the male and female rascals of the world are to be found among the charming people.... If only the good were charming, how easy it would be to build up a virtuous commonwealth free from crime and self-seeking! All we should have to do would be to choose the most charming men as our leaders and follow them into the Golden Age. But charm is no more a mark of virtue than being six feet high.—ROBERT LYND.

Short Story

MY SON!

By Z. S. BAINS

MY father, before he died, told me on one of the many occasions on which he used to talk to me in confidence about my mother, that she had been starving for about a week preceding my birth. There was neither money, nor a crumb left in the house that could be given to her. She was too weak to stand the pangs of childbirth and breathed her last when I was a girl of twenty-four hours only.

My father was employed as a labourer in a press on ten rupees a month. With this meagre pay, it was hardly possible for him to make both ends meet, not to speak of engaging some one, who could look after me while he was on his work.

My father had no relatives to whom he could turn for help. He followed the only course left open to him. He took me to an orphanage and with great difficulty got me admitted there. He used to visit me every week-end and bring me what little he could. He would make me sit on his knees, and while I ate my sweets, he would rain tears on my little head.

One week-end, he did not turn up; in fact, he never came again. I was taken to his bed-side in a big charity hospital by the orphanage peon. As I reached his bed, he slowly half opened his eyes and feebly raising his hand, he struggled to say something but before he could finish it, his head fell from his pillow and a nurse pulled the blanket over him.

I was too dazed to understand the full significance of all this; I was virtually dragged by the peon from the bed-side of my dying father to the orphanage, and when I asked the peon in all my innocence as to what had happened, he curtly said: "Quick, Piari, we are getting late. The old man is finished up."

By the time I was twelve, with what little education I was given in the orphanage and thereby what little I

could read, I had begun to visualise the realities of my miserable past and think about my dark future. My future was abruptly laid bare before me one day when I was asked to leave the orphanage with an ill-clad man. I was sold out to him, as I learnt later to my bitter grief.

My leaving the orphanage was another great plunge into the dark. I was definitely sorry to leave my fellow boarders. We were a lot of castaways, now with one homogeneous way of living. We all thought alike, suffered alike and each of us was a living consolation to the other.

Fate, cruel and revengeful, now threw me into the hands of a person who was all mystery to me. Nor could I protest. The management must lighten their ever increasing burden and must throw something back to society to share. As I left that asylum, with a bundle of my few belongings in this world on my head, led away by my would-be husband, I felt like a deer entrapped out of a herd while the herd gazed helplessly.

My buyer-cum-husband took me to his house—little short of a dungeon—and proved to be a most lustful brute. His means of livelihood was to clean utensils and to do other small jobs for well-off people, and our monthly income ranged between rupees ten and twelve, just enough to exist upon. After a year a son was born to us, and we named him Kulu.

With the advent of a third soul into our home, I began to view my husband from a new angle, quite different from the one from which I had looked at him so far. I wanted him always to keep fit so that the sweet little mouth may get its meagre ration daily. I gladly shared his laborious work now, and, in fact, I worked extra hard for our employers.

I was given many a *bakshish*, and children's old clothes I welcomed most. How my heart danced one

evening when I put on my Kulu the old woollen jacket a kind lady had given me! In my tattered cotton dhoti I did not feel the cold winter at all.

One evening when I returned home late at night from my daily round of work, I found my husband cold and Kulu crying by his bed-side. He had fever throughout the day, but it was not so bad when I left him that afternoon. In fact he insisted that I should leave Kulu in his care. I was away for six hours and during that time his queer malady suddenly took a turn for the worse and he succumbed to it without leaving a word behind.

Kulu had cried his little heart out by the time I returned. I joined him in his crying and soon a few neighbours from the slum we were living in came and tried to console me. After twenty-four hours of the last funeral rites of my husband, I was asked to leave that little room as the rent for the last two months was already overdue.

I took my six-months old baby in my arms and, with my very few belongings and tears streaming down my eyes, I left that home where I had begun to feel a little hopeful. I went from house to house begging for alms, but people refused to worry their heads in trying to distinguish between a genuine helpless beggar and a sham. They either simply slammed the door in my face or yelled out at me to move on.

It was no fault of theirs. I was one more undesirable addition to the thousands who wandered up and down the streets of that great city forcing their unwelcome presence on its busy citizens.

After full forty-eight hours, a piece of bread fell to our lot. I broke it into pieces, moistened it with water and out of hunger Kulu seemed to enjoy this queer combination of bread and water. The sight sickened my heart and it ached as it had never ached before. The wetted crumbs eased the pangs of hunger to some extent. In thankfulness, I raised my hands heavenward and proceeded to snatch a little rest somewhere.

Winter was on us. We had no place but bridges to sleep under. I would wrap my child in the scanty clothes I had and would hug him close to me

on the cold pavements. When it would be about mid-night and the cold wind would howl under the bridge, our endurance would reach its breaking point. Then I would get up, gather wood, and light fire near my shivering baby half asleep through weariness.

I could not have any particular grievance against my Maker because I was not the only sufferer; there were thousands in that city just rotting till life came to a sudden close.

Beautiful stately cars rushed past us day and night, but rarely and in fact never, they stopped to fling a copper on us. We were the outcasts of society, a burden to it, yet for no fault of ours. Our cries meant little more than the barking of a dog or the howling of a jackal—both like us sniffed about for crumbs and bones in and around that city.

The fact that we were so many rotting together was a poor consolation and sometimes in those hours of despondency, my heart would go out in revolt against God, wanting to curse him to my heart's content for all the miseries that were my lot for no fault of mine.

All asylum gates where I knocked for admission were closed to us. Either they were too full already or the price demanded was too high—I must satisfy the lust of the man running the show or go to the cold pavements. I chose the latter. I wanted to give Kulu a clean slate to start with. I wished to live; if not for myself, at least for Kulu so that when he grew up into a decent man he might be able to hold his head high.

Thus I managed to live on charity for another six months. My Kulu was now one year old. Oh, what a ray of hope would lit my whole being when he toddled a bit! He would grow up, I thought, into a man and then life would be so easy for me! His voice, sweet and soft, was the only comforting sound in my ears—it was the melody of my life that day.

We had nothing to eat for three days. Kulu had cried, till he could cry no more, and had sucked the last drop of milk. I was driven to desperation and almost ran about the streets frantically, not knowing exactly what to do. As I turned a corner in a narrow street and came to a little open space, I noticed a small

gathering listening to a grey haired old Brahmin. Having no particular place to go to and hoping to get a pice or two when the meeting adjourned, I halted and stood reverently at a distance from the gathering. This is what I heard the Brahmin say:

"God in His justness has kept the command of the world into His own hands; not a straw would move and not a leaf would swing without His wish. Whatever he does to his creatures is in their best interest and the world as a whole. His ways are inscrutable and His laws unalterable, but those ways and laws are just and for the ultimate good of every one and everything in this world; it is the circumscription of our vision that prevents us from seeing the ultimate good in every misfortune that besets our path. He leads His creatures by the hand at every step and every second of their lives; those who believe in Him and resign themselves up to His care, He leads heavenward, but those who doubt and waver and do not believe, He leads them into the burning fires of hell till the evil that is in them is burnt out and the good that remains after purification, sees the vision of the Lord who is all true, all good, all kind and all just, just and just...."

"What nonsense!" I said to myself, and ran up the platform.

"God is just, just and just?" I asked sneeringly.

"There is no God," I went on in derision "and if there is any, He is neither just nor kind. He is revengeful and He is cruel. He appears to be just and kind to you all because your bellies are full, too full to see what He is doing to millions; how cruel and unjust He is not only to the wicked but to the virtuous as well.

"Look at me and my child! We have been starving for the last three days, and He, in His justness, I think is laughing coldly in some corner while my innocent child has convulsed thrice since morning for want of a drop of milk! This Brahmin is misleading you and you are afraid to turn against Him because your mind has been weakened by constantly listening to such nonsense...."

At this stage, there was a great commotion among the audience, and

then a sudden realisation came to me that I had trespassed the limits of their patience. In fear, I ran down the platform and then down the street as fast as I could go. There were shouts "She is a mad imposter, let her go," intermingled with the cry, "Hold her, let us hear more of it."

Excited and worn out I ran into a house, and placing my child on the threshold, I begged for pity—pity on the two poor souls dying of starvation. An elderly lady in the house slammed the door in my face and shouted, "Get out, get out! There is nothing here for shams like you."

And then, to my great relief, from the next house, a young woman beckoned me to come to her. I picked up my baby and ran to her hoping to be relieved at last. She went inside. I saw her pour out the contents of a packet into a glass. I thought it was sugar. She brought the glass and smilingly poured out the milk into my bowl. Then she asked me to go away quietly. I thanked her profusely and put the bowl to my Kulu's lips.

Half an hour later, while I was still begging in the streets, a sort of sleepiness began to overtake Kulu. It at first startled me but when I thought it might be due to a good feed after continuous starvation for three days. I went on with my begging, Kulu going deeper into his sleep, till I reached my only shelter under the bridge.

There I tried to shake him out from his sleep but no amount of shaking would wake him up. Then a ghastly fear took hold of me. I carried him under a lamp-post and discovered that he was deathly pale, with bluish spots all over his distorted body.

I ran hysterically up and down the road. Cars rushed past me and every time I thought one of them would knock me, it swerved and went on its way. Even death seemed to shun me! I approached helplessly each and every passer-by and attempted to show him my baby.

"Oh, please, please tell me, for God's sake, what is the matter with him. Why does he not wake up?" I would blubber.

Some shook me off violently, the very idea of being near the dead child of a beggar proving too much for them. Some noticing how dirty I was

and, taking me to be possibly mad, would warn me to keep at a respectable distance. Some cared to cast a flying glance at my child and coldly said that he was dead. One or two wanted to help me, but they had more pressing business of their own and therefore thought it best to leave me to my fate.

By this time, out of curiosity, a little crowd had gathered around me. And then suddenly I became quiet, another fear taking hold of me. If my child was dead, shortly this world or the law would snatch him from me and bury him. Then I would be left alone in this terrible world. How could I live without Kulu?

"No," I said to myself, "I would not allow that," and wrapping my dead child carefully, I left that bridge.

Slowly the lights of the city faded away as I made for the jungles. The pitch darkness of the night added all its hideousness to this horrid spectacle and under its oppression I felt my

heart giving way. Still I kept on trudging and the next morning found me by the river. For many a day and night, I roamed by its side, with Kulu dead and cold hugged close to my breast. The sight of a human being or a human habitation would frighten me and I would run wildly away from them and, if need be, hide myself for hours. Thus I kept on my march till I could go no further, and completely exhausted, I dropped under a tree.

Soon after I had laid my precious burden on the ground, vultures began to circle overhead. One by one they swooped down upon Kulu. I struggled hard to ward off their onslaught, but they proved more than a match for my exhausted body. I lay writhing in agony helplessly, as I watched these vultures rake out with their claws piece after piece and remove, with their long and hideous beaks, limb after limb. Every beak and every claw that touched Kulu went deep into my heart. And then suddenly, everything grew dark around me.

When I woke up from this deep slumber, I found myself surrounded by an inquisitive small crowd in a thatched hut. I kept on weeping all the time. I was there and could not tell them anything. Those simple folks seemed to have gauged properly the anguish that lay hidden behind those tears, for observing my reticence, they did not press for replies to their numerous questions. Their kindness and sympathy throughout my stay was unforgettable.

When I was a little better, I took leave of the kind people, and retraced my steps back to that house of wickedness where my Kulu had his last fill of venom. The outer gate was wide open. I rushed in. My wild and furious look did not unnerve the woman in the least. Instead, with a perfect composure, as if she had expected me back all the time, she went inside and came out with a pair of gold bangles.

Throwing them in front of me with an air of condescension, she said "Oh, don't worry, my mad woman! Your son will soon come back to my womb and live in luxury hereafter. He died of a talisman which never fails to give rebirth to its victim."

While my eyes were beholding and ears listening to this strange drama, my heart wanted to burst and place all its blood at the service of my hands so that they might close like the tentacles of an octopus upon the neck and take out the tongue that was saying so much and so cruel, with so little concern. In a moment, I was at her throat. My hands closed like steel upon the fair neck, then shrill cries for help filled the air, and soon I was struggling hard, against a fair crowd, to hold that neck fast and for ever, but I could not hold it long enough to kill out the devil that was in.

"Police, police!" shouted some but that incarnation of wickedness forgetting instantly the mauling she had

at my hands, stood up and blurted out:

"I do not want even the shadow of a policeman to interfere. Let us forgive and forget. After all if she took a fancy to my gold bangles, it was out of her too evident madness."

"No, no," I shouted "she is a murderer. She has poisoned my child."

There was a loud laughter, intermingled with jests and sneers.

"Oh, please, please listen to me in the name of God," I cried.

"She is mad," was the unanimous verdict.

Then, once again, the bitter realization came to me that there was no place for the poor in the present order of things in this world.

By and by, the crowd waned away, thinking I would go my way. But I kept on hovering about that house. My shrill cries and deep moans at night seemed to have gnawed deeply on the woman's guilty conscience, for one morning I found the house empty, its inmates having left it secretly for an unknown place.

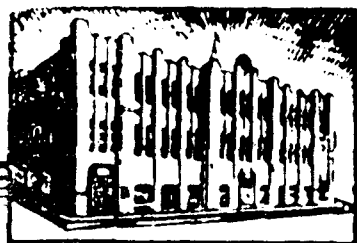
The house has never found another tenant; it is known in the neighbourhood as the haunted house. For me it is a place of pilgrimage where every moment I see Kulu taking his last drink at one gulp and then going calmly into my lap for his eternal sleep. In my dreams, he does wake up from that sleep and consoles my aching heart till the grim realities of the waking life shake me out of this false consolation. Then all is pain and sorrow to which there is not likely to be any end, for did not the Brahmin say:

"... but those who doubt and waver and do not believe, He leads them into the burning fires of Hell till the evil that is in them is burnt out and the good that remains after purification sees the vision of the Lord who is all true, all good, all kind and all just." —Copyright—CPM.

The modern world, though rightly aiming at world unity, can only keep itself fresh and free and buoyantly creative, by maintaining the living traditions enshrined in the history of nations. Nationhood in this sense is invaluable to the civilized life of mankind. But how mistaken to confuse it with that utterly different thing, the so-called "nationalism" which is a perversion of the reality; which often seeks to grow, not as nations grow, by developing life from within, but by imposing the semblance of life from without; by asserting what as yet is not; by quick violent breaks with the past; by aggressive rhetoric and the fomentation of discontent.—Editorial in **BRITAIN TODAY**.

(ESTD:

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THE MAN WHO MADE THE WONDER DRUG

By LAURA VITRAY

MR. LEWIS H. SARETT is the young chemist who gave the world cortisone.

Renowned at thirty-three for his chemical wizardry, Sarett might easily have turned out to be a writer himself, but for something that happened when he was a boy. He is the son of Lew Sarett, the creative American poet who put into song the loam and the lines of the primitive Northwest. As a youth he liked to rough it with his dad, hunting, fishing and trapping. And he liked games, all sorts of games.

His great achievement, for which he has been given the 1951 Leo Hendrik Baekeland Award of the American Chemical Society, is the laboratory synthesis of cortisone, the drug whose medical magic has not yet been fully explored. Medical men are still investigating its uses, while botanical expeditions are out searching for new raw materials for its production at lower cost. Meanwhile, so far as the limited supply makes possible, cortisone distribution is being widened to include more and more countries besides the United States.

In the life-giving modern trio, penicillin-insulin-cortisone, the newcomer is perhaps the most dramatic. After periods of treatment varying from a few days to a few weeks, deformed and crippled victims of rheumatoid arthritis straighten up, get up and in some cases have been known to dance the rhumba. In the U. S. alone, a million children who faced heart damage and possible death from the killer rheumatic fever now look forward to happy lives. Cortisone is effective against inflammatory eye disease that causes blindness, against skin disease, leukemia, allergies like asthma and hay fever, even in combating alcoholism, because of the sense of "lift" and well-being it confers.

Of course, to Nature, cortisone is nothing new. For a few million years she has been making this hormone in a little gland factory in mammals,

known as the adrenal cortex. But she kept the formula and the production "know how" to herself. And whenever her product was in short supply, the victim suffered a variety of ills.

Wresting the cortisone secret from her, and then making it into a formula was a tough struggle.

Moreover, it had its wartime urgency. There was medical opinion that the adrenal cortical hormones could combat shock and battle fatigue. There were rumours that Hitler's scientists were buying up the adrenal glands of cattle from the Argentine slaughter houses, and administering their extract to Luftwaffe pilots. The story ran that the product enabled them to fly at altitudes of forty thousand feet. Cortisone, many believed, could turn men into "super-men."

While all this was false, it greatly disturbed those responsible for U. S. national security. On December 20, 1941, the National Research Council called an official conference in Washington. Present were scientists of the Mayo Clinic, of several universities, and of Merck & Co., of Rahway, whose experts had been collaborating with Mayo on adrenal hormone research. The conference mobilized all available scientific brains in the search for the wonder drug.

It was a few months later that young Dr. Sarett joined the Merck staff. He had pursued his chemical bent from the explosives stage of his high school days to North-Western University—where his dad became a professor of English speech and he, among other things, a Varsity wrestler—on through three years of graduate study at Princeton. There he came under the influence of a great professor of research chemistry, Dr. Everett S. Wallis.

When Sarett got into the cortisone research programme, a group of great American researchers—the "Committee of Fourteen"—was meeting once a month to pool their experience in the search for an answer to the hor-

mone riddle. After each meeting they would go back to their laboratories and start fresh, with the benefit of the latest findings of each to help them. The guiding principle—interdependence within a framework of co-operation—provided a broader basis for constructive, integrated investigation than is normally possible in such country-wide research.

One of the committee members was Everett Wallis, who guided Lew Sarett into steroid chemistry at Princeton. In addition to the meetings, he came up to Rahway for weekly consultations with his former student, and passed on to him his own findings on aspects of the problem he was working out with graduate students.

The World War II crisis came and went—with no wonder drug. No German supermen either. But the scientists continued their search for a way to build a synthetic cortisone molecule.

Then one day, in his laboratory in a beautiful research building at Merck, young Dr. Sarett hit on the lucky pattern. Out of his oxbile steroid he produced fifteen milligrams of cortisone. This tiny speck was the first ever made by any but Nature.

The synthesis was announced in 1946. It took a long time for the victory to be hailed as one of the great achievements of our century. First, a team of chemical production experts had to study Sarett's synthesis. A more efficient process was developed by Dr. Jacob van de Kamp of Merck, Dr. Kendall of Mayo, Dr. Sarett and their associates, a process more adaptable to factory production. Next, the slim output of synthetic cortisone was allotted to top men in the medical research field in the United States and abroad. Their experiments would reveal whether the new compound was valuable—in healing—or whether it was, in fact, a dud.

Dr. Hench's guess turned out to be correct. At times, in his clinical work, he had seen all the crippling symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis vanish in a woman who became pregnant, or in a patient stricken with jaundice. With a physician's clairvoyance he had attributed the miracle to an increased output of cortisone in the body. Synthetic cortisone had the same dramatic effect on badly crippled sufferers. Swollen joints grew

normal, bent backs straightened as if by the waving of a wand. And the new drug demonstrated there was much other magic in its repertoire.

Yet the medical men say today these clinical successes are secondary to the role cortisone is playing in teaching them more about physiological processes and the underlying causes of disease. They regard it as having opened the door to a new era in the science of medicine.

The big new problem that confronts the research chemists is that of producing synthetic cortisone more abundantly, so as to satisfy the millions of sufferers who today clamour for its relief. Merck asked no exclusive rights to the drug, and a number of firms have plans to turn it out in quantity. But the ox-bile steroid is a limited and relatively costly source. The race is on in many lands for a basic raw material which can replace it or add to it.

It is easy to guess what laboratory effort all this implies. For every new steroid substance that comes up for experiment requires the same amount of labour as was expended on the ox-bile. The problem is the same that of juggling the atoms in its four ring molecule until they are rearranged in the pattern of cortisone. Meanwhile, the nation or region that is lucky in this new phase of the search for a raw material may have a treasure such as Belgium's uranium.

Every day Merck scientists begin anew the effort to synthesize cortisone from one of the numerous vegetable steroids that reach the laboratory from the botanical expeditions in the field. The success that brought Sarett fame by no means insures that he will be successful a second time. Many other noted researchers are at work on the problem, and are currently turning up valuable clues. Recently Professor Robert Burns Woodward and his chemical team at Harvard synthesized a steroid very close to cortisone from orthotoluidine, a coal tar product in abundant supply. A group of Merck researchers led by Dr. J. M. Chemerda and Dr. Max Tishler have also published a method for converting four abundant natural substances into another steroid which may eventually lead to a new large-scale manufacturing process for the production of cortisone.—(Copyright).

MY VISIT TO THE SOUTH

By Prof. D. P. MUKERJI

(Lucknow University)

ALTHOUGH it is necessary for the readers to know that this visit of mine to the South in the last fortnight of November 1951 is the second in my life, it is significant for me. My first tour was in 1914. I was an under-graduate then and in my teens; the War had forced me to land in Colombo on my way to England and created the occasion for spending a whole month in going round the great temples, witnessing *bharat nrityam*, and hearing a few musicians including Veena Dhanam. The experiences I gathered then immediately counteracted my disappointment in not being able to proceed to England and persisted long enough to make me question the assumption that Hindusthan was India. But three decades are too long a period to keep the memory fresh. So when the Annamalai University and the Research scholars of the Madras University wanted lectures from me I readily consented. Of course, my contacts with the Andhra and Malabar students have always been close and continuous. They pressed me to go. My North Indian students took a bet that I would not. They lost, because although I remembered what I had seen and learnt in 1914 viz., that in our mother's house there are many mansions, I wanted to check it up. I have come back convinced that my early impressions were right.

None need deny that in more senses than one Indian culture is a unity. Pilgrim centres, the distribution of pillars and stupas and maths, the spread of Samskrit and the hold of the Brahmins, the caste system and the common traditions, and a certain attitude of life geared to an attitude towards death, make up India's cultural unity. Yet it is a unity that belongs to a certain level of abstraction. To that level, however, certain modes and manners of existence, languages, habits, customs, mores and folkways do not belong. And they are real, natural, immediate and therefore, intimate. If we remember the period when the idea of the fundamental

unity of Indian culture was mooted in this century, it was when the anti-partition movement in Bengal had to enlist the support of the rest of India, and the patriotic, political urge behind it, it was to discover a deeper layer of unity of India's nationhood than the one of administrative unity which the British rule was boasting to have brought about, we can easily excuse the ascent to the higher, or descent to the deeper level of abstraction in search of oneness. But today, when at least the partitioned India is politically one, when the Centre is visibly ruling the country, when the States are not always happy with Central decisions, and when Hindi has become a sort of political synecdoche, the case of a part standing for the whole, it is time that we appreciate that level of abstraction which is closer to realities, I mean, the diversities underlying the unity of Indian culture.

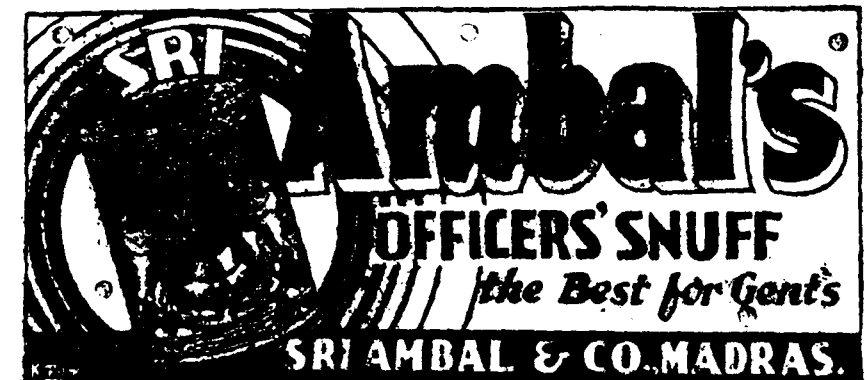
Such diversities I noticed more clearly in this trip. I went to the Chidambaram temple in the company of the Professor of Economics at the Annamalai University, Sri Ramakrishna Iyer, an authority on that temple by virtue of his worshipful love and knowledge. Prof. Naidu's treatise, the interest created by Uday Shankar's dance poses and the bronze statuary of Nataraj had conditioned me to admire the temple. What I saw was beyond my imagination. Not hundreds but thousands of images are arranged vertically and horizontally in the walls in numerous poses, most of which are the despair of the artists of the day. My original belief, acquired at Madura, was that the Southern artists would crowd the walls and pillars with repetitive motifs, that they would not be content with conquering space without filling every square inch, and that it was a Dravidian trait. I now discovered the sheer abundance of spirit that made the artist give all that he felt and intuited. Monotony, I found, was order, number was generosity and discipline. It only drove the form down to the sub-conscious so that no single waking moment of the artist

and the seer was free from it. Repetition was control: monotony was the dynamics of unity. But I shall not go into the aesthetics of the temple. My submission is that such living symbols of art-forms and religious faith eternalised in stone cannot but be a perpetual reminder of the uniqueness of a specific culture, a culture that still stands by its own right and refuses to be swamped by the eclecticism of Indo-Muslim or Anglo-Indian culture.

And it is not specificity alone; it is also continuity. Not being content with filling space these artists have conquered Time. I went to Mamallapuram. Its *mandapas* and *rathas*, its rock-cut caves and monoliths, its vivid relics still fresh in situ, its immense variety are the Sphinxes of India. None knows the secret of this riddle of the yellow sands and the bare, rocky, black hills. None knows why all the Hindu gods congregated there. None can tell why different styles of architecture were exhibited there as in a museum. All that one can guess is that it was the seaport for the great hinterland of Conjeevarum, a port that had a citadel served by fresh water, from where ships sailed to distant seas and spread the glories of Hindu culture. For three centuries the mighty Pallavas ruled and the light guided the ships from the temple by the shore, still unconquered by wind and brine. Walking a mile along the sea one cannot but be seized by the imperishability of it all. If the sea cannot overwhelm the temples, the *mandapas* and the *rathas*, if the wind and

sand cannot corrode the human and animal figures, how can mere seafarers of the West conquer the mind of the South? It is not an easy task, as it has been in the alluvial Bengal and the soft North devoid of temples in charnokite. True that Arjun's penance, it is really the descent of the Ganges from the Himalayas, and the legends of the Northern puranas form the theme, but they are Pallavised in form and spirit, tough and inflexible in the rigour of their classical order. The Taj is the North's glory, but really it is the flush of a heady cocktail of mixed wines. The Itmadadwla is vulgar in its display; it is the taste of the new rich in decay. But Chidambaram and Mamallapuram are aristocrats; they are rooted in the soil and in rituals. No wonder that the protest of the South against exogenous forces is deep. Here the tension between the specificity of culture and the standardisation of an eclectic, international civilisation is not yet resolved. And it is not going to be resolved soon, because the architecture of the South had a standard which has survived. So has music, and architecture is only frozen music.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not advocate Dravidisthan. I only plead for a recognition of the regional, cultural base of what we are dreaming to build. Let us confess to ourselves that Indian culture is diverse. There is certainly an over-all picture; outside forces are also building up similarities; and it would be foolish to deny their existence and turn away from them; but essentially India is manifold.



A GREAT MASTER IS GONE

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

A genius is gone from amongst us. What Rabindranath Tagore, his cousin, was to literature in India, Abanindranath Tagore was to modern Indian art. To many in India Abanindranath was merely a name and to millions in this sub-continent his name meant next to nothing but to the hundreds of thousands interested in art and painting the world over he was a superman performing a miracle in the domain of oriental arts. "Abanindranath Tagore is the first modern painter," wrote Dr. Stella Kramrish. "His genius relies on his personal authority."

Outside Bengal Abanindranath went almost unnoticed. When recognition came to him in the form of a principalship of an Arts College he refused it promptly and gloriously. "Permit me then," he wrote *"Your Excellency, to decline the honour you had thought to give me. I am fifty years old and have always lived free. When I am dead they will have to say of me: He never belonged to any school, to any church, to any institution, to any academy, above all not any regime unless it were the regime of LIBERTY."*

REGIME OF LIBERTY! Alas, that regime came but at the fag end of his life when he was celebrating his 72th birthday. And by then he had stopped painting—his famous emerald green lay idle at his side!

When an internationally famous American artist on his visit to Calcutta expressed to an artist friend his desire to meet Abanindranath and pay his respectful homage, his Indian friend replied that he was welcome to meet the great Master but he would not see the *Gurudeva* painting because he had grown very old and that he had retired. The American artist, however, met the Master and his report on him to his Indian friend was very significant: He said, "No, you are mistaken, he is still active. There is an aroma round him."

Born in that highly cultured family of Joransanko Rajbari at Calcutta on August 7, 1871 he was imaginative and

artistic from his very childhood. When Tagore the artist arrived on the scene he found the world of art in India was completely dominated by western influence which he thought to be very foreign to the Indian soil. Much though he excelled in the Western style, having learnt a lot of it from Signor Gulhardie, the Principal of the Calcutta School of Art, Abanindranath gave it up in favour of a technique that he derived from the paintings of the Mughal Age, specimens of which he discovered from his family library.

When the period of modern art began in Italy, renaissance was not possible to be introduced by any one genius. Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo and others all together were responsible for the renaissance. Similarly in English literature Milton, Shelley, Byron, Browning and others together had brought the renaissance. In India it was different. Art and literature, both, have been almost "one-man-shows." While Rabindranath Tagore brought the renaissance in the literature in India Abanindranath did the same to art. Voicing the same opinion the famous artist Asitkumar Haldar, the Principal of the School of Arts at Lucknow wrote, "In ancient days we found the Indian Emperor Samudragupta sitting on his throne with the Hellenic HARP in hand inspite of the fact that we had that wonderful instrument the VEENA, even then! In the same way instead of canalising the works of Masters like Abanindranath and Rabindranath in different and newer shapes we are begging at the European Art and literature—UNASHAMED!"

Actually Abanindranath was not the founder of any new tradition in Art. He was, according to that great exponent of Art, Benode Mukerji, the "creator of a new style"—a style that is wholly Indian. Abanindranath was a great artist of the nature of what is technically called "Eclectic art." In his paintings one finds more of eclecticism than traditionalism or classicism. One of the greatest eclectic artists

was Raphael who borrowed from a vast range of Masters but while adopting from others the very best of what belonged to them he painted in his own way which was unique and superb. Raphael returned to posterity much more than what he had borrowed from others. Similarly Abanindranath Tagore was ever ready to learn from others and he "passed from influence to influence and yet he was nothing but himself—a wizard of form and a magician of colour."

Abanindranath took a great deal from the European artists but he finally sat down to paint his own, the soul of which he had discovered in the Mughal paintings. The Mughal

artists' favourite colour was emerald green. So was his. He used also mostly emerald green washing it often to bring various effects. In water colour Abanindranath surpassed the great masters of the Chinese, Japanese and European techniques. He brought to it the rhapsody of oil colour retaining the brightness of the water in the theme. An element in this master's work was objectivity. In the *History of Art by that immortal, Elie Faure*, he mentioned two Indian names, Abanindranath and his pupil Nandalal. In the *history of Indian Art Abanindranath's name stands topmost and his death has created a void which shall be difficult to bridge.*

NEWS, INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

WORLD DISTRIBUTION OF FACILITIES

EVERY day some 224,000,000 copies of newspapers and 182,000,000 radio receivers bring news and information to the peoples of the world, while over 100,000 cinemas provide them with entertainment.

These facilities, however, are unequally shared by continents or nations. The United States, for instance, consumes 67 per cent of the world's newsprint, while India, which has more than twice America's population, is restricted to less than one per cent.

This unequal distribution is the keynote of a report, "World Communications," just published by *Unesco*, which presents concise data on communication facilities throughout the world.

Many striking facts are brought to light. The report shows, for instance, that Europeans buy 53 per cent of the world's daily papers and North Americans 25 per cent, while South Americans, Asians and Africans together buy only 15 per cent. Keenest newspaper readers are the British, with a circulation of 596 copies per 1,000 people. The U.S.S.R., with a population of 193,000,000 has 7,700 dailies and weeklies with a combined circulation of 33,500,000.

To help offset the newsprint shortage, India is using bamboo fibre as raw material, while China utilizes rice paper. China, like the Soviet Union, widely employs wall newspapers to diffuse the printed word economically.

In radio, North America possesses 53 per cent of the world's receiving sets, Europe 35 per cent; South America, Asia and Africa together own only 11 per cent. The United States, which has nearly half of the world's 5,000 transmitters, also leads with 620 receivers per 1,000 people; then come Sweden, 301; Falkland Islands, 300; and Denmark 282.

In the field of the cinema, the biggest producers of feature films are the United States, India, Japan and Italy, in that order. The Soviet Union makes more feature-length documentaries than "entertainment" films.

Most frequent cinema-goers are the Israelis, with an attendance per person of 30 times a year; next follow the Costa Ricans, 30 times; the British, 29; and the Australians, 25. Best provided with cinemas, proportionately, are the Australians, with 183 seats per 1,000 people; the New Zealanders, 144; the Cypriots, 120; and the Swedes, 103. —*Unesco News.*

QUEER PLANTS THAT RESEMBLE ANIMALS

By VANCE HOYT

The well-known naturalist, Vance Hoyt, regards the difference between the green world folk and the red-blooded animal as slight: some plants are as cruel as a tiger, others resemble prima donnas in habit and temperament. Dr. Hoyt tells about them in this article. He is author of several books, among them, "Sequoia" and "Song Dog."

DO you know that plants and trees can see, hear, breathe and taste, have cells that secrete hormones and milk, have a pulsating circulation similar to our own, can be stimulated by drugs and electric impulses, befuddled by the fumes of alcohol, are subject to fatigue, and will die from cobra venom the same as you and I? Some plants are flesh-eaters, huge enough to capture and digest a human being. Others have caused plagues that scourged nations. In short, plants are people.

These wonders of the vegetable kingdom were first discovered over 20 years ago by the great Indian scientist, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose. With delicate electric instruments, and infinite patience, Dr. Bose was able to locate and trace the various chain of sensitive cells in plants. Then, by sending mild electric impulses over them, he was able to cause the leaves to contract in the same manner as the legs of a frog when excited by an electric current.

Some plants are as sensitive as a blushing bride. The slightest touch of a finger will cause the leaves of the Mimosa to droop for 30 minutes or longer. Others are only mildly affected by so intense a stimulant as a clap of thunder, but to light and radio vibrations they show a super-human sensitiveness. Faint radio waves appear agreeable stimulants: whereas strong ones upset the plant sufficiently to retard its growth.

Stimulants

Like animals, plants work best at warm temperatures. The sensitive Mimosa has a temperature of 91 degrees Fahrenheit, while cold paralyzes it. Such plants as the jack-in-the-pulpit generate heat like warm-

blooded animals. The *Arum Italicum*, of the Mediterranean calla family, runs a regular temperature of 110 degrees when the surrounding atmosphere is as low as 60.

In their way, plants can taste, which is not surprising, as their need for selecting food is more necessary than that of animals. They must seek and choose food from the soil about their roots and gases about their leaves, while animals know that almost anything that moves or grows in their environment is likely to be edible. The plant, *biophytum*, is eight times more sensitive to the taste of food than the tongue of man.

Truly, it is difficult to perceive any boundary between the animal and vegetable kingdoms in such plants as the carnivorous Sundew, the super-sensitive Mimosa, the mobile tendrilbearers, and the telegraph plant of India whose basal leaflets are continually executing minute signal-like movements. Some very simple plants, such as the *Oscillatoria*, are in a constant state of sensitiveness to their surroundings, like animals alert for danger.

The Impulses

There is no doubt that the impulses which elicit these manifestations are transmitted by certain chains of cells from one part of the plant to another. Some exceptional plants, like the Mimosa, give answers back not unlike the reflex actions of animals, though plants do not, in the strict sense, have nerves.

Similarly, although there is a throbbing rhythm in the activity of certain cells in plants that help to keep the sap-current flowing, we cannot press the comparison to that of an animal's heart. It can be said, however, that the sap, with its sugar, proteins, fer-

ments and hormones, is carried throughout plants via little canals known as wood-tracheas in a manner comparable to the circulation of animals.

These cells throbbing in unison strangely respond like the heart of an animal to the action of drug stimulants and depressants. If subject to the fumes of alcohol they are at first stimulated, then become befuddled and finally suggestive to intoxication, followed by deep depression. An over-dose of alcohol, chloroform, strychnine or cobra venom usually proves fatal to them.

Poisons

Poisons affect directly the sap of plants in the same way they act on the blood of animals, as there is slight difference between the life fluids of the two. One carries oxygen from the lungs to the cells of the body; the other, carbon dioxide (exhaled by animals) which is absorbed through the leaf pores of plants. Thus animal life lives in the red, the hemoglobin of its blood, while vegetable life lives in the green of its chlorophyll pigment. Both, however, serve their purpose in transmitting the elements of the air and earth into living tissue, although they solve their problems of life in different ways.

In the oneness of life, plants also contain hormones in their sap. The best-known of these chemical messengers is a substance called auxin, the hormone that controls growth. Produced in the tips of growing plants, it moves downward to stimulate the development of stem and roots. This chemical is now produced synthetically and has great economic value. When applied to the stems of cuttings it hastens the development of new roots. Hawaiian growers use the hormone to control the ripening of pineapples and increase their harvests. In one year in the Pacific coast states, hormone spraying cut the loss of apples from premature dropping by more than 7,000,000 bushels.

Inasmuch as all forms of life, whether plant or animal, are manifestations of electric energy, it is not strange that they should exhibit the same phenomena, though in different ways. The story of the green world

folk is so like that of red-blooded animals that their human-like ways are almost beyond belief.

Some Produce "Pearls"

Many plants are scavengers like the bacteria and algae. Others are parasites like certain fungi and the mistletoes; while still others are true racketeers, like the dodder, or "devil's darning needle," and the strangler fig. Eventually the roots of the latter will encompass an entire tree, literally strangling it to death.

A few plants are militaristic in bombarding their surroundings to better scatter their seeds. The common witch-hazel has been known to shoot its shiny black seeds a distance of nearly 35 feet. The squirting cucumber casts seeds and mucilaginous liquid from three to six feet; while the sandbox, *Hura crepitans*, literally explodes with a noise like a pistol shot, scattering its seeds more than 50 feet like sharpnel.

In South America, the *arbol de lecha* secretes a substance resembling milk. During the dry months the branches of the tree appear lifeless but, when the trunk is pierced, a sweet and nourishing milk fluid flows from it. When exposed to the air it thickens and turns yellow. It is highly prized by the natives for its food value. Strangely, the tree secretes the fluid most abundantly during the rising of the sun.

Some plants produce "pearls" in much the same manner as oysters. The giant sahurao, cholla and the barrel cactus build successive layers of "wound tissue" to wall off the injuries made by birds and insects. These bizaree-shaped growths resemble branching coral.

Self-Preservation

Self-preservation may be a law in nature, but the unicorn plant of South Africa certainly goes about it in a savage way. The seed has a curved projection five to six inches long, ending in a vicious hook. Once this fastens itself in the fur or hide of a passing animal, the parent plant can be sure its offspring will find a home miles away. Meanwhile, the animal will be driven frantic with the deep festering wound of the hook as it works into the flesh.

Many plants are deadly poisonous,

such as water hemlock, the berries and roots of pokeweed and snake-weed, the Jimson weed, the bulbs of the common narcissus and daffodil, and many fungi, the mushrooms in particular.

Such members of the potato family as the black nightshade and climbing bittersweet are often fatally poisonous. Indeed the potato has been known to cause death from a poison called solanin, which causes potatoes to turn green.

Githagism is an acute and chronic form of poisoning from eating bread made from grain infested with seeds of corn cockle. The most poisonous type is ergotism. This fatal malady comes from bread made of wheat and rye which is infested with a fungus growth that replaces the seeds of these edible grains with curious little bodies called ergots. In the past, whole nations have been affected by ergotism in epidemic form from bread made from grain containing ergots. Since the days of the Caesars, ergotism has been known as St. Anthony's fire, and thousands have died as a result of catching this so-called plague.

Two of the most deadly of all forms of vegetation are the manchineel tree of Central America and the West Indies, and the upas tree of Java, Borneo and the Philippines. The milky juice of the manchineel tree is so poisonous that a single drop on the skin burns like fire. If the head is injured by it, blindness and death may follow. Likewise, the upas tree, *Antiaris toxicaria*, secretes a sticky white fluid so lethal that the natives use it to poison their arrowheads. Persons who have sought its shelter during a heavy rainstorm have been known to die from the poisonous milky fluid brought down upon them.

One of the fastest-growing plants, the bamboo, which has been known to grow three or four feet in a single night, has been used to kill human beings. In the old days, the natives of the Philippine islands used to stake their prisoners to the ground at a place where a bamboo shoot was emerging from the earth. In the morning the victim would be found dead, pierced by the growing stalk.

Man-Eating-Giants

There are more than 500 carnivorous

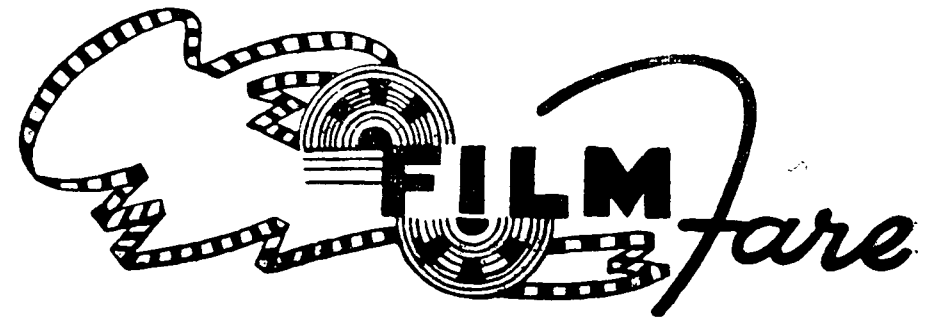
plants that trap animals for food. Their ruses are varied and ingenious. The common butterwort has sticky fly paper leaves that digest meat in much the same way as the stomach. The sundew of Australia has hairy tentacles that close in on the victim and hold it in a glue-like grasp. The bladderwort, living under water, has a valve as elastic as a rubber band. Small animals enter through the valve, and it snaps shut behind them, making escape impossible. Some hungry bladderworts have been known to catch young fish and spawn.

The American Venus' fly-trap captures small insects in a cage formed by its tooth-edged leaves. Quick on the trigger, its spike-edged trap closes on its victim in 10 seconds. Its leaf stays shut and turns into a kind of stomach until all the soft parts of the prey are liquefied and digested in about a week.

Like the legend of the sea serpent, stories of man-eating vegetable giants have persisted through the centuries. Some of these blood-thirsty botanical criminals are the death flower on the island of El Banoor in the South Pacific, the snake tree of the Sierra Madre in Mexico, the monkey tree of Brazil on the border of Guinea, the flesh-eating tree of Madagascar, the cannibal tree of Mindanao Island in the Philippines, and the devil's snare in the swamps of Nicaragua. But strange as these stories may sound, there is little doubt that some flesh-eating plants and trees have grown large enough to have trapped human beings who were incautious enough to be caught in their lethal grasp.

Perhaps the strangest plant of all, however, is the dittany, or distamnus of western Asia—sometimes called burning bush or gas-plant. Its seed-pods exude an inflammable gas which, under the right conditions, will ignite in an explosive flame when a lighted match is held near the pods.

Truth to tell, there is much of the animal in the green world folk. As one botanist put it, "Plants are the queerest people—with personalities as distinct as we humans."—Copyright—N.N.F.



By V. P. SATHE

THE new censor code which has been adapted by the Central Board of Film Censors in consultation with the Producers' Association has been found disappointing by the film writers. They feel that if all its clauses are literally interpreted the writers will have no other alternative but to write unreal, escapist romances. Indeed, the writers complain that while on the one hand the censors and critics clamour for realistic and purposeful pictures, on the other hand the censor code makes it impossible to present reality in a controversial manner.

The censor's directive about crime stories, public characters, sacred institutions, law and order and old canons of decency and traditions are not likely to affect the 'escapist' film as much as the realistic film. Especially the objection to unrelieved sordid themes and the taboo against controversial politics, antagonism between Capital and Labour can only help to frighten the producer against taking up any social themes and induce him to take up only escapist romances.

Apart from the code, the manner in which the censor code is applied is really funny. In a certain picture it is learnt that the censor objected to words like *Jabardasti* and *Majboor*, in another picture the censor objected to a boy being turned out of a school because he could not give the name of his father. Though the story related this as an episode of twenty years ago, the censors held the opinion that educational institutions cannot make such distinctions. In practice, however, even today these distinctions are being made. The censors in this case

could not distinguish between idealism and realism.

But the most interesting incident concerns a foreign picture about a blind soldier back from war. He and his beloved are out on a moonlight night. They have a desire to swim, they have only one male bathing suit which is worn by the blind soldier who requests his beloved to join him. She complains she has no bathing costume to wear. He argues that since they are only two of them and since he cannot see, 'what does it matter whether she puts on any costume or not.'

Of course, the girl is not shown naked and yet the censors are reported to have objected to this conversation quoted above and deleted it. Apparently the censors were not able to realize the pathos underlying the whole scene; they were just struck by the idea of the girl being asked to swim 'naked' and thought it objectionable.

Indeed, if one were to record the idiosyncracies of the censor committee members they will fill volumes. Sometimes one feels that all these members who are selected for this job should be given a training course in censorship so that they would get over many of their silly prejudices and pet aversions and be able to judge the pictures objectively.

Meanwhile the Film Writers' Association, one is glad to learn, is holding a public debate on the Censor Code.

Picture Of The Week

It is not often these days that a literary piece of work is transcribed to the screen; and it is very seldom that a novel from a provincial language is brought to the Hindi screen.

J. B. H. Wadia's *Madhosh* based on a prize-winning Marathi novel *Pankala* by R. V. Dighe, however, belongs to that category.

Thus the story and characterization of *Madhosh* are more powerful and dynamic than those presented in synthetic screenplays. And yet in screen adaptation the story has suffered much, the characters have lost their strength, and the picture has become a routine love story with a climax modelled more on 'Duel in the Sun' than the original novel.

The strength of the original novel lies in the characterization of the hero who does not follow the pattern of goody goody screen heroes. He is rugged, defiant, strong and unconventional. A son of a zamindar, he has always believed in getting things done by force; he is not a virtuous man. It is suggested in the picture of course mostly through dialogue, that he has had several affairs with women. And the point of the story is that in spite of his bad deeds, an innocent village girl is enamoured of him because of his ruggedness. She falls in love with him in spite of herself. And the hero who had conquered several women before is charmed by innocence; in her presence he forgets himself, becomes meek and pleading. To conquer her, he is prepared to even walk out of his house and desert his rich father.

Unfortunately director Wadia has failed to bring out his inherent contrast between the two characters. Moreover, Manhar Desai looks anything but rugged and defiant and in spite of his good acting he fails to be the hero that Dighe, the novelist, had conceived.

Besides, in the picture, the romance has been far much played up and other characters have been relegated into the background. This change of emphasis has naturally ruined the original novel to a great extent and reduced it to the usual romantic tale. As in the novel in the picture also the hero is loved by two girls—the daughters of his father's sworn enemies. But the Bhil's daughter is painted in the picture more as a vamp while she is genuinely in love with the hero. And while her transformation in the novel looks natural it appears unconvincing in the picture.

The story gets momentum when the parents refuse permission and the couple is trying to elope. An unexpected encounter with the police in which the head-strong hero opens fire gives a dramatic turn to the story. Henceforth the hero is a fugitive from law and the heroine clings to him till by posing to be bad, cruel, he forces her to go back to her parents only to follow her and get caught in a fatal last encounter which unfortunately has been treated with unnecessary prolongation of the death of the girl followed by the death of the hero himself. The death of the hero in the novel symbolizes death of the feudal system—a fact which an educated and socially conscious director like J. B. H. Wadia seems to have forgotten altogether.

Indeed, the picture *Madhosh* is just another variation of the stories of eternal love presented so often on the Indian screen—and the direction is so slipshod that even the inherent drama has not been properly brought out. All the artistes give a good account of themselves but all of them have been made to shout unnecessarily. The acting honours go to Meena Kumari who looks more lovely than ever and acts with grace her part. The production is just 'so-so'.

One feels sorry that in spite of a good story Wadia could not create an absorbing good film.

Star Of The Week

Pushpawalli who made her debut on the Hindustani screen in Gemini's *Sansar* came to Bombay last week. The object of her visit was not so much to see Bombay—the place where she had actually started her career, but to meet local journalists.

Charming, rather plumpish, graceful Pushpawalli reminds one of Durga Khote. In a way it would be befitting to call her the Durga Khote of the South, though she is much younger than Durga.

Ten years ago she made her debut in Bombay and after working in Poona and Calcutta she settled down in Madras and Gemini Studios! She is perhaps the first star in India to receive an offer of a hundred thousand rupees; she received such an offer eight years ago. Her very first role was that of Seeta in *Sampurna Ramayana*.

In private life she is a very simple woman; she hardly uses any make-up off the screen and she is an ideal wife, happily married to a lawyer and a very proud mother. But the most interesting part of her career is that she is perhaps the only reputed star who has not fallen prey to the temptation of free-lancing. She is a Gemini star and she does not work outside. Apparently her loyalty to Vasani and her belief that it is always better to stick to one studio for security and stability are responsible for this wise decision.

Fond of swimming and tennis she is also interested in politics and believes that the film people should also put up their representatives to the legislatures.

A great star of the South with the success of *Sansar* she has endeared herself to the filmgoers of Bombay and the North. They will be looking forward to her appearance again on the screen with even greater expectations.

News Of The Week

—Ashok Kumar is starting his own concern under the banner of Ashok

Kumar Productions Ltd. This is the concern which will be responsible for the Hindi version of the English pictures which Ashok is making in association with Herbert Marshall.

—Filmkar has announced two new pictures, *Maan* and *Sohagan*. While *Maan* will be directed by Dr. Safdar Ali from his own story, *Sohagan* will be directed by Niren Bose from a story by Agha Jani Kashmiri. Anil Biswas will give music for both the pictures.

—Raj Kapoor's *Awara* was passed by the censors last Thursday without any cut. The picture will be released on 21st instant.

—Vrajendranath Gaur, is writing and directing Golden Pictures' *Sarhad* featuring Nalini Jaywant, Ashok Kumar and his two brothers Anoop Kumar and Kishore Kumar.

—Pandit Nehru is expected to inaugurate the Film Festival in Bombay. Ingrid Bergman is expected to attend the same.

—The marriage of Moti Sagar, a new comer who appeared in *Mother* and Anjali Mehta was solemnized last week in Bombay.



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ZAM-BUK—WORLD'S GREATEST SKIN OINTMENT

BRITISH AND AMERICAN TELEVISION

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: India has many priorities before television. But it may come sooner than many think. A number of Latin American countries, with economies not much richer than India's, are now starting systems. Certainly Madras and Bombay are two of the likely sites for early television transmitters because they not only have a concentrated population but film as well as radio specialists. These should be interested in scanning British television.

British TV demonstrated its belief that it is the custodian of public morality recently when it censored the fast-moving American comedy "Apples in Eden" by Frances Agnew. The play, featured on Sunday's top dramatic spot, revolves about a lawyer secretly married to a tennis star but being pursued by his former mistress. Before it was repeated the TV Controller decided to cut out the word "mistress", a scene of her *en negligee* and a silhouette of her showering. He admitted there had been few complaints but felt it wise to avoid bad taste.

On the other hand there is much greater freedom for political debate on this side of the Atlantic. The BBC, although it is supposed to show no political bias, does favour Foreign-Office-approved commentators on international affairs like rightwing-Labourite Christopher Mayhew, M.P. It has not recently televised any admitted Communist. But in its chief political feature, the weekly round-table "In the News", there is a remarkably free discussion of world and domestic issues. The chairman is frequently a Liberal and there is usually a militant Conservative and a militant Labourite to raise the temperature and two others of divergent views. Robert Boothby, M.P. is one of the regular Conservative proponents while 'Bevanites' Michael Foot and Tom Driberg, or free-wheeling Socialist professor A.J.P. Taylor present the leftist viewpoint. Last week, for example, Professor Taylor said

bluntly that Britain had been exploiting the colonial territories for 150 years and that era was finished. This produces a few indignant letters from more orthodox listeners but nothing like the smear campaigns which much milder views have produced on U. S. television.

Comparing British and American television is rather like contrasting the older, better-bred, more-restrained only daughter of a penurious British parson with a brood of younger, exuberant and uninhibited daughters of an American millionaire. British television is calmer, more intellectually stimulating, more rewarding culturally and free from the annoyance of commercial advertising. But it lacks the punch, the variety, the colour and, particularly, the full purse of its American sisters.

Contrasts arise largely from the difference in background and sponsorship. Instead of being telecast by private stations, mainly supported by commercial sponsors and remotely supervised by a Government committee, British TV—like British radio—is the monopoly of the semi-governmental British Broadcasting Corporation. TV's revenue comes from its share of the £2 annual sound-and-television license fee paid by viewers. Some additional revenue comes from advertising in the BBC's Radio (and Television) Times. But about 150,000 viewers are "pirates"—who view without having paid their fee. Actual expenditure last year came to £718,578, or roughly £2 per TV license holder.

Thus, instead of being able to make gigantic leaps forward by tapping the rich tills of private companies anxious to sell soap to a prosperous public, TV's growth is limited by the slow but steady increase in its viewing public. The growth in public is proceeding at the rate of 50,000 a month. For most British viewers the cost of a set, which averages £65-70—represents ten weeks' salary, a sizeable investment even if purchased on the

"never-never" (installment) plan. The tax on sets was doubled recently, almost halving sales in many areas, particularly working class areas where TV is especially favoured.

Although overtaken recently by its American junior, British television has made steady progress since it first pioneered for the world in this medium. Britain's first experimental television transmissions began in London in 1929. And the first public service of high-definition television in the world was initiated by the BBC when Alexandra Palace went on the air in November 1936. By the time service was suspended for six years during the war, there were 20,000 receivers.

When British television began again in June 1946 it was confronted with the problem of developing this new medium into a mass national institution while struggling with a limited budget and an audience with means limited by heavy taxation. By mid 1949 the London transmitter at Alexandra Palace served 150,000 television sets. This was soon doubled by the opening of the first relay station near Birmingham. But only this last year has television approached becoming a national service. The world's biggest transmitter which was opened in October to serve Lancashire and Yorkshire in the North, brought in an additional 75,000 viewers—enabling the service to pass its 1,000,000 mark in viewers. When its Scottish and Welsh-West country transmitters go into operation, presumably before the end of 1952, 78% of the country will be covered at a cost of £4,500,000 in transmitters.

Rearmament is slowing down the expansion of British TV both because of heavier taxation on sets and the BBC itself and its demand for production facilities. Only two-thirds of the sets originally scheduled for 1951 have been made and transmitter erection has been slowed down.

Britain is fully committed to a 405-line interlaced scanning system which many American visitors find clearer than the U. S.'s 525-lines. (France uses 441 and 819 and Holland, and most of the other European countries 625.) Britain and most of Europe use positive modulation, which means maximum power is used for a dead-white picture, while the U. S.

uses negative modulation, requiring maximum power for a black picture. Colour television is put off into the future by the need for an inexpensive form of conversion of both transmitters and receivers. Said the BBC recently: "...it is hoped that the radio industry will design and manufacture equipment which can be thoroughly studied and tested before any decision about a future colour television system for public service is made."

British TV is doing an outstanding job on its modest budget, particularly in the field of drama. The average week has a "budget" of two-length dramas plus two one-acters. And full-length really means full-length. Several months ago Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-law" was presented in its original 24-hour length, instead of the 57-minute version to which it is usually tailored in the U. S. to fit into a sponsor's hour. Drama is varied and balanced. Once a quarter a Shakespeare play is done. And an opera is also seen four times a year. In between there is a range including some first class modern drama from pens like those of Lillian Hellman, J. B. Priestley and Bernard Shaw and some second-rate pot-boilers. Traditional pieces like "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" are brilliantly done. Acting is usually very competent and sometimes outstanding. Perhaps only an American purist would complain that in "The Little Foxes" one of the two Negro parts was played by an actor with a west Indian accent and the other by one with a West African accent. There is much talk now of earning dollars by selling telefilms of the shorter TV dramas to American television stations. This would extend the two-way exchange of materials. The U. S. feature "What's My Line" is a favourite in Britain, too.

British TV dramatists are still grappling with a medium combining the advantages and disadvantages of the theatre, the cinema and radio. As Val Gielgud, a successful dramatist and head of the Drama Section of British TV, puts it: "The reaction of the film audience, which is numbered in hundreds, is quite different from the reaction of the television audience, which is divided into individuals or small groups. Therefore, the 'target

approach' of the producer must be proportionately different. The economic and 'facilities' conditions of film production cannot for an instant be compared with those conditioning television practice. A large-scale film budgets in terms of hundreds of thousands (of pounds); a television production in terms of a couple of thousand at the outside—and this is exceptional."

Indeed, British TV plays are 'cut rate' by American standards. It is estimated that some \$300,000 (£107,500) is spent every week in New York for television plays. A comparable figure for British TV would be about £3,500 (\$10,000). There is, of course, the choice of a half dozen programs in New York and only one in Britain. But even then British costs are reasonable. The average play costs about £900 (\$2,500) to present, including 2-1/2 weeks rehearsals, for the actors and producers but not including the expensive overhead: complicated cameras, a dozen technicians, etcetera. An opera costs about £2400 (\$6,700), which is why they are budgetted at one a quarter.

British TV's other outstanding accomplishment is its children's hour. And it really is an hour. This is unlike American television, which keeps children glued to sets for an indefinite period. The children's hour here usually lasts from 5:30 to 6:30 PM and since there is no television broadcasting until 8 PM (7:30 from January) children can lead the normal life of the pre-TV era. "Poverty has its compensations," was the comment of one visiting American parent. What British TV lacks in hours for children, it makes up in quality. Thus, in the week ending December 8, they had their own newsreel, three children's plays, a puppet show for the very young, a cowboy movie and two demonstrations: one on how to pick out a tune on the piano and the other on how candy is made. The participation of the estimated audience of three million children is encouraged. Once children were asked to write the continuation of a serial and 1400 plays were submitted. An art competition brought 6000 submissions in the first week, with a phenomenally high standard of art. Next May experimental telecasts especially designed for schools will start. If they are as suc-

cessful as BBC's sound broadcasts for schools it should add much to the educative process.

'Outside Broadcasts' open up for older viewers a world far beyond their normal experience. About fifteen of these are televised a month, running the usual gamut of sports, festivals, ceremonies and other major events. Coverage of the election, with the exception of one dead-head commentator, was excellent. One of the things British TV does best is the documentary study of an industry or a social problem. A non-British viewer is likely to feel that both Outside Broadcasts and the TV Newsreel overdo the number of ceremonies involving the royal family.

One of TV's best producers told me of his headaches, apart from the tremendously complicated problem of televising an errorless live show, blending the work of three cameras and mixing in telefilm. There are only four fully equipped television studios in London, which makes it difficult to rehearse shows adequately under final conditions. Sometimes films are scheduled simply to free a studio for rehearsals. But converting additional studios takes money and materials both of which are short in rearming Britain. The Government has just taken 15% of the BBC's income in taxes for the first time. Although administrative economies have overcome this loss it makes virtually impossible the extension of television much beyond the five hours a day now telecast.

Although many here are happy that TV cannot dominate life in Britain as completely as it does in the U. S., there are complaints. Thursdays, for example, are called 'blank' because there is a repeat of the Sunday play. Many who approve the BBC monopoly feel that, as in sound radio where there are three choices (Home, Light and Third programs), there should be some choice of programs in TV. Others feel that TV should be completely divorced from sound broadcasting, instead of staying under the BBC roof. Some feel complaints could be cured by more financing which could come through a rise in license fees to, say, £2 a year for a separate TV license. This would still be less than two pence a day. Many American viewers

would probably be willing to pay several times that much to silence annoying advertisers.

There is surprisingly little call for a commercially-sponsored TV. Some have suggested allowing commercial advertisers to sponsor shows during unused hours when TV is not now on the air. But commercial sponsors seem little interested in heavy investments in 'dead' hours. And there is

considerable resistance here to any commercialization of either broadcasting or television. For 25 years every parliamentary commission has endorsed the present system. *The Times*, commenting on the subject on November 29, said: "The remedy for television, if it is bad, is to improve the BBC's conduct of it and not to undermine the foundations of British broadcasting."

LOWSON AND GRAVENEY

By N. S. R.

BOMBAY: An opening partnership at cricket is a veritable act of faith. As the two intrepid batsmen go out to the wicket they are entitled to the honours of pioneers. But the expectancy is increased a thousand-fold when the batsmen who are to unfold their skill and defy swing and pace are members of a touring team whom one has never seen before.

I must, therefore, confess to a sensation of overwrought excitement as I watched a tall frame and a portly figure emerge from the pavilion at the Brabourne Stadium recently. The Stadium has been well known to be the altar of Indian cricket. The ground exceeded the utmost expectations. The entire arena was, as it were, a cloth of green. When the sun shone on it, it positively glittered and glimmered in gold. The background was full worthy of the momentous occasion.

Lowson and Kenyon commenced the M. C. C's innings against Bombay in varying but characteristic style. As art is always difficult of achievement, Lowson's genius burgeoned slowly. But one could watch it grow. He takes his place at the crease as to the manner born; he appears inevitable there, it is his natural element. He takes the measure of the bowlers adroitly and quickly. Here his skill in using the "dead bat" is inimitable. He wields the bat like a rapier; so quick and unhurried are his movements.

While Kenyon's bat made harsh and grating sounds, Lowson's innings was like a soothing lullaby. Lowson has banished hostility from his style. As

his body flows into the stroke, it recalls to the senses the image of a gentle tributary joining a famous river. His manner is pure and pellucid. Even when he executes a powerful strike such as the drive, his demeanour is not antagonistic. He has whipped away the offending Adam from batsmanship. The ball flows to the boundary quietly and without demonstration. His batsmanship is a translation into cricket of a lyric by Herrick.

It has been said that the genius of Hutton has descended to him. He will remind Indian followers of the game strongly of Stollmeyer. The approximation is greatest especially when he forces the ball off his pads to square-leg. As it will be recalled, the West Indian batsman's proficiency in this delicate stroke was remarkable. Though Lowson is not a slave to it as Stollmeyer was, he performs it often enough to leave it in no doubt that he delights in its hazard.

In the main, Lowson's demeanour is classic. His batsmanship has firm, but far from hard or rough, outlines. It is chastened and reflective; it does not violate the ten commandments. It adheres to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. Lowson enshrines the noble art of Shrewsbury and Hutton in unsullied perfection. He is undoubtedly the most delicate adornment of the tourists' batsmanship.

Graveney represents a far different strain. His is the tradition of haughty and uncontrollable cricket. He is a living challenge to the bowler. He bristles with militancy as he takes his stance at the crease, tall, overpower-

ing and belligerent. His strokes are not a little arrogant. Each one of them is an insult and a mock of the hapless bowler.

Graveney has cultivated all the strokes, but he is best himself in that stroke of elemental defiance, the hook, which it is that more than others insults and infuriates the bowler. Graveney rubs salt into the wound. His hooks are even more witheringly contemptuous than those of others are or perhaps need to be. Each one of them is as total and annihilating as a peal of thunder.

An innings of his possesses the grand manner. The strokes reverberate to the sky as they propel the ball with the utmost vehemence towards the boundary. His batsmanship is cast in the heroic mould. It brooks no middle course. It will not compromise with the bowling, which it rather seeks to overthrow and annihilate. A bowler opposed to Graveney may well feel that he is facing a living thunder-bolt.

As he strides to the crease with hurrying steps, it is obvious that he

delights in overthrowing the most hostile bowling in the land. Spin and pace come alike to him; to both he presents his punitive bat. He swoops down on the flighted ball like an eagle on its prey and sends it scattered to all parts of the ground. But I noticed that he reserved his utmost severity for the ball of speed. He appeared to feel that a fast bowler was a personal enemy whom it was a point of honour to chastise.

It was poetic justice that he should have been bowled by Divecha. The ball was one of the finest I have ever seen; own brother to that with which Shackleton destroyed Gopinath at the threshold of a century last season at Chepauk. I believe it would have accounted for the finest batting skill. However, so contumacious is Graveney that as he retired to the pavilion he did so with an erect and contemptuous air, as if some unworthy and mean expedient had overthrown his kingly authority. The magnificence of it, its arrogance went to the heart. Indian bowlers will have nobody to fear more than Graveney.

SUSHIL KUMAR MUKERJEE AND HIS PUPILS

By K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

THE thanks of all art lovers are due to Mr. Bach of the British Council, for organising an exhibition of paintings and drawings of the Art master and students of the Lawrence Public School, Lovedale, at the Council premises at Mount Road. The exhibition was opened on 10th December by General Sir Ronald Adam.

Thanks to the efforts of the art master, Mr. Sushil Kumar Mukherjee, the Lawrence School can now boast of the finest art gallery among those found in the schools of India. Here the works of school children of all age groups and stages of mental and aesthetic development may be seen hung tastefully in the exquisitely laid out hall of the Art Department. Mr. Sushil Kumar Mukherjee is one of the most prominent painters of the day and his works have won him acclaim all over India and in such foreign centres as Paris and London.

His pictures are noteworthy for their depth of feeling, compositional mastery, glory of pattern and for exquisite sense of colour. His oils have striking individuality, his pigments a message by virtue of their 'massive texture' and supple convolutions and patterns.

The Art Department of the Lawrence School has been showing, in recent years, a spate of activity that has attracted the attention of the art world. Mr. Mukherjee has succeeded in bringing out latent talents of the pupils under his skilled guidance. The students seem to have shed their reserve, and come out in all candour into a habit of spontaneous expression. The works of Mr. Mukherjee and his students were exhibited in New Delhi last December under the auspices of the All India Fine Arts Society. The exhibition was opened by Prof. Humayun Kabir, and was visited by

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"Christ" by Sushil Kumar Mukherjee art master.

Moulana Abul Kalam Azad who was full of praise for it. He awarded silver medals to two of the exhibits. The Lawrence School Art Department has held other exhibitions with equal success in other centres also.

In the present exhibition the picture of 'Christ' by Mr. Mukherjee is noteworthy for the striking vigour of its pattern and its force and immensity of expression. 'The Devko Bridge' executed in subdued tones of mauve and green is characterised by a dynamic vigour achieved by means of unusual perspective and clever distribution of masses. The trunks of the trees forming the pattern though massively executed still help to create an aery shimmering illusion that speaks highly of the artist's mastery over line and pattern. 'Homeward Bound' in oils executed on Malabar mat is

Miss Florence Horsburgh, Britain's new Minister of Education, entered Parliament in 1931. From 1930 to 1945 she was Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health. In 1938 Miss Horsburgh made parliamentary history by being the first woman to move an Address in reply to the King's speech.



"Dashful Maiden" Nanette Bornshin (Student)
Age—13.

reminiscent of Van Gogh. The thickly laid pigments, vibrating objects and luminous atmosphere help to make this an attractive study. 'The Scout' by P. Ross, one of the pupils of the Lawrence School, is remarkable for vivid colours, directness of expression and economy of details. 'The Pig Family' by George Marklew reveals a mastery over perspective, pattern, and technique of brush work that are highly commendable in a youngster of his age. 'Deer Family' by Krishnamurthi is charmingly natural in spite of the austerity of its lines and emphasis on pattern. The pen and ink sketches by Lillian Bright are interesting by virtue of the deftness and strength of their lines.

The works of Devaraj George, Marklew C. Vijayam and F. Martin are striking. Even judged by adult standards some of their works are refreshingly original by virtue of their uninhibited spontaneity and variety of themes and colours.

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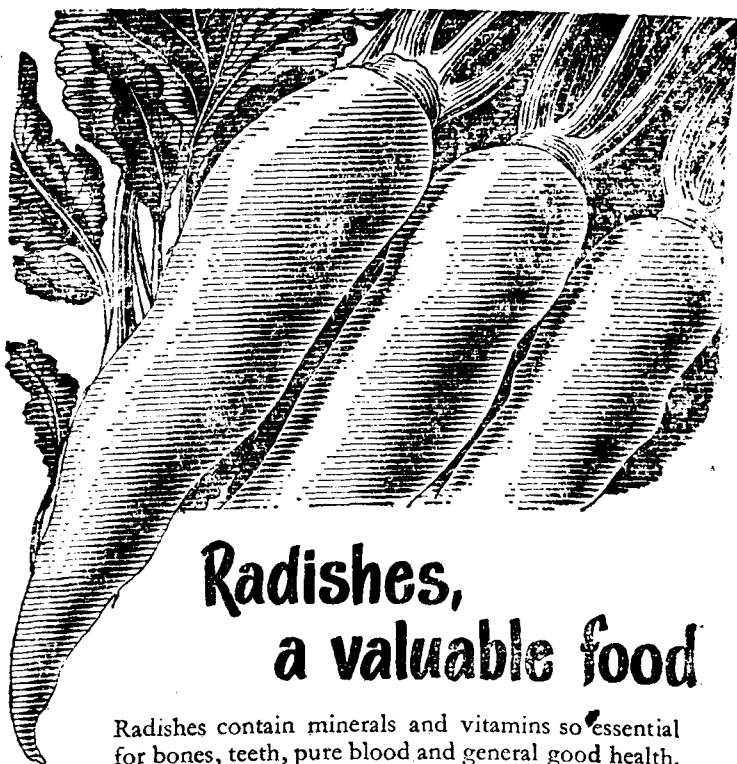
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 46

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ELECTION MANIFESTOES

SPOKESMEN of four major parties seeking voters' support met on a common platform at Ranade Hall last Sunday and explained their respective election manifestoes. The Congress representative on the occasion was Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya. He was evidently in very poor health and was moreover under the stress of visible anxiety over the condition of his wife who was then gravely ill and, we note with regret, has since passed away. That in circumstances of such strain and distress he should have agreed to address the public in fulfilment of a public duty indicates a very high sense of responsibility on the part of the Doctor. But as might be expected, his usual brilliance was lacking in his exposition of the day. He made no point beyond the stereotyped one that, given another lease of power for the next five years, the Congress would show a much better record than it did in the past four years. It was clear that he left his listeners cold and unconvinced. The spokesman of the Praja Party, Sri A. R. V. Achar, fared no better. He made an unfortunate start by attacking the judiciary which, of all the institutions functioning since independence, has been the only one to reveal grit and character, serving as it did as a corrective on the nepotisms and excesses of ministers and legislators. The impression made by his speech was that he stood for a party which anyhow was bent on smearing the Government and in doing so lacked the gift of discrimination between right and wrong. Not only had he little of real significance to say, he lacked the power of presentation, fumbled continually and cut no

ice. New parties are ill served by bad spokesmen. The Praja Party, according to all accounts, had a brilliant exponent in Sir S. V. Ramamurthi who, speaking at the same place a fortnight earlier, evoked in all who heard him a tremendous volume of agreement for the realism and practicality of his exposition. But this party is overweighted by the allegiance of inconsequential men of no particular merit, and when they appear on the scene, the good impression made by stalwarts of the calibre of Sir S. V. Ramamurthi is undone, and but a sorry balance of effect is left as to the stuff of which the party is made.

In the Ranade Hall symposium the Communist and the Socialist parties had exceedingly able spokesmen. Sri M. R. Venkatraman excelled himself in dialectic skill. He made out a thesis that if foreign capital were expropriated and the land of the richer landlords were acquired without compensation, the food problem in the country would be easily solved. On sane reflection it is not quite clear how the miracle of food in plenty would materialise from the two contemplated types of dispossession, but apparently it is the hope of the Communists that not many to whom they deliver their message are capable of sane reflection. On the other hand the vast majority who are poor are easy prey to the thrill of envious excitement against their better-placed fellowmen. Though all persons hope for prosperity, the successful in the quest are by the Communists made to look like villains, and with tricks of propaganda, the envy of the unsuccessful in the struggle is sought to be enlisted for destructive ends. They

destroy more than they build and attempt to pass themselves off as benefactors of mankind. Unfortunately hatred produces food no more than corruption or incompetence, and there is no reason why the bulk of the people whose interests lie in constructive pursuits should be inveigled into the hatred propaganda of the Communists. If surplus capital does not flow from rich countries to poor, trade and industry will be paralysed and the present economic inequalities that constitute so serious a menace to the peace of the world, must continue for ever. The Communist horror of Anglo-American collaboration for Indian industrial advancement represents, not a balanced view of economic values, but a diseased condition of mind from which little effective contribution to social welfare can be expected, though it is a thing to be dreaded because of the easy spread of its infection.

The Socialist Party, as represented by Sri T. S. Ramanujam, pledges itself to provide a living wage of at the minimum Rs. 100 a month for every worker. The party is also

pledged to cut down all incomes above Rs. 1,000. For the time being the cutting down of incomes is certain to evoke enormous enthusiasm, but it is not that way that the maximum incentive for the production of national wealth can be promoted. It is a sign of infantile mentality to imagine that one's welfare is bound up with another's deprivation. If our economy of poverty is to be transformed into an economy of plenty no curb should be placed on the earning power of individuals. On the other hand the State should impel all that can earn to earn well, coming in at a later stage with taxation scientifically devised so as to make individuals' contributions to it equal to the economic surplus at their disposal after meeting all reasonable requirements. It is through rational taxation and not direct predatory raids that social objectives should be achieved. It is a pity that no major political party in the field has offered so far protection to the people from the present taxation system which is an anachronism from the past conspicuous for its lack of economic equity.

Sotto Voce

POLITICAL POLYGAMY

AN uxorious Sultan of the Middle East, on one of his periodical matrimonial campaigns, had fixed his auspicious eye on a pretty girl. But when the nuptial night arrived he discovered that by some mistake he had married not the beauty but her elder sister. No whit disconcerted he corrected the mistake by adding the original intended also to the harem. The Congress, in its electioneering, seems inspired by the same inclusive mood. Mr. Nehru in

his whirlwind tours displays marvellous resourcefulness in discovering excellent reasons why people should not support the non-Congress groups powerful in each particular terrain. But while his eyes are always fixed challengingly on the horizon, at his feet the party-bosses are solemnising those marriages of convenience against which he thunders.

Thus in Rajasthan and in Orissa



he denounced the political ambitions of Princes as something indecent. He went on to threaten the Order with a deprivation of their "special privileges" in punishment for their over-boldness in lifting up their eyes to the sacred seat of democratic power. But the Ganatantra Parishad, against whose pretensions he was particularly vitriolic, has quietly pricked the bubble of righteousness by asking why the Congress, which thought so poorly of the ex-Rulers, should have found it necessary to choose two of them in preference to plebeians, as its candidates in the same area. Mr. Hare Krishna Mehtab's portentous "pledge" to cut off the privy purses of the presumptuous Princes and the diplomatic 'protest' of the Jam Saheb—which an unkind world is likely to regard as a command performance—alike ignore this inconvenient fact.

In Hyderabad Mr. Nehru has been working up steam against the Communists—as was to be expected. The Socialists also came in for casual attention. The Congress President's intellectual catholicity is so wide as to embrace Communism in the abstract also within its sweep; while Socialism, as he misses no opportunity of asserting, is his own spiritual home. One of the public men of an earlier generation in Madras, with an academic cast of mind, used to provoke a mild curiosity by declaring that he remained outside the Christian communion in order the better to serve Christianity. In some such wise Mr. Nehru seems to think that he can better promote Socialism by not accepting the Ashok-Jai Prakash condominium.

In the days when the world was young crusading faiths rarely troubled about individual converts. They either carried fire and sword into 'infidel' countries; or they persuaded the all-powerful ruler of the heathen, by subtle and often questionable methods, to accept the new light. And when he was 'saved' he saw to it, as a good pastor—as witness Constantine—that his faithful people were also saved by automatic adhesion to the new gods. If they were good enough for their king they were surely good enough for themselves. But

though Jai Prakash has once or twice thrown a sporting challenge to Mr. Nehru, he would be aghast if the Congress President took him at his word and "crossed the floor."

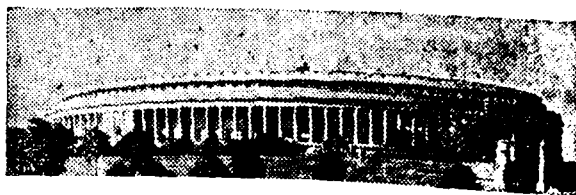
For, then, he would find his occupation gone: there is no room for two "glamour boys" in any organization. But the Socialist leader knows by the same token that a serious threat to his empire from this quarter is most unlikely. In the past six months Mr. Nehru's political education has proceeded apace; and though he gallantly shows a bold front to the world, he is noticeably a sadder man. He seems to have achieved a dim perception that the leader of an inchoate and conglomerate party is like Aesop's fly on the wheel. Discretion is the better part of valour.

But the predicament undoubtedly leads to odd shifts. Mr. Nehru with scrupulous impartiality admits that the principle of "equality" implicit in Communism might have a legitimate appeal to the people. In the halcyon days before the elections he used to be even more candid in acknowledging that certain aspects of Communism greatly appealed to himself. But he now finds it necessary to distinguish between the creed and its professors. The Indian Communist, he would seem to argue, is neither Indian nor Communist. He has allowed himself to be bound hand and foot to the chariot wheels of Soviet Russia. And he is a monster of violence.

Alas for the *ingenue* who valourously refuses to see that Communism is no more separable from violence than thunder from lightning. Mr. Nehru's description of China as a "Socialist" country is part of the game of "Let's pretend." If, as he contends, the fault of our Socialists is not that they are violent but that they are "impracticable" would he prefer India going the Chinese "Socialist" way because it is demonstrably effective? But Mr. Nehru, like our Sultan of the Middle East, is perhaps not inclined to bother overmuch about the quality of his annexations, provided the quantity is sufficient. The time for *Talaq* will come after the first fine connubial raptures.

VIGHNESWARA

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

CHALAPATHI RAU is one of the few Editors in India who are not impostors. It is fortunate that we have him at the head of the country's Working Journalists' Federation. One of the resolutions of the Executive Council of the Federation passed this week at Delhi asked the Government to put a stop to "the increasing tendency on the part of Ministers in the States and their publicity officers to interfere with the work of local correspondents and newspapers." How free is our Free Press? Pandit Nehru claims that India enjoys the largest amount of civil liberty in the world, compared with some of the most important countries of the world. Yes, India is the only country where we still have the freedom to starve and die. In every other country of the world, this freedom is denied.

Jaya Prakash Narayan pointed out in Nagpur that things had never been so bad in the hundred years of British rule as they were during the four years of the Nehru regime. I would only make one amendment: instead of one hundred years, I would say two thousand years of any rule. Jawaharlal's talk about reforming the Congress Party after the defeat of Tandon, before the selection of candidates, after the selection of candidates, and after the elections, is as empty as his talk about setting up a Commission to enquire into the freedom of the Press in India. Jaya Prakash has asked the people not to be misguided by Nehru's speeches, but to be guided by his record during the past four years. The people see everything; but they take time.

There is no freedom of the Press in India. Freedom of the Press, in the sense in which it exists in our country today, is merely a freedom for the proprietors of newspapers to say what they want and palm it off as public opinion on the Government and

as official opinion on the public. Hardly any member of the staff of a newspaper has the opportunity of expressing his own views through the columns which he daily fills with muck.

Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao told us about a remarkable feature of journalism in China. That is the letters to the Editor. Readers make their complaints about their difficulties through the columns of the Press. They are at once attended to, and a reply is given by the concerned official. Any reply to any news or correspondence published in the newspaper is invariably published in the Chinese Press. In France too, I understand, such a convention about giving equal space and prominence to a rejoinder does exist. In India, only *The Statesman* and *The Hindu* among our English daily newspapers maintain a semblance of fairness—although, of course, even they do not always give a man a chance to reply or effect a correction. Some, in fact, make it a rule never to give a chance of reply to a victim of fair or foul attack.

Radhakrishnan's attacks on the East and the West at the UNESCO Seminar lacked the pointedness which his obiter dicta used to possess. As another Andhra (C. R. Reddy) said, Radhakrishnan was the greatest epigrammatist of India. (This conversation has been recorded by yet another Andhra, Iswara Dutt, who was the only one present at the feast of reason and flow of soul, which the conversation of Reddy and Radhakrishnan was). At the Seminar, Radhakrishnan seemingly approvingly quoted Lenin to say that Communism was the product of German philosophy, French politics and British economics. He went on to say that the West was more democratic than the East, without specifying whether he thought Russia was

West or East. He quoted some Norwegian writer who said that if something happened in China, the result would be that the Chinese would cease to be Chinese. Whether that change has occurred, in Radhakrishnan's view, is not vouchsafed to us. The trouble is that a diplomat-philosopher finds himself in a more unenviable position than the married philosopher.

As a diplomat, Radhakrishnan did a great deal to promote friendly relations between India and Soviet Russia. I believe he did not always meet with a great deal of co-operation from our External Affairs Ministry and the Home Ministry. But for his personal intervention, Pudovkin and Cherkasov would not have been accorded visas by our Government to enter India. Our Government seems to think that if we let in a few Russians into our country, there will be a Revolution in India. Revolutions can never be effected in our country by Russian and Chinese people.

Indians alone will bring about a Revolution in India. Such a scare is therefore as unnecessary as it is absurd.

Talking of Revolutions, where will they begin and where will they end? My own guess is that they will start alphabetically in Andhra, and then proceed to Assam and then to Bengal. Jawaharlal Nehru has enraged the Lion of Andhra (Prakasam) has provoked the Saint of Andhra (Swami Sitaram), and has made common cause with the pups of Andhra. Nehru's refusal to concede the demand for a separate State for the forty million Andhras has already encouraged people to ask, "Why should we be part of the Indian Union?" Major Raja Rao, in a recent article in *Swatantra*, (Dec. 8), writes: "The modern trend all over the world is in favour of single-nation States rather than multi-national States; and language is considered as an important and determining factor of nationality."

BEWARE WHOM YOU VOTE FOR

By D. G. R. RAO

DEMOCRACY rules almost the entire globe. It ranges from limited monarchy, capitalism, fascism and such others to socialism, republicanism and communism based on purely secular or religious or mixed concepts of State and human interests.

We too have our own variant of democracy. Under it the people are the sovereign. Every individual man or woman is a sovereign. Every child, male or female, is a potential sovereign. They may not have a hut to live in or a mat to lie on or half a meal a day to eat or a shred to hide the barest shame. Yet each one is a sovereign. It sounds paradoxical, yet it is true. It is a cruel irony.

How is each a sovereign? He is a component part of the State of which he is a citizen. He is in consequence a ruler of the State. If all who compose the State are rulers who are the ruled? They are their own ruled. They combine in themselves the ruler and the ruled. As they live in an area each pursuing his own way of life, they

give rise to corporate life. Each individual sovereignty in its assertion in such environment will trench upon the sovereignty of others. Perpetual conflicts will result. The group may eventually get destroyed leaving some vestiges of its existence for some later day archaeologists to interest themselves in. To avoid such a catastrophe the wise among them agree to surrender their sovereignty to a common pool. The common pool in political parlance is the State. The set-up of the State is determined by the people according as they wish to live, and some from amongst them are chosen to exclusively devote their time and intelligence to guide their collective life and interests along the path of peace and plenty, protecting them from external aggression and internal disorders and conflicts. An organised State has its functions fully drawn up in meticulous detail with departments to control them, with a legislature at the top. Its dimensions and importance grow as the people, their

prosperity and territory enlarge and they build up their unity and strength without covetous intention or design on neighbouring people.

The State in proper hands alone can rise to its destiny and it is the people who have to choose who will rule them. They become members of the legislature, the law making body with an executive to enforce the laws. Under the modern arrangements which law has forged in our country, the choosing is done by means of a vote cast in the form of a card in a tin box for persons of our choice. This vote is our sovereignty. When we cast it we cast with it all that we hold precious, dear and sacred to us. Therefore we cannot think that it is a piece of card that we push somewhere to oblige some one. It is of immense consequence to us. We barter away our freedom and honour with it. When we want to engage an employee we examine his qualifications and call for an attestation of his character before we appoint him on even a meagre remuneration. Are not we to see that a person who comes to us to ask for the right to rule us, to make laws for us, our wives, children and the entire family and the nation, possesses an irreproachable character, deep erudition, practical sagacity and a noble urge for disinterested service? He lays the dharma of the land. He is the law-giver. He wields the power to revolutionise the structure of our economic, social and political existence, nay our very thought and life. Our relations with outside people and countries depend largely on his ability to steer them along channels of cordial understanding and goodwill without surrendering our honour and self-respect. Our security, continued existence and prosperity depend on the friendships or enmities that we form with the outside world.

When such power is dangling before us and can be acquired by party manipulations, parties are easily formed and labels are cheaply given and all and sundry are on the loose shouting slogans and talking what they know not, with labels of parties to clothe them with respectability and fitness. Are we to be carried away by the labels or slogans or by their inherent and intrinsic worth to be our accredited representatives? They can vote themselves heavy allowances and

salaries though their qualifications may not get them a job in public office on fifteen rupees a month. They can use without compunction all public revenues for their private needs and deplete the coffers of the State without giving anything in return to the State by way of service. From the material put by the different parties in the State, we may on close examination find that it is not inspiring confidence in us. These are democratic processes which may mar or make a nation's prosperity. In the democratic process each individual bears a responsibility to himself and to the State.

The fundamental character of democracy is its party system. This system becomes the bane or the elixir of democracy. For parties formed for disinterested service in a spirit of truth and humbleness bring the State and its people happiness and good and contribute to the peace of the world. Parties built around personalities with lust for power, destroy unity and spread misery and wretchedness all round.

We have parties! The Congress has been and is before us with a history of its glorious achievements over six decades. Time has taken its toll of many of those great stalwarts who built it up. It was swayed by the purest idealism of liberation of the country from foreign hegemony. It had no thought of power. Its portals were open to men of courage and honesty and ability. Such only collected and built it to its huge proportions. But when power politics entered its portals, disintegration set into it. Assumption of power has hastened its falling to pieces. From among the surviving, the best minds, barring a few, have come out of it; and fair-weather champions who, like serpents taking forcible possession of the ant-hill built with much labour and perseverance, occupy the Congress, hiss venom against the legitimate members thereof and claim it as their own. All this with a view not to further the basic ideals of the Congress but to rob power and wealth in the country through it. Mahatma Gandhi, its soul and inspiration, with the attainment of its objective demanded its dissolution. But those who rose to power through it and retain it and are lusting to

continue in it, are holding the Congress tight because it has the magic to perpetuate them in power. The spirit of Mahatma is at work and dissolution is rapidly overtaking the Congress, notwithstanding the stock-in-trade and the rhapsodies at the hustings delivered with vehemence, the enormous contributions of money by vested interests and the conspiracy of the capitalist press in reproducing columns of those grandiloquent party polemics which cease to delight or to deceive the common man. Congress leadership has just entered the grand climacteric and its shocks are reacting on the country.

The Congress of today cannot ask the vote of the people on the historic role it played in the past. That role does not belong by any right exclusively to the present occupants of Congress citadels. It belongs as much to those who have come out of it as to the very few that are in it. The Congress has to stand on its record of service in the last four and half years if it has been in office. It must stand or fall by that record. It is a record of ever growing inefficiency, mismanage-

ment, woeful lack of perspective, corruption and nepotism supervened by the ignominy of betraying the common man. If its candidates come for support on the strength of its label, they are under no obligation to back them. The people must consider it an affront to their intelligence, if they are called upon to support improper and unworthy persons run by the Congress as candidates presuming on its past greatness. The people owe it to themselves to return the best minds without looking to their tickets, so that they may combine and work as a team till they pull the country through the crisis. The need of the hour is trusted leaders who are known for their dominant passion to serve the country and the people in selfless devotion in this hour of great peril, with all their talents and rectitude. Therefore beware how you choose and whom you vote for, and give your support to candidates irrespective of their labels, sex, caste and community, in whom you have the faith that they will not betray you, the cause of the country and humanity.

PARTY ELECTION MANIFESTOES

Under the auspices of the S. I. N. A. Study Circle, Ranade Hall, Mylapore, Mr. M. R. Venkataraman explained to a large audience, the Communist election manifesto. The manifesto is not a manifesto in the real sense of the term. It is a declaration of promises and pledges. It is an appeal to "the entire people of India to build up a mighty democratic movement. It appeals to all democratic forces in the country to realise that the building of the democratic unity of the people is the supreme need of the hour. The task of each democratic party is not to paint before the people an alluring picture of what it would do if the people voted it to power but to develop a powerfully united mass movement which alone can break the power of those who rule over us."

That a change is needed in the present structure of government does not admit of any doubt. But how is it to be achieved? The manifesto contains directions to do this and that, but it does not say how it is to be done. It gives an alluring picture of all that would ensue after the present Government is overthrown. The Communists would cancel all peasants' debts and transfer all land to the tillers of the soil, taking care to

provide for the poorer section of landlords and without harming the rich peasants. They would develop industries with the aid of nationalised capital. They would put an end to inflation by drastic reduction in the police and military budget, by effective price control and by currency reform. They would grant a living wage to the worker. They would protect the rights and interests of all minorities, penalise incitement to communal hatred and help the oppressed and backward sections to register rapid advance. They would eliminate anti-social habits and customs. They would help women to attain full freedom and equality. They would introduce free and compulsory education. But how to achieve all? The Congress too had these objectives, but they failed to implement them. If the election manifesto really means what it states then the Communists must go from village to village and start the work of social reconstruction by educating the masses, rather than go to the polls.

The Socialist manifesto was explained by Sri T. S. Ramanujam. The claim of the Socialist Party is based upon the failure of the Congress to carry out the moral obligation of working the Gan-

Gandhian philosophy and Gandhian economics. Its aim is to apply, if necessary, the surgery of social revolution for the establishment of Gandhian principles. According to Mr. T. S. Ramanujam, the Socialist plan had received the assent of Gandhi, and where the Congress had failed, the Socialists will succeed. For the successful implementation of their plans the Socialists would adopt every means, and revolution is not ruled out altogether. They would if returned to power abolish all zamindaris even without compensation, a thing which the Congress is unable to do since it is afraid to touch vested interests. The Socialist plan in this respect is even more expropriatory than the Communist plan. It does not exempt even rich peasants. The Socialist plan is to bring uneconomic holdings under collective farming. It envisages the severance of India's ties with the Commonwealth. It is for decentralisation of heavy industries and nationalisation of key industries. It is for compulsory primary education. It believes in giving a share to the worker in the management. It advocates a living wage to the worker. All these are lofty ideals, but how are they going to be achieved with the limited resources available is a question which remains unanswered. One method the Socialists suggest is the imposition of a capital levy. Another method favoured by the Socialists is the raising of Bhoomi senas and Bhoomi sevaks to bring some 250 million acres of uncultivated and fallow lands under the plough.

The Socialist manifesto is a harmonious blending of opposing principles—the Congress principles and the Communist principles. But how is this going to be achieved requires clarification in the manifesto. If the Socialists could reveal the several stages they will adopt for the achievement of their ideas and if their means also are as good as their aims, then certainly they deserve to win.

Sir S. V. Ramamurthi explained the manifesto of the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party. He said he was not hopeful of capturing power, but his party would help the Government to do its duty. In every democracy the opposition contributes to the better Government of the country. The real need of the hour was honest administration. Besides honest administration we must have capable administrators. People should realise that ideologies without men of integrity and administrative capacity to put them into practice is like a body without the head. Whoever wins—whether Congress, Socialists, Communists or the K. M. P. Party, they must be represented by men of integrity, character and administrative capacity.

Sir S. V. further pointed out the feasibility of the Ramapadasagar Project which, but for the apathy and the step-motherly attitude shown by the Centre, should have been by now yielding large returns. It was capable of yielding several million tons of rice—the main food for the South Indians. If once the price of rice becomes fair, every other price becomes equally fair and then there need be no discontent. "If one loaf of bread is given to six persons", he said, "they will be snarling at each other, but if six loaves of bread are given, they will all live in amity."

From the days of Harsha or Asoka the administration functioned from the Centre to the people. The people enjoyed the benefits of the Government if it was a benevolent one and the rulers were good, otherwise they suffered from bad rule. They never knew their duties. Now the entire fabric has been changed. It is now upside down. Power now really lies with the people. They have to be equipped with all the necessities for managing or wielding the power vested in them. Therefore, we must start now from the bottom, from the people. The cottage industries must be developed to such extent that almost all the needs of the people of the village at least are met by the village co-operative industries. This would give full scope for employment and draw away the surplus population from the land. It is only heavy machines and articles of national utility that must be left for production by the industrialists.

India, said Sir S. V. Ramamurthy, is a very rich country in natural wealth. But it is under-developed. The waters of the rivers have not been made proper use of. River projects must be given priority over everything else. Any one or two projects on the mighty Godavari or Krishna rivers can give us enough water and food. Even Madras could be assured of supply of water from those rivers. From out of those waters even electricity could be generated. Given water and of them towards greater economic use. It is meaningless to think that India was over populated. India is at present like a jungle whose potentialities have not been tapped and made use of.

The K. M. P. manifesto, Sir S. V. claimed is a complete answer to the challenge by the Congress President. Here was a party with a programme which is at once sound and practicable. It made the most realistic approach, without verbose and airy promises. This was the one party which correctly appreciated the need of the hour and therefore rightly deserved the support of one and all, he said.—KASTURI SIVAPRASAD RAO.

PANDIT HULUGUR KRISHNACHAR

By T. S. P.

MUSIC lovers attending the meetings of the Experts' Committee of the Music Academy will hereafter miss a popular and genial face, a portly figure dressed in the characteristic attire of Karnataka Desa, who was taking a leading and active part in the deliberations of the Committee year after year from the inception of the Academy in 1927. The recent death, at Hubli, of Vidya Bhaskara, Vidya Bhushana, Sangita Sastra Visarada, Kinnari Vidvan Hulugur Krishnachar has removed from the realm of Indian music a stalwart who was a rare combination of a practical musician and an erudite master of musical theory.

Krishnachar was born in 1891 at Hubli (Bhruvallisipura). His father Venkannachar was a professional Carnatic musician, a scholar in Sanskrit and an adept in playing a number of instruments. Many of the noted Shahnai players of the area were his disciples. While yet a boy, Krishnachar learnt the rudiments of Sanskrit grammar from his father and showed such a predilection for music that he acquired svarajnanam at the age of eight. After his father's death, Krishnachar studied upto Matriculation, passed a draughtsman's examination and entered service in the Southern Mahratta Railway as a draughtsman in the Mechanical Department.

It might be news to many of his friends and admirers that scholarly-looking Krishnachar, with the typical appearance of a professional musician, was a Railway employee. His late attendance at and long absences from the office were proverbial and his devotion to music cost him many a promotion in his official career. Nothing daunted, Krishnachar continued his musical study and practice and became the affectionate companion of leading Hindusthani musicians like Abdul Karim Khan and Sawai Gandharva (Ram Bhau Joshi). He was such an expert in tuning the

tambura that the late Abdul Karim Khan, who would not allow anyone to handle his drone instrument, used to



Pandit Krishnachar

ask Krishnachar to tune it before commencing his concert. He apprenticed under Sri Palande in instrumental music and mastered a number of stringed instruments. He contacted the famous Bhatkhande and was warmly praised by him for his proficiency in practical music and musical theory.

His sound knowledge of Sanskrit gave him access to original works on music and he made a thorough study of the Natya Sastra of Bharata, the Sangita Ratnakara of Sarngadeva, its commentary Kalanidhi by Kallinatha and other works by later authors. Krishnachar was one of the handful of musicologists in this country who based their knowledge solely on original sources. The writer who had the privilege of his acquaintance during his lifetime, had the opportunity of delving into his collection of books, now at Bagalkot, after his death. He found several editions of the Sangita Ratnakara, its commentaries, Datilam, Sangita Makaranda, Chaturdandiprakashika, Svaramelakalanidhi,

Sangita Sudha, Saramrita, Samaya Sara and other rare works in Sanskrit along with recent books on music in English, Marathi, Kannada and other languages. The journals of the Music Academy, commencing from its first number published in 1930, were found arranged in a neat pile. A remarkable feature about these books was that on practically every page of each work, the late Vidvan had underscored words and statements and critically commented on them in the margin, the remarks being sometimes humorous, sometimes sarcastic and not infrequently, uncomplimentary to the authors! He had also, with immense care, preserved cuttings of his own articles published in various journals and correspondence relating to musical controversies that took place in his time. Another part of his library consisted of editions of the best works in Sanskrit literature with learned notes in the margin.

Krishnachar's forte was his knowledge of the evolution of the Indian Musical Scale and the system of 22 srutis. Fully equipped with material gathered from original sources, he wrote as early as in 1924, when he was only 33, his research article on the system of srutis as expounded by Sarngadeva in his Sangita Ratnakara. His lucid explanation of the somewhat obscure theory was warmly praised by experts in the line like Sri Telang of Karwar. In 1927, he attended the All India Music Conference held at Madras and presented his paper entitled "An introduction to the study of Bharatiya Sangita Sastra." He followed this up with his thought-provoking paper on "The Indian Musical Scale—its development and continuity" and the conclusions arrived at by him were accepted by the Experts' Committee after much discussion.

His firm conviction was that there existed throughout India only one musical mata (tradition) and it was the Bharata Mata, handed down to us through his Natya Sastra and developed by Sarngadeva in his monumental work Sangita Ratnakara which was later brilliantly commented upon by Kallinatha. He was also equally convinced that later day South Indian authors like Somanatha, Venkata-makhi and Tulaja, with the solitary

exception of King Raghunatha, totally misunderstood and misinterpreted the Bharata Mata. Some of his views naturally evoked much controversy but the Pandit would not easily be routed in argument and often succeeded in convincing his dissidents.

Another favourite theory of his was that the system of 22 srutis was a perfectly practical proposition and could be maintained and demonstrated through a properly designed Vina. To prove this, he himself devised an instrument called the Visva Vina and gave a demonstration of it before the Music Academy in 1941. In a Sanskrit poem dedicating the instrument to the late Maharajah of Mysore and calling it the "Krishnendra Bhupa Mela," the Pandit says that the fretting principles of the Dhruva Vina and eight other Vinas were incorporated in the new Vadya. In accordance with his last wish, this Vina and his other instruments have since been sent to the Palace Museum at Mysore.

Most of the works left behind by him are in the shape of lengthy research articles on music in English and Kannada, published in the Journal of the Music Academy, Madras and in other periodicals. He has published a small work in Kannada called the "Karnataka Sangita Sastra Vimarsa". His magnum opus, however, is his work called the "Sruti Siddhanta" written in Sanskrit verse and submitted by him to the Maharajah of Mysore during the birthday celebrations in 1935. The work, which is now being printed at Dharwar, is the most authoritative work on srutis written in Sanskrit in recent years.

He conducted a music school at Hubli called the Bharata Sangita Sala for over twenty years. He was appointed Asthana Vidvan to the Mysore Durbar and during two of his visits to the Durbar he dedicated the Visva Vina and his Sanskrit work on Srutis to the late Maharajah. He was conferred the titles of "Sangita Sastra Visarada" and "Kinnari Vidvan" by the Mysore Durbar and presented with a golden kankanam (bracelet). The latter title was given to him in recognition of his proficiency in playing the Kinnari, another instrument designed and constructed by himself. In appreciation of his

contribution to the study of Sanskrit works on music, the All India Samskrita Karyalaya of Ayodhya conferred on him, on two different occasions, the titles of "Vidya Bhaskara" and "Vidya Bhushana."

He was most unassuming and did his work with a missionary zeal expecting no reward in return. At the end of his article on 'Ragas before Tyagaraja,' one of the last to be writ-

ten by him, he states in his characteristic fashion "I have been praised by a few while I have been ridiculed and even insulted many times by some others. But I am not in the least encouraged or discouraged by such superficial impressions and am carrying on my duties as per the holy order of the Bhagavad Gita 'Karmanyeva adhikaraste ma phaleshu kadachana'."

THE ILL-STARRED GENIUS

By P. S. RAMACHANDRAN

WHILE I was much younger, and was a college student, myself and my friends used to draw up the Indian cricket team for the first Test against Jardine's English team that visited India in 1933. I pointed out to my friends that there was a boy by name Amarnath, who was doing extremely well in all matches and that I expected him to be selected to play in the Test. And selected he was. He had the distinction of scoring a Test hundred in his first appearance, against great bowlers like Verity, Clark, Nichols, etc. I was proud of it, and I felt I had scored that hundred.

But he did not stop with that. He scored a few hundreds more against Jardine's formidable team in other first class matches. His became a household name.

Then came the notorious Indian tour of England under Vizzy. It is unnecessary to recall our performance there. But Amarnath had the distinction of scoring a century in each innings against Essex, and he was very successful with the ball in every match. Just when he was making history and was likely to create several records, came his expulsion. He was mercilessly ordered to return home in the midst of the tour, for insubordination, and there ended all chances for him of continuing his great records.

His performance against Ryder's team, Tennyson's XI, The Services XI are all too well known to be recapitulated here. Enough to say that he scored a dazzling century against the

Services XI, but unfortunately for him it was not an official Test though the team did contain great players like Miller, Hassel, Pepper, Christofani, etc. From 1937 to 1946, there were no official Tests, and Amarnath could not get the chance of displaying his greatness and recording his achievements in official Tests.

As there were no Test matches till 1946, Amarnath at his best could not get the opportunity of displaying his prowess. The Madras crowd had always been fascinated by him and in their estimation, there was no cricketer to equal him in batting genius. He could knock a bowler out of his length. The elegance of his stroke play, the ease and power with which he executed his strokes are always so vivid in our memory that we still recall only the old dazzling Amarnath.

But in the 1946 tour of England, he failed with the bat. Our team experienced a very rainy cold summer that year, which prevented our men from being able to produce their best. But as a bowler he did succeed in the Tests, and he had the honour of clean bowling Hutton before his score had reached double digits. His swingers were so effective, and he maintained such impeccable length, that he was always respected by the best of batsmen. But none can say that it was a successful tour for him and the weather was not in a small degree responsible for it.

But came the tour of Australia under his captaincy. Indeed, he was a very bold man to agree to captain a

team consisting of no opening batsman to partner Mankad or any additional opening batsman to relieve him when he was tired after bowling the maximum number of overs. He started the tour gloriously but only a sample of his brilliance. It soon faded under the burden of captaining a very ill composed team—"a team of shreds and patches". In the Tests his performance was not what a person of his capacity could and must achieve. Once great batsmen like Rangnekar and Gul Mohamed, and once great bowlers like Amir Elahi all let him down badly. Then most of his team mates contributed their quota of dropped catches. The result was despondency, disappointment and disillusionment. But in spite of it all he carried on courageously and even the great 'Don' respected him while he was facing his bowling. He pegged a good length and plugged one side.

After return, difficulties started. Still he was asked to captain the Indian side against the West Indies. Never did he win the toss. The West Indies always got the first knock on perfect pitches. Our bowlers toiled all day, only to find several catches put on the floor. I wonder how Amarnath remained in the field continuing to captain while the batsmen were given by some of our fieldsmen fresh lease after lease of life, and the opposite team went on amassing huge scores. Such huge scores would frighten and unnerve any team and captain in the world. But our team's reply under Amarnath's courageous captaincy was always adequate and fitting, but just insufficient to beat the opponents. All told, judged from the performance of West Indies against England, the performance of Amarnath the captain and the Indian eleven under his captaincy was indeed very creditable. I should think we had a moral Test match victory, in the last Test at Bombay, though records would not show that. Amarnath as a batsman in those series was not a failure, but again, that was not what he was capable of. What can one say about his stars, when he was out in the last over of the day in the Test at Bombay, and

when he was out hit the wicket at Madras after starting promisingly?

Thereafter Indian cricket became an orphan in the department of stroke play. It was deprived of the shining jewel in its crown. Reasons known and unknown made him not available for the team during the next two Commonwealth team visits. The spectators yearned to see him in action. Critics were saying that Indian batsmen were not quick enough for Tests! When our batsmen were batting at Madras in the two unofficial Tests, veteran spectators told those nearest seated "These batsmen, good God! You must have seen Amarnath play. Whether he scored a 25, a 100, or 50, there is no batsmen so delightful to watch as he."

Thus faded a batting genius and an all-rounder of great ability. He has become much older now. Perhaps this year may be his last year for Tests at least in home grounds. Does he not deserve a place in the team, at least as an all-rounder? Was his fielding at any time uncertain? Was not his bowling always respected? Can he not keep wickets in an emergency? When he got going, is there any batsman in India or elsewhere so delightful to watch, and who can feed the spectators with marvellous stroke play and advance the score rapidly as Amarnath?

I, as one of the spectators, am anxious to see him in action, and I am sure, that most people feel like me. I appeal to the authorities concerned, to give him a chance of doing his mite at least at this late stage, and creating some records in official Tests. More than anything else, are not the cricket enthusiasts entitled to derive pleasure by watching this giant among present day cricketers dominating the field with exquisite stroke play at least now? Next year he may be too old for Test, and apart from that, as our team will have to go to England, we in India cannot watch him. So let us have the pleasure of watching him at least during these Tests, for we may not be able to watch this genius play in Tests after the present series. Amarnath the non-captain has always been very successful.

THE CHANGING MIDDLE EAST

By T. V. RAMANUJAM

The Middle East is in the throes of vast socio-economic changes.

The position, confused as it is, becomes more complicated because of the interplay of Big Power politics in that strategic region.

In this talk broadcast from the Bombay station of the A. I. R. Sri Ramanujam explains some of the relevant factors influencing the trend of developments there.

THE countries of the Middle East are passing through a period of great upheaval. Syria, Iran, Egypt, Sudan—everywhere there are political and economic disequilibria. Perhaps this is true not only of the Middle East but of most of the under-developed countries of the world, a large majority of which are found only in Asia and Africa. In the Middle East, however, the rumblings in the political and economic sky have been loud and very disturbing.

What is this all due to? In the South and South East Asia many of the disturbances in the last two decades were essentially due to the far-reaching consequences of colonialism. In the Middle East, however, the convulsions have all been due to three other causes; the first is the question of communications, the second is the oil question and the third is the post-war Russo-American tension.

As a diligent student of political affairs has observed in a recent article "the Middle East is par excellence the example of 'sphere of influence' of Western powers in Asia."

Faulty Reaction

Of course, there are certain common trends in the awakening of the Middle Eastern countries and those of South East Asia. It is true that the Middle East has been trying to assert in very concrete terms its sense of independence. It is equally true that the reaction of European powers, who have attempted to carve out "spheres of influence" in the Middle East, to this demonstration of faith in full and unfettered sovereignty, has been very short-sighted.

"Too late and too little"—that has been the besetting folly, nay, the fatal blunder of the response of the haves to the demands of the have-nots. For

instance, the British reaction to Egypt's earlier attempt in November 1950 at unilateral abrogation of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 was hopelessly inadequate.

Similarly the Western powers have tried in the Middle East the same pattern of "divide and rule" which was the bane of their approach to problems in South and South East Asia. Ineffectiveness of the Arab League has been welcomed by the European powers because it has been very helpful to them in perpetuating their political and military alliances with the different countries of the Middle East. Events of the past few years in Levant, Iran, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Egypt have clearly proved that political and economic nationalism will run wild if the reaction to its preliminary manifestations is not sagacious and far-sighted. Syria and Lebanon have managed to throw off the yoke of the French Mandate.

Changes In Syria

Each of the two rival blocs into which the world is unhappily divided today, tries to woo the countries of the Middle East. During the war there was a Treaty of Alliance between the U. K. and the Soviet Union and Iran, according to which the Allied troops were stationed in Iran for the defence of Iran. But when the war was over, there began a bitter and acrimonious dispute over the evacuation of Soviet troops.

Active resistance of the nationalists led everywhere to the regaining of lost rights. For instance, the Nationalist Bloc leaders in Syria having overwhelmingly won in the general elections in 1928, drafted the first Constitution of Syria.

Again in 1936 the Nationalist Bloc leaders negotiated with the French Government the Syrio-French agree-

ment. But the French Government again proved purblind and refused to ratify the agreement. When the general elections were held in 1942, the Nationalists swept all their opponents off the arena.

In Syria, as indeed in several other parts of Asia and Africa, the attainment of independence, important as it has been, did not bring about the rapid political and economic strength that was once expected. Factions, personal ambitions and the clever intrigues of foreign powers have acted as brakes on progress.

Progressive forces have been fighting a grim duel against the yet powerful hordes of feudalism. For instance, in Syria the Arab Socialist Party led the fight against feudalism within and outside Parliament, with Akram Al-Hourani as its leader.

Just as we in India are trying hard to translate into reality the Directive Principles and the Fundamental Rights in our Constitution, so also the Ash-Sha'b party in Syria has been attempting to give concrete shape to the progressive features of the Syrian Constitution. For instance, free education in elementary and secondary schools has been introduced as from 1st January 1951. But all this progress is retarded by political coups. Within three years there have been four coups in Syria! The army under Col. Adib Shishakly in very powerful.

Why Is Egypt Aflame?

The pattern is similar in Egypt. Even the Right Hon'ble Lord Killearn, who was British Ambassador to Egypt from 1936 to 1946 has admitted that that the answer to the question "why is Egypt aflame?" is that "it is a case of nationalism run wild."

It must be remembered that Nahas Pasha has not always been an implacable enemy of the British. On the other hand, the Allies owe a deep debt of gratitude to Nahas Pasha for all that he did when Rommel was at the gates of Cairo. Throughout the war Egypt was most co-operative and extremely helpful to the Allies. Lord Killearn himself admits that though juridically Egypt was not at war with Germany, Egypt put all her resources short of taking the field, at the disposal of the British, as provided for by the treaty.

Why does the same leader who ini-

tiated and signed the treaty tear it up today?

The allegations in certain quarters in Britain that this has been done by Nahas Pasha's Government to divert attention from internal pressures and to maintain popularity is neither fair nor expedient.

It is true that in most Middle Eastern countries rising cost of living and widening inequalities in the distribution of property and income have created serious unrest among the millions of the poor. But stationing of troops of a foreign power does act as a powerful irritant.

The Sudan

While this is the background, one can also understand the firm determination of the British Government not to repeat the withdrawal staged in Iran. In the case of Iran the dispute involved a civil right of extracting and refining oil of a commercial company while in the case of Egypt the issue is one of international Military Strategy.

The situation in respect of the Sudan is not less confused. It is true that the Condominium agreement of 1899 recognised that Egypt has an interest in Sudan. But it also implied that there should be a further test.

The Umma party in Sudan has repudiated both Egyptian and British claims. Ultimately, the only solution must be a decision based on the freely expressed desire of the population of the Sudan.

Of the two facets of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute, we hear more about the Suez than about the Sudan only because the British Military are in sole charge of the latter. But if a settlement of the Sudanese question is delayed indefinitely the strain on peace in Sudan will become too heavy, and outbreaks of the kind witnessed in the Suez area may rise in the Sudan also. The Northern Districts of Sudan are in point of religion and culture akin to the Egyptians while the Southern Districts, as far as the majority of the population are concerned, lack both.

Moderation and wisdom on the part of the forces of resurgent political and economic nationalism in the Middle Eastern countries on the one hand, and far-sightedness and generosity on the part of Britain, France, U. S. A. and

Russia on the other hand will help this vital area to progress in a peaceful manner. Otherwise there will be continuous complication benefiting none of the parties concerned.

It is true that cotton is there to help Sudan, and the economic prospect is quite good as evidenced by recent budget surpluses. But in a world in which even Persian oil is not proving indispensable, to rely too much on cotton is not exactly the path of wisdom. Political instability and economic progress do not go together.

Sagacity, The Need Of The Hour

Neither U. K. nor Egypt can afford permanent ill-will. It must be remembered that the oil pipeline passes through territory under British control. Stoppage of the supply of oil would be serious for Egypt. Her industries depend for their power on oil. Her bakeries, which are also fired with oil, would have to stop. Her

sewerage system would be brought to a standstill.

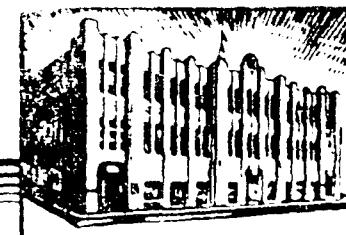
The Middle-East is in the throes of a vast economic and political change. Broadly, it may be described as an intense, but as yet uncoordinated, attempt to change from the feudal to the modern stage of economic development. In the political sphere it is marked by an equally intense hatred of "any" vestiges of foreign domination.

That the people of the Middle East, as the people of South East Asia, hate Imperialism more than they fear Communism may appear rather distressing to some in the West. But they must reckon with this basic reality of the situation.

In Iran as in Egypt blind insistence on the fulfilment of obligations to which they are legally bound will not help. It must not be forgotten that it is "emotional upsurge" and not "legal rights" which determines the patterns of national behaviour.—(A. I. R., Bombay).

(ESTD:

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PARTIES AND PLANNING

By Acharya J. B. KRIPALANI

REPEATEDLY we are reminded by Congress electioneering orators headed by Sri Nehru that only the Congress has a plan and no other party has any plan. We had not heard before that a democratic political party ever indulged in planning and kept before the voters an over-all plan as a party manifesto. The task is beyond a party that is not running the government of the country. We have heard of parties keeping before the country their ideologies, their aims and objects, the direction towards which the social order that they propose will move and their schemes of reform, but this is the first time that we hear that a political party can and should keep a ready-made plan before the country. The Communists are supposed to be very scientific but before Lenin came into power in Russia he had not issued a plan on behalf of the Bolshevik Party in Russia. He had defined his ideology and his scheme for a new social order but he had no ready-made plan. We have yet to learn that through its long history the Tory Party in England ever kept a detailed plan before the electorate. Similarly, we do not know if the Liberals and the Labourites in England ever kept a plan before the British electorate. Neither have the Republicans nor the Democrats in America ever kept an over-all plan before the country as an election manifesto. Most of the parties in Western democracies do not talk in terms of ideologies even. They merely inform the public about the direction of their social engineering.

This is natural. Planning is a job which only a Government can undertake. Also, even as the blue-prints for the plan are being prepared, work in some important directions is undertaken, which gives an idea to the planners about the actual difficulties in the way. When Lenin carried out the electrification of Russia he had no blue-print of a complete plan. He wanted to give a certain direction to

Russian economy. He wanted to work it mostly through electricity and not through steam. Electricity was the most modern, most convenient, and most useful mechanical energy then available. A present-day genius would make only a limited use of electricity. He, while using electricity, would examine the possibilities of atomic energy.

No party can have the resources of materials and power to undertake planning. Even a Government in power cannot undertake planning unless it has a complete estimate of the population of the country and of its possible increase or decrease, the agricultural and the mineral resources, the capital that can possibly be made available, the state of the industrial advance and the scientific and technological development of the country. These are only some of the things required for planning. Above all, planning requires that the statistics should be reliable.

Has the Government of India even a rough estimate of all the various factors needed for planning? To talk of these last—statistics—it is notorious that the Government's statistics, even where they pretend to have them, are in a hopeless condition. A year and a half back in a speech during the Food debate in Parliament I quoted for the information of the House some figures from a publication issued by the Government of India. From the figures of the population and of the cereal production in India the publication gave, it could be deduced by simple calculation that allowing 16 ounces of food for every adult and eight for every non-adult—a scale of ration that has never been permitted to us in recent years—there was a surplus of two millions and a half tons of foodgrains in the country! If such are the figures about so vital a matter as food, the reliability of those about the rest can be imagined.

Even then, is the fat volume that has been issued by the Government a plan in any sense of the term? It

consists in the stringing together of some of the schemes the Government already have had in their possession. It is difficult to see in what ideological category the plan can be put. I do not want to review this plan here. I content myself with Sri Vinoba's opinion about it.

A political party can only indicate the direction towards which the social order it wants to promote is to move, and mention priorities. Only when that party is in power can it plan, in the light of the social order it has enunciated in its election manifesto and work out the priorities. As a matter of fact, I have not yet seen any planning in the strict sense of the term attempted by a democratic Government run on capitalist lines and having a mixed economy. Communist Russia could make an over-all plan because it had complete control over all the human and material resources of the country.

To place before the country a fat volume that requires considerable time and expert knowledge for its

proper study may be a convenient electioneering stunt but it gives scarcely any idea to the average voter as to what he is required to vote for. And our voters are not even like the average voter in a well-established Western democracy. At least 85 per cent of our voters are illiterate and have not even the knowledge of the three R's. The document itself is in English. It has not been translated into provincial languages. Moreover, it is not complete even. I wonder if even the members of the Central Cabinet have studied the document, let alone the members of the State cabinets. The wonder is that the plan is seriously mentioned in public meetings of lakhs of people who go more to have the darshan of the leader than to listen to him or understand what he says beyond this—that he wants them all to vote Congress. And the document that is mentioned as a manifesto is not even complete! I leave it to the intelligent reader to judge the merits of such a procedure.

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THE BANK RATE

By S. NARAYANASWAMY

THE most interesting fact about the Reserve Bank of India rate is that we forgot all about it for sixteen years. It has remained unchanged for 45th of a 20-year period during which that good man, Rip Wan Winkle whom we all envy, is reported to have slept through. It is not surprising that we forgot all about the Bank-Rate—for instance, we are already getting so used to draught conditions for five years now that we are nearly reconciled to it and will shortly forget to complain about it. In one sense what is surprising is that we make such heavy weather about a trifling half per cent increase in the official bank rate—for we are a country who have shown considerable leadership in two matters, high interest rates and high human fecundity, which latter reminds me of the story retailed decades ago with somewhat mordent humour by the late Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri. In the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, the question arose as to the basis of fixing member nations subscriptions. Area and revenue were among the suggested bases. Earl Balfour who headed the British Delegation of which Mr. Sastri was a member innocently asked "why not population as a basis?" Mr. Sastri confessed that himself and the delegate from China quailed in their shoes, as such a basis meant that sizeable parts of the Revenues of the two countries would be required to pay subscription. Fortunately for India, the suggestion was not accepted.

To come back to the Bank Rate. What exactly is all the outcry about? What is all this talk about stringent money and credit control? What has happened exactly and what more is likely to happen? Let me endeavour to answer these questions.

On the 14th of November, just a month and two days ago, the Reserve Bank of India announced that their 16-year old Bank Rate of 3 per cent would be increased to 3½ per cent. The Bank Rate is the rate at which the Central Bank lent money to commercial and scheduled Banks. A week

preceding, the Bank of England had increased its rate from 2 to 2½ per cent in accordance with the Tory programme of inaugurating a dear money era, curtailment of administrative expenditure, checking welfare and social security spending and controlling unrestricted commercial credit. We are informed that the Indian Bank Rate change after 16 years and within about four days of the Bank of England changing its Rate has nothing whatever to do with the action taken in London. I can understand this somewhat overzealous disclaimer of imitative action by the Reserve Bank of India for, this will, for one thing, place in the hands of political leftist parties within the country a bugle with which they will proclaim that our Commonwealth links are real and insidious and that our economic enslavement to Britain persists in spite of independence. For another, the conditions which obtain in England of colossal social security spending, full employment, cheap money in the very real sense of the term—that is, cheap to the urban and rural borrower alike and a highly integrated banking system combined with the great advantage of a well-developed bill market, all which are affected and are intended to be affected by a change in the Bank Rate, are conspicuous by their absence in this country. Critics of Reserve Bank's policies may start saying "what is good for England is not necessarily good for India, with all her under-developed economy." So that we need not start a controversy on this non-essential subject of whether the action was a kind of command performance or one based on intrinsic money conditions in India. I am fully prepared to treat this remarkable chronological sequence of identical monetary measures 6,000 miles apart, as one of those coincidences with which history is replete.

What is of absorbing interest is the reason assigned for the Bank Rate change. The Reserve Bank's Communique said that Scheduled Banks' advances towards the closing months of 1951 had increased to such an

extent as to constitute a record for war and post-war years. Presumably this was not a desirable position with which to commence the busy season; it was necessary to check this tendency which could be accomplished only by an increase in the official Bank Rate. This was accompanied by a declaration that the Reserve Bank of India would not engage in open market purchase of Securities as it was hitherto doing, but would accommodate Scheduled Banks on the pledge of gilt-edge holdings. This latter part of the Reserve Bank's announcement raised a bally-ho all over the country and the wisdom of the announcement has been the subject of acute controversy all over the country. Financial journals have been unanimous in their condemnation of this declaration. I had occasion elsewhere to characterise this masterly indiscretion on the part of the Reserve Bank of India as a town hall step announcement by a medieval sheriff. Events on the Government Securities market have since borne out the truth of these criticisms—but of this more later.

To get back to the Reserve Bank's complaint about the increase in Scheduled Banks' advances: It is true that almost all banks Balance Sheets for the half year ended 30th June 1951 indicate increases in advances. It would be interesting to examine the reasons for this. In the first place, lending rates have been on the high side. They have no comparison with the yield available on gilt-edge securities. The margin of profit on export trade has been high and since devaluation, we have had a vigorous export market for our goods. The export trader has been quite agreeable to pay heavier rates for borrowing. Several banks which used to engage mostly in indigenous lending against commodities and securities, got a taste of exchange bill business. This is a well-protected high-return bringing investment. Its essentially short-term character and consequent high turnover ability made an irresistible appeal. Little wonder several banks have taken to the bill trade with all the enthusiasm of new converts. Produce loans of a more or less self-liquidating nature at fairly high rates of interest, constituted the busy season's attraction, while well-secured loans to esta-

blished industrial companies were difficult to refuse. The banker has always to deal with that ever-present headache of vanishing margins and unexpected shortfalls and usually pleasant constituents turning truculent when in a squeeze and talking legal rodementade. Banks have to provide for bad debts out of profits but have latterly had other things to do. They have to provide for the additional expenditure to meet the obligations under the Bank Employees Tribunal Award. Irrespective of the outcome of high level legal battles as to the validity of such an Award, Banks have more or less decided that there is no going back on the benefits and allowances already conceded, though perhaps in the matter of hours of work, banks will take a stiffer stand in the coming years. This means the expenditure ratio of banks has been going up and this has necessarily to be met out of increased revenue. This increased revenue can come only by more purposeful, more remunerative employment of the funds at their disposal. The tendency for banks to swell the advances portfolio has in a measure to be ascribed to the primordial law of self-preservation.

The other reason for banks doing so is, that they have been reducing their Government Security holdings by reason partly of the comparatively low yields obtainable thereon and partly because of the steady deterioration in price levels. This decline in prices has gone on for four years now and banks have had a distressing time providing out of revenue for gilt-edge depreciation year after year. It has been a tiresome and profitless pre-occupation keeping gilt-edge securities up to statutory levels in the holy name of liquidity—and is it any wonder banks reduced their gilt-edge holdings to the statutory minimum and diverted their funds to advances—again as a measure of enlightened self interest.

I have no doubt that the Reserve Bank of India with its comprehensive Research Department and inside knowledge of Scheduled Banks weekly figures are fully aware that all this business of a change in the pattern of bank fund employment was an inevitable sequence to the inescapable

economic realities of high expenditure which employees' clamour accentuated on the one hand and the disheartening state of the gilt-edge market on the other. Now what is the extent to which the Reserve Bank of India expects to reverse this tendency by a half percent increase in the Bank Rate?

It is useful in this context to realise that what has happened in India is only a local manifestation of a world-wide monetary trend. American Bankers and Insurance experts have been warning the world about the swing back to an era of dear money for over six months now and have asked credit institutions to stick to short-dated securities in spite of low yields. "The clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour" said Thomas Carlyle, "but there is no hammer in the great horologue of time which peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era." So we did not hear any clock chimes when the new era of stringent money was inaugurated and the bank rate change in India took us unawares.

The Bank Rate has had little significance for the average Indian, because the overwhelming population which is engaged in agriculture has been borrowing its moneys at usurious rates of interest which ranged from 5 to 6 times the bank rate and this vast community which constitutes the real India has been left wholly untouched by the banking system of the country. The much-maligned bazaar money-lender who is sought to be presently put into a legislative straight jacket, has had to fill the requirements of the rural borrower. The urban banker and the rural borrower are still far apart for the banking system in India is still woefully under-developed and unintegrated to the ultimate village community. Thus between the agricultural borrower on the one side and the urban banker on the other lies an Iron Curtain. On one side are 18% borrowing rates and brasstack facts about agriculture being rendered uneconomic by burdensome borrowing rates and on the other side of the curtain lie air-conditioned and heavily carpeted sanctums of the bank managers who speak softly of one percent call rates and 5 percent overdrafts. To those accustomed to borrow at 12 and 18 per cent this talk

of a bank rate increase from 3 to 3-1/2 percent is naturally among the profound mysteries in which high finance remains perpetually enveloped.

In a well developed economy, therefore, Bank Rate manipulation as an instrument of credit control is effective. The U. S. Federal Reserve system or the Bank of England are central power houses from which flow financial energies to the smallest rural borrower through the transformer stations of the big City banks, the Provincial banks and their rural counterparts. The Governors of these central Banks operating their switch-gear can regulate the flow of credit through the entire system. In India, thanks to our poorly developed banking system, the Reserve Bank of India can by operating the instrument panel of credit control—that is by changing the bank rate—hope to achieve no such country-wide or satisfactory results. The arena of effective control is, one is sorry to confess, not even represented by the spheres of financial influence of the scheduled banks under their statutory control. The absence of a bill market of any worthwhile dimensions renders the control even less effective. So that a Bank rate which is wholly unrelated to effective borrowing rates in the country has no means of influencing the restriction or expansion of ultimate credit facilities. True it may add to the pinpricks and harassments of the urban borrower who may receive polite circulars about increased overdraft rates and larger margins, but beyond this it can do little to touch the economy of the country. It is good to remember that since 1935 when the 3 percent rate came into force, we have fought and won a World War Two, increased our note issue sixfold and decreased the buying power of our currency to a fourth of what it was in 1935. Throughout these years of monetary upheaval our bank rate has remained unchanged.

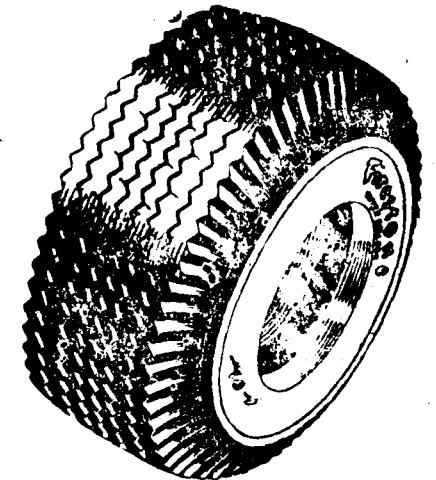
Let us not therefore over-rate the significance of the Bank Rate increase. Dalal Street in Bombay, Clive Street in Calcutta and Firstline Beach in Madras may get excited for a time over it. The Bank Rate change is of importance only in so far as it reduced the gap between official and effective money rates and imparts the touch of realism to the world of illusory cheap

money we have painfully built up. The change is therefore unreservedly welcome.

A word about the Reserve Bank's open market operation policy in regard to gilt-edge. I dare not omit to dwell on this if only because of the damage done to Banks and Insurance houses by the Reserve Bank's announcement. Open market operations have never been the subject of policy pronouncements in the past. This is a thing on which the proverbial banker's reticence has been meticulously observed. If Reserve Bank of India wanted to stop buying, they could have done so, by gradually fading out of the market—and without resort to the issue of a communique. The fall in Security prices would in my opinion have been less severe and banks and insurance houses would have had year-end embarrassments of lesser magnitude. Second thoughts of the Reserve Bank in according support to the Conversion Loan at Rs. 80 are a stabilising factor, no doubt. It is reassuring to read in this morning's papers that banks are to be allowed to apprise their security holdings on 31st December at the average rate prevailing in the six months preceding that date. As a nation we have been taught to be thankful for small mercies and currently banks have reason to feel more confident about their year end figures.

I cannot conclude this talk on the Bank Rate, without answering the pertinent question, "what of the future?". When the Bank of England put up her rate from 2 to 2-1/2 percent, the London "Economist" greeted it as a step towards realism but said that the appropriate Bank Rate for Britain was 4 percent. If we submit our money conditions to similar relentless tests and recognise the existence of the Iron Curtain between the primary producer of agricultural wealth and the ostensible provider of resources in India, we shall arrive at a much higher figure than 4 percent as our appropriate bank rate. An upgrading of our official Bank Rate though it may be gradual, is inevitable, unless we want to continue talking high faluting nonsense about cheap money. It is a long deferred and therefore more painful surgical operation. The country will have to grin and bear the tribulations of

transition. May be text-books on monetary management, banking manuals and Keynesian doctrines with which our minds have been drugged, have to be unlearned in order that we may find an essentially Indian solution for the peculiar problem of India's economy—where super-inflation in price levels subsists alongside of tight money and a dried up capital market. Let us prepare ourselves for integrating banking with the principal wealth producing sector of India's economy—agriculture—and break the Iron Curtain. Let us prepare ourselves for the ultimate realities of higher but more purposeful money rates in the coming years. Let not the mental gap between the banking community and the rural producer be as wide as that between the Bank of England Reception Clerk and the widow who entered the Banking Hall with a thick envelope. The widow declared "I have come about some Consols I hold." The Clerk curtseyed and asked "Is it about their conversion or redemption?" She gazed at the ceiling and then all round and asked "Is this the Bank of England or the Church of England?"



Firestone

**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

ARTISTIC INSPIRATION

By JOHN O'HIND

IT was an interesting coincidence that the Governor of the Eastern Province and staff came for grouse shooting to Sinha-giri at the time when Arjun Singh, Chief Minister of Sandepore State, was there with his family on a short holiday. Sir Arjun entertained His Excellency and staff at the Sandepore Bhavan, and His Excellency was 'at home' to Sir Arjun and party at the Government House. Thus things got going—the two exalted persons saw each other a good deal, their respective entourages mixed, and as might be supposed, little Cupid too began to get busy.

Indira, the only daughter of Sir Arjun had accompanied him to Sinha-giri, and the mischievous imp made great execution with his darts in her behalf. The Indian A. D. C. of His Excellency the Governor, Captain Mahendrapal, was handsome and gallant, and so was Indira charming and accomplished.

She talked entertainingly, played piano, sang divinely, and painted as cleverly as any amateur. Sinha-giri was situated at one end of a fine lake abounding both in game and beauty spots. While Indira made studies of the latter with her brush, young Mahendrapal made use of his gun. These mutually exclusive interests threw the two young people together a great deal, and naturally matters drifted towards a climax.

However, another holiday-maker forestalled the young Captain. A. B. Ghose, the millionaire from Bengal was a hustler. He had no qualms but went in sure of coming out an easy winner—almost a case of *vini, vidi, victi*. But, alas, for once in his life neither his millions nor his hustling tactics made the least headway. And before long, Sinha-giri society heard of his departure perhaps in search of a more congenial clime where his millions and hustling were better appreciated.

The rebuff which the master of millions got made lesser mortals beware. Captain Mahendrapal feared to tread where a millionaire had lately rushed to his own discomfiture, until one fateful afternoon he found himself and Indira thrown together without a chaperon. A quiet boating excursion on the lake was fixed the previous day by Lady and Miss Arjun with Mahendra to row them. But Lady Arjun felt indisposed, and the young couple had to go alone. Miss Arjun was quite modern and she won't hear of postponing the engagement. She had planned to make a study in oil colours of a certain spot on the other side of the lake.

The lake was calm but for a gentle ripple. Mahendra plied the oars, while Indira sat facing him with a square piece of canvas mounted on a frame on her knees. She was dabbling on it with her brush.

From his place Mahendra watched her face intent upon the work, the wind gambolling among her hair and dress. She was an alluring picture, and whenever she raised her eyes to his face which she frequently did with a roguish smile dimpling her cheeks, his heart missed a beat or two.

There was not much conversation as Indira was engrossed with painting. At last Mahendra asked her what it was that she had been engaged upon.

"Guess," she said without raising her head.

"A sketch of the lake?" ventured Mahendra.

"Wrong. Guess again."

"I give it up."

Without replying, Indira went on with the work.

"Wish I could paint too," he went on musingly. "I would have done at least one picture that would beat the Royal Academy to fits. I would call it 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

Indira laughed. "Why go to the classics for your subjects? Try something modern."

"My 'Lady of the Lake' is quite modern, yet still retains some of old world charm."

"It must be a rare one in that case."

"Certainly such a one is rare to find." He wondered whether he should drift the talk to his advantage, gradually coming to the point. At that moment Indira laid aside the brush and surveyed her work, holding the canvas with the frame at arm's length. She appeared satisfied, and turning the face of the picture towards Mahendra she asked, "What title would you suggest to this one?"

Mahendra looked. It was his own portrait in the act of rowing, done in oil colours! Mahendra was surprised. "Ah, Miss Indira, you've done me an honour!"

"I hope it is a fair likeness. I would call it—well, what would you like me to call it?"

"Don't worry about the title. What I am personally interested in is the destination you have in mind for it."

"Not the Royal Academy; my ideas are more modest. Some provincial exhibition will do."

"If you give it to me, I promise you that it will never lack an appreciative spectator," and he held out an eager hand.

"Don't touch it, the paint is still wet. I shall certainly think about your suggestion before finally disposing it off. For the present it will remain with me. I have yet to give the finishing touches. But here's journey's end," she added as the boat approached the other side of the lake.

"And-Lovers meeting? I hope not," muttered Mahendra to himself. He rowed for some time in silence. The thickly wooded shore came down in a gentle slope until the hanging branches dipped into the water. A small mountain stream ran into the lake, and the loud murmur sounded musical.

"This is the very spot I've had in view" said Indira.

The boat came alongside the bank. The young lady lightly leaped ashore. Mahendra helped her with her painting outfit.

"Thank you," cut in Indira's voice. The easel was now set up and a new sheet of canvas fixed to it. From there the painter had a fine panoramic view of the mouth of the stream and the romantic scenery of the adjoining bank. She now stood before the easel with the palette in one hand.

"Thank you immensely, Captain Mahendrapal. I won't detain you further. I see you are eager to get away, though you are too polite to show it."

It was true that Mahendra had brought his gun with him and had the idea of having some shooting in the woods while Indira was painting. But he was quite content to forego the pleasures of the chase for the company of Indira. But she insisted on his not interfering with his plan, and Mahendrapal ultimately said, "You don't mind if I leave you alone. Well, I shall be back at 5.30."

He waved his hand and moved away towards the boat. He pulled it half out of water to prevent it floating away. Then he took out his gun and walked up the bank.

As he sauntered among the thickets, with the gun tucked under his arm, he again debated within himself whether he should declare his love before they part that evening. The holidays would soon be over. The Governor and staff would soon return to the capital and in all probability that would be the last he would see of Indira. Thinking thus he summoned all his courage and nerved himself to take the fatal plunge that very evening, come what might.

All at once his hunter's instinct revived when a large wild fowl broke cover and crossed his path and disappeared under a bush. He lost the wild fowl, but bagged a hare and a brace of partridges. In the heat of the chase he was led further than he had meant to go, and he now found that he would be late by a quarter of an hour before he rejoined Indira. With rapid steps he traversed the woods, dangling in one hand his kill. He at last came to the very spot whence he had last seen the young painter and the easel silhouetted against the sky higher up the slope. But the boat and Indira were nowhere to be seen!

He sent his eyes ranging over the entire landscape as far as his vision

could reach. He ran down to the brink of the water, and scrambled up to the small level place where he had helped Indira to set up the easel. But there was nothing at all to indicate her presence.

He stood there and gazed across the lake. The residential quarters with its buildings could be seen from there much reduced by the distance. How could he get there, now that the boat was gone, and what should he tell Indira's parents? He blamed himself for taking the girl at her word and leaving her alone in the wild country for over two hours. Without the boat he could get back only by making a long detour which would take hours.

Suddenly an empty bag was thrown over his head, and strong arms pinioned him from behind. Mahendra struggled valiantly to shake himself free. But he was soon trussed and gagged. He felt being lifted up bodily and borne off through the woods at a quick pace. He did not know how long he was thus carried through the woods. At times he thought he heard the rush of mountain torrents.

At last his bearers stopped and let him down. They untied his hands and legs, and soon he rid himself of the bands and the bag which muffled him. He breathed with great relief, and after a time he became aware that he was standing inside a small room with bare walls. There was a round table about which there were chairs. He realised that one of the chairs had an occupant, whose figure somehow appeared familiar. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. He had a great surprise.

"Why, Indira! How on earth—"

"Yes, Mahendra, your eyes tell you a strange tale. But don't excite yourself. Our jailors might be near by."

"Jailors! Then you are a prisoner like myself?"

"Of course, you don't suppose I ran away and came here of my own accord? I was absorbed in my work, when I was suddenly seized from behind, tied up and carried here on some rude stretcher. It is barely an hour since I was brought here and shut up in this room."

"Almost the same thing happened to me. Only they didn't provide any conveyance for me."

"They were more considerate in my case."

"But who are these rascals and what do they want of us?"

"I have not the slightest idea. They may be scoundrels, but they seem to be civilized ones. Do you know they even allowed me to retain your portrait with me."

"My portrait?"

"Yes! I told them I prized it most highly because of the tender associations it possessed—"

Tender associations! Mahendra wondered whether he heard right:

"Even as the bearers jogged me up and down and the twigs and leaves brushed against me, and even as fear and anxiety gripped me, the feel of your portrait in my hands was a source of hope and consolation to me."

Mahendra gasped. He was entirely unprepared for such an unreserved avowal of love from her.

"It is quite ruined," she sighed. "That nightmare of a journey here!" she began to sob. "All rubbed off—on the way!" and she broke down.

Mahendra went over to her and took her hands in his. "Don't give way, Indira. Cheer up! We shall take our chance, and some way of escape—"

"Escape! Don't talk of escape! There is no escape from this place!" Her tones were hysterical.

"Don't despair, Indira. There is always hope."

She suddenly recovered herself. "Forgive my weakness, Mahendra. I was quite overcome by the rapidity of events that happened during the last few hours. Though this picture is quite spoilt—no matter, you are with me."

In spite of the uncertainty of their position, Mahendra was supremely happy. Even if the next moment were to be their last on earth, he had no regrets, since she loved him!

All of a sudden they became aware of the presence of a human figure standing there, motionless as a statue. How long he had been standing there they did not know. It was as if he

simply materialised out of nothing. He came forward and bowed to them separately.

"Good evening, Captain Mahendrapal and Miss Arjun Singh. You will certainly recollect me?"

To their infinite surprise they now recognised the blubber face and the round figure of the Bengali millionaire who had shortly made his exit from the society of Sinha Giri.

"In the name of all that is outrageous, what is the meaning of this, Mr. Ghose?" asked Mahendra.

"Patience, doughty Captain! Will you please sit down?"

"Are we to understand that it was by your agency that we were forcibly brought here?"

"Consider yourself for the present as my honoured guests. Captain, you regard me as a rival, while Miss Arjun would sooner die than suffer herself to honour my temporary abode by her presence. But as it happens, she has to endure my hospitality for a few days more. Meanwhile, Capt. Mahendrapal, let us get to business without delay."

"Well," he resumed sitting down in a chair, "when two important people like the Governor and the Chief Minister of Sandapore State come to the same hill station and spend the greater part of their time closed together with their secretaries, it ought to strike the most obtuse intellect that something important is going on. To be quite plain, the holiday and the grouse shooting are mere blinds, and we know that the Governor and Sir Arjun have come here according to previous arrangement. Their real purpose is to concert measures in the event of an invasion! You know both the province and the State are immediately within the danger zone and are so situated with regard to each other that neither can defend itself without the support of the other. As to what their plans are we soon hope to get at them—by your help."

"By our help!" echoed Mahendra.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

"You are an enemy spy, then, Mr. Ghose?"

The other bowed "Spy, secret agent, fifth columnist, Quisling—call

me anything. As to the matter at present before us—we shall detain Miss Arjun here until such time as we feel satisfied that all the relevant facts concerning the defence plan are placed in our hands by her father. She will be treated with all respect due to her position, and will be restored to her father immediately after he has complied with our modest demands."

"So, that's the game! To blackmail Sir Arjun by holding his daughter as hostage! Suppose he refuses to betray his country?"

"But we have the fullest confidence in Sir Arjun's love for his only daughter, and surely he won't take any step that would prove to her disadvantage. A father's love is a potent factor, Captain; so also, may I say, a lover's. For the past few days we were on the watch and we have decided to enlist your help, too, in the matter. You will act as a go-between. Don't say you won't, because you know you will. Within another hour or so, you will find yourself in the same romantic spot whence we were obliged to take you. Lose no time to get into the boat and row back to Sinha Giri. Inform Sir Arjun Singh of all that has happened. Tell him to hand over true copies of all the documents bearing on the defence plan to you, which you will bring with you tomorrow evening, all alone, and you will find Miss Arjun there quite safe and sound."

The man's meaning was plain. Mahendra realised that they had fallen into the hands of people who would stick at nothing to get what they wanted. Looking at Indira the young man experienced a sharp pang through his heart, and a feeling of great anger at his own helplessness possessed him. He hastily turned over in his mind the possibility of making a sudden rush on the suave scoundrel and take their chance.

"There is one thing more I should like to tell you before we part," said the kidnapper. "Don't do anything rash. If you contemplate any treachery we are sure to know. We know where to look for you and Sir Arjun and could watch all your moves, while you don't know where in the wide world to look for us. So be

THE SAGA OF THE "TIMES"

By G. P. CLARE

ONLY a few among the thousands of newspapers published daily in every corner of the globe can claim a truly international reputation. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that, even in this select circle, the position of "The Times" is unique. Its history, tradition and the determination with which it fought for independence have rightly earned this newspaper its place as first among the few and also the nickname "The Thunderer." It "thundered" its way through political and financial difficulties, defeated intrigues and law-suits and tried at all time to live up to truth. It took this newspaper nearly fifty years to form its individuality, and that was quite a painful and costly process.

John Walter I

The founder of "The Times," John Walter, was born in 1738. He acquired a considerable fortune as a coal merchant, but trade went against him, and, after losing a lot of money, he became an underwriter of the famous Lloyds of London. In his new profession John Walter continued to experience bad luck, and finally he went bankrupt. He had, however, a good reputation and business friends were prepared to help him over this difficult period in his affairs. They tried to get him a position in the civil service, but failed. When things looked black indeed for John Walter he met by chance a certain Henry Johnson, a London printer who had invented a new method of type-setting and printing which excluded many mistakes in printed work that had till then been accepted as inevitable. Walter bought Johnson's patent and, with the financial assistance of some friends, set up the "Logographic Press" a printing works in which Johnson's method was to be used exclusively. Again the financial success for which Walter had hoped did not materialise and his printing machines stood idle. It was then that John Walter decided to start a newspaper. He hoped that his own experience of commerce would help him to find readers among business people and in conse-

quence "The Daily Universal Register" contained mostly market reports and shipping news designed to attract them. Its first number appeared on Saturday, January 1, 1785. Eight other London newspapers were already being published at that time. Naturally the newcomer was attacked by those who had been there first and the rather clumsy name of the new paper was continually made an object of competitors' jokes. John Walter decided to change the name of his paper and, on the 1st January 1788, "The Times" introduced itself to the London public. Walter's newspaper venture was moderately successful, "The Times", selling 1,500 copies a day on the average, which was quite a high circulation for the eighteenth century.

No "Thundering" Yet

None of the newspapers published at that time were independent of the various political parties and of the powerful politicians and noblemen who governed Britain. On the contrary, it was the accepted practice to pay newspapers annual sums either to defend or attack the Government of the day. John Walter was a courageous man who had mastered adversity, but it never occurred to him that this system of taking bribes was wrong. On the contrary, Walter tried hard to obtain money from the Government, and did in fact receive an annual fee of £300 for defending the policies of those in power. Nor did he try to lay down rules of journalistic accuracy and place the truth above everything. He found himself eventually involved in a libel suit and the court sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. He spent sixteen months in gaol. In a letter written in 1790 he appealed to the Government for further financial assistance, pointing out that his support of the cabinet had cost him dearly. He was granted a "gift" amounting to £250 as compensation for his suffering.

John Walter II

When the founder of "The Times" died in 1812 he left the management of the newspaper to his son John

Walter II who was a true gentleman, liked by his friends and respected by his enemies. It would not be incorrect to describe him as the real creator of "The Times" as we know it today. His father had started a newspaper more or less by accident and in order to make a living for himself. John Walter II had grown up with the newspaper and it meant more to him than just a means of earning his daily bread.

The first great innovation John Walter II introduced, in 1814, was the installation in the "Times" offices of a steam printing press. This had been designed by two German inventors, Friedrich Koenig and Andreas Bauer. This new machine enabled "The Times" to print more quickly than its competitors, and therefore, to start printing later, making it possible for this newspaper to carry reports which the others had to leave for the next day. Not that the "scoop" was anywhere near as important in those much more leisurely times as it is today. Nevertheless, the readers in the early nineteenth century preferred the machine printed paper to its old fashioned hand-printed competitors.

When the first numbers of "The Times" appeared, disquieting news began to reach England from across the Channel. In France the people stirred against their aristocratic masters. "The Times" was still in its infancy when the full fury of the French Revolution broke loose. As the paper grew up, political events abroad began almost to overshadow the importance of home politics. Napoleon marched from victory to victory and threatened to invade England. News from abroad was no longer of interest to a few politicians only.

A Letter from the Foreign Secretary

"Foreign Office, Sept. 18, 1813. Mr. Hamilton presents his compliments to Mr. Walter and is directed by Lord Castlereagh to request he will have the goodness to tell him if he has received any intelligence of the reported defeat of the French near Dresden....

To: Mr. Walter, Times Office."

This letter is one of the most astonishing documents in newspaper history. The powerful Lord Castlereagh, His Britannic Majesty's Princi-

pal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, instructed Mr. Hamilton—his Under-Secretary—to find out from John Walter II whether it was true that Napoleon's army had been defeated. "The Times" had better and quicker information than the Government.

What kind of news did the papers get from abroad at that time? Mostly they had to rely on copies of newspapers published in other countries, which were translated and summarised in the London office. In some cases British residents abroad wrote despatches for the London Press, but the "Foreign Correspondent" was practically unknown until John Walter II sent Henry Crabb Robinson to Mahburg and Altona. From there Robinson regularly transmitted messages to "The Times" describing what was happening in Northern and Central Europe. Robinson suggested to Walter that there should be someone appointed in the London office whose job would be to collect all the information coming from abroad and to supervise its publication. The customary method had been to string together a few paragraphs without paying much attention to titles or ordered sequence. With this suggestion Robinson had shown up one of the greatest weaknesses of the newspaper at that time. There was no real editor. Most of the work was done by a few staff-writers and by the proprietor whose business cares did not permit too much concentration on actual newspaper work. The senior staff-writer did have certain editorial responsibilities. He wrote the leading articles and had some influence on the newspaper's policy, but the final decision always rested with John Walter.

"The Great Unknown"

In 1809 Thomas Barnes, a young law student, was introduced to John Walter II by the dramatic critic of "The Times." Walter took a liking to the young man, and after a period as free-lance contributor Barnes joined "The Times" as parliamentary correspondent. Ten years after they had met for the first time Walter handed over complete editorial control to Barnes. He could at last realise his ambition of entering Parliament and lead the life of a landed gentleman.

It was John Barnes who made "The Times" a great newspaper. During his period of editorship the paper became known as "The Thunderer." Barnes possessed the courage of his convictions. He was not impressed by high position, wealth did not interest him, and he lacked all personal ambition. For himself he wanted nothing, for his paper everything. He might have become a famous writer, instead he preferred to be the uncrowned and anonymous king of journalism, "The Great Unknown." Although a few important people knew that Barnes was in fact the editor of "The Times" the public at large never heard his name. He began the tradition of anonymity which "The Times" has maintained to this day. Barnes knew that a man's ambitions grow as his name gains publicity and glamour. Anonymity is the shield of independence necessary to a newspaper determined to search for the truth and to defend it once it has been discovered. Its enemies furiously attacked "The Times." To many it seemed almost unnatural that a newspaper should not be either for or against the Government, that it should dare to assess independently the wisdom of policies, and that it should advance its own opinions with fear or favour.

When Barnes died in 1814 at the age of 56, he had not only made "The Times" the foremost newspaper in Britain, he had also established journalism as a respected profession.

It was now John Walter II's task to select a new editor for the paper. The choice fell on a very young man. At 24 John Thadeus Delane became editor of "The Times." Barnes had established the predominance of "The Times" in his own country. Delane made it a power in world affairs. Under Delane the task of editorship grew to a proportion which Barnes never knew.

A Crisis

For 36 years John Thadeus Delane had occupied the editor's chair. The young man, who at the age of 24, had succeeded the great Thomas Barnes, had become old and sick. John Walter III, who had assumed the responsibilities of Chief Proprietor on his father's death in 1847, had for some time been pressing Delane to resign the heavy burden of editorship of

"The Times" and to enjoy the remaining years of his life in well-earned rest. At last Delane gave in. What it meant to him to leave the paper which had been everything to him he expressed clearly in the letter he wrote to John Walter III. "I may or may not live for a few months," Delane wrote, "but my real life ends here. All that was worth having of it has been devoted to the paper and I do not repine."

Delane had never been a great writer. In fact he wrote little himself, but he was a born newspaper man. When he left "The Times" there was no paper better and more accurately informed about events at home and abroad.

At the time of his resignation "The Times" enjoyed great prosperity, yet, only a few years later, "The Times" found itself in difficulties. The popular press challenged its hitherto unassailable position. Universal education had enormously enlarged the reading public, vast cities had arisen, news was flashed by telegraph across continents, the whole world was changing rapidly. Perhaps "The Times" had been too sure of itself. It had remained aloof for too long, and Arthur Walter, the fourth of the Walter dynasty, had to face the fact that the paper no longer paid its way. The most serious crisis in the history of "The Times" had arisen. How was the paper to be saved? Two methods, which would have brought immediate financial gain could not even be considered. It was out of the question to lower the standard of the paper, and Arthur Walter steadfastly refused to permit "The Times" to become the mouthpiece of a political party. Its independence had to be maintained even if it meant running the risk that the paper would have to cease publication. The problem was partly solved by two American publishers. It was their idea to publish a cheap edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" which was to be sold on the hire-purchase system. For the permission to use the name of "The Times" for this venture they were prepared to pay the paper a percentage of the profits. Arthur Walter consented and this scheme, as well as a few others initiated by the two Americans, enabled "The Times" not only to continue, but to make a handsome profit.

But these business ventures could not go on forever. Ways and means had to be found to make "The Times" once again a profitable enterprise without resorting to somewhat artificial methods. The man who achieved this was "the greatest genius in English journalism," Lord Northcliffe. Fleet Street is not usually lavish with its praise of those who earn their living there. But Lord Northcliffe was indeed Fleet Street's greatest master and most untiring servant. When he bought "The Times" in 1908, Northcliffe became the most powerful man in the history of the British press. He succeeded where almost every other man would have failed. He modernised "The Times" and ensured its financial stability without damaging the character of the paper. To this day "The Times" has remained independent of party influence, it has never permitted "human interest" to crowd out of its pages a sober and factual assessment of the news.

Now that we have heard so much about the history of this great newspaper, let us go through its pages. On the first page you will find no headlines, no news, no pictures. The whole of it is taken up by advertisements and the most popular of these—if when talking of "The Times" one may use the word popular at all—are those known as "Hatch-Match-Despatch." Their real headings are "Births," "Marriages" and "Deaths." In these columns you read that the wife of Mr. Smith has given birth to a daughter. Further down under "Marriages" another Mr. Smith informs you that he, the son of the Mr. Smith who lives there, has married Miss Jones the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. "The "Death" notices are not big advertisements with a black border as on the continent. Very simply in two or three lines of close print they give the name of the deceased, the date of his death, and sometimes, but not always, details about the funeral.

Under the heading "Personal" in the next column you are always bound to see some entertaining notices. In a copy of "The Times" picked at random one reads the following: "A. W. H.," famous but broke, at the top of his literary form, needs a patron urgently."

When Parliament is in session the

second page of "The Times" gives an exact account of the previous day's parliamentary proceedings, both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

Home news takes up the third page, and three times every week the famous "Law Reports" which no law student or lawyer in Britain can afford to miss appear on that page. From them the lawyer learns much about the practical application of the law.

Page four belongs to the world of sport whilst page five bears the heading "Imperial and Foreign." On this page you find short reports from "The Times" correspondents. Brief concise accounts of interesting news stories are printed here, but no commentaries on the various topics are given. The most important news from home and abroad take up the whole of page six. Usually the news story is given first, then a short comment from the correspondent who has written it follows. "The Diplomatic Correspondent" also writes on this page. The next page is perhaps the most important. It contains the "leaders," a feature on some interesting subject, and readers' letters. "The Times" always publishes four leading articles. The first one deals with the most important political subject of the day, the second is devoted to a more general review of events, the third discusses matters mostly of home interest. The fourth leader is read by many people before they look at any other section of the paper. This famous fourth leader is to "The Times" what salt is to an egg. It is always humorous, packed with that dry English wit which people who have not lived in England can never quite understand.

The remaining five pages contain court announcements, art news and criticisms, obituaries of famous men, financial and city news, such as accounts of company meetings and stock exchange quotations, then more advertisements and on the last page photographs.

There really is plenty to read. Indeed, to read a copy of "The Times" from the first to the last page would take more time than most people can spare. But, owing to the excellent "lay-out" and the clear presentation of reading matter, everybody can quickly find those items that interest him most.—Copyright—N.N.F.

VIJAYANAGAR TAPESTRY

"MALLESWARI": A POEM IN CELLULOID

RETREAT into the past for day-dreaming can be a very pleasant occupation, particularly when the present is sordid and tasteless. All of us indulge in this pastime at one time or another. Nobody understands this pardonable human weakness and turns it into profit better than the controllers of our modern pleasure-industry, the cinema. Hence the increasing tendency among our film producers, of late, to give us more and more of what are known as "period pictures." But when a producer and director of the calibre of Sri B. N. Reddi indulges in day-dreaming about the past, it is not surprising that the result should be a picture like "Malleswari," a lovely lyrical poem in celluloid.

Historically the scene is laid against the background of the Vijayanagar era in its heyday, when Srikrishna Deva Raya held sway over the entire Deccan. It was an era of peace and prosperity all round and if ruins are any indication of past glory, those at Hampi today bear ample testimony to the greatness of Vijayanagar. Poets led a life of luxury then, sculptors flourished and dancers and musicians occupied a coveted place in society.

Against this back-drop of Vijayanagar tapestry, interwoven exquisitely with dance, music, sculpture and the languid indolent life of harem queens, Sri B. N. Reddi has unfolded a simple tale. It is the tale of two lovers, their trials, tribulations and their ultimate union blessed by the great Srikrishnadeva Raya himself. Commonplace you say. True. But considering that our physiological make-up has remained very much the same as it was, say, ten thousand years ago, it is no wonder that our basic human emotions have always been at once commonplace and fresh. And who doesn't love a love-story?

Malleswari, or Malli to be short, arrived rather late in the conjugal life of her parents. The family lived in a remote village and Malli's father was a master-weaver, affluent, gentlemanly. He doted on his vivacious daughter. Malli's mother was of

course different. She had a brother who actually resided at Vijayanagar, the seat of the Kingdom. He was a cloth merchant. This single fact was enough for Malli's mother to tilt her nose at her husband and his sleepy village, curse him for his bucolic, unambitious existence and dream a great future for her daughter. Who knows! Malli, with her rare charm, wit and vivacity might one day occupy a place of honour in the Queen's apartments at Vijayanagar.

Malli, on the other hand, had her own dreams. From childhood to girlhood and womanhood, she grew along with Nagaraju, her cousin, doted on him and loved him as only a woman could. Nagaraju was a lovable vagabond by occupation and a master-sculptor by inspiration. A chance meeting of the pair in a choultry with Srikrishna Deva Raya himself travelling incognito, and a jocular request to him by Nagaraju, land the lovers in serious trouble; they are separated, Malli becomes Sri Sri Malleswari Devi, Maid of Honour to Rani Tirumala Devi, consort of the monarch. All the right ingredients having been gathered, the story moves along expectantly, with interludes of music, dance and pageantry at the right places. Finally the lovers are joined in holy wedlock and we are all happy.

At this stage, one might legitimately ask, what is the speciality about this picture? It is this: the magic touch of an artist and idealist like Sri B. N. Reddi is discernible in every frame of the picture and the result is a harvest of delight to the discriminating show-goer. There is a crystalline spontaneity about every aspect of the film—its dialogue, songs, musical score, dances, photography. Just as under the spell of a powerful magnet scattered filaments of iron arrange themselves in exquisite patterns, even so in this picture ordinary words become inspired literature, moulds of clay become real architecture, commonplace musical tunes become capable of expressing the inexpressible. Sri Reddi has succeeded in reconstructing for our joy the authentic atmosphere of Vijayanagar days, the fragrance of



Phanumathi as Malleswari

which informs the whole picture. This director of the romanticist school of thought pressed into service other eminent idealists in their respective spheres. Thus it has come about that Sri Devulapalli Krishna Sastri has for the first time been engaged in writing songs and dialogues for a film. Sastri is a major poet in Telugu today and in the realm of musical composition none can hold a candle to him. Sri Rajeswara Rao who directed the music is an artist of rare quality to whom the discovery of new melodies is a religion, not mere art.

The customs and manners of the court of Sri Krishna Deva Raya, how the harem queens conducted themselves, the entertainments they preferred, the pomp and the ceremony, have all been portrayed in such a faithful manner that even the most squeamish historian cannot lay his finger on a single anachronism. Whether it is a harem maid's skirt or a temple pillar, everything looked Vijayanagar. I have it on good authority

that it took three years to produce this picture and I am surprised that it took only three years.

Among the actors and actresses, Srimathi Bhanumathi steals the whole show as usual. As a sprightly village maiden, as a passionate lover, as a bejewelled damsel of the court, Maid of Honour to the royal consort, Bhanumathi lives every inch of her part with real insight and understanding. She lingers in your memory long after you have seen the picture, the spirited girl that loved ardently, nobly, facing the trials of life boldly even defying death—a portrait of a complete woman in her infinite variety. People who rhapsodise over a Scarlet O'Hara would do well to remember that we too have a Bhanumathi who could give us a Malleswari.

This picture is a personal triumph of B. N. Reddi. He has raised further the already high quality watermark of Vauhini. I wish I could pat him on the shoulders. Only, they are much too high for me.—GORA SASTRI.



By V. P. SATHE

THE major topic of the day is naturally the elections. And though films and elections are poles apart, films figured prominently in election news last week. Thus, for instance, at an election meeting addressed in Bombay by Srimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, the Socialist candidate for the House of the People, a section of the audience is reported to have shouted "Vote for Nargis", "Vote for Madhubala". Commenting on this news a local daily wrote: "The cry 'Vote for Nargis', 'Vote for Madhubala' suggests that the electorate attaches very little glamour to the personalities of men and women politicians now assiduously courting it."

It appears that today film stars draw more crowds than politicians in India. In this respect also we seem to be following the West; for in Britain larger crowds gather to greet Hollywood stars than the Prime Minister. In America also Gregory Peck seems to be more popular than President Truman. Popularity apart, the stars are not known to have taken part in political elections in England or America; though in presidential elections the stars are reported to have taken part in Democratic as well as Republican rallies in U. S. A.

In India, too, an effort seems to have been made to mobilize film stars for election propaganda. According to the front-page story in *Blitz* "An official offer on behalf of the A.-I.C.C. was made only last week to a famous film actress, whose name must remain anonymous, for a five week engagement to tour the State touring for Congress. The lady demanded Rs. 1,00,000 (90,000 in black

and 10,000 in white) according to the recognised practice of the industry." The deal, however, was not put through since the film star's guardian objected to the local Congress boss, who tried to mix business with pleasure."

If this story is true it only manifests the recognition by politicians of the importance of the following that film stars are enjoying today.

Besides stars, the film itself is a powerful weapon of propaganda. And the political parties are apparently fully aware of the efficacy of the film as a medium of propaganda. The Congress Party, for instance, is making extensive use of films for propaganda. In Bombay, the Congress is screening short films in working class areas. The short films mostly depict the independence struggle led by the Congress. The cinema slides and mobile village touring talks are being extensively utilized by the U. P. Congress Committee for election propaganda. The Committee is reported to have asked the A.-I.C.C. to supply all the shorts depicting the history of the Indian National Congress.

In this respect, the Congress seems to have been more lucky than other parties. But the other parties are resorting to stage dramas, ballets and songs for election propaganda. And perhaps in the next general elections the motion picture will be utilized by all leading parties to propagate their ideals and ideas.

Picture Of The Week

Producer P. N. Arora has never claimed to be original. He has been modest enough, at least in private talks, to reveal the sources of all his

screenplays. The source of *Nazneen*, for instance, was revealed by Arora himself before others could find it out.

Nazneen is a cocktail of three or four foreign pictures adapted by Sadiq to suit the requirements of the Indian screen. The adaptation has been partly successful and so has been the picture itself. For, the Indian audiences with all their alleged credulity are not prepared to accept fantasies unless they are presented in the garb of Arabian Nights or mythology. Unfortunately *Nazneen* is a modern fantasy in which a Westernized statue—and not a Devi—comes to life in the garb of a modern bobbed-haired woman—and that is perhaps the reason why the audience is not taken in by this fantasy. Even the angels, who are supposed to be staying on clouds are unfortunately attired in Western style.

Indeed had the costume and conception of the fantasy been more Indian the picture would have been far more successful than it has proved. For, barring these discrepancies, the picture offers truly good entertainment. It all begins, like most of the social pictures today, with the hero being married off to a girl against his wishes by his parents. All his efforts to persuade his father fail and on the eve of the wedding night in his sleep he defies his father and runs away to Bombay with his friend. In Bombay, they enter the queer house of a sculptor and get a job. It is in this house that a statue made by the sculptor comes to life and puts our hero into a predicament. First, he is accused of theft of the statue, later he is taken to be a madman and removed to a mental asylum. He runs away from the asylum and is later found and brought to the court on the day when the dream girl is, is destined to become a statue of stone once again. He rushes from the court to the house only to find the girl transformed back into a statue. The dream does not end here. The parents arrive on the scene, take the hero back, marry him and on the wedding night he finds that the girl he has been married to is the same girl he had met earlier.

At this point, the dream ends and the reality begins. The hero meets

his friend, tells him the dream and decides not to run away. Next day as the real wedding is in progress, the hero is anxious to see the face of his wife and find out whether his dream will come true. Ultimately it does come true.

Quite an interesting though inconsequential and thin story, in fact, thanks to lack of incidents the picture fails to grip and engross the audience at places. In a comedy, the tempo should be uniformly brisk. But that is not so in *Nazneen* which has many dragging moments. For a maiden effort the direction by N. K. Ziria is most commendable, but the dialogues by Azim Bazidpuri instead of being pithy and smart are unnecessarily long. The music is a queer mixture of Indian ragas and Rumba Sumba rhythm. Even the angels dance to the rhythm of 'La Cucaracha'; and the repetition of the idea of the climax song of *Pardes* in a different context is far from satisfactory. Among artistes, Agha is obviously the best. He gets maximum laughs from the audience and Chanchal, Madhubala's sister, gives him good support. Madhubala, Nasir, Om Prakash, Jayant, Pratimadevi are their usual selves.

A good time-killer *Nazneen* fails to come up to the standard of Arora's previous comedy hit *Pugree*.

Personality Of The Week

Gemini's *Sansar* has proved to be the most popular picture of the year; in North India it is expected to break the records of even *Chandraleka*. And yet any one who has seen the picture will admit that the story of *sansar* is not original; it is particularly inspired by the works of the renowned author of Gujarati plays and domestic screenplays. The name of that author is Prabhulal Dwivedi, the author of 'Aina' and 'Grahasti'. There is so much common between 'Aina' and 'Sansar' that one is constrained to observe that the latter is inspired by the former, though as a picture *Sansar* is infinitely superior to its predecessor.

Comparison apart, Prabhulal Dwivedi has proved himself to be one of the most successful screen-writers as is evident from the success of 'Aina', 'Grahasti' and now 'Gumastha'. Prabhulal Dwivedi has thus carried

forth the tradition of M. G. Dave of glorifying India's old traditions with a little difference. In Dave's stories the educated modern girl was always portrayed as an evil; in Dwivedi's stories also the modern girl is the principal villain. But Dwivedi is prepared to concede that all modern women are not bad and that education helps a woman to run her home in an economic and contented manner. Sulochana Chatterji of *Grahasti* is the ideal woman of the present day middle-classes. She is the compromise of old and new ideas of womanhood and hence a step forward over Dave's heroines.

But more than his screenplays, he has earned renown as a writer of Gujarati plays. By now he has written 51 plays in Gujarati and he has been writing plays for the last thirty five years. A few days ago on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday his admirers honoured him at a function held in Bombay and presented him with a purse of

Rs. 31,000. The honour was well-deserved and one hopes that even now after he has become sixty he will contribute better screen and stage plays in the years to come.

News Of The Week

—Filmkar's *Anarkali* went before the camera on Wednesday 13th at Central Studios. Kamal Amrohi directed the first shot while Ajit as Salim faced the camera. The shooting is expected to progress for forty days without a break.

—Jayant Desai announced *One Thousand and One Nights* as his next picture.

—Dilip Kumar is expected to accompany Mehboob when he leaves for England next week for the processing and editing of *Aan*.

—Jagdish Sethi has launched his new picture *Jagoo* which is written by him in collaboration with Phani Muzumdar. The cast includes Shakuntala, Cuckoo, Sajjan, Tiwari and Jagdish Sethi.

GALO PLAZA: PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR

By JOHN W. WHITE

IT now looks as though Galo Plaza is going to be the first civilian President who ever served out his four-year term in Ecuador. He has only a year more to go. Already, Ecuadorians are bemoaning the clause in the Constitution that bars his reelection.

Galo Plaza has imposed democracy on Ecuadorians and they find they like it. That sounds like a strange way to speak of democracy, but it happens to be true. Ecuador throughout its independence has been one of the most backward republics of the Western hemisphere. Its history has been a kaleidoscopic succession of aristocratic dictatorships and comic opera revolutions. It has had 27 Governments in the last 25 years.

Ecuador is slightly larger than Newfoundland, including Labrador. Its population—3,362,000—is somewhat under that of Ontario. Nearly 90 per cent of the population is pure blood Indian or halfbreed. Three-fourths of the people are illiterate.

Galo Plaza was convinced the only way such a people could know democracy was to have it imposed upon them from above. Dictatorship had been imposed on them all their lives; why not try imposing democracy?

First of all, Galo Plaza abolished censorship. With considerable difficulty he managed to convince doubting editors that they would not be assassinated or imprisoned for criticizing him and the administration. Then he put into effect, for the first time, all the constitutional guarantees of civic rights, such as liberty of association and freedom of religion. He followed the U. S. example of presidential press conferences, the first Ecuador ever had.

Finally, the President made himself accessible to the public. On Wednesday mornings, his reception room is crowded with barefooted Indians and the so-called common people. They bring their personal problems to him for solution, including debts, family quarrels, and disobedient children. If

he has done something they don't like, they tell him so.

It works so well that Galo Plaza is known throughout the republic as the people's President. Wherever he goes, men, women and children wave at him familiarly and call out a gay "Hello, Galito!" That is the Spanish affectionate diminutive form of his first name, as used within the family circle. In any other South American republic, such familiarity would bring a jail sentence for lack of respect.

Galo Plaza was born in a Greenwich village hotel in New York on February 17, 1906. His father and mother had stopped over on their way to Europe. Years later, he returned to the U. S. as a student of agriculture and economics. He attended several universities; made all the football and athletic teams, but was too much of a playboy to finish any of his courses. Finally, he quit the foreign service school at Georgetown University in Washington to become an attache of Ecuador's embassy. That was the job from which his father had him fired. His father, Gen. Leonidas Plaza, had twice been President.

The playboy seems to have picked up quite a bit of practical know-how somewhere along the way. When his father's eight haciendas began losing money steadily in the 1930's, Galo Plaza was assistant purser on the *Grace* liner, *Santa Teresa*. His parents persuaded him to come home and take over management of the farms. He accepted only on condition that there would be no appeal from his decisions. Then he married and settled down.

The first thing he did was to order the family home from Europe to save money. Then he imported U. S. and Canadian farm machinery and modernized the farms. He paid off all the debts in four years. As soon as he was certain the farms would go on making profits, he went into politics.

He was president of the city council of Quito, then senator, minister for national defence, and ambassador to Washington. He resigned as ambassador in June, 1946, when President Velasco Ibarra suspended the Constitution and set himself up as dictator. A year later, he announced his candidacy for the presidency and took the campaign to the people, U. S. style,

travelling to all parts of the country by plane, automobile and muleback. It was the first such campaign in Ecuador's history.

The election was the cleanest Ecuador had ever seen. Galo Plaza won it easily and became the first elected President in 24 years. He was inaugurated in September, 1948, for a four-year term.

He immediately set about doing for the country what he had done for the family farms. Ecuador's banana production has trebled in three years. Most of the crop is exported to Canada and the U. S. Last year coffee and rice production joined bananas in hitting all-time high. By the end of 1950, the former heavily unfavourable trade balance had been converted into a favourable balance of \$16,900,000. There is no shortage of dollar exchange, but import controls have been set up to channel the dollars into the payment of Galo Plaza's programmes for better public health, farm and industrial development.

When I visited Galo Plaza at the presidential palace here recently and asked him about his politics, he replied: "I'm left of centre. Ecuador has been ruled too long by the reactionary conservatives."

The President has told Ecuador's Communists, however, that he stands firmly with the Western democracies in their opposition to Communism. He has offered to help Washington patrol the Pacific approaches to the Panama canal in case of war.

When I asked the President what his proudest achievement was, it turned out to be something completely separate from the presidency.

Seven years before he was elected President, he founded the American School of Quito on a 13-acre plot just outside the city. There are 650 pupils, aged 3-1/2 years to 20, studying on U. S. school standards. The principal is an American and so are 14 of the 42 teachers. Galo Plaza is President of the school council and addresses the entire student body every year.

"This started as a dream of mine," the President told me. "I'm very happy it has come true. Whenever I get depressed, I visit the school and I always come away feeling better."

—Copyright.

SIDELIGHTS :

Where the wasp got through, the
gnat sticks fast.—FONTAINE.

PAGE 6 of *The Hindu* of 14th December carried a news item under the title "Fatal Car Accident Near Erode." It ran as follows: "A motor car proceeding from Mettupalayam to Erode today dashed against a culvert near Veerappan-chattram, two miles from Erode fatally injuring an old woman sitting on the culvert. Two grand-children of the victim sitting near by received slight injuries. They are being treated in the Erode Government Hospital. The driver has been arrested and the police are investigating." (Italics mine).

On the very next page of the same issue of the paper is published an account of another motor accident. In this case too a woman was killed, not an old woman but a young one of 26, pregnant at the time. The shock of the accident forced her to deliver the child on the spot. The death of the mother and the birth of the child must have occurred at once, at the same moment. The driver of the car was Sri Govind Swaminathan, State Prosecutor. He was not arrested like the other driver.

At the inquest held over the body of the dead woman the State Prosecutor declared that he was driving the car at a speed of between 40 and 45 miles. He saw the leg of the woman "fly in the air". At what speed should a car race in order to make a leg fly in the air in that manner? It is a problem for technicians, but lay opinion inclines to the view that the speed should be nearer 70 than 40. Here was a car driven by the State Prosecutor, dashing in a populous city at perhaps double the speed of an express engine, and it is with the poor woman that the panchayatdars find fault! Their verdict has the ring of a rebuke. They pronounced that Kannambal—that was the name of

the woman—"got involved in an accident" and died on the spot. As if rushing in a car at breakneck speed is the right and proper thing, and failing to escape with life and limb in time is a misdemeanour, an act of "getting involved in an accident!"

Many of our laws are made in the pattern of times when vengeance was much in the air and the ruling doctrine was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. There is a wide gap to be bridged between the content of law as it exists and the substance of advanced thought as propagated by a succession of pioneers in social philosophy. Even crime is by some held to be a disease calling for the gentle nurture of the psychiatrist and not the stern punishment of the judge. No injured party, especially when dead, is any the better for the punishment of the injurer, and except for the momentum of habit there is not much in the demand that the State Prosecutor should also have been arrested as the Erode driver was. On the other hand it was wrong to have arrested the driver when such a mighty exemplar of the majesty of the law like the State Prosecutor was let go for committing the same act.

If the police want to be respected the least they can do is to deprive Sri Govind Swaminathan of his driving license. That would at least go some way towards ensuring the safety of the City's roads for the survivors in our midst. Otherwise people will feel that there is no equality of treatment under law for all; that public safety comes next only after the privilege of the rich and the influential; and that this privilege extends even to the point of killing wayfarers with impunity. As all this is under our Congress regime, people are puzzled as to why they should vote for such a regime. There is no excuse in this case of monsoon failure or the strain of refugee rehabilitation to extenuate a deplorable record.—SAKA.

IN CHINA AND JAPAN

By Dr. J. C. KUMARAPPA

(Excerpts from letters from China and Japan from Dr. Kumarappa)

AT Mukden and here pre-British and Japanese high class hotels are used as officers' rest houses and workers' dormitories. It is as though the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay or Spencer's Hotel or Connemara Hotel in Madras, were converted into dormitories for Congress volunteers. The only difference is that these buildings are maintained in a very good state. As we went up North the standard of cleanliness became lower, until at Mukden there were plenty of flies and crows and the spitting habit was also evident. There were also mosquitoes. But the people were industrious and well-fed. Even the animals are fat and rounded. The carts and carriages may be in a bad condition; but the mules, horses and bullocks are fat and strong. These people eat very good food. At a station opposite our compartment, there were found hawkers and in their sale-cases, covered with glass, were at least about 8 dozen chickens roasted and well prepared. They sold them at about Rs. 2 each. They also had Chinese steamed bread like 'iddali' and cooked vegetables, fruits tied in strings and other sweet dishes. I have never seen outside the U. S. A. such quantities of food at such low rates. The village children are well-dressed; if anything, they have too much clothing with cotton shoes made in their own homes. It is a pleasure to see these. Their pigs are stall-fed. I asked a farmer, "Don't you let out these pigs to eat nightsoil? His reply was, "How can we afford to give them such valuable stuff, which we convert into manure? In any case our pigs would not eat nightsoil as they are not accustomed to it." I asked our guide about this. He is an officer of cultural relations with foreign countries and he is still accompanying us on our tour. He was rather surprised to hear pigs eat nightsoil anywhere. He said, "I have never seen or heard pigs eating such stuff." These people are great meat eaters and they also eat a lot of vegetables. I fear their food is over-

cooked in oil, etc. We, vegetarians in our party, had to live mainly on boiled potatoes, baked bread, cauliflower and beans upto Peking. After that one of the Chinese joined us and ordered various Chinese vegetable dishes; so we have also mushrooms, asparagus, spinach, soya-bean preparations, tomato and even curds and milk. The Chinese use very little milk.

Nanking

China has pulled herself up not merely through the measures taken by the Government but largely because of the character of the people. They do not believe in religion but are conscientious and honest. Everywhere from a fish market to a chain store the prices are fixed. If our country is down and out it is mainly due to lack of character from top to bottom. Their orderliness and organising power are marvellous. We may have better memories and brain power but we cannot match their native shrewdness and instinctive practical mind. The Governor of the Peoples Bank gave us a talk at Peking on the Economic Situation. It was not the statistics that impressed me but the personality of the man. He was no match to our 'economists' academically. He was an old military man. He is advised by technical experts but the practical ideas are his own. In six months they had turned the country from inflation to stability. Even now, of course, the prices run into astronomical figures. It is nothing. It is just as though we calculated everything in terms of pies. The unit is small. This can be set right any time. A quarter anna is equal to 100 yens. Business does not suffer from uncertainty. Food is plenty and so is cloth. Everywhere you meet smiling faces. This is the true test of good Government and prosperity. I have a fear that after this transitional period things may change if they do not look sharp. Already the indices show a very small drop in food crop and a large increase in cotton, tobacco and

hemp. This is a trend we know too well as industrialisation, and we also know where it will lead to. I do hope that with their genius for putting things right, they will tackle this rising symptom early enough to control it.

At present they claim that the purchasing power of the peasants in the N. E. Province has gone up by 60% and that of the general population by 53%, I do not doubt it has. There seems a general feeling of prosperity. So far they have not spent their money on roads. They have concentrated on agricultural production, and that, by improving their old methods. I have not yet seen any signs of mechanised farming. It is all done by donkeys, mules and bullocks. Small horses are also used. Their animals are well fed and looked after. Man and beast have enough to eat and to waste, but the latter is against their nature. The Chinese seem to have a peculiar genius to convert all waste into wealth.

At Mukden, in the steel companies, the manager's allowance is about three times of the minimum wage, which latter is calculated to support two persons. Some good labourers get nearly double that of the manager. Can we say this of Tata's or Birla's?

Their old race courses are converted into permanent exhibitions to educate the masses. The hutments are of bamboo thatties. No admission is charged. School children are taken by the teachers. The children take notes of what the guides say and the latter answer the children's questions most attentively.

Shanghai

From Nanking we went to Shanghai. It is a huge city with skyscrapers, etc. The streets were strange without cars. On either side of the road were three lines of cycle-rickshaws, which they call 'pedecabs.' There were a few motor lorries carrying goods. The approach to the city, as usual everywhere, was through slumps and dirt. There was plenty of food as usual. The air was foggy like Calcutta. They had some American type of buildings about twenty storeys high. We were in a hotel about fifteen storeys high. Only in Shanghai we could get any English newspapers. There are also

some privately-owned newspapers, which even criticise the Government. But as a rule, the largest circulation is of Government controlled papers. People are so patriotic that even if they have short-wave radios, they do not turn that on, so they do not listen to foreign broadcasts. This keeps us in the dark about affairs in India.

We visited a People's Court where cases are tried with quick despatch. There are no lawyers. The present being a transitory period, even the judges are only men of six months' to a year's training. All the old laws have been set aside and only common sense prevails. There is a judge, an assistant judge, and one man and one woman acting as assessors. The judge examines witnesses, etc., directly and the Government provides a defender to the accused in complicated cases to help the Court. Representatives of the public are allowed to be present and to express their opinions also. In a case we saw, an ill-treated wife had committed suicide. The mother-in-

law got fifteen years, the brother-in-law ten years, and the father two years on probation. While some representatives of the public said that the judgment and the punishment were good, one woman got up and said that in her opinion the sentences were lenient, as the suicide was the direct result of cruelty and was almost like murder. She thought the mother-in-law should have been awarded capital sentence! Such is Chinese Democracy today."

Tokyo

I reached Tokyo after an excellent passage from Hongkong. The bowing and scraping politeness here is so artificial and superficial after all that head-erect but heart-felt, cordiality of China. I feel already a little 'home-sick' for China! Those people were loving and lovable. Even the toddlers on the streets, the moment they recognise you as a foreigner, get hold of their mothers' pyjamas and peep and greet you with a sweet smile; and little older ones clap their hands in joy. At Canton little boys had been lined up at the station to say farewell to us with flowers. As one little fellow handed me a bunch of flowers I bent down to pat him on his cheeks. Immediately he put his arms round my neck and clung on to me. This was a signal for all the other little ones to do the same and they all started climbing over me until Pandit Sunderlal shouted, "Be careful. He is a blood-pressure patient, you will kill him with your affection." Then some of the senior volunteers came to my rescue. Such was the unbounded affection of young China.

Tokyo is very much westernised. The streets are full of sleek big cars. The Japanese baby cars are like out-sized tops on the roads. Against these you have the double buses with a front part that functions like an engine and the rear part is a huge vehicle for passengers. The roads are broad with trams running in the middle. Apart from Central Tokyo the rest is a sprawling big city. Central Tokyo is like an American city, with buildings of 8 or 9 storeys high built in the American style. The war devastations have made it necessary for them to build up all the damaged areas and so, high building works are going on everywhere. On the first

night they took me to a hotel, where I found a notice, in my bed-room, that Japanese visitors will not be allowed to see guests in public lounges but only in private bed-rooms. Immediately I wanted to leave the hotel, but as it was about 9 p.m. I was persuaded to spend the night there. I shifted early next morning to another hotel. There are taxis marked "Foreigners' cab." No Japanese can use such taxis. There are buses running often empty, which are reserved for occupational forces and no Japanese can board them. The British, at their worst in India, had never reached these limits. They did reserve a few clubs, etc., for Europeans. That could be understood because of our habits; but the Japanese are completely westernised and so there is not even that excuse. The motive seems purely one of humiliating the defeated enemy. I trust all this will soon be removed. These acts are not calculated to make for friendliness between the nations.

RELEASE ON 27th DEC. '51

GUIDE-FRIEND AND PHILOSOPHER

By

V. T. NEELAKANTAN

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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.

An Appeal To The Music Academy

The selection of vidwan Chembai Sri Vaidyanatha Baghavathar to the presidency of this year's session of the Madras Music Academy is most deserved and none too early. Chembai has had his own circle of admirers, but there has always been a section which has hesitated to go crazy over his style. But all lovers of art have always been unanimous in their admiration for Chembai's personal character and his ideals in the practice of his art. From the beginning of his career, Chembai Vytha has maintained the view that an artiste, when he assumes a certain position, has a primary duty to the art itself, and that does not consist of mere discussion, but practical encouragement to the budding talent. It is to be hoped that the Academy series this year will reflect at least to some extent the noble ideals of its President.

The work of the Madras Music Academy during the last two decades and more has been commended by connoisseurs of art throughout the country. And their yearly conferences, expert committee discussions, music competitions and publications, have done some signal service to Southern music and dance arts. Participation by eminent Hindustani musicians has been a salient feature of the Academy's recent sessions, which has created considerable interest in the South for the Northern School of Indian Music. But an institution of such standing has a much greater contribution to make to the music world. Can the Academy claim that one brilliant young artiste has been brought to limelight on its platform? Has one budding artiste offered his maiden appearance before their august audience? Has the Academy taken a single constructive step to give a fillip to rising talent? Will any organisation which has a little regard for the artiste take pleasure in seeing a young musician of worth singing to an empty audience in a most unmusical hour of the day?—I refer to the poor junior artistes who are asked to sing in the burning hour of 3 o'clock to a prescribed schedule at the P. S. High School, while preparations are made at the Sundareswarar Hall for the box office smashers. I wonder if the bosses of the Academy realise the number of junior artistes who look forward to a chance to exhibit their talent before the Academy's worthy audience, but it is tragic to see every year the same dozen artistes in permutations and combinations in the season programme. It will be a laudable idea if the Madras

Music Academy could select an artiste every year to be presented to the music world in an "Arangetril" function to be got up at the inaugural ceremonies. A panel of judges could select a vocalist or an instrumentalist from among candidates who have completed their training.

"ARTLOVER."

The Music Academy Series

The annual Music Festival in Madras is coming off during the 3rd and 4th week of this month. The curtain will rise at the Sundareswarar Hall, Mylapore, on the evening of 21st December 1951, when His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore will open the 25th Annual Conference of the Music Academy and the veteran Chembai will preside over the Conference. Balam Rama Murthy will start the concert series with her performance that evening. It is really gratifying to see Chembai, who like Ariyakudi and Maharajapuram has been in the South Indian music field for over two decades and who has been acclaimed as one of the greatest musicians, elected as President of this year's Conference, an honour which should have come to him long ago but which was delayed on account of his being "too independent." As such, his presidential address is likely to contain a lot of pep.

The programme that has been announced, is the same as usual except for one change. The afternoon concerts show that some promising juniors are given chances with some of the top-rankers like Papa, Rajamanickam, Mani, Palani and Muruga Bhupathi, which is a novel feature this time. The Academy authorities deserve all praise for this.

The evening programmes have been fixed mainly with an eye on the gate. Ariyakudi, Semmangudi, Maharajapuram, Madura Mani, G. N. B., Alathur, Subbulakshmi and Pattammal—all these top-notchers are there as usual. It is here that the Academy has exhibited its narrow outlook. This has been happening every year. Artists like T. K. Rangachari, Sathur A. G. Subramanyam, Sadagopan and Vasanthakumari, do not find any place in the evening programmes. Probably, according to the authorities, these musicians are too big for the afternoon programmes and too small for the evening engagements. This is hardly fair and it is high time the Academy sheds its parochial views and becomes broad-minded. Otherwise the cause of music will be ill-served and the statements and promises made by the Academy year after

year from the Sundareswarar Hall platform would amount to nothing but tall talk.

This is an age of decadence as far as the veena is concerned. This instrument has not been sufficiently encouraged. The late Veena Seshanna of Mysore and the late Veena Dhanammal of Madras had given the veena pride of place in South Indian music. The Indian music world recognized their worth and bowed to their genius. Today Sri V. Doraiswami Iyengar of Mysore has been recognized as a valnika of exceptional ability and skill, no mean achievement for so young a musician. But the music lords of Mylapore seem to think otherwise and have been persistently omitting him every year.

"RAJASREE."

Bangalore.

"My Visit To The South"

Prof. D. P. Mukerjee's casual masterpiece on the Southern Mansion in our Mother's House is admirable in its clarity and compactness. For this hard, gem-like flame of true criticism, please accept yourself and convey to Prof. Mukerjee the thanks and congratulations of all lovers of Dravida Desa as an integral and precious part of Akhil Bharat.

It is a pity that so many Hindustanis maintain a vincible and hence culpable ignorance of the most characteristic products of our genius—our ethical, philosophical and devotional literature and our long line of Sages stretching from Agastya through Sankara to Ramana. A student of Ananda Coomaraswami would know that Chidambaram and Mamallapuram are but the outward and visible symbols of the inward and spiritual grace that speaks through the silence of Dakshinamurti. But, alas, Ananda Coomaraswami is better known in Europe and America than in India!

SWAMI.

Madras.

Dilatory Town Planning

The Madras Corporation has chalked out some ambitious programmes including no less than 35 town planning schemes prepared as early as in 1919 and 1920. So far we are glad! But one would be surprised to note that till now only four or five of these schemes have been completed. The rest are still pending. Ostensibly they are being scrutinised, revised, sifted, tossed about and finally shelved into cold storage. Such things happen despite Sections 10 and 12 of the Town Planning Act which say that all schemes should be submitted to Government before a fixed date. (Mark, however, that there is no section or clause prescribing a date for the completion of the schemes!)

What happens to the unlucky people whose own property affected by the belated

schemes? Sections 17 and 18 of the Act prohibit the development of all such property (building and lands) otherwise than according to the town plans. But where are the plans? Still being finalised for the past 30 years? Little do the authorities care for the hardship caused to those affected by the schemes. An earthquake or a flood causes less damage in that period. When the Act strikes, it also keeps one down with an iron tether! No alterations are permitted! No improvements! No remodelling—even if the buildings dilapidate or collapse! No compensation for such losses during the interim period! And yet a betterment tax will be imposed when the scheme fructifies, which will perhaps be disproportionately higher than the compensation, if any, paid for property acquired under the scheme. What if one chooses to take a revolutionary attitude under Section 34 of the Act which provides that land coming under the town planning schemes should be acquired within 3 years of the notification of such schemes failing which the Act shall cease to have any effect on such lands?

S. ORIEL.

Cricket

Your New Delhi Diarist has suggested, quite aptly, that cricket should be banned in India. I strongly advocate total abolition of the game. Cricket is played only in certain countries. It is not recognised as a game at all by the World Olympic Congress; hence its non-inclusion in the Olympic games. Every game is normally expected to serve as a recreation or relaxation after a day's hard and at times monotonous work, whether it be in an office or a college, and every game is played within reasonable limits of time and in the most favourable conditions for play. Cricket is played during the hottest part of the day and it is ridiculous to see people playing even in the hot sun in torrid zones and that too for hours together. Unmistakably one is led to the conclusion that the persons indulging in such a type of sport lack a sense of proportion and a sense of the value of time. No honest and hard-working citizen of our country should waste his time and energy in such a wasteful and terribly expensive game as cricket. The aspiring enthusiasts will do well to divert their energies into other games like foot-ball which are played for a limited time and in their leisure hours. It is criminal waste of national energy to play cricket for days together. This frittering away of energy and time should be stopped at once. Healthy sports and games are legion and we do not lose anything in bidding good-bye to cricket. Cricket has induced a type of organized craze in youngsters. Many of them do not play it. They simply are worried over

the score. It is a ludicrous and at the same time distressing sight to see young people swarming in numbers opposite the 'Hindu' office every day when a Test match is on at some place, just to know the score!

P. SURYANARAYANA MURTHY.
Hyderabad-Dn.

Inter-State Trade

Article 286 of the Constitution of India places restrictions on the State Governments in the matter of collection of sales tax where exports and articles that are the subject matter of inter-State trade are concerned. The Sales Tax Continuance Order, 1950 permitted collection of sales tax on these transactions up till 31-3-1951. Several months have elapsed since the beginning of the month of April, 1951 and still the position remains nebulous. Hence trade is affected prejudicially. The Government of India who should contrive to make the levy uniform in all the States is helpless in as much as the sales tax comes under the States List. The Madras State Government, while resenting dictation from the Centre, has not issued clear directions to the commercial tax authorities, and takes advantage of the vague position. It is disclosed that the Deputy Commercial Tax Officer is empowered to examine the relevant records in each case and decide whether sales tax is to be paid. This post-mortem scrutiny compels the seller to disgorge the tax, even when he is not entitled to collect it from the purchaser, and does not confer on him sufficient wisdom for his future guidance as each transaction will be examined meticulously by the authorities and the dealer is completely in the dark in regard to the assessability of the sale to tax. The Government of the Travancore-Cochin Union wants that the sale, to claim exemption from tax, should take place after despatch of foodgrains from the State and before entry into the neighbouring State. The Madras Government is not willing that the dealer in the State should get foodgrains, an essential commodity, free of sales tax from other States and is intent on amending the Madras General Sales Tax Act, to enable it to collect the tax from the purchaser as the vendor in the neighbouring State cannot be compelled to pay tax to it. This proposal is against the spirit and the letter of the Constitution of India. The provision in the Constitution is sought to be nullified to the detriment of the public.

V. P. R. GANGARAM DORAIARAJ,
Honorary Secretary,
The Tamilnad Foodgrains Merchants
Association Limited, Mathurai.

Fair And Free Elections

The introduction of adult franchise in a country where illiteracy is still a for-

midable problem is bound to complicate enormously the difficulties of conducting elections in a manner free from corruption and fair to all parties. Our voters numbering nearly 18 crores are more than thrice the population of the United Kingdom and exceed the population of U.S.A. by 3 crores. The final voters list has come to approximately 11,000 volumes of 200 sheets of foolscap size. The extension of suffrage to all drives democracy to assume a form in which the assessor comes at the top, the immature remains at the bottom and the premature straggles in the middle, while the mature stands outside or roundabout.

There can be various kinds of interference with free elections such as interference by officials or the party in power. In the Constitution of the Fourth French Republic there is an interesting provision worthy of note that on the eve of a new election, the Prime Minister and the Minister of the Interior should both resign, their places being taken by the President of the National Assembly. There is already a considerable amount of dissatisfaction in India about 'gerrymandering' of constituencies to subserve the interests of a particular group or party in power. In spite of the directives to the officials to be impartial, the atmosphere at the Centre and in the States today is not conducive for holding free and fair elections. The assumption of office of the President of the Indian National Congress (the ruling party all over the country) by the Prime Minister of India, who is also regarded as a heir to Mahatma Gandhi reminds us of the dictum of a noted French publicist that "To rear up democracy on an ignorant electorate will mean anarchy today and dictatorship tomorrow." Hence the necessity to set up caretaker Governments free from Party bias at the Centre and in the States on the eve of the general elections was never so pressing as it is today.

P. RAJESWARA RAO,
Advocate.
Eluru.

S. E. L. C. Paper in 'Composite Mathematics'

There is hardly three months for the S. E. L. C. public examination; this is the first year in which the candidates will answer a paper in 'Composite Mathematics'. It is said that the Secondary Education Board will, with a view to giving a proper lead, circulate a specimen question paper to all schools. Unless this is done immediately, the schools will not have sufficient time to train the pupils. The delay will affect the private candidates much more. May I, therefore, appeal to the authorities to release the specimen question paper at once!

Madras.

V. K. Srinivas.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI. NO. 47.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1951.

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BRANDS OF SOCIALISM

THE Socialists have been promising from their election platform that if they are placed in power, they will provide a minimum wage of Rs. 100 a month for every worker and see to it that nobody's monthly income goes beyond a thousand rupees. Though the vast majority of people are poor and seek to get rid of their poverty and acquire riches, they have no tolerance towards the rich as having realised in practice their own unfulfilled economic objective. On the other hand the poor generally look upon the rich as a hostile element thwarting their own chances of betterment. Hence the vogue of the dispossessing instinct. The dispossessing instinct is agreeable to the needy and the hardpressed, since it impels them, as a way out of difficulties, to rob their more prosperous neighbours instead of labouring constructively to improve their position with knowledge and work. There is however no dividing line between rich and poor. If love of dispossessing others is let loose on society, those in the hunt will soon find themselves the prey of others worse off than themselves in possession of the world's goods. For this reason, it does not seem to be the right way of removing economic inequalities to institute direct raids on property as such, and no benefit will occur from them to the poor. Moreover such raids cannot be worked into any decent system capable of universal application.

It is the boast of the Congress regime that they have abolished the zamindaries. Actually the abolition is worthless for the purpose of achieving economic equality. Land has depreciated in value through the decline

in submissiveness of agricultural toilers, and the Congress Government have simply helped the zamindars to convert a depreciating asset into ready cash for investment in more profitable industrial undertakings. Land is only one form of wealth. If excessive concentration of land in the ownership of the zamindar is reprehensible and deserves to be eliminated, the principle applies with no less relevance to holders of wealth in other forms. The logical pursuit of the principle embodied in the abolition of the zamindaries will entail also the elimination of the large owners of shares in industrial and other companies. It will have to be accompanied by a similar curb on the incomes and properties of lawyers, doctors, engineers and the like who are sometimes no less wealthy than the rich landholders. Under the principle in question the scope of dispossession would become so wide that the whole economy would receive a mortal blow in the process, resulting not in larger contentment but in utter chaos and disruption.

It is therefore realised by intelligent thinkers that the dispossessing instinct, if predatorily let loose, will only stimulate people to prey upon each other and lead them into even a worse condition than the present one, already overcharged with poverty and illwill. In England where the concept of the Welfare State has made the most sensational progress in half a decade's time, the Labour Government which is Socialist in creed, has carefully refrained from any direct predatory attacks on property and prosperity even in their most concentrated forms. They have evolved

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instead a new standard of social conscience making it more obligatory on the part of richer citizens to make larger contributions for the common welfare. The taxation system has been revolutionised so as to exempt from its burdens the lowest income groups and throw on the higher income groups proportionately larger shares of the cost of the nation's social services. In this way the bridge between the rich and the poor has been narrowed down. For example, nearly 3 million people in the lower income groups who paid income tax when the Labour Government came into power no longer do so. Here is an analysis of the position as made by Francis Williams who worked for some years in closest association with Mr. Attlee, as Advisor on Public Relations to the Prime Minister:

"The number of those who after paying tax have a net income between £3 and £10 a week has risen from 6,320,000 before the war to 13,175,000, and the number of those in the upper sector of this group, that is with net incomes, after tax, of between £5 and £10 a week, has been increased by nearly three times—from only 1,820,000 before the war to 5,225,000 now. The number of those with net incomes between £500 and £1,000 a year has also risen by nearly forty-five per cent, but above this figure there has been a sharp decline as a direct consequence of a

budgetary policy specifically designed to produce a more egalitarian society. Thus although, because of increased industrial activity, the number of people receiving gross incomes between £1,000 and £2,000 a year increased from 195,000 before the war to 400,000 in 1949 only 137,000 people were left with net incomes of this amount after taxation. The number of those with net incomes between £2,000 and £10,000 was cut by more than half.

"At one end of the scale, therefore, the low wages of the past have been ended, the number of those with net incomes above £150 a year more than doubled and the number of those in the middle group between £5 and £10 a week net nearly trebled. But there are twenty-five per cent fewer people with net incomes above £1,000 a year than there were before the war and very high incomes have practically disappeared. Only some 35,500 people have a net income above £2,000 a year, less than 900 have a net income of more than £4,000 a year and there are only forty-five people in the whole country with a net income of above £6,000 a year."

These are remarkable facts which show the extent to which a new pattern of society is emerging in Britain in which there are few people with too high incomes and none with very low ones. If Socialism is not to deplete national wealth, it should take care not to divide society into aggressors and victims. There should be no room for any predatory dispossessing mass movement.

Sotto Voce

THE LOST PILOT

THE death anniversary of Sardar Patel has come and gone almost unnoticed. That dour and doughty spirit, in whatever realms it may abide, will not be distraught by this fresh proof of the vanity of human glory.

The Sardar knew that the burden of gratitude is almost the only burden that mankind will not willingly bear. And he asked for gratitude no more than he was prepared ingenuously to treat the mammoth crowds at a beach



meeting as a barometer of his popularity: he was too busy doing things to be vain.

No doubt he did consciously help to project on the public mind the image of him as "the man of iron". He realised early enough in his dealings, on the one hand with the peasantry of his own Gujerat countryside, and on the other with a timorous bureaucracy, that stereotypes have their uses. The way in which he allowed the jokingly applied sobriquet of Sardar to stick to him was typical of the man. In the light of his later record it seems to have been prophetic.

Self-consciously clever people fared badly with him. A jeer from their bubble-blowing lips changed half-way through into a *benedicite*. At an informal party during his last visit to Madras he accosted a legislator, who was hovering on the periphery, hoping and yet fearing to be recognised: "And what brought you here?" It would have been the most natural thing for the gentleman thus abruptly addressed to have turned round and asked, "Why, where else should I go, seeing this is my home?" But this immensely clever man hummed and hawed, shuffled and grinned as if he were a malefactor detected in the act.

In the ding-dong of political debate Patel could be monstrously unfair; but then, he never set himself up on a pedestal. And he was no pharisee in his judgment of others. He respected the Princes, for instance, even when he went about abolishing them. He did not sniff at them as if they were so many Neros and Caligulas. And he was under no illusions whatever about those who were to supplant them: imagination bogs when you think of what he might have done if any clique had asked him to reverse a Presidential directive.

Not that he did not commit some bad mistakes. A few States which were viable were merged with other areas with which they had had immemorial feuds, and the antagonism that has been thus fanned into flame is going to plague us more and more. The creation of those nondescript

conglomerates called C class States was another ill-fated move. It merely resulted in bureaucratising some Princelings and in clothing many bureaucrats in pseudo-Tyrian purple. But for these misjudgments it was the instruments that he, old and ill, had to employ that were largely responsible.

The degeneration of the civil services has been the most conspicuous feature of the four years of Congress rule. The Indian underling, like the chameleon, has always taken his colour from his surroundings. So long as he was employed merely to fetch and carry for his white masters this did not matter much. But when he became a *chota* god himself almost over-night he could not function with the god-like detachment of the British civilian who served an impersonal master seven thousand miles away. He showed tireless assiduity in applying soft soap to his Minister.

Patel, by his very masterfulness, was as responsible for breeding this yes-man mentality among civil servants as any of the other big bosses. But he was not deceived, though he could turn a blind eye as well as any. He used any instrument that was ready to his hand but he did not romanticise the relationship. And he never, for all his readiness with the big stick, claimed, as many a loud democrat does, "The State—why, it's me." If you would know what the Congress lost in him, look round!

Two vivid memories remain of a visit to Nandi Hills fifteen years ago. Gandhiji, then faced with one of Mr. Nehru's periodical tantrums, placidly remarked in a private talk, "But I know Jawaharlal is loyal to me." A few minutes later Sardar Patel, with one of those outright peals of laughter which were so rare with him, told the same visitor, "Jawaharlal has never been inside a village, and yet he fancies he knows all about the people!" As Jawaharlal was loyal to the Mahatma, Patel was loyal to Jawaharlal; but he had taken his measure all right.

VIGNESWARA

AN ADMIRABLE MANIFESTO

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

WITH but a short time ahead of us for actual polling, it may seem profitless to canvas the merits of the various parties who have entered the lists or assess the worth of their manifestoes and speeches made all these days. Prof. M. Venkatarangayya has recently endeavoured to show how all of them have ignored the elemental needs of the people. Indeed one feature common to them is that they lack realism and are out of touch with the aspirations of the masses as well as of the classes in the country, not very unlike the attitude of the British Government in the past. The Congress Party has doubtless a distinct advantage, having been in the saddle for 4-1/2 years, but even so, some of our pressing problems have escaped notice. The Socialists and the Communists have not as yet had administrative experience; nor had they, as the Congress of old, at any time engaged themselves in fruitful constructive activities or tasks of social amelioration. In fact the Socialists were at one time somewhat closely identified with the projected Railway strike and even now their promise to scrap Prohibition, the one benefit the masses have obtained since Independence, and their irrational agrarian policy, show how little they have appraised rural needs; much worse is their scheme for nationalization of industries which in the existing state of Government personnel, may actually harm both the country and industry. As for the Communists, not all the dialectical skill of their principal spokesmen can erase from memory their disservice to the country during World War II, and Telengana and Kistna since then. The foreign policy of either of them may well be to our lasting disadvantage. The Hindu Mahasabhaites are a misfit in South India; even otherwise their opposition to the Hindu Code Bill shows how callous they are for the removal of un-Hindu inequalities. The K. M. Party has literally grown out of the Congress, consisting as it does of several realists and able men who have somehow to be absorbed in the Congress cabinets of the future in the

interests of national well being. In regard to the Congress, great stress is naturally laid on the Five Year Plan which is designed to neutralise all our present ills, but its administration in the States, though excellent in parts, has suffered from an over-emphasis on communal and sub-communal trends, affecting even so essential a national activity as Education. In Madras which since the times of the great Triad of Acharyas, has been marked out as the intellectual capital of India, only a small proportion of those who aspire for education obtain it and the position is pretty serious in the university and the technical professional courses. The university organisation functioning under an enactment passed 30 years ago by a communal party, is impervious to change and State direction. Recently, a girl student had to seek the aid of the law for admission into a co-educational institution! More than all, individual ministers have been making pronouncements indiscriminately. On so solemn an occasion as the annual Convocation of the Annamalai University Mr. B. Gopala Reddi was mouthing many of the slogans of the Dravidasthan die-hards. Yet, despite all these, if the Congress succeeds, it does so not on the strength of its achievements, past or prospective, but on the striking weaknesses of the opposite parties.

In such a situation, the manifesto which the Madras Women's Indian Association has just released comes out as an agreeable surprise. The chairwoman who sponsored it rightly claimed that only social workers could know and diagnose the ills of the people. The masses today, she said, are stricken with hunger, disease, ignorance and unemployment; and women, in addition, labour under social and legal disabilities, dwarfing their physical, mental and spiritual growth. The manifesto has much to teach, especially to the various parties angling for power, and free from verbiage, it is simple, straight and forthright. Its 14 points which, by the way, represent the sum-total of the needs of the common man, are remarkable



for what they specify and even more for what they do not. Drawn up by representative women hailing from all castes, races and linguistic areas, it has ignored the communal problem, which Mr. Gopala Reddi made much of at Chidambaram, and the linguistic division of the State; linguistic areas are mentioned only for establishing cancer hospitals! The manifesto consists of a series of questions addressed to the prospective candidates for election. This seems to be quite a better expedient than the procedure adopted by the various selection committees which, as Pandit Nehru recently confessed, has not altogether eliminated the black sheep.

Five points in the manifesto, naturally enough, relate to women and their disabilities, and they categorically require the implementation by appropriate legislation, of the equality clauses in the Constitution, and quite logically too, call for support to the Hindu Code Bill. The dowry evil which is eating into the vitals of our economic life, is not left out; and the authors also plead for a single high moral standard for the sexes, but intercaste marriages for which our Finance Minister is plumping, have no attraction for them.

Priority is afforded to free and compulsory education with a bias for craft and social service. The manifesto rightly emphasises the need to obviate disproportionate expenditure on brick and mortar. Those who wish to redress paucity of educational facilities in the country have to make note of this as invariably finance is standing in the way of expansion. But huge buildings cannot solve educational bottlenecks. Dr. Besant's educational institutions at Benares, Adyar and Madanapalle and Dr. Tagore's Santiniketan did not set much store by brick and mortar; nevertheless they did not cease to attract world-wide respect and regard. Yonder in Chromepet, an institution on gigantic dimensions is being raised purely out of voluntary effort on the part of a few enthusiasts, which with its complement of brilliant teachers, both indigenous and foreign, is sure to place Madras in the world map, although the Madras University hierarchy is withholding recognition. One matter, however, merits criticism. For admission into professional colleges, a

year's social welfare service is prescribed but this will be adding one more hurdle to the many already existing for the admission of skilled pupils. Social welfare work, especially in villages, calls for sustained effort, a great deal of self-denial and self-sacrifice and uncommon patience; and it would certainly be cruel to expose our teen-aged youngsters to the hazards and dangers inherent in the localities. In fact the manifesto itself realises this when it prescribes a higher salary for rural medical folk to make up for the loss of recreation facilities. Retired men, not our young hopefuls, should be commissioned for such work.

The manifesto pleads for the opening of public health centres throughout the country and for free health service; and lays special emphasis on the diagnosis and treatment of cancer. It advocates economy in Government expenditure and presses for the scaling down of high grade salaries; and further more, it seeks to raise the character and morale of the people and root out dishonesty and corruption in public affairs. Houses for the poor and pavement dwellers, hospitals for the sick and schools for children to be constructed by local bodies and co-operative agencies financed in that behalf by the State, orphanages for children and asylums for the old, the infirm and the disabled and the consequential eradication of beggary and family planning centres at each maternity centre—these are some of the other points dealt with.

Pandit Nehru has foreshadowed internal reforms in the Congress organization with a view to abolishing the present mode of selecting candidates for legislatures. Manifestoes like the present which call for more or less solemn undertakings on the part of the prospective candidates, may offer some guidance in that direction. And the Madras Women's Indian Association really deserve credit for giving a lead in the matter. In her concluding speech, Sri Rukmani Devi adverted to the matriarchal system and expressed the view that many of our problems would be solved if it comes into vogue. In a general sense, of course, it is true that man has failed to give a good account of his stewardship and it is

possible too to surmise that if, for instance in Europe, women had the complete whiphand since the beginning of this century, the two world wars would probably not have occurred at all. At any rate in India women have always had an honoured place even in quarters alien to the matriarchal system. In fact in the Hindu Pantheon, power, wisdom and wealth have been personified by women. That was why Mahatmaji enlisted their co-operation at every stage of his mission and it is due to his stimulus

that without anything like a Feminist movement in the country, Indian women are occupying the highest posts even in diplomatic and ambassadorial assignments, far ahead in this respect of the other nations in the world, under the aegis of Pandit Nehru's leadership. No doubt opposition to the Hindu Code Bill is symptomatic of the die hard trends in our public life, but the determination of Pandit Nehru to push it through is itself an indication of the poet's dictum that the women's cause is man's.

A HEROIC DAY

By N. S. R.

THERE have been morose critics who have held that the status of determination and endurance in Indian cricket is comparable to that of the Renaissance in Lord Acton's famous epigram. But this reproach can no longer be just after the defiance which India exhibited in the face of utmost adversity in the closing stages of the Bombay Test. I believe that the fifth day's play in that match will come to be accounted one of the glories of Indian cricket. The stand between Mankad and Gopinath in particular fired the imagination with a sense of indomitableness.

When Umrigar and Sarwate resumed India's second innings, the atmosphere was full of foreboding. Statham looked particularly menacing as he hurled himself at the batsman with the energy of a maddened bull rushing at a gate. The batsmanship was severely anonymous, but when Umrigar on-drove him for two runs the welkin was split by the rejoicings of the multitude. It was the accent of a beleaguered city being relieved after all hope had been abandoned.

While Umrigar, though chastened and circumspect, appeared capable of maintaining himself, Sarwate was all mortal. He was insulted by many fieldsmen being placed around his bat, but he had no means of retaliation. It was, however, Umrigar who departed first. He essayed to drive an over-pitched ball from Statham,

achieved only a bare touch and was caught by Watkins at slip with astonishing nonchalance. It was a sinful catch.

Adhikari appeared at the crease with an air of feverish gaiety. But his bravado availed him little. He earned the deep curses of the multitude, which was now in purgatory, by effectively running Sarwate out. It had been difficult to discover in Sarwate the image of a Test batsman; so subdued and rather disreputably anonymous had he been. But his dismissal in this manner was too severe a punishment.

Following this calamity Adhikari's jauntiness increased in intensity. He had the impunity to pull Tattersall to the midwicket boundary in one over; a form of punitiveness which was as much unexpected in a batsman of Adhikari's attainments in stroke-making as it was bewildering in a day where the bat had much ado even in merely maintaining itself against the ball. But Tattersall is nothing if not persistent. A calm and collected bowler; he is a remarkable figure as he approaches the bowling crease from a diagonal direction. Every over of his is an intelligent exercise in variation. No two consecutive balls are ever alike except in this that they are delivered to an impeccable length. I, however, noticed that very often the last ball of an over is the faster one, possibly a leg-cutter, which defeated James Burke,

for what they specify and even more for what they do not. Drawn up by representative women hailing from all castes, races and linguistic areas, it has ignored the communal problem, which Mr. Gopala Reddi made much of at Chidambaram, and the linguistic division of the State; linguistic areas are mentioned only for establishing cancer hospitals! The manifesto consists of a series of questions addressed to the prospective candidates for election. This seems to be quite a better expedient than the procedure adopted by the various selection committees which, as Pandit Nehru recently confessed, has not altogether eliminated the black sheep.

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to do." The pilot unfastened his helmet and began to take it off.

The truth dawned on her at once. "Good heavens! Mahendra!"

"No other, my dear lady," said the young man laying aside the head gear.

"Then, you understood, after all, about the picture?"

"Yes, but as it turned out not a minute too soon. The scoundrels were as good as their word. They took me back to the place whence they had kidnapped us both, and left me there with my hands unloosed. It was quite dark and I lost no time in shoving off. The only course as it appeared to me was to get to Sir Arjun as quickly as possible. When I came to ponder over your words during the few minutes we were together in the gangster's lair, they struck me as rather strange, coming as they did from the proud daughter of Sir Arjun. It was so entirely out of keeping with her usually dignified and—excuse me—even haughty bearing. Suddenly I saw through it all. It was, indeed, mortifying to my self-esteem, but it became clear to me that you took the portrait not out of any tender feelings but to leave a trail behind you!"

"The paint being wet, the leaves and twigs that struck against you through the forest were sure to have traces of paint left on them. Well, I at once turned round the boat and rowed back. From the boat I took my gun and flash light. It was slow work following the trail in the dark, but, thank heaven, I succeeded and at the end of about two hours' track-

ing I found myself near the same building where you were imprisoned. I meant to go back and consult Sir Arjun. For ascertaining the situation of the building, I climbed a tree. I saw the lake darkly glimmering some miles away, and the lights flashing from the residential quarters of Sinhagiri.

"I was about to get down, when I heard the whir of an aeroplane. The plane headed straight for the place and landed in a clearing nearby. The arrival of the plane struck me as significant, and I suspected that the plane was meant for your removal. In that case, my plan required instant revision. For a brief interval I found the plane left alone but for the pilot. I knocked him silly on the head with the butt end of my gun, carried him to the woods nearby, divested him of his flying kit which I assumed, came back and took his place in the cockpit—all full of risks at every turn but it worked. You know the rest and here we are. It was lucky that I happened to have some flying experience."

Indira remained silent.

"We have got to hurry," continued Mahendra "and get back to Sinhagiri as quickly as possible, if we are to catch the spy gang near by before they get wise about our escape. But," he went on with some hesitation, "but there is one question which I wanted to ask you all the evening—". He stopped embarrassed.

"You need not ask it, Mahendra. After tonight, how could it be—otherwise!"—Copyright—CPM.

How far a change of Government by itself can improve the general economic situation, it is difficult to say. Not a single party has a sufficient number of leaders with deep study and experience of public affairs and capacity to organize. Several have not even an adequate idea of the magnitude of the problems and the exact manner of solving them. Several—perhaps a majority—of the ministers hold their offices not because they possess any particular ability to handle the portfolios entrusted to them, but because they have to be appointed somewhere on considerations of party politics. As for the duties of their office, they are like a professor of chemistry, who knows for the first time the distinction between a chemical compound and a mechanical mixture after his appointment. It is not sufficient to have even clear ideals and objectives, if the ideas of putting them into practice on a large scale are vague. Hence the various muddles. For some years to come it is possible that the same story will be repeated, whichever party comes to power. Hard experience alone will give us efficiency.—*Harijan*.

the Australian batsman, in the final Test of last season. A remarkable photograph is in evidence showing this gifted player with his bat outside the off-stump what time his stumps have been shattered by a leg-break.

Tattersall promptly exploded his mine and the hapless Adhikari was totally destroyed. He attempted to drive to cover a sinuous and mocking off-break, but was comprehensively caught by Howard at slip. This was an achievement of some effort.

Now ensued the epic part of the day's game. Mankad arrived at the crease with the air of a man keeping an appointment. Gopinath had in the meantime demonstrated even in the early minutes that he was equal to the onerous burden. The achievement of strokes is a fact of less consequence than the attitude of indomitableness, which is a product of character. No batsman has possibly had to discharge a more formidable task in his very first Test. But, if he realised that it was he who could make or mar he showed no signs of any such travail. His nonchalance went to the heart; he was a man in full composure. This was not the result of foolishness. He knew what the danger was and looked it in the face without flinching.

Mankad was, perhaps naturally, far more masterful. His disaster in the first innings did not weigh on his mind. When Leadbeater appeared at the bowling crease, he rejoiced hugely at the arrival of a bowler who on an average bowls three full tosses in an over, whatever he may do with the other three balls. He lifted him over his head with total impunity and gay abandon. The responsibility lay lightly on him. When Leadbeater bowled to him again, he drove, square-cut, and pulled him to three successive boundaries. A delirium of joy possessed the crowd at this brave sortie.

Gopinath in the meanwhile was classic. He cut and drove to the

cover with all the assurance of Hazare himself. I was particularly struck by the resemblance between the two when that perilous stroke, the cut-drive, came to be executed. Like the captain Gopinath disposed himself sideways to the ball and hit it hard past not so much cover as point. His partiality for this stroke explains the opportunities he offered to the English fieldsmen to distinguish themselves. Such a stroke carries its danger with itself. But, like Montrose, he was not afraid to put it to the touch to win or lose it all.

The heroic partnership ended characteristically. Mankad attempted a huge pull of a short ball from Watkins and was bowled. For all that care had sat lightly on the departing batsman, his innings had not been one of jauntiness or bravado. Gopinath followed him soon after when the pertinacious Leadbeater snatched a catch out of thin air. He rolled over at short-leg in the process, got up, dusted his trousers, rearranged his crumpled hair, dashed to the sympathetic wicket-keeper to explain the miracle, and made a survey of all other fieldsmen on a similar errand. But for the fact that a wire netting separated him from the crowd he would doubtless have favoured the latter also with a satisfying explanation. His energy is so great that to merely look at him one perspires.

Then followed some minutes of jolly batsmanship. Sohoni threw his bat at every ball with successful results. Howard despatched his fieldsmen deeper and deeper, but Sohoni irrefragably hit the ball over their heads. Poor Tattersall was subjected to this indignity for some time. A Test bowler may well confess himself lost when the methods of the village green are imported into the august arena. But the fun was too furious to last long. Much to the despair of the crowd, from whom the weight of defeat had been removed, Sohoni ran himself out. For the rest refer to the newspapers.

RENO: HOME OF DIVORCE AND GAMBLERS' MECCA

By HAROLD J. GREENBERG

RENO, the metropolis of Nevada and the American Monte Carlo, is the centre of a vast wilderness. It is a strange, almost unearthly world, surrounded by mountains, lakes and deserts, and in it is found everything that makes a small city big, and a big city small.

For Reno, in spite of its relatively small size, commands a tremendous and almost unbelievably large audience. The largest and by far the busiest gambling establishment boastfully reminds any visitor that millions of dollars a year are spent by that club for advertising alone!

The approach to Reno by day is like the discovery of Cinderella unawares at lunch. She has neither the golden slipper nor the glamour. But discover her, when night has just fallen, and you have entered a veritable wonderland—bewildering and glamorous—yet amazingly artificial. The city has been transformed from a thriving little mountain community into a fascinating underworld that is not underground.

As you enter the famous downtown city square—for Reno is basically one square block of gambling clubs—you are greeted by thousands of glaring neon lights, flashing in every direction. It is the sign of Nevada's greatest attraction to visitors and residents alike, and also the symbol of America's last frontier. For nowhere else in America is life so free, so fantastic, so insecure, and so thoroughly impossible.

Just as New York beckons to the seeker of fame in the arts, and Hollywood to the motion picture dreamer, Reno attracts the fortune-hunter in the realm of money. The silver dollar, a practically unknown commodity elsewhere, is mistress supreme here. She is at once everything and nothing. For money, like love, marriage, divorce, sex, and friendships, has a very strange, paradoxical and impermanent value in Reno.

Money essentially loses its value

here. Like everything else, it is a gamble. You may win or lose a thousand dollars on the turn of a card, dice or wheel, and consequently its value is never normal. Yet, winner or loser, you are never the same. Money easily won is invariably spent easily and the Nevada gambler is hardly the one to recognize the admonition of a wise Chinese, who observed, many centuries ago: "Money which goes out quickly and laughing, returns slowly and crying."

There is but one case on record where a gambler left Reno with a fortune won. During the early part of the war, a Chicago business man, visiting Reno, tried his hand at roulette, and won about \$25,000 in the short space of about two hours. He proved to be a wise man, for, without waiting to lose it again, he rushed to the railroad office, and after paying four times its value for a seat on the next streamliner East, was able to leave that same afternoon!

And of course, there is the case of the university student, also from Chicago, who won a small fortune. But these are but two of the many who have gambled and most of them have inevitably been the losers.

For if you win, you are anxious to win more. And if you lose, you will always try again, in an attempt to regain the lost amount. But in most cases, it does a man as much harm as good to win. There are, as a matter of fact, thousands of people in Reno who have stayed on in the city for more than half a life-time waiting for the day when they would be lucky. Astrologers, mediums, palmists, seers, mystics, racing charts, and horoscopes are all consulted in a desperate effort to win something for nothing. And sadly enough, even if that day ever arrives, the money never lasts very long. It is a common enough sight in Reno to witness a gambler win several thousand dollars in an hour—and then turn around and lose it in an even shorter time!

The roulette table, perhaps, sym-

The inaugural session of the Fifth All India Commerce Conference will be held at the Senate House, University of Madras, on Sunday, the 30th of December 1951. Dr. R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University, will deliver the Presidential Address.

bolizes the game of chance better than anything else. The wheel of fortune, as it is sometimes called, expresses the intrinsic paradox of gambling and its essential base. There is a great illusion—call it delusion, if you will—in Reno especially, that you can get something for nothing, or almost nothing. It is around this conception that the city of gambling and divorce is built.

From outward appearances, there is nothing wrong with either; you just take it or leave it. Stripped of its religious, social, or moral significance, both aspects are completely justified. Life is a game of chance, anyway, we are told, and therefore each of us has as much chance of winning as the next fellow!

It is this basic concept which produces the temporary elation and atmosphere of hopefulness of Reno. Added to the already exhilarating attitude of 4,500 feet, there is freedom and fortune in the air! And the ultimate possibility of winning a fortune is as American as the desire to become the President, a millionaire, or a movie star, while the possibility of getting something for nothing, or without earning it, is as old as time itself.

While the newcomers in Reno are hopeful, the old-timers are inevitably cynical. Failure to win has led to repeated attempts which, when continually unsuccessful, lead to desperation. Everyone has a "system" in Reno, whereby he will ultimately win, and there is little else that is discussed in the gambling clubs, hotels, restaurants, and night spots. Once the stranger has established his residence for purposes of gambling or divorce—and there are no other valid reasons—he is invariably attracted to the gambling clubs. And there he remains for much of his time.

These clubs, the centre of Reno gambling activity, are a world in themselves. The atmosphere of tension, adventure and intrigue is ever-present. You walk in from the sun or moon out of doors into a den of smoking, drinking and gambling. Here it is truly the last outpost, the last frontier.

Again, just as the motion picture symbolizes Hollywood and in turn becomes the most important thing in

life in that part of the world, so does Reno typify the silver dollar, or money itself. The other world outside is lost, distant, and unreal—and, to all intents and purposes, practically non-existent. The sun may be shining outside, but the neon lights inside the clubs are more important.

Returning to the outside world after several hours in a gambling club is almost like entering into another world. The writer remembers the comment of one particular gambler this last summer, who had been playing all through the night, and when, utterly exhausted, at last went outside for a breath of fresh air. The neon lights outside were still blazing, competing with the sun, which was already up. In absolute and almost pitiful desperation, as if time itself should have stood still for him, the gambler shouted.

"Darn it! The sun is shining already!" And another man, during the excitement, who would not leave the exciting game at this table, had a seizure!

Yet the strong Nevada sun shines upon more than just gambling. It has been said about Reno that the tide comes in on the Southern Pacific and the "untied" usually depart the same way. In this respect, the State offers one of the only refuges to the unhappily married. Here, too, there is nothing sacred, for in most cases the return of freedom to an unhappy spouse usually induces another immediate and usually unhappy marriage. Nor is it unknown in Reno to be both married and divorced in a single hour!

One of the most common sights in Reno is that of a young woman solemnly throwing her wedding ring into the Truckee River from the famous Bridge of Sighs, and quite audibly sobbing and crying and, several minutes after she has gone tearfully away, seeing the young boys of the city eagerly jumping into the water to fetch the ring and bring it to the nearest jeweller or pawnbroker for appraisal! The boys, quite uninterested in romantic or sentimental attachments, are more wont to be interested in the financial aspects of the rings found in the river.

And this is where Reno is both tragic and comic at the same time, real

and unreal all at once. Inevitably it leaves its mark upon you:

In Reno, life's mad and insane,
And it does you no good to complain,
You may lose it or win it,
Or never begin it,
But the city will still cause you pain.

Once freed from morality and convention, life proceeds on an even plane where anything and everything goes. Nowhere else in the country will a bar-tender serve you a drink if you are already drunk, and nowhere else—except perhaps in Hollywood—are love and money synonymous:

In Reno your love life is sure
If your money is good and secure.
But beware of the honey
Who's after your money,
And pretends to be sweet and demure!

A visit to the Washoe County Court House in Reno will provide an incomparable insight into the maze of marital life. The Court House itself is a steady and solid tradition in a land of no tradition. In the old days it was only the really hardy souls who dared the long, overland route to Reno in the quest for freedom and the dissolution of marital ties. But now the Court House is overflowing with the marital grief of a nation and the world.

The Court House first boasts a complete set of law books for the nation out of the intricate legal technicalities of 48 American States and a multitude of foreign countries—for one is as likely to meet in Reno an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Hungarian, an Indian, or a Chinese. Reno lawyers are the most over-worked and best paid in the world. As a matter of fact, a number of international incidents have arisen in connection with the granting of divorces to foreigners who were residents of Nevada, though not citizens of America!

From a practical point of view, the Reno Court House was the first among the nation's judicial institutions to recognize that marriages are more often made in bedrooms than in heaven!

Probably the most interesting aspect of Reno life, apart from the visitors, is the native himself. And while the Reno citizen will vociferously stand

up for morality and continence, he is, in reality, the first to break these same laws. In fact, he sanctions them annually by State vote! Nor does he forget in his charmed circle of Reno, he can marry or divorce in an hour, get rich or lose a fortune in an equal time, and actually account for an innumerable number of wives in the short span of one lifetime. It is remotely related to the Arab harem ideal, except that in America people still cling to the one-woman-at-a-time practice!

The writer remembers making the acquaintance of a charming young waitress at one of the better restaurants, and the subsequent Thanksgiving dinner invitation.

After a very delightful dinner, the young lady, already slightly inebriated from several cocktails, excused herself for a moment and returned with a mysterious little carved box, more reminiscent of a lost Spanish treasure than anything else. I was at a complete loss to understand, when she ventured to explain to me the contents of the fascinating little box.

"Oh, this is my hopeless chest" she exclaimed.

"Your what?" I gasped.

"My hopeless chest, comrade." She paused to make sure I had grasped her meaning, then continued, "You see, in the old days, it was, of course, my hope chest, but now—"

Very carefully and deliberately, she took out from the box eight marriage certificates, and after that, eight divorce decrees, all bundled up neatly with red and blue ribbons. I was still aghast when I noticed a number of marriage application blanks but she very readily dismissed them.

"Oh, just in case," she murmured.

"I see," I replied doubtfully.

"Well?" she finally inquired. "What do you think of this?"

"They certainly must have been quite an experience," I offered, still rather stunned.

"Experience? Nothing, my friend!" she retorted, slightly annoyed. "These don't include the love affairs in between."

And at that moment, she went into great length and detail about past amours, escapades and romances

which would make even Cleopatra or Helen of Troy blush!

There is also a segment of the citizens which might be called the "floating" population. They are the unfortunates with shabby homes or no homes at all, who rely for their daily bread on winning an hourly \$5 drawing at one of the gambling clubs to pay for their food and drink, or on the remote chance of running up a dime into a fortune. Many of them, honourably enough, have at one time or another come for a divorce, but have lingered on indefinitely, unwilling to face the outside world again after their adventure into Reno. And many more, completely fed up with the hypocrisies and contradictions of modern society, have preferred to stay in a city with few laws and fewer morals.

Although there is a complete reliance on externals here—for the Reno population possesses more jewels and diamonds per capita than even Hollywood—nowhere else is life, so simple, so real, and so uncertain. It is solemn one moment, ironic the next, and like all cities in our paradoxical civilization, both wonderful and terrible.

The University of Nevada, Reno's sole claim to higher education, rests half a mile north of the downtown district. If you didn't know it was Reno you might think it was Athens, or Los Angeles, or Ithaca. The sanctum of the University is reached as soon as you enter the Wolf's Den, a student cafe, where you are immediately warned, as if entering another world.

"If you like to put your cigarettes in your coffee cup, please tell the waitress and she will be glad to serve your coffee in an ash tray!"

This is, of course, a far cry from the clubs, where the cigarette is almost as powerful as the dollar! Yet the student, along with the others, can hardly exist in his philosophical dream world, for he is one of the most active participants in the mundane pleasures of the clubs. What he learns at the University is quite different from what he learns in the heart of the city. And at any hour, he may be seen joining the mass of fortune-hunters as they scurry from cave to cave in their search for a gold-studded rainbow.

Once comfortably ensconced in Reno, the rest of the country is soon forgotten. Other values, ethics, morals, and scruples have no place here. One is either weak or strong, and there are no in-betweens. The lure of Nevada is, in this sense, relentless. Those who come for a divorce are fortunate if they leave in their allotted six weeks' time, for most of them gamble away their money, and six weeks easily turn into six months, six years, or even a lifetime. Their original idea is lost, their hopes and dreams shattered, and they become one with the milling crowd in search of the silver dollar, only remotely remembering, if at all, that the day cannot be too far off when they will complete their mission at last and return home.

While there are some "solid" citizens in Reno, it is not essentially a city of stability. There is little time for any social life outside the gambling clubs. And everything about the city has the quality of un-reality and impermanence, as if, at any moment, the entire place will disappear as a fantasy of the Arabian Nights. If you are ever able to leave Reno, it will seem as if you have never been there at all. And if you never leave the city, it will seem as though you have never been anywhere else.

Reno exists only because of the intolerance in the rest of the country. Therefore, what is sacred elsewhere cannot possibly be sacred here. Reno is very much like a roaring lion, defying tradition, civilization, morality and convention. If it is to be condemned at all, then so must New York and Boston, and Los Angeles and Rome, which have, in reality, caused just such a city as Reno to come into existence. It is precisely because these other cities fail to recognize the very pertinent and impertinent facts of life that Reno has become a vigorous and thunderous answer to an outworn morality.

Wrong or right, Reno symbolizes the ability of anyone to unshackle an unnecessary bond or take a chance on anything. And while it has none of the refinements of its *alter mater*, Monte Carlo, it stands as a symbol of the last frontier, where the fortunes or misfortunes of a lifetime may be quickly mended.—Copyright.

COMMUNISTS STRENGTHENED BY WEST TACTICS

By ANDREW ROTH

BRITAIN'S immense political dexterity in India in 1947 is being re-emphasized here by the publication of Alan Campbell-Johnson's "Mission With Mountbatten." To those watching the current scene Mountbatten's skill in India contrasts with painful sharpness with current British clumsiness in the Middle East.

If Stalin chuckles when the West errs, the walls of the Kremlin must be vibrating with uproarious laughter these days as reports from the Middle East come in.

In between gales of laughter the Russian word *protivoriechii*, which translates roughly as "contradictions," must oft be heard. According to Marxist theoreticians, Western capitalism must—because of its "internal contradictions"—inevitably serve as its own "gravedigger."

But even so devoted a disciple of his own sect of Marxism as Stalin had little reason to anticipate that the West would dig quite so deep a grave quite so rapidly for itself and its potential allies in the Middle East.

He could not have hoped in his wildest dreams that the West—and particularly Britain—would so badly miscalculate as to provoke a head-on collision with the forces of anti-Communist nationalism in Persia and Egypt. This can only destroy both the influence of the anti-Communist West and conservative nationalism, opening the path to fanatic religious nationalism and small but determined Communist groups.

So encouraged are those friendly to Mr. Stalin that a 'peace conference' has been called to meet in Cairo in January "to support the Middle East struggle against imperialism." Until now no Communist-supported organization would have dared call a meeting in Cairo where virtually all left-winged organizations are illegal. "A period of rot is in store for both Egypt and Persia," mourned the *Economist* on December 15, after coming to the conclusion: "A rapid expan-

sion of left-wing sympathies has been a main feature of 1951."

Stalin cannot have counted on this because in large sections of South Asia the West and the indigenous nationalists managed very successfully to avoid this trap. During the two crucial years of 1947-48 the British Government made every effort to come to terms with the Indian, Pakistani, Ceylonese and Burmese nationalist movements despite the considerable sacrifices entailed. On the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent Britain agreed to the loss of the military "keystone" of the Empire. India provided Britain's chief base in South Asia and the only mass army at Britain's disposal. But Britain relinquished this in the knowledge that the other alternative was fighting the Indian nationalist movement under conditions which might bring to the surface a revolutionary leadership. Similarly, in Burma, British representatives ate humble pie at the table of political adolescents and permitted them to withdraw from the Commonwealth rather than be compelled to battle them and push them into Communist arms. In Indonesia, American, and to a lesser extent British, pressure on the Dutch to reach a peaceful settlement was predicted on the assumption that only thus could moderate, anti-Communist nationalists be kept at the top of the Indonesian nationalist movement. And, more recently, in Malaya, the late British High Commissioner, Sir Henry Gurney, encouraged the formation of the Independence for Malaya Party out of the belief that the only possibility for a Western power to retain influence in a nationalist-minded country is by aligning a moderate nationalist movement with the West and against the Communists using nationalist slogans. Stalin can appreciate the intelligence of such tactics because he has long specialized in the proper tactics to be used with colonial nationalists, as his "Marxism and The National and Colonial Question" bears witness.

Stalin knows that friendly cooperation between the West and moderate nationalist forces can effectively block the expansion of Communist activities. Thus, in India the result of this collaboration was to isolate the Indian Communist Party. By 1947 it had grown beyond 60,000 in strength, including a large portion of very zealous and devoted young students and intellectuals. But the isolation produced by the Mounbatten-Nehru settlement, plus the sectarian tactics of the Indian Communist leadership (encouraged incidentally by Moscow's frustrated exhortations to militance) dealt the Indian Communists a blow from which they have not yet recovered.

Stalin's laughter at present must have an appreciative tone because the West's tactics are helping to strengthen Communist forces where they are weakest. The Communist movements in the Middle East have been the weakest in South Asia in both leadership and membership. Even the much-vaunted Communist-led Tudeh Party in Persia has under 10,000 members, many of them still in their teens. And in Egypt the Communist movement has less than 2,000 members, many of them from minority groups in the population.

"But in both Egypt and Persia the chief causes of social discontent are the broken promises and the inefficiency of the landlord class that is supposed to be concentrating attention and revenue upon development plans," pointed out the *Economist* of December 15. "The unparalleled corruption and self-seeking of senior members of the Wafd in Egypt, and the non-fulfilment by successive Governments in Persia of the much publicised Seven Year Plan have done more to spread unrest than have any efforts of Communist propaganda! It goes on: 'There is a tried recipe for overcoming this predicament. It is to whip up old fashioned nationalism to a volume that blankets the social discontent. The method is almost bound to succeed among emotional peoples so long as there are plenty of irritants to stimulate the necessary national fervour. In Egypt the presence of the British troops is just such an irritant....'. One would think that the last thing Britain would have wanted to do is offer itself as a scapegoat.

Without this excuse the corrupt Wafd would have had to reform or further suppress its left opposition. Now the Wafd can wrap itself in the national flag. And the Communists can work as a dynamic and monolithic minority in the mass nationalist movement.

If Stalin wanted any evidence that the political intelligence that Britain has shown elsewhere in South Asia is not being displayed in the Middle East he can infer it from the fact that the only positive solution to the Anglo-Persian problem—to have the World Bank take over Persia's oil—has come not from Britain but from Pakistan. If Mr. Stalin is still uncertain the Foreign Office has documented Britain's tragicomic clumsiness for him in two command papers recently published containing many of the documents on Britain's relations with Persia and Egypt during the last year. The documents demonstrate that British diplomats are much more urbane and rational than the Egyptian Foreign Minister and the Persian Premier, as well as better informed on legalities and technicalities. But Mr. Stalin certainly prefers to allow Britain to win cases in the International Court at the Hague, while Persian and Egyptian Communists win the masses in the streets of Teheran and Calro.

The British Ambassador to Persia, Sir Francis Shepherd, is noted as an occasional contributor to *Punch*, the British humorous magazine. But Mr. Stalin may recommend some of his published dispatches for inclusion in *Krokodil*, the Soviet humorous magazine, as a satire on how a 20th century nationalist problem, would be handled by a diplomat with both feet firmly planted in the 19th century. In a letter handed to General Razmara of February 24, 1951, less than a fortnight before the Persian Prime Minister's assassination, the British Ambassador fumed: "It can scarcely be expected that the British Government can countenance a campaign in favour of nationalization in defiance of the country's contractual obligations," and insisted that "measures be taken to instruct public opinion" on the benefits of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company! Another gem by the British Ambassador to Persia is a letter dispatched on September 22 to the Persian Minister of the Court, former

Prime Minister Hussein Ala, a close friend of the Shah and of the Anglo-Americans. In this Sir Francis Shepherd reveals that on September 17th the Shah had told him during an audience that Prime Minister Mossadeq wished to reopen negotiations. He agreed "in deference to His Majesty"—apparently not because he wanted to settle the dispute—to accept proposals in writing. Thereupon, the Shah sent his Court Minister two days later with a document proposing a settlement along the following lines: Anglo-Iranian would be compensated on the basis of value before nationalization or in accord with procedures followed in Britain in nationalizing industries. Compensation could be taken immediately by the British Government by purchasing from Persia the amount of oil Britain had purchased for its own use before nationalization. Britain would pay the prevailing international rate, but retain

half of the price toward settlement of compensation. The Iran National Oil Company would hire foreign technicians who would operate under a technical director of foreign nationality, who could, the Court Minister assured the Ambassador, be British. These proposals, which the *Manchester Guardian's* diplomatic correspondent described subsequently as containing "at least two important changes for the better in the Persian attitude" were rejected out of hand by Britain on the advice of Sir Francis. And Sir Francis further protested to the Shah's Court Minister that the proposal he had submitted was "not drawn up on official paper and is neither dated nor signed! Not a few observers have wondered why Sir Francis Shepherd has been kept in Teheran in view of his two major blunders: the prediction that Mossadeq was on his way out last spring and that the Shah would intervene.

THE WINGED GARUDA

ONE day in the late summer of 1939 I was in the Cafe du Flore in Paris with a Cambridge student from Ceylon. We had had our breakfast and were sipping French coffee which is as removed from English coffee as Ceylon tea is from other blends. The waiter, sensing our incompetence in French, brought us English newspapers and magazines with our second order. While my friend went through the papers I sipped my coffee, listened to the tourists from the States speaking American and looked at the young French writers in corduroy tussling with their manuscripts. The Cambridge student from Ceylon soon drew my attention to the news from London.

"Here's another dancer for you", he said. "Ram Gopal is the name. They rate him very high. He seems to have had an excellent press."

I brushed aside my companion's remarks. I had been introduced to Indian dancing by Uday Shankar. He and his partner, the petite Simkie of French origin, had left an indelible impression on my mind. My admiration for them was so great that I was not willing to admit anybody else in the field.

"Listen to this", my fellow-traveller read out from the *New Statesman*,

"surely you attach some importance to this journal."

I took the review from my friend, but my attention was deflected by a pat on my shoulder. I turned round and recognised Robert McAlmon, the American author of "Being Geniuses Together." I had met him in England with Nina Hammett at the time of the publication of his book—a good humoured satire on fellow-writers.

"Hey! That's not the way to drink coffee in France," McAlmon said, after shaking hands with my friend.

"You tell us how," I replied.

"With cognac, of course. Garcon! Bring three coffees with cognac."

The waiter brought the order and added the saucers to our previous pile.

"No", said McAlmon, "This is on me. Push the saucers over here."

Robert McAlmon poured the cognac down his throat, sipped his coffee and said to me: "What have you over there? Law reports, I suppose! Still working for those dreary Bar exams."

"No," I answered, "this is the *New Statesman*."

"Slide it over here", McAlmon said. "Let me see if my publishers are making an effort to sell my book."

"I don't see any advertisements," I replied, "but there's a lot about a new dancer called Ram Gopal."

McAlmon glanced through the notices. "I don't know this guy," he said, "but I've seen Uday Shankar in New York. He's superb. Now let me give you a demonstration of Indian dancing."

Robert McAlmon rose and performed the famous dance of Siva. He wriggled his neck, waved his arms about and balanced himself on one leg, the other poised high up in the air. The cafe lingerers clapped. My colleague whispered his surprise at the potency of just one cognac. The waiter pointed to the table previously occupied by our entertainer. Several saucers were mounted, one on top of the other, and looked like a miniature skyscraper.

McAlmon returned to us amidst requests for a repeat. He sat down and asked me how one described the beauty of a woman in the course of an Indian dance. I showed him some gestures as laid down in the Bharata Nitya Shastra.

"I shall do that at the party," McAlmon said. "Oh, by the way, I've come out without my tie. Could you lend me yours for the day? I've to go to a party, and I think my hosts will insist on my wearing a tie. Even bohemians are at times bourgeois." I undid my cravat and gave it to Bob. "Thanks a lot," Bob McAlmon said. "I shall put you in my next book. It will be called 'Being Dancers Together'. Bye-bye!"

A fortnight later Paris was gripped with rumours of an immediate outbreak of war. And amidst all the panics one heard that Ram Gopal had arrived in Paris and was intending to give a season. But Hitler started his season sooner and I was forced to pack my belonging of light travel and return to England.

Ram Gopal returned to England in the autumn of 1939 and opened at the Vaudeville Theatre. The Vaudeville show convinced me that Ram Gopal was a skilful solo dancer. But I felt that the items of the evening were somewhat brief and that too many curtain calls marred the continuity of the performance. I liked the Moghul Court dances best. The British public acclaimed Garuda or The Dance of the Eagle God.

Soon after the Vaudeville season Ram Gopal left for India. In the following autumn the German blitz

fell on London in all its fury. Out of the debris appeared William Acton, a rich young painter with a Chelsea flat just below the studio where gorgeous models posed for Augustus John.

Acton gave parties at which writers, artists and men and women of fashion foregathered. One of these parties, though not ostentatiously stated, was in honour of Ram Gopal. The toast of the absent dancer was drunk in champagne, served with Bangalore lentil cakes specially made by an Indian chef, pappadams from Veeraswami's and smoked salmon sandwiches. On the mantelpiece lay several copies of Kay Ambrose's "Pocket book" for distribution to the guests. Miss Ambrose's book included drawings of Ram Gopal and his then partner, Ratna Mohini.

I was walking round the hall examining Acton's finely painted portraits of princesses and debutantes when somebody said that the host wished to speak to me. I looked for Acton. He was standing near a French window lighting a long Burma Rat-tail with the flame of a candle. I went up to him. Outside, bombs fell like tropic rain.

"You realise what's happening outside," he said, "it's hell. I want you to choose an Indian record and put it on loud. It will drown this infernal noise." Then lifting one eyebrow high above the other in his usual manner he said: "If only we had the power of Ram Gopal we could transform ourselves into Garudas and take flight from this wretched war."

But while we in London were busy escaping from the blitz bombs, avoiding the oilbombs and dodging the V-ones Ram Gopal as Garuda flew from one end of India to the other dancing, researching and creating. When he reappeared in London in 1947 he had effected in himself a complete transformation. He now excelled not only as a solo dancer but as an accomplished leader of his ballet. His dances had become more elaborate. In fact some of the dances got longer from day to day and the programme erred by being a little too generous. The most memorable items were the glorious and spectacular dance of the Setting Sun, the traditional Alaripu, partnered by the graceful Shevanti, and of course the winged Garuda.

—By ALAGU SUBRAMANIAM

MEN ARE NOT GODS

By "PARANKUSAM"

LONDON.

LET me say it. It was a shock and a disappointment.

For Indians who read Shakespeare from the time they are fifteen, to see Shakespeare acted, even if it be at the Old Vic, is always a shock and a disappointment, the first time. When we had seen college and such other amateur performances we had consoled ourselves with the thought that it was because they were college or such other amateur performances they were so unsatisfying, if not altogether insufferable. Presented by trained professional actors, as I said, even if it be at the Old Vic, it is still an unpleasant experience, let me repeat, the first time. But the fault, "of course" is in ourselves. We have read Shakespeare. Reading him we have learnt only of his poetry. The drama had eluded us, and in course of time, we had forgotten to think of his works as plays at all. And poetry does not read well from the stage. Not as poetry.

But once you begin thinking of Shakespeare as drama, then it is another matter. The initial impression, however, may take some time to wear off.

Shakespeare is still the most popular dramatist in England. That is, if all England is like London. Just now we have had something which is new even to Shakespeare-fond London. That something was *Othello* at two theatres at the same time. People do not remember such a thing ever happening before; but there it was. The Old Vic was doing *Othello* till last week and Orson Welles is still at it at the St. James.

It was an interesting experience seeing these two performances and comparing them. At the Old Vic one heard and saw Shakespeare; at the St. James it was Mr. Orson Welles through and through. And when one comes to think of it, it was what one should have expected. The Old Vic has always—no, not always, but since it was redeemed by Emma Cons and more especially since Lilian Bayliss found the Shakespeare experiment successful—the Old Vic has stood for

Shakespeare and pure drama. Mr. Orson Welles, on the other hand, is too much of a genius to leave anything alone. It is of course true that the portrayal of any character needs must vary from actor to actor. No two Shakespearean actors act the part of Othello or King Lear or Hamlet alike. Interpretation does depend much on the actor's own or producer's own understanding of the play and the character. This in fact, some hold, is Shakespeare's greatness, that his characters are capable of so many interpretations. But there are interpretations and interpretations. Some merely throw a newer light—and occasionally a more illuminating light—on our own or the widely accepted view. Others strike us as doing violence to the text and the spirit of Shakespeare. It is this latter kind the Old Vic has stood against and which Mr. Orson Welles' cleverness does not permit him to avoid. The temptation to be original and do the unexpected or the unusual is too great when the actor or the producer is a clever one and a creative artist in his own right. What Shakespeare requires is a faithful producer, who is not ashamed to present the art and genius of another.

Generally, therefore, the Old Vic version of *Othello* was the less irritating. In course of time, when I have learnt to think of Shakespeare as drama, instead of as poetry, it will probably be the more satisfying. But Mr. Orson Welles, I am afraid, will never make a thoroughly dependable producer or actor of Shakespeare. Certainly not on the stage. His talents appear more suited to the screen, depending as they do on scenic effects, and acting which has to be picked up by the penetrating eye of the close-up camera to be really understandable.

Let me explain. We know, of course, there are many schools of thought as to the best ways of presenting Shakespeare. There are those who even object to the modern picture-frame type of stage. There are those who feel Shakespeare should be played in modern dress. At the other end we have those who try to make the

drama in the theatre approximate as much as possible to the screen-play. But it is well-known that the simpler the production the more the play depends on itself for success. In the case of a weak play it may be necessary to bolster it up with clever or original production. But in the case of classical drama, does not the very fact of their survival suggest they can be best appreciated if produced as they probably were when originally written? Is it not safe to assume that Shakespeare will sound and appear most effective, most authentic, if the production attempts to approach the Elizabethan method of presenting a play? Probably, some may say, the taste of the theatre-going public has changed so much that Elizabethan theatrecraft will now appear crude and elementary. But others quote as answer to that argument the fact that Shakespeare's plays themselves are not considered crude or elementary. The Old Vic's production of Othello suggests there could be a compromise. At the Old Vic they do use modern stage-techniques. Subtle lighting; sets; the modern type of theatre with the stage at one end and the audience in front, instead of the Elizabethan platform jutting out into the auditorium with the spectators all round on three sides. But the lighting is not used to take the place of trick photography; the sets are not made to catch the eye or take away one's breath; even the picture-frame stage is constructed in a manner to give depth to the scene and make the action appear truly three-dimensional. The production approached the Elizabethan method by being remarkably simple and straightforward. For example, throughout the play there was just one set on the stage. As the lighting was used more to help you not to notice the unimportant and the irrelevant, few saw there was no change of scenery at all. Again, the play progressed from scene to scene with scarcely an interruption; the lights dimmed and went out closing one scene and then just came upon the next; or one light followed the actor or actors in the first scene out one way and another picked up the actor or actors in the next scene as they come in the other way; the curtain never comes down nor bursting across at the end of scene after scene. It

happens only to denote the interval or the end of the play. Also the absence of footlights helps to avoid the whole stage being laid bare. It becomes possible to light up portions of the stage leaving the rest of it in total or semi-darkness.

I said, there was an initial handicap for some of us who have always read Shakespeare to appreciate a play of his the first time we see it acted on the stage. Even otherwise this production of Othello at the Old Vic was not as good as one would have expected. It was a case of most of the individual performances being adequate, competent and even pleasant, but the play as a whole leaving one dissatisfied. The other chief irritation was Mr. Douglas Campbell who played the title role. We have always pictured Othello as tall and aristocratic, of commanding presence and dignified bearing. Mr. Campbell looks too ordinary to be a convincing Othello; he speaks with a gruff, unnatural voice which sounds most artificial and unpleasant; and of dignity there is none. He does act well in certain scenes but then he makes Othello a weak introvert, eaten with an unreasonable and childish jealousy. What was most disconcerting was, however, something for which he is not responsible at all. When from an artfully, yet completely, blackened face a pair of light blue eyes tries to exude ire and agony, who could help laughing?

Orson Welles is tall and big-made but manages to give the impression of an hefty lumberjack. In a pathetic effort not to overact he plays the role with a cumbersome lugubriousness which is reminiscent of the chief character in Steinbeck's 'Mice and Men.' The production is painfully original and many are the attempts to improve Shakespeare, including a mime at the beginning showing Desdemona leaving her father's house at dead of night to walk right into the arms of waiting Othello. How else can the cast be printed in the order of appearance and Orson Welles's name still lead all the rest? Orson Welles who not only takes the chief role but produces all the plays in which he acts, could do one better and stop us complaining. He can write his own plays.

But why complain even now? "Men are not Gods." They are not even all Shakespeares.

Short Story

A LEAP OFF THE KUTUB MINAR

By MAHENDRA SEN

"DEATH of a famous novelist—suicide suspected."

The above headlines in the morning papers created a stir in the whole city. Prabhat was ranked as a leading novelist of India and his psychological writings with a new approach on day-to-day problems had revolutionised the country's literature.

Soon as the news was received Inspector Chandra rushed to the scene of occurrence. Prabhat had killed himself by jumping off the Kutub Minar. His body was a ghastly sight! The skull had been smashed to pieces and the very looks were fearfully unbearable.

The police had cordoned off the place, and orders were issued that nothing should be removed from its place. On a search of Prabhat's person, in addition to his pen, watch, handkerchief, purse, etc., Inspector Chandra also found a letter which read as follows:

"Being convinced of the futility of life, I am putting an end to this body of mine. Nobody else is in any way responsible for it."

Inspector Chandra placed all these articles in safe custody. By this time, Prabhat's wife, Radha, and some of the neighbours had also arrived. After a thorough examination of the body, it was handed over to the bereaved wife for cremation. But the place was guarded by a posse of police constables.

Even over an hour's critical examination of the site, could not afford any further relevant clue to the Inspector. He then went to Prabhat's wife for interrogation, and the following conversation ensued:

Inspector Chandra: "Do you believe that Prabhat has committed suicide?"

Radha: "Not in the least. There was absolutely no reason for it."

When, however, Inspector Chandra showed her the letter found in Pra-

bhat's pocket, she was stunned, and Chandra further asked her: "Do you recognise this handwriting?"

Radha: "Yes, of course, this is quite his handwriting."

Chandra: "But, from this, is it not a clear case of suicide?"

Radha: "But I cannot somehow believe that he could have committed suicide. He condemned the act of suicide as the most disgraceful crime in the world and this was also reflected in his writings in no uncertain words. That a person with such ideas would himself indulge in such an act, is unbelievable."

"Do you mean to suggest Prabhat has been murdered?"

"Precisely."

"Whom do you doubt?"

"So far as I know he had no enemies. He was such a dear one that anybody who knew him loved him."

"You don't believe he has committed suicide and you also don't think he had any enemies—then what do you want to say?"

"That's what puzzles me. Please, Inspector, do investigate into the matter thoroughly—there are bound to be some strange revelations. Detective Vishnudev was a close friend of my husband and you might as well seek his help in this case."

A reference to Vishnudev was not a pleasant thing to Chandra. It unnecessarily reminded him of the bitter memories of the few cases in which Vishnudev had beyond doubt established his superiority over Chandra. Vishnudev's seemingly uncalled for protracted cross-questioning had more than once annoyed Chandra, but in the end, to Chandra's humility, Vishnudev always came out victorious. He, therefore, gave a curt reply to Radha's suggestion!

"Don't you worry about that. I'll certainly do my best to bring the culprit to book and whose help to seek in the investigation, is our job, not

yours." Continuing his interrogation he said:

"What other relatives has Prabhat?"

The only near relative is his father, Seth Kundanlalji, who lives in Bombay and owns business and property running into lakhs of rupees. Prabhat's mother died while Prabhat was yet a child. His father now lives alone in Bombay."

Radha further told Chandra that father and son had separated following a quarrel. The old man wanted that Prabhat should take to business and relieve him of the burden of managing huge assets, while the son was after taking to writing; a writer's profession in the father's opinion was meant for idlers, while the father's business was considered below moral standards by the son; father wanted him to marry another multi-millionaire's only daughter, the son married a Christian classmate under the Civil Marriage Act. Annoyed by all this, Kundanlal completely disowned Prabhat and threatened to dispossess him of every single pie of his property.

But Prabhat never regretted his decision. He obviously didn't care for his father's property as compared to his ideals. He chose the latter and was happy about it. Not once in the twelve years of separation did he ever mention his father, nor did the obstinate old man ever write to his only son.

Inspector Chandra also interrogated the old servant and a few neighbours. But everybody corroborated Radha's statement that Prabhat was not the one to have committed suicide.

When Chandra was unable to make out anything, he was obliged to seek Vishnudev's help.

The detective had, just sometime back, returned from his home town. News of Prabhat's murder overwhelmed him so much that he immediately accompanied Chandra, forgetting his meals after the journey.

The police cordon was still there and not a single article was removed from its place. Vishnudev examined everything very minutely and even climbed the Kutub twice under powerful torchlight, but not the slightest clue could be traced.

He also examined Prabhat's letter with the help of magnifying glasses

and remarked disappointedly, "This is beyond doubt Prabhat's handwriting—who could know it better than I?"

"Would you like me to obtain the handwriting expert's report?"

"I don't see any purpose."

"Even if this be a case of suicide, we must find some reason for it at least in order to complete the record."

"Give me some more time to think the matter over. I seem to be terribly tired just now." Saying this, Vishnudev left for his bungalow and Chandra took the road to Prabhat's house, once again.

This time Chandra examined Prabhat's study, and took possession of a manuscript of one of Prabhat's incomplete novels.

Next day when even the handwriting expert confirmed the letter to be in Prabhat's own hand and even Vishnudev could not help much, Chandra decided to go to Bombay for further investigation. Vishnudev also welcomed the idea and said he would accompany Chandra to Bombay. The journey was fixed up according to the detective's convenience.

As soon as the train pulled at the Bombay Central, a very well-tailored gentleman approached the compartment occupied by the two Delhi intelligence men and greeted Vishnudev with very great familiarity. Vishnudev introduced him to Chandra saying, "Meet Mr. Chunnilal—he is Prabhat's father's secretary. He came here for some other business and has by chance met us."

"Well, Chunnilal, there is awfully bad news for Seth Kundanlal. Prabhat killed himself by jumping off the Kutub Minar. This is Inspector Chandrakant of the Delhi Police. We have come for some investigation in this connection."

Chunnilal was not prepared for such an astounding news. His face changed colour several times—it first went red and finally pale. His embarrassment didn't go unnoticed by the two officers. Chunnilal at last succeeded in fumbling out in fear-sorrow-mixed words: "Oh, horrible! How did it happen?"

"We will tell you the details later. First tell us how is Chachaji?" Vishnu-

dev called Sethji his uncle because when in college in Bombay he was very often helped by Sethji financially. Sethji somehow had a little attachment with this bright young man.

"Is he unwell?" enquired Chandra.

"Yes, he is bed-ridden for a whole month now and the doctors have lost all hope of life," informed Chunnilal.

As suggested by Vishnudev, separate arrangements were made for his and Inspector Chandra's stay.

When Vishnudev entered Seth Kundanlal's chamber followed by Chandra and Chunnilal, Sethji suddenly exclaimed: "So you have come at last, my son, have you, Prabhat?" and made an effort to rise. But when he saw Vishnudev and a stranger with him, he fell back disappointed.

"A most impertinent boy he is. Come he won't, not even on a telegram from his own dying father!" and Sethji let go a deep, sorrowful sigh. He slowly shut his tearful eyes and fell back in the agonising memory of his only son.

"Did you inform Prabhat about Sethji's illness by telegram?" asked Chandra quite bewildered by the old man's craving for his son.

"Oh yes," said Chunnilal. "It is several days now that a telegram was sent to Prabhat Babu under Sethji's instructions."

"For twelve years now, I have been swearing not to see his face...now when the end is near I am dying for a mere look of his innocent face...but he has not come...he won't come, I know!" The departing soul had now lost the last hope and hot tears rolled from the old man's eyes.

"But nobody ever mentioned anything about the telegram in Delhi? May be it was this telegram on account of which..." and Chandra dared not breach the ghastly news to the dying old man. He merely looked enquiringly at Vishnudev.

"Oh, God! Is my soul destined ever to yearn for my son's love?" and a painful groan followed from Sethji. "God bless you yet, my son!...Accept the very last blessings from an...unworthy father, wherever you are..."

"Please, Sir! Don't be disappointed so. You will yet be well," pleaded Chunnilal.

Everybody in the room appeared to

be under the spell of Sethji's sorrow. Vishnudev, with difficulty, summoned courage to broach the unpleasant news:

"You are almost right, uncle. Prabhat will never come now," and Sethji looked piteously at Vishnudev. "He has...he has...jumped off the Kutub Minar and killed himself," completed Vishnudev hurriedly.

As if struck by lightning, Sethji sat up with a jerk and fell back in his bed the very next moment—lifeless.

Leaving Vishnudev to look after the last rites, Chandra left for the Kotwali to submit his reports.

And as he went on the busy pavement with long strides—tumultuous, thoughts were rushing in his brain. Even the sorrowful scene at Sethji's bungalow had faded under the spell of these thoughts.

Next day a police van pulled in the porch of Seth Kundanlal's bungalow, and ten uniformed men jumped out from it. First was Inspector Chandra, followed by another officer of the Bombay Police constabulary and eight armed men. Vishnudev and Chunnilal were engrossed in deep consultations on the lawn.

In Delhi, this would be common thing for Vishnudev. Whenever the police needed his help, they always came like this. But in Bombay this was sufficient to rouse his suspicion. Before, however, he could get hold of the situation, four of the armed men handcuffed him and Chunnilal on Chandra's beckoning.

"What is this nonsense?" roared Vishnudev. Oblivious of the inconvenience to him, two more constables were now searching his pockets. Besides other things, they produced a revolver, fully loaded, six shots."

"It is no use losing temper, my dear detective. The game is up. I, Inspector Chandrakant, of the Delhi Police Force, do hereby arrest you, Mr. Vishnudev, on a charge of Prabhat Kumar's murder, and you Mr. Chunnilal, for abetting the said crime."

On a search of Chunnilal's quarters, further documentary evidence was produced by way of Vishnudev's letters written to him. On which Chandra remarked with satisfaction: "Rest as-

sured, sir, I have now evidence enough on hand to send you to the gallows."

Inspector Chandra's young brother, Krishna, was very fond of reading novels. It was he who pointed out the missing page from Prabhat's incomplete manuscript.

Finding a spare hour, he said to his older brother: "This is wonderful, brother—detecting the detective indeed! Nobody could ever have suspected Vishnudev. How did it occur to you?"

"The world will, of course, attribute it to my super-intelligence, but I know that it was a mere chance."

"Please do tell me how it happened."

"Nobody could believe the story of Prabhat's suicide! and no reason could be attributed to it either."

"But what about the letter in his own handwriting!"

"That was the greatest factor to put us on the wrong track and evidence of the Great Detective's Great Mind. Normally the matter ended as soon as the letter was established to be in Prabhat's own handwriting beyond doubt. But when you told me about a missing page in Prabhat's novel, I felt suspicious and compared the paper and ink of the letter with those of the manuscript. It was not difficult to establish that the letter was merely the missing page of the novel. Even earlier, the absence of the signature struck me to some extent."

"I then gave the letter to the hand-

writing expert again for further examination. He confirmed that the letter had been written at least seven days before the murder. The sentence in the letter was supposed to have been said by a character of Prabhat's novel."

"But how did you suspect Vishnudev?"

"Next day when I went to Vishnudev anxious to deliver the news, he was fortunately, not at home. His servant was emerging from his study, and on seeing me he felt frightened. I felt suspicious and enquired sternly, 'What have you got in your hand?'"

"Terrified he faltered, 'Nothing, sir, the Saheb is away and will be available at ten.'"

"This increased my suspicion and holding him I said, 'But I ask you what you have in your hand—show me.' He had a small packet in his hand in which he was stealing some of Vishnudev's special tobacco imported from Lucknow, which was kept in his drawer. But it was the paper which caught my eye. I gazed it with dismay! It was the rest of the missing page from Prabhat's novel! And the servant had removed it from the waste-paper basket."

"I told the servant that I could keep his theft from his master provided he gave the packet to me and promised to say nothing to Vishnudev, to which he very readily agreed."

"Oh! So it was the tobacco theft which helped you," laughed Krishna."

"Then I remembered how Vishnudev waived off the idea of showing the letter to the expert and insisted

beyond doubt that the writing was Prabhat's."

"But they say Vishnudev was not in town when the incident occurred and that his train arrived two hours later than the time of the incident?"

"This was another problem. But once suspicion was aroused against him, it put me on the track to make further enquiries. There are two trains arriving from Vishnudev's home town at an interval of three hours—one of them an hour before the time of occurrence and the other two hours after. The station master of the small station confirmed that Vishnudev travelled by the first train whereas he reached home at the time of the second."

"I had to trace the taxi-driver who took Vishnudev to the Kutub Minar and he told me that on his way to Kutub Vishnudev had stopped at Daryaganj for Prabhat to come out for his usual visit to the library. Since they were friends it was not difficult for Vishnudev to persuade Prabhat to accompany him to the Kutub. The description of the two people given by the taxi-walla was exactly true for Vishnudev and Prabhat. The alleged letter was easily slipped into Prabhat's pocket on the way."

"The detective took good care to dispose off the taxi-walla on arrival at Kutub—to avoid suspicion on his returning alone."

"Not being a holiday, there was not much of a crowd on the Kutub and a lonely moment was not too difficult to find, when the powerful detective pushed the poor little soul down the great height. He then took cover among the other visitors in the darkness of the stairs inside the Minar. Vishnudev returned to the station by a bus and took another taxi for his home on arrival of the second train."

"But what was the purpose of the crime?"

"Seth Kundanlal had developed some love for Vishnudev who was also a distant poor relative and, in his annoyance with Prabhat, used to say that he would disown Prabhat and will his entire property to Vishnudev, if Prabhat didn't behave properly."

"Then there was absolutely no cause why Prabhat should have been killed; even otherwise Vishnudev would have got the property?"

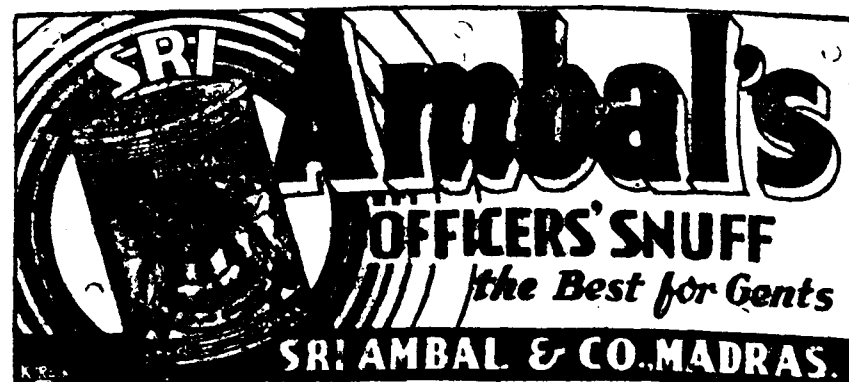
"You do not know a father's heart! With the end of his life now in view, Kundanlal's bitterness towards his son started dying, yielding place to a father's natural affection. The separation of his only child was now tearing his heart and he wrote letters to his son to come back. But none of these, not even the last telegram, were forwarded by Vishnudev's accomplice, Chunnilal. All this information was rather alarming for Vishnudev. He, therefore, decided to put Prabhat out of his way once for all—because he knew that the Seth couldn't see eye to eye with Radha whom he considered the root cause of all troubles and the only person who could inherit the big property after Prabhat's death was Vishnudev himself."

"But why didn't you arrest Vishnudev in Delhi?"

"I wanted to collect sufficient evidence against him. When Chunnilal came to receive us at the station, I was surprised, because that meant prior information having been sent to him and to keep privacy, Vishnudev stayed away from me."

"Then Sethji mentioned the telegram. Soon after his death I went to the telegraph office and found no such telegram was ever sent to Prabhat. The telegram was actually sent to Vishnudev and it read, 'The Seth is dying, do something quick.'"

"No doubt was left now and the two murderers were rounded up. The rest of the evidence was provided by the letters exchanged between the two."



The principal reason why our General Post Office makes a handsome profit every year is because before every party everybody telephones to everybody else to make sure that everybody will be in the same sort of clothes.—FRANK BELL.

LAKSHMI RAMA MURTHI

By G. VENKATACHALAM

In an appreciative note I wrote sometime ago about Lakshmi as a talented exponent of the dance art of Kathakali, I ventured to remark that had she taken to Bharatha Natyam, she would easily have overshadowed most of the popular dance artistes who are box-office draw now. As it happened, she did take to it and made a stunning success not long after.

Her debut in Bharata Natyam about a year ago, was an unqualified success. She danced her way into the hearts of lovers of this art even as she did in Kathakali some years ago. There was nothing surprising in this either. She has everything in her favour: youth, beauty, talent, intelligence, cultural background and a charming personality.

She is, in her own way, a pioneer and a successor to the pure traditions of this ancient art like Rukmini Devi. And like Rukmini Devi, Lakshmi comes of a cultured Brahmin family with natural aptitude for music and an inborn aesthetic sense. But unlike Rukmini Devi, Lakshmi started her first lessons in the art while yet a child.

Her first dance master was Gopinath who, as everybody knows, is an exacting teacher; and Lakshmi was the show-girl of her dance school even before she was seven years of age. Her impersonation of Sree Krishna at that age in Kathakali was as tender and appealing as the best portrait of the Divine Child by the Kangra painters.

I first met her about that time and have been watching with pride and pleasure, not only her blossoming into beautiful girlhood but into an exquisite dancer. My appreciation of her rising genius was no guess work nor was it motivated by any personal interest or bias. I recognised in her the Dancer of Tomorrow.

Both her Museum Theatre and Vani Mahal recitals in Bharata Natyam, early this year, revealed the great

artiste that she is and what an intelligent and imaginative *danseuse* could do to make Bharata Natyam a great and glorious art. The spiritual touch which Rukmini Devi gave to this sensuous art is unmistakably there in Lakshmi's. That, in itself, is a splendid service and a valuable contribution.

Lakshmi's repertoire may not be much as she has been learning this art for a year only, but her mastery over the technique and her interpretation are superb. She renders the most complicated *advas*, as in her *thirmanams*, with the greatest ease and confidence.

The *piece-de-resistance* in a Bharata Natyam recital is the *varnam* which is a delightful way of storytelling through *abhinaya* and *nritta* (gesture and dance), and in which the *danseuse*, unconsciously, reveals her weak and strong points, makes or mars her real worth as a dancer. Lakshmi scored a big hit in this in her very first recital in spite of the fast tempo to which her *varnam* was set. This item in her programme was as exacting as it was exquisite. In her second recital at Theagaraya Nagar, she was 'one-up' again and convinced the critics of her command over the complicated technique of the art.

Conscious artiste that she is, she effected certain improvements and introduced some elements in her style of Bharata Natyam which, I thought, was for the better. In her *tillana* she was less restricted and in her back-going movements, more graceful than most students of her guru, Yellappa. Though her *advu-patterning* was not rich, her foot-work and timing were amazingly correct and convincing. A little more bold sweeping flourishes of the arms would considerably add to the strength and beauty of her *thirmanams*.

Lakshmi's tour-de-force is, of course, her *abhinayam*. Possessed of



Srimathi K. R. Lakshmi

an expressive face, two large soulful eyes, sensitive lips, a supple body and creative imagination, she can reveal all the subtle nuances of the *navarasas* in a convincingly beautiful manner. She has had the advantage of Kathakali training which has been a helpful factor to her in this. She has the further advantage of having a good singer in her *nattuvanar* which adds considerably to the *abhinaya* part of a Bharata Natyam recital, and herself knowing the language in which the *padams* are sung for *abhinayam*. Her *padam* repertoire is both rich and varied unlike others who render the

same old songs in the same old way, over and over again.

Lakshmi hails from Kerala and her childhood days were spent in Trivandrum under the fostering care of one of her aunts, a beautiful and gifted lady, and was brought up in an atmosphere of freedom and affection. Her loyalty to her first guru, Gopinath, is of the *guru-sishya* tradition of old. Now a graduate and happily married to a civilian of the Government of India services, Lakshmi has other interests to occupy her mind and time, but Kathakali and Bharata Natya are, nevertheless, the two absorbing passions of her life. She could not have wished for anything better.

ON THE SET WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: When I walked onto the set of "Limelight," I was surprised to see Charlie Chaplin, gray-haired, wearing a pepper-gray suit for a scene in his picture. I had expected to find Chaplin dark-haired, in his famous tramp costume. I would be told later by Charlie why he was not doing the beloved tramp.

For about 15 minutes I watched Chaplin rehearse this scene with Claire Bloom, his leading lady, and four supporting players. Charlie directed the action, the gestures of all the performers; and because he is a superb mimic, he became each player in turn as he demonstrated how he wanted each performer to act. When some of the crew made too much noise during this rehearsal, Chaplin said, forcibly but pleasantly, "Someone's competing with me!" The workmen quieted down at once. They have great admiration for him.

Chaplin wrote the original story of "Limelight," he wrote the screenplay, he is playing the lead in it, he is directing it, and the picture is being filmed at the Charlie Chaplin Studio, which he owns. If ever a picture belonged to an individual, it is a Chaplin movie. This is no celluloid coming off the factory assembly line.

I almost forgot; Chaplin also wrote the original musical score for the picture. He wrote the score before he started the filming. While rehearsing, Charlie hummed some of the music; it helped direct his movements. "I think we could do it up to here in a group shot," Charlie said to his cameraman, "and then pick up with a close-up of Claire and me."

Then Chaplin asked his stand-in to run through the scene for him as he stood behind the camera to watch the action and see how it would appear to the camera.

After Chaplin had looked at this run-through and was discussing it with the cameramen, I spoke to Claire Bloom. She is a brunette—pretty but not in the usual Hollywood

sense—is soft spoken and has a British accent. She has played in "The Lady's Not for Burning" and "Ring Round the Moon" on the London stage and played Ophelia in the Shakespearian Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. This is her first movie. "I have no desire to become a film star and stay in Hollywood," she said. "I probably shan't make another film unless Mr. Chaplin wants me to."

Her leading man in this movie, that is, the juvenile lead, is Sydney Chaplin, Charlie's oldest son, who is making his movie debut. I've seen Sydney in a couple of plays at the Circle Theatre, and he should become a movie star. Sydney's brother, Charlie Jr., is also in the picture, doing a bit. In the scene I watched were three down-and-outers, bar room pals of Charlie, whom he had taken from the bar room to his apartment for a musical concert. These pals were played by Snub Pollard, the famous comic; Lloyd Underwood, who worked with Chaplin in "Easy Street"; and Julian Ludwig, a young actor who is a friend of Sydney and Charlie Jr. In this concern, Chaplin plays the violin.

I watched Chaplin go back to rehearse the scene (it's an education to watch him work), improving and perfecting until Jerry Epstein, his assistant, whispered something to him. Charlie smiled. "I guess you people are hungry and want to have lunch. I keep forgetting...."

I went with Charlie to his small portable dressing-room on the set. His wife, Oona, was there with their five-year old son, Michael.

"I'm going to have Michael in the picture, too," said Chaplin. "He's going to have a bit sitting on the curb." Charlie and Michael greeted each other. Oona placed two tomatoes and half a grapefruit on the table. "If I don't bring him his lunch," said Oona, "he never eats."

"Are you on a diet?" I asked Chaplin. "No," he replied, "but I don't like to eat while I'm working on the set."

"How come," I asked, "you're not doing the tramp in this picture?" Between nibbles on a tomato, Charlie answered: "I've retired him. He appears in the picture for a flash, but that's all. I'll never play him again." "Why?" I wanted to know.

"Because he's got nothing more to say," Chaplin answered. "I've been

playing him for over 35 years. I no longer have any enthusiasm for him. The secret behind any good work is enthusiasm. The double trick in doing any art form job is to please yourself as well as the public. I'm pleased with what I'm doing in this picture. All I can do now is to hope the public will be pleased."

EDEN GARDEN MEMORIES

By P. N. S.

CRICKET enthusiasts of Calcutta are always blessed in the matter of Test matches. In the first place they come to them at a time of the year best suited for playing the game. It is always a pleasure to spend the days under the sun's rays in the month of December. It finds people at their gayest, for by long association Christmas has become a season of rejoicing and festivities for the Christian and non-Christian. More than all else, the players are eager and fresh for the fray, the early-season-stiffness having been taken off by previous skirmishes. And what greater pleasure can a lover of the game derive than by stretching himself under the pleasant warmth of the sun, listening to the music of the bat hitting the ball.

Calcutta citizens are also always lucky in that they witness the game at its best there. The wicket at Eden Gardens holds the balance even between the bat and the ball. The bowler can hope, when the ball is delivered with all the skill at his command, that it will beat the batsman with its pace and spin, or if the bat is swung at it, a catch will go up in the air for some well-placed fieldsmen to accept. It is also conducive to a good game that such a condition exists in the bowler's favour; for only then will the batsman be forced to use his feet to drive, cut and hook, revealing the beauty and power of batsmanship.

Calcutta has also been witness to the vintage of batsmanship, for the Eden Gardens has been the happy hunting ground of brilliant Mushtaq Ali. Befitting a disciple of the great C. K. Nayudu, Mushtaq has no respect

for the orthodox in batting. Though he can cut as brilliantly and as delicately as his master, he prefers, by a quick movement, to go behind the ball and send it speeding to the square leg or fine leg boundary. He derives impish delight in laying back and hooking a good length ball with the shine still on it, or running down the pitch like a schoolboy to meet it in half-volley and drive it to the cover or straight boundary. Cricket can never be dull while Mushtaq Ali is at the crease; even when on the defensive he is more delightful than many other batsmen on the attack. It is worth travelling miles to see Mushtaq make a single glance, hook, cut or drive; whatever the stroke it is the quintessence of batsmanship. And, Calcutta fans have seen him score more centuries at Eden Gardens than at other Test centres. No wonder they raise a hue, whenever Mushtaq's name is not found in the Indian team, and cry, "No Mushtaq, no Test."

It is not Mushtaq Ali alone that has crackled the fire of batsmanship in the cold December days at Calcutta. Amarnath has done it too and in company with Mushtaq! Can there be a better entertainment in the game than when these master craftsmen unfold their glorious art, each in his inimitable style? That was exactly what the fans saw during the Test match at Calcutta against Lord Tennyson's team, when both Amarnath and Mushtaq raced their way to centuries. No surprise then that Alf Gover, one of the bowlers who suffered at the two batsmen's hands expressed the opinion that the wickets in India are most unsuitable and detrimental for a bowler of his type!

It will always be a regret of Madras crowds that Keith Miller of Australia failed to show even a glimpse of his batting genius at Chepauk. But here again people at Calcutta were lucky, for they caught the debonair Australian in his best mood when he ran up more than 150 runs against India. All the Miller strokes were there—the lofty drives and pulls, the crashing square cut and hook; and not the least, the lordly run between the wickets.

Miller would have stolen the thunder in that match but for India's Vijay Merchant. When Merchant plays it is always a page from the classics, and his innings, also of over 150 runs, delighted the onlookers by its poise and beauty. If Miller's batting swept the crowd off its feet by its magnificent violence, Merchant's soothed them into pleasantness by the lullaby of its stroke-making.

Calcutta sportsmen have been witness, too, of runs being made more by the indomitable spirit of the batsmen than by the use of the artifices of batting. And who could represent this spirit better than Dilawar Hussain? Tall and heavily built, Dilawar Hussain spurned the approaches of the ball to the wicket contemptuously and the flourish of the tiny bat in his hand brushing it aside was only the consummation of this contempt. If we remember the tendency these days to fight shy of the bumping ball—even the great Worrell is reported to be guilty of this failing—the following incident at the Eden Gardens when India faced Jardine's team in the second Test is bound to send a shiver through us. When Dilawar Hussain was facing Clark and Nicholas—no ordinary pacemen—a bumper from the latter caught his head with a resounding crack. People who heard

the sound from the galleries sickened at the blow, which, they feared, might even end fatally. But imagine their surprise when after sometime Dilawar Hussain strode back to the crease and batted against Clark and Nichols as unflinchingly as before. No doubt, then, that his two displays of 59 and 57, the best for India in either innings, were as loudly applauded as if they were packed with all the artistry of a Nayudu or Mushtaq Ali.

It is not the rhythm of batsmanship alone that has gladdened the hearts of Calcutta fans on these Test match days. The masterful control of length, spin and flight by the late Amar Singh, the greatest of India's bowlers, had kept them spellbound as they spelled the destruction of Jardine's men, and, others too; the superb bowling of Hedley Verity, the Yorkshireman, calling the tune of such batsmen as 'C. K.', Merchant and Wazir Ali; the catapults of Nissar and Clark; and the brilliant fielding of Mitchell to Verity's bowling, these also have enriched the game and added to the unbounded pleasures that cricket has given them.

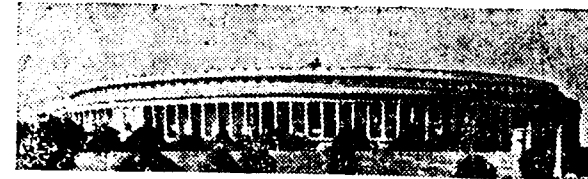
And in the present Test match there is certain to be as splendid a fare as of yore. Though Mushtaq and Merchant are not there, nor an Amar Singh in the ranks, Amarnath is still there—with Vijay Hazare who will never forget that Calcutta has been very good to him, when he broke India's run of bad luck by leading her to victory in the third Test against the first commonwealth team, himself hitting up a century. Vinoo Mankad will also be there revealing his remarkable control of the spinning ball, along with youngsters like Gopinath, Pankaj Roy, and Gupte promising to walk confidently in the footsteps of their elders, while Tom Graveney, Frank Lowson and Robertson will add the English touch to the game.

Socrates was the most truthful man of his time, and yet his features are said to have been the ugliest in Greece. To my mind he was beautiful, because all his life was a striving after Truth, and you may remember that his outward form did not prevent Phidias from appreciating the beauty of Truth in him, though as an artist he was accustomed to see the beauty in outward forms also. The outward has no meaning except in so far as it helps the inward. All true art is thus the expression of the soul. The outward forms have value only in so far as they are the expression of the inner spirit of man.

—GANDHI

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



IF the Socialist Party of India had joined hands with other Leftist groups, the Congress would have been beaten hollow in most of the State legislatures in India, and even in Parliament. The Congress Party is capturing power at these elections on the basis of about thirty to forty per cent of the total votes cast. The trend of voting in Travancore-Cochin must be an eye-opener to all of us. The Communist Party's claims can be no longer dismissed as empty boasts. I do think that the Communists would be certainly able to capture an overwhelming majority of votes in Telengana if only there were fair elections. This is not to say that the Communists had not committed a first-class blunder in Telengana. Mr. Dange himself had told us the other day that "individual terrorism" in Telengana was "a temporary deviation," which "we have corrected."

Mr. Dange's decision to withdraw from the contest against S. K. Patil in order to enable Mr. Purshottamdas Tricumdass to be returned to Parliament is a magnificent gesture; and advantage should be taken of this opportunity to establish friendly relations between the Socialists and the Communists in place of the present hostile relations. The Communist Party of India must learn from the experience of the Communist Party of China. The conditions of China under Chiang Kai-Shek were just like what we are having today in India under Jawaharlal Nehru. I once asked a Chinese friend (before the Peoples' Government was established in China) whether he saw any comparison between the K. M. T. regime in China and the Congress regime in India. He said there was one difference. What was it, I asked. "Your Congress Government is much quicker," he said. "In China, it took twenty years for corruption and nepotism to be introduced on such a vast

scale. But in India, they have achieved the same results in two years!"

General elections in India have been spread over twenty weeks instead of being finished in two days, ostensibly because sowing and harvesting are done at different parts of the year in different States. If this was really so, we would not be having elections in Assam precisely at the time when they harvest sali paddy. There must be some other reason for spreading out the dates of the elections. One obvious reason is that Jawaharlal Nehru, the single asset of the Congress Party, cannot be in all parts of India on the same day—the day before election. If different States have different dates for election, the Prime Minister can reach all the States by I. A. F. aircraft at the right time. The P.M.'s explanation about his use of I. A. F. aircraft carries no conviction. He is definitely enjoying an advantage over all other candidates and parties contesting the election. The argument he uses about the I. A. F. aircraft can be used for motor-cars and other State transport as well. How can the Prime Minister use Government planes for his electioneering? But he thinks he can explain it. He can explain it; but he cannot convince anybody.

Even when elections are held on different dates in different parts of India, there is no warrant for counting the votes and announcing the results by instalments. The majorities secured by the Congress Party in the first one or two States will have the effect of influencing the illiterate voter a great deal. But our Government believes in topsy-turvydom. It thinks that assertion is the same thing as argument. It asserts that the elections are fair. The party in power, for its own benefit, does not wish to keep the results of the election secret.

The French atomic scientists have no secrets, according to Prof. Schmidt, one of the few French scientists who worked on the atomic bomb project in the U. S. during the War. Schmidt was, of course, unwilling to disclose any secrets which they might have learnt during their work in collaboration with Anglo-American scientists but stated that the results of their work in France were open to anyone who was interested. Schmidt declared that England and America on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other were working under heavy secrecy on atomic energy. The French therefore did not expect any collaboration from either side, he said.

Speaking at the N. P. L. Colloquium, Schmidt gave an engaging account of the work of the Chemical Group on the Atom Bomb. The leader of the group was the oldest member of the group, Seaborg—who was thirty-one. Arthur Compton had told Schmidt that the greatest secret of the atom bomb was not any of the processes involved; the super-secret related to the solubility of plutonium-fluoride! For the Germans at that time were understood to be working on plutonium, and this information, if it leaked out, would have helped the Germans, it was feared.

Schmidt referred to the difficulties he experienced in the French Atomic Energy Commission, which arose because his workers—especially in the Isotopes Section—were offered 50 per cent higher salaries by private industry, and they kept on leaving the Commission. He had tried to retain them by getting salaries revised in the light of inflation, etc., but it did not seem to matter, because private industry offered his workers 50 per cent more without enquiring what their salaries were!

Schmidt said that the French Atomic Energy Commission spent about three crores of rupees per year in the first five years; and they had been promised about twenty crores per year for the next few years. What France had been spending was one-tenth of what Britain was spending; and what Britain was spending was one-tenth of what America was spending. The Indian Atomic Energy Commission and the National Physical Laboratory have, like their opposite numbers in France, been devoting

their attention to the peaceful uses of atomic energy. The French, like the Germans, had made a mistake in thinking before the war that it was easier to produce machine-producing recoverable energy by splitting the atom than to produce an explosion! We now know that it is not easier. That is our progress in science.

The Germans continue to achieve progress in the field of Indology. The greatest living Indologist, and the greatest since Max Muller and Jacobi, is Prof. Helmuth von Glasenapp—who was the most outstanding delegate to the recent Philosophers' Symposium in Delhi on the East and the West. Apart from being a great Sanskrit scholar, von Glasenapp is an authority on Indians overseas, and he had been to every place where Indians live, including the Fiji Islands and British Guiana and the West Indies.

Professor von Glasenapp told me that he learnt to smoke cigars in his Sanskrit class! This was almost blasphemy to my Indian ear; but von Glasenapp assured me that it was all right, because it was the great Sanskritist Jacobi that taught him Sanskrit as well as cigar-smoking! (Shades of Giresam!) It appears Jacobi was himself a great smoker of cigars; so he gave a cigar to each student in his class to keep him company while smoking. The fire of Sanskrit learning cannot obviously be kindled in Germany without the smoke of the smelling cigar.

Germany, like India, has many cigar-smokers. Bismarck was reputed to smoke the strongest cigars. Indian tobacco, which we in Delhi get from Tiruchirapalli and Rajamahendravaram, is one of the finest in the world. Some of the best cigars we smoke come from outside India, although the tobacco has probably gone there from here. The best cigar I have ever smoked was given me by G. Parthasarathi, genial chief of the Press Trust of India. The cigar was presented to him in London by a friend, but he was no cigar-smoker. G. P. tells me that the cost of the cigar was £1. If £1 could fetch so excellent a cigar, we may safely discount all interested reports that Sterling is a weak currency. For it was a cigar of contentment.



By V. P. SATHE

A fresh evidence of the overwhelming popularity of the film stars was provided by the star premiere of Raj Kapoor's *Awara* on Friday the 21st instant at Liberty (Bombay). True, never before in the annals of the film industry so many stars had assembled together to witness the premiere of a picture; but the crowds that besieged the theatre to have a glimpse of these stars was so great that special police arrangements with over twenty officers and eighty constables had to be made to protect the stars from being mobbed.

The stars who caused all this furor were not only Nargis and Raj Kapoor but Suraiya, Kamini Kaushal, Nalini Jaywant, Nutan, Vijayalaxmi, Ashok Kumar, Dev Anand, Dilip Kumar, Premnath, Kishore Sahu, Shobhana Samarth, Durga Khote, Leela Chitnis, Motilal, Sitara, Sajjan, Nasir Khan, Gope, Om Prakash, Veera, Bhagwan, Agha Jan, David, K. N. Singh, playback singers Lata Mangeshkar, Mukesh, Rafi and others. The film fans had not seen such a congregation of stars since the Star Cricket Festival match. And it took over an hour for these stars to get out of the theatre into their limousines. If this was a fashion column, one could have written interesting details about the variety of costumes worn by the stars, especially by Kamini Kaushal and Nalini Jaywant.

Apart from stars, the film industry was fully represented by many directors and producers of note like Chandulal Shah, Miss Gohar, Mehboob, Kardar, Mahesh Kaul, S. K. Ojha, Kidar Sharma, (Raj's Guru), Rajendra Jain, Ramesh Saigal, Kamal Amrohi, Jagirdar, Dwarka Divecha, K. Asif and many others. Thus in a way

the premiere of *Awara* was a social event for the entire film industry of Bombay. The only sad note of this otherwise spectacular event was the lack of grace and ordinary social courtesy displayed by some prominent guests on the occasion but that was only to be expected from egoist self-centred jealous people.

Picture Of The Week

As to the picture itself, one cannot do better than quote Chandulal Shah's words, "*Awara* is not Raj Kapoor's picture; it is our picture, it is industry's picture. It is pictures like *Vidyapathi*, *Padosi*, *Jogan* and *Awara* that give a 'push' to our industry and raise the standard; whenever foreigners ask me about Indian films it is a picture like *Awara* I can quote with great confidence."

No critic could have paid a more befitting tribute to Raj Kapoor than Chandulal. And the picture certainly merits it. For there is no doubt as a piece of motion picture craft *Awara* has set a new standard for Indian films. The dream sequence, for instance, is the most beautiful piece of its kind ever seen on the Indian screen. Depicting as it does the struggle between good and evil, heaven and hell, through symbolic settings, subtle music and dance formations it reveals to what great poetic heights the motion picture camera can rise. What is more, both in conception and execution the dream sequence is typically Indian and anyone who compares it with Hitchcock's murder thriller "*Spellbound*" or De Mille's "*Samson and Delilah*" shows complete ignorance about the sublimity of Indian culture manifested in this sequence through "*Tri-murti* and *Natraj*".

This sequence is alone enough to make *Awara* a distinguished motion picture. But there are many other striking features in this monumental production. Technically, the picture has many outstanding attributes. Right from the court scene which is noteworthy for restraint and realism and the boatman's dynamic song to the lyrical romantic sequence on the beach and the tough dramatic fight between the hero and the gangster, the presentation is very imaginative and vigorous. And yet the beauty of Raj's direction lies in the fact that he has never lost the grip on the story which, despite the enormous length succeeds in holding the attention of the audience for three hours.

The story revolves round the theme that it is not birth but the environment that makes a man. Told in flash-back style through court trial, it centres round Raghunath who believed in the theory that 'criminals are born' and succeeded in punishing Jagga, whose only fault was that he was a criminal's son. Out of revenge Jagga kidnapped Raghunath's wife, but left her when he came to know she was pregnant. Back home, she was scandalized; and even Raghunath started suspecting that the child she was about to give birth to was not his. The net result was she was turned out and on the streets she gave birth to a son Raj.

She lived in the slums of Bombay and worked hard to educate her son. Poverty, humiliation and hunger drove Raj to the path of crime. He stole a loaf of bread to feed his hungry mother and that first theft, thanks to Jagga, launched him on the career of crime.

Grown up, he accidentally met his school-mate Reeta and her association had a good effect. Jagga warned him against softening down. Caught between the two opposite forces represented by Reeta and Jagga, Raj ultimately decided to give up Jagga and crime. But his decision did not last long. He tried in vain to find honest means of living. Hounded out from everywhere like a dog, he came to Jagga to beg of him for a loan; instead he got an advice to be a criminal again. Out of desperation he stole a necklace and presented it to Reeta on her birthday little knowing that the necklace was bought by

Judge Raghunath for his ward Reeta. Instead of misunderstanding Raj, Reeta took his side and brought him to her guardian Raghunath, but the puritan judge could hardly consent to their match. Disappointed Raj returned home only to find Jagga running away from the police, seeking refuge in his house and strangling his mother. Raj felt he had to get rid of the evil and in a fatal battle he killed Jagga in trying to save himself and his mother. While on trial Raj's mother met with a fatal accident and Raj came to know the startling truth that Raghunath was his father. Unable to control his wrath against a man who had been responsible for his mother's misery he ran away from jail and made an effort to kill his father.

It was when Raghunath heard this story in court, it was when he heard Raj's speech about delinquent children that Raghunath realized the error. The court ultimately sentenced Raj for three years in spite of the valiant efforts by his pleaders and beloved Reeta; but Raghunath felt that he was more guilty than his son.

A long but pointed and purposeful story, Raj has tried to tell it effectively. Also he has embellished it with the showmanship which is so necessary to make it sellable. These embellishments have naturally increased the length considerably but they are so enjoyable and beautiful by themselves that one is prepared to excuse Raj for the additions. The strength of the story lies in the fact that the theme has been brought home not through harangues and speeches but through incidents. The whole story is written as a sort of a proof for the theme; it is enlivened by Abbas' sparkling dialogue. The pun on "import-export", the dramatic irony and wit in most of the dialogue, the clever use of monosyllables in romantic sequence, all add literary flavour to the story. Its only fault, if any, is that it is based on so many coincidences, but then can there be any drama without coincidences?

Coincidences apart, there is consistency and logic in the screenplay and the end, for once, is rational and not romantic. Abbas and Raj Kapoor are also to be complimented for restraint in handling dramatic situations; as a result the picture never

lapses into theatrical melodrama. One has only to contrast Raj's speech in the court with that of Balraj Sahni in *Humlog* to distinguish between restrained dignified drama on the one hand and theatrical loud melodrama on the other.

Even Prithviraj who has given a very sensitive performance never becomes theatrical in the picture. While admitting that Prithvi has given a great performance, one must say that Raj has done even better. For, Raj is called upon to act various moods and like a consummate artiste that he is, he captures the spirit of all the moods and makes the audience laugh or weep alternatively. Nargis, Shashi Raj, Leela Chitnis, K. N. Singh have all contributed first rate performances.

With such an emphasis on the story, the music, though tuneful, is relegated into the background. True, the background music is very effective, the songs are catchy, but somehow they are overshadowed by other features of the film.

Personality Of The Week

Though *Awara* has been the biggest news of the week, the man who has taken the industry by surprise is Bhagwan. His first social picture *Albela* which will be reviewed in these columns next week, has proved an instantaneous success and the success has come as a surprise to the industry. Before the release of *Albela* the distributors had no high expectations about the picture. A leading distributor was not even prepared to pay Rs. 60,000 for its rights for the South, he offered a paltry sum of Rs. 45,000. The same distributor offered Rs. 85,000 after the release but Bhagwan refused this offer and sold it for a higher price.

However surprising and unexpected, the success of *Albela* marks the welcome debut of Bhagwan to the 'social' field of motion pictures. In the sphere of stunt films Bhagwan held a pre-eminent position. He was a stunting, though apart from 'stunts' his pictures were known for slap-stick comedy. Bhagwan's comic antics reminded one of Budd Abbot, rather Bhagwan has modelled himself on Budd Abbot. Anyway, Bhagwan who started his career about ten years ago from the lowest rung of the lad-

der proved first his mettle in stunt pictures not merely as an artiste but as scenarist, director and producer.

It was but natural that an ambitious and successful artiste like Bhagwan should aspire to earn higher laurels. How long would he be content with making 'stunt' pictures which somehow are treated like 'out-castes' in the film firmament? With *Albela* he may now claim to have made the grade.

Written, directed and produced by Bhagwan it proves that he is a great entertainer and he is a serious threat to others as a creator of comedy. If *Albela* is any indication, Bhagwan is sure to fill the void created by the absence of Charlie and the death of Dixit. Gope, Agha Jan, Yakub and others should look to their laurels, which Bhagwan may wrest from them very soon.

The one man who has helped Bhagwan throughout his career is his friend and comrade C. Ramchandra who has been giving music for all his stunt pictures. His contribution is also responsible for the success of *Albela*.

Bhagwan and his partner Subramanyam started Jagriti Pictures some years ago. In the beginning they met with many set-backs. Later, when Bhagwan started directing his own pictures, he reaped a rich harvest and built his own studio at Chembur. Jagriti Studios is one of the best equipped studios in Bombay where some of the sets of *Awara* were taken. It was while watching Raj work in his own studio that Bhagwan was inspired to produce a social picture. Significantly *Albela* and *Awara* were released on the same day and proved a success.

News Of The Week

—Pran Nayyar has started National Films. His first picture based on a screenplay by Krishan Chander will be directed by K. M. Multani, with Kamini Kaushal and Balraj Sahni in the principal roles.

—R. D. Mathur is directing Nihal Film Corporation's new picture *Tamanna* starring Nutan and Nasir. Roshanlal is giving the music.

—Pushpa, a Tamil star, is reported to have been selected by Pancholi to play the feminine lead in *Aasmaan*.

MYSORE AND THE CENTRE II

By H. RANGACHAR

THE events that led to Mysore being exempted from the operation of Article 371 of the Constitution have been narrated in a previous article in *Swatantra* of the 15th instant. The time and the circumstances in which it has been conceded makes it clear that the exemption for which the Mysore Government has been pressing all along, was not now granted so much on the merits of their claim as on the terms of a compromise negotiated on the issue of the directive in the L. S. Raju case. May be, the approaching elections and the need to make the Congress Government in the State gain some prestige were also contributory factors. The fact remains that the exemption did not come in the usual course but under the pressure of circumstances.

Results Of The Exemption

The result of this exemption has been that Mysore, though a B class State, occupies a unique position, different from that of the other B class States. A further intra-class differentiation has been introduced in addition to the existing three classes and the inequality in status of the component units, which is a weakness in the Constitution, has been further accentuated. The exemption to Mysore cannot but act as a thin end of the wedge, as demands for similar treatment are sure to be made by other B States when popular Governments come into being there after the elections. Such demands may prove irresistible. This would mean the virtual abolition of Art. 371 in the near future, much before the ten year period contemplated in the Article. Whether this will be a change for the better, desirable in the interests of the good government in the country, is a matter open to serious question. The majority of the B class States have come into existence as a result of mergers and integration, and have not had time to effect the necessary adjustments, reconcile the different interests incidental to such great changes and settle down. Most of these have

neither popular legislatures nor efficient administrative machinery. Whether, after the elections, it is likely that stable popular ministries can be formed in the welter of conflicting interests and factions remains to be seen. It was for these reasons that the Constitution provided for a greater degree of guidance, control and superintendence by the Centre in respect of these States. The action of the Centre in exempting Mysore in the circumstances in which they did it is perhaps the first step in what may be regarded as the removal of a safety valve. As, however, Article 371 was only a temporary provision and as it was the intention that the inequality in status between A and B class States should disappear as early as possible, the change, though coming into effect prematurely, may not affect the fundamental basis of the Constitution to any large extent.

Articles 249 and 360

But this affair raises the larger issue as to the practicability of enforcing the directives issued under the provisions of Articles 249 and 360 relating to the powers of the Union Government to legislate in matters on the State List and to issue instructions and directives in financial emergencies. If there is on the part of the States, as there should be, a readiness to respect the Constitution, the provisions of these Articles will of course go into effect. If, on the other hand, the Government of the State concerned fails to comply with the directives and is backed by the majority party in the legislature, there may be a serious deadlock which can only be ended by the Centre assuming powers under Article 356 relating to the failure of the constitutional machinery. Even this may prove no solution if the public opinion supports the State Government and there is no possibility of a different Government coming into power by election or otherwise. The probability of such a deadlock is all the greater if, as may well happen, the Government in power in the State is of a party different from that of the Union with radi-

cally different ideologies in economic and financial matters.

In this connection, there is another consideration to be taken to account. As is wellknown, the working of Federations has shown that in the matter of powers, the scales generally come to be weighted in favour of greater autonomy for the unit States in their allotted sphere. Even express provisions in certain Constitutions giving special powers to the Centre have tended to become infructuous in actual working. Canada may, to a limited extent, be taken as a case in point. Wishing to profit by the example of the U. S. A. where long and acrimonious controversy over States' rights had culminated in the Civil War, the framers of the Canadian Constitution aimed at creating a stronger Centre. Accordingly Section 91 of the British North America Act, empowering the national Parliament to make laws for peace, order, good government in all matters "not coming within the subjects... assigned exclusively to the legislatures of the provinces," specified some 29 subjects as falling within the "exclusive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada" for greater certainty but not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing terms of this section". As a result, however, of the decisions of the Supreme Court and of the Judicial Committee, this general power has come to be minimised and the Centre's authority restricted to the 29 subjects. Many writers on the Constitution have strongly criticised the "provincial bias" of the Judicial Committee which is said to have defeated the intentions of the makers of the Constitution. It has, on the other hand, been claimed that they only gave expression to the general feeling of provincialism prevalent in the country. Whatever the merits of the controversy, the moral is clear that in a federation the scales are so weighted in normal times in favour of provinces as to reduce the scope of, or render ineffective, the statutory provisions or the intentions of the fathers of the Constitution to the contrary.

Will it not be reasonable to expect a similar tendency to operate in our country also making the enforcement of the special powers of the Centre more and more difficult? In our special conditions and circumstances, it

has been considered most essential that the Centre should have such powers in the interests of the good government of the country. It is of the utmost importance therefore to devise the necessary measures and precautions to ensure that the powers under Articles 249 and 360 are effective and can be enforced when the emergencies in which their use is contemplated, arise. The need for this is emphasised by the events connected with this Mysore affair and its implications.

Measures And Precautions

The most important precaution to be adopted is that recourse should be had to the application of the powers under these Articles as a last resort, only when the Centre has the full support of public opinion behind it. As has already been stated, the Constitution provides for central control and direction in two kinds of emergencies, under Articles 249 and 360. In the former case, the Union can exercise powers only on a resolution passed by the Council of State by a two-thirds majority of those present and voting. This ensures that the matter will receive sufficient publicity and full consideration of the pros and cons during the deliberations of the Council. Public support may normally be taken for granted in decisions on such cases. It is unlikely that any State would try to flout such a decision and there would be, in any case, ample support of public opinion for the Centre to enforce the resolution.

This will not be the case in regard to action under Art. 360, relating to financial emergencies. In this case the responsibility rests in the first instance on the Central executive and they have to take all possible precautions including the enlisting of the support of public opinion. It would be a sound and prudent policy for the Central Government to take action even under this Article with the previous approval of the Parliament whenever possible. In any case in which immediate action is necessary and the Parliament cannot be consulted, as when it is not in session, the Government should take all steps by due publicity and other means to ensure full support of the public. Action should thus be taken, as a last resort, only when all possible avenues for settlement or compromise

have been explored without success and when the Centre is prepared to enforce its directives backed by full popular support. No directive should of course be issued if the possibility of a State flouting it is likely to make the Centre resile from its position.

Apart from this, it is most essential that a spirit of amenability to the provisions of the Constitution should be fostered and developed. A tradition of compliance with and respect for the provisions of the Constitution should be established. The States have, under the Constitution, ample opportunities to have any such decisions changed by observing constitutional proprieties without indulging in threats. Public opinion will not

fail to support them if the action of the Centre has not been correct or has exceeded the needs of the situation. For those interested in orderly progress and the proper working of the Constitution, it cannot but be a matter for great regret that some members of the Mysore legislature including some responsible ministers should have made speeches and adopted an attitude which the public could construe as one of veiled defiance. This action of the Government of Mysore and the Centre granting the exemption in this context have unfortunately not been steps calculated to foster a spirit of respect for the Constitution and of ready compliance with its provisions.

FOR WHOM WILL I CAST MY VOTE?

By "DEMOCRATUS"

AS the polling dates for elections are drawing near, my mind is naturally agitated by the thought as to whom I should vote to power. In the welter of confusion caused by the equally vociferous shouts and slogans of the various parties and candidates each vying with the other in his promises to bring us nearer to the millennium of peace and plenty, it is indeed difficult to decide the issue on first thoughts. But my maturer thoughts and calmer reflections which shall guide my selection, I set forth below.

CONGRESS?.....I have the greatest regard for the Congress as an Organisation. It is indisputable that it has brought our country freedom from the foreign yoke. Its top-ranking leaders always command our admiration and respect. But on that score alone, I shall not blindly vote for the Congress candidate. Many an unworthy person has managed to secure the Congress ticket, or rather, shall I say, in some cases the Congress ticket has been thrust upon him. Pandit Nehru himself has admitted times without number that the Central Election Committee went wrong in the selection of certain candidates to stand on the Congress ticket. These are the black sheep, undoubtedly our public enemies. The fault of their selection lies not so much with the Central Election Committee as with the Provincial, sometimes it lies with both. But two wrongs cannot make one right. I shall not cast my vote in favour of such a candidate. Not all the fervour or eloquence of Pandit Nehru for the Congress in the

abstract can weigh with me with regard to this concrete individual whom I know and recognise to be a proven rogue.

SOCIALIST?....Will I vote for the Socialist candidate? Socialist leaders like Jayaprakash Narain and Ashok Mehta have captured the imagination of young men like me. They deserve all respect. Socialism has been prescribed as the goal and salvation for India by no less a man than the President of the Congress. But still, I will not vote for the Socialist merely because he is a Socialist if he possesses no intrinsic worth as a man.

K. M. P. P.?....Will I vote for a K. M. P. candidate? The K. M. P. Party is after all the rebel son of the Congress. Its leaders were the erstwhile stalwarts of the Congress. They are the seceders who are always welcome if they choose, to return to the parent organisation. Acharya Kripalani and Andhra Kesari Prakasam—who has not heard of them or has not the highest regard for them? Nevertheless, I will not vote for the K. M. P. candidate merely because he is a K. M. P. candidate if he has not previously proved his mettle and cannot extract my praise for selfless work, sacrifice and character.

COMMUNIST?....Will I vote for the Communist candidate? Not I, for all the world. Their activities are nefarious, their professions and actions are violent. Most of them go underground and want to implant a creed from the Soviet land, quite alien to our native soil.

INDEPENDENT?....Will I vote for an Independent candidate? Many of the Independent candidates are truly inde-

pendent in every sense of the term—they are independent of knowledge, plan, policy or programme. But where I am convinced that a certain independent candidate is a man of sterling merit and character and capable of making his voice felt in the Legislatures, I shall not hesitate to cast my vote in his favour. Though an Independent to-day, he may after being elected, align himself with the policy and programme of a progressive party.

Other minor parties there are such as the Jan Sangh, RSS, Hindu Maha Sabha, etc., but they scarcely deserve notice as

they are wedded to a banefully communal outlook.

In brief, my criteria for choosing a candidate are past record, and intrinsic worth. If a candidate has no past record as a legislator, I shall judge his qualities by his work in other fields and will vote him on his merits. I will not attach too much importance to the party label.

All things being equal, my first choice will be for the Congress, next Socialist, then K. M. P. and then Independent. But what shall I do if I have to choose from among men, all of them bad? I will of course choose "the best of the bad men."

GROWTH OF NEW YORK CITY

By DONALD ROBINSON

NEW YORK city and the scores of suburban towns that surround it are in trouble today. Like the boy "who grew too big for his breeches," New York and most of the communities near it have expanded too much, too fast and too soon. As a result, they have enormous headaches.

At this moment, close to 14,000,000 people are jammed into the New York metropolitan area, and more are coming daily. Since 1940, New York city alone has had a population increase of 500,000 and the region around it has boomed even more. Unplanned for and mishandled, this growth has caused crucial problems in housing, transportation, traffic control, schooling, public health and all the other elements of civil life.

In New York city itself, traffic congestion is so bad that experts say it is costing New Yorkers over \$1,000,000 a day in lost time and delays. Just the other morning, a factory building near the North river waterfront burned to the ground because of this traffic congestion. The fire was only a small one when discovered, but it had spread throughout the structure by the time the fire engines arrived.

"What took you so long to get here?" the distraught owner asked the fireman.

"Every street in the neighbourhood was so snarled with trucks and taxis that we just couldn't get through," a fire department official stated.

Outside of New York city, the difficulties caused by the population rise

are even greater. In various nearby sections of New Jersey—well to do, not poor, areas—public schools are so overloaded there are as many as 75 children to a class. And in East Orange, N. J., one of the wealthiest towns in the east, there is a public school which has only one lavatory for 350 children.

"We know how bad conditions are," school officials declare, "but our population has soared so much that we have not been able to build enough new schools."

The overall situation is expected to get worse rather than better. Experts of the Regional Plan Association, a non-profit, non-partisan organisation specializing in civic problems, anticipate the number of residents in New York metropolitan area will continue to grow. They foresee an increase of 2,700,000 within the next 20 years.

120,000 Families "Doubling Up"

"Unless solid, intelligent steps are taken soon to plan for the absorption of these people," they say, "a collapse of the social and economic structure throughout the area is strongly possible."

Under the leadership of the Regional Plan Association, a major drive is now under way to solve the difficulties besetting the area, but not even the R. P. A. officials are confident it will be successful—in time.

According to the U. S. bureau of the census, there are now 8,145,000 persons living in New York city proper. This means there are now 26,209 persons to each square mile of Gotham land, a

figure which seems astronomical when set alongside the nationwide average of 50 per square mile.

Such density of population is making the city strain at its seams. In rush hours, its transportation facilities packed to suffocation, its traffic is continually paralyzed. There is a critical shortage of housing, of schools, of hospital beds.

Recently, a survey was made of the housing situation. It was learned that despite construction of government housing, more than 120,000 families are still "doubling up" with relatives.

"Is it any wonder the city's divorce rate is steadily climbing?" a judge of the domestic relations court commented.

The tragic dearth of hospitals was spotlighted, a few months ago, when a 64-year-old woman collapsed on Broadway as the result of a heart attack. She was taken in an ambulance first to one hospital, then to another, and another. In each case, the ambulance surgeon was told:

"We would like to admit this woman as a patient, but there isn't one vacant bed in the hospital."

Not until four hours had passed was a hospital found with room for her—a cot in a corridor.

New York's growth has created many other problems, too. The city now uses over 1,150,000,000 gallons of water a day, far more than it can possibly obtain from its usual watersheds. As a consequence, it has had to seek water from the distant Delaware river watershed, 136 miles away. To collect this water and move it to New York, a vast system of reservoirs, viaducts and tunnels has had to be built at a cost of \$375,000,000.

The city's growth has necessitated a sharp increase in police strength—the police department has grown from 14,000 to 18,000 men in the past four years—in fire protection equipment, in street-cleaning services, etc., the cost of city government has gone up and up.

These problems, and more, are confronting the other municipalities of the New York metropolitan region, which is defined by the Regional Plan Association as comprising New York city itself and some 17 adjacent counties in the states of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. In addition

to New York city, it includes about 550 other cities, towns and villages.

The rate of population increases in these 550 other communities has been more than three times as great as that of New York city. In 1940, their total population was computed at 5,062,117. To-day, it is estimated to be 5,885,000. By 1970, it is expected to top 7,000,000.

Spread Like Lava

Where are these new residents coming from? They are coming largely from New York city. As the population of New York city has grown, it has been spilling over into the areas around it. There has been a steady march of New Yorkers into the suburbs, so great, in fact, that these communities have had to struggle to keep their very identity.

This threat to them and to the suburbs of most other big cities in the U. S. and Canada was described recently by Paul Windels, President of the Regional Plan Association. He said: "What happens when cities grow? Invariably, their populations spread out over the surrounding terrain like a solid flow of lava. They are mere formless sprawls."

"In the areas surrounding such cities are found many small, attractive towns and villages, each with its own clearly defined boundaries, traditions and interests, and where at least some degree of local, intimate community life is maintained. As the overwhelming mass of city population spreads out, these towns and villages ultimately become part of the great metropolitan sprawl. Soon their attractive old homes become rooming-houses and funeral parlours, their streets gasoline alleys for through traffic."

Already, many New York city suburbs have succumbed to this fate. Some cities, like Rye, N. Y. have fought hard against this menace. When builders applied to the Rye authorities for permits to construct a large number of apartment houses, a town meeting was hastily convened.

"Do we want to keep Rye a community of small, private homes, or do we want it urbanized?" the citizens were asked.

"We want this town to stay countrified," they voted.

At the bottom of the difficulties now troubling both New York city and its suburbs, the experts say, is the fact that nowhere in the region has there been adequate planning for growth. No real provision has been made in the past for the housing, schooling, recreational, parking and other facilities needed to accommodate a surging population. Instead of spreading new facilities out, they have been jammed into already congested areas. In the New York region there are almost 500 square miles of unused land within one mile of existing railroad stations.

Is there a solution to the problems confronting New York city and its 550 neighbouring towns?

The experts say, "Yes." They add a big "but," however.

"The problems of this region can be solved," stated R. P. A. President Windels "but only if we settle down to real, co-ordinated planning, now."

The cure suggested by the R. P. A. for the headaches of the New York metropolitan area is "well-planned decentralization." It is to achieve this goal that the R. P. A. and the communities co-operating with it have launched their drive.

May Revise Zoning Laws

New York city is spearheading the campaign. The city planning commission, a non-partisan, official body, has drafted plans for shifting the city's heavy concentrations of industrial and business establishments from downtown Manhattan and Brooklyn to outlying districts. Abraham Leshan, the commission's ace planner, says of this:

"What we would like to do is make it possible for more people to work nearer their homes. If people who reside out in Queens, for instance, could be employed in the vicinity of their homes, instead of in downtown New York, that would do a lot to alleviate the congestion in downtown New York and in the strain on the transportation lines serving it."

To achieve this redistribution of industry, the planning commission has proposed a drastic revision of the city's zoning laws. The matter is now before the city authorities.

Meanwhile, New York's Mayor is striving to solve some of the city's other problems. A \$150,000,000 hospital building programme is under way.

A new subway line is projected. New schools are going up.

Outside of New York city, the R. P. A. drive is having rough sledding. Here the big obstacle is that there is no central authority to co-ordinate the efforts of the various communities. Each of the 550 municipalities has its own officials, with no regional authority.

The R. P. A. is trying, by means of a high-gear educational campaign, to get the 550 to work together. It has suggested a three-point programme to them. As summarized by Windels, the programme provides:

"First, that we deliberately set about to preserve the essential identity of the small towns.

"Second, that we channel a major part of the region's growth toward a much larger number of centres.

"Third, that we deliberately design and create entirely new and distinctive self-sufficient communities for the purpose of accommodating a substantial part of the regional growth."

By concentrating new inhabitants in designated areas, Windels holds, the strain on the other towns can be alleviated.

Windels says the first point of his programme can be achieved by a strengthening of local zoning laws. The second, he thinks, can be accomplished in much the same way. Towns that wish to grow can let the builders in; towns that want to stay small, as many, if not most of them, do, can use their zoning powers to clamp down on the new construction.

When it comes to the third point, Windels states: "This may sound like a radical proposal, impossible of accomplishment, but there is nothing radical or impossible about it. It has, therefore, been done, and is being done now by the development of large-scale residential projects, by building up residential areas around great industries and by relating new industrial plants or business enterprises to new communities."

The residents of these new communities can work in the local industries, and thereby ease congestion in New York city, Windels points out.

So far, the R. P. A. has not made much progress in its campaign, but is pushing it vigorously.

"We're going to keep on fighting," the Association declares.—Copyright.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FOG

By ANDREW ROTH

WHEN the rumoured withdrawal of Egypt's Ambassador from London was confirmed on the night of December 13, Britain was wrapped in its worst fog in two years. A pedestrian could hardly see his own outstretched hand before him in the blanket of obscurity.

An obscurity of a similar murkiness clouds the future of British relations with Egypt. "Mr. Eden has so far given no indication that he sees a way out of the existing deadlock in Egypt," began the December 14 editorial in the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*, which had strongly supported a "tough" policy toward Egypt. The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* was no more hopeful the day before: "Egypt and Britain were never on worse terms than today.... British policy towards Egypt is still no clearer than it was when Labour left office."

Actually Britain seems to have lost its way in the fog. It started out to be "tough" and "stand firm." But when the news first got out that Amr Pasha, Egypt's young Ambassador to London (and former world squash champion), would be recalled, a Foreign Office spokesman told the packed noontime press conference that the British Government did not want "any diminution of diplomatic contacts" with Egypt. Instead of acting "tough" and recalling the British Ambassador, the Foreign Office did what the *Daily Telegraph* described as seeming to be "content to accept a snub." And Mr. Eden made clear his anxiety to see the Egyptian Foreign Minister in Paris.

Mr. Eden is reported to have assured a number of diplomats that every effort would be made for a peaceful solution of the Anglo-Egyptian crisis. One method, which is supported by the U. S. State Department, is an early plebiscite in the Sudan under UN auspices to decide whether the Sudanese will be independent or under Egyptian sovereignty. The Foreign Office apparently now supports this but has not been able to secure the assent of the Imperial General Staff which relishes a completely indepen-

dent Sudan only slightly more than a Sudan under King Farouk. Until this plebiscite is announced Mr. Eden is attempting to discourage any hard and fast decision by other states, such as recognition of Farouk as "King of Egypt and the Sudan."

A significant strain of British thought, however, feels that only a pro-British dictator can save the situation in Egypt from moving into a deeper clash involving full-scale guerrilla warfare against British forces. The *Economist*, on December 18, warned that "if the West wants change of an organized kind it must organize it." It should begin thinking of a "dictator, and discreetly help into power a local dictator.... Once nationalism has run away with government, it can be checked only by a personality capable of mastering both." The fact that this is not just irresponsible kite-flying is indicated by the publicity build-ups already being given in Persia to right-wing opponents of Dr. Mossadeq. The appeal for a dictator as a *deus ex machina* to save the situation must be counted as a sign of desperation.

This vacillation between something approaching diplomatic appeasement and installing dictators is a sign that Britain is belatedly recognizing that the policy Mr. Eden inherited of "teaching the Wogs a lesson" is no way to build a firm anti-Communist alliance in the Middle East. As early as December 1, the perceptive *Economist* cited the view that "of the three good reasons for maintaining a base on the (Suez) Canal—which are the two-way access by sea, the availability of labour and the sure local supplies of food and water—only the first remains.... a base is nowadays seldom worth holding in the teeth of a hostile local population." It warned: "Unless some foreseeable change in Egyptian temperament occurs, the four Mediterranean powers must therefore use the intervening years (until the Anglo-Egyptian treaty's expiration in 1956) to plan for arrangements that dispense with Suez as a base."

With conscious irony the *Times*

correspondent in Cairo cabled three days later: "British policy still rests on the hope of ultimate political settlement. Officially the British forces are in friendly territory, with the general security depending on the civil police; in fact they are now surrounded in the zone by a hostile population and compelled to take the precautions customary in enemy territory, such as always carrying arms, moving in groups and convoys and working under armed protection."

"The compound where Gen. Sir Brian Robertson, Commander-in-Chief for the Middle East, has his headquarters is one of the most striking demonstrations of the situation" in Egypt, cabled Albion Ross to the *New York Times* of December 9. "A mass of barbed wire surrounds the high fence. Dugouts and machine-gun posts surround it. Guards never shift their eyes from cars that pass by on the highway though they have been checked by sentry posts up the road. All night lights blaze along the whole perimeter of the compound. Yet the declared policy of General Robertson, who has a reputation as a political general as well as a commander, is to win back the friendship of Egypt, which he considers vital to the defence of the Mideast."

Presumably it was "to win back the friendship of Egypt" that the general destroyed a block of almost 100 Egyptian houses to build a sniper-free 500-yard military road to the water filtration plant on the outskirts of Suez. Coming after the sharp and bloody clashes in Suez on December 3rd and 4th, these demolitions were certain to infuriate Egyptian public opinion. "Operation Bulldozer" began after the rejection of two requests for delay from the Egyptian Governor and one from the British Ambassador, after the acting Egyptian Foreign Minister had warned about "the serious consequences" to Anglo-Egyptian relations if the demolitions were carried out.

The day before the demolitions, Lt. Gen. Sir George Erskine, commanding British troops in Egypt, made his attitude plain: "If (the Egyptian authorities) wished, they could round up the terrorists, end the intimidation of our Egyptian employees, withdraw the armed auxiliary police and prevent the Egyptian press spreading lies to incite the people. I have made all

this clear to the civil governors before. I shall now have nothing more to say to them unless they make a marked change for the better in the situation."

However the "several Egyptian mud huts" which Gen. Erskine dismissed so cavalierly turned out to be some 75-100 homes, many of them two stories and more. Of course the Egyptian press exaggerated the damage even more than the British minimized it. But the British Army failed to convince not only the Egyptians but also a sector of British opinion of the necessity for the operation. "It may be that the Army has a good case for its action. But it has failed to explain it adequately, and has put material into the hands of Egyptian propagandists," commented the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* on December 12. The next day, when the text of the British Ambassador's note explaining the need for the road was released, the *Guardian* Diplomatic Correspondent commented again: "Some of Britain's difficulties in the Middle East come from the consistent infelicity of its official notes. The message reports the building of the road as if Cairo would be pleased with the news. It speaks of evictions but not of demolitions; it offers no explanation why they were necessary; it does not observe the ordinary courtesy of regretting them as unavoidable.... It is hard to discover the facts about the Suez demolitions, partly because no map has been produced showing the relation of the road, the buildings, and the filter station.... The army's description of the peasants' cottages as 'hovels' is said to have annoyed the Egyptians." No compensation was even officially promised until three days after the demolition. "The homes demolished were not less homes for being poor structures of unfired bricks," cracked *The Times* on December 15.

The rate at which both the flabby leadership of Egyptian nationalism and the comparatively prudent British military leadership are pushing for a showdown was indicated by small-seeming developments on December 20. On that day undergraduates armed with Sten guns, rifles and hand grenades fired shots in the air at a passing-out parade at Cairo's Fuad Awal University. The Egyptian Government had already made it legal

for civilians to bear arms. These students were supposed to go off to the canal zone to harass the British Army.

On the same day General Erskine, commanding British troops, took the understandable next step of ordering that any civilian be "considered as hostile" if found carrying arms in the canal zone. Instead of handing him over to the Egyptian police as before, they are to be kept in British prisoner camps. "The decision must be regarded as a first step towards the taking over of Egyptian police duties by British forces," understated *The Times* special correspondent.

This development is overshadowed by the possibility that continued deterioration of Anglo-Egyptian relations may produce a full-scale British occupation, possibly of Lower Egypt as a whole. The tendency of some imperial-minded British generals to favour occupying Alexandria and

Cairo to "teach the 'gyppos a lesson" has been serious enough for the *Manchester Guardian* to have warned against it on November 21, even if the Egyptian Government did "unleash the mob." *The Economist* of December 8 felt that Britain, if it is to stay in Egypt, has at least to think whether they are going to take over "complete military control of the Canal Zone" to prevent the "excesses" of the Egyptian liberation battalions. The serious possibility of this is pointed out by the recent dispatch to Gen. Robertson's headquarters of Brig. Louis Hind, a senior British civil affairs officer with recent experience in Germany. A British occupation would give real point to a recent cartoon in the *London Daily Worker*. It showed a group of British officers next to some Egyptians squatting around a sign reading "Tommy Go Home." One British officer is saying: "Can't make these chaps understand the danger of invasion comes from Stalin, not us!"

ELECTION SPEECHES

AS the elections are in progress, election speeches are also increasing, and are increasingly irrelevant and seemingly curious. While the Oppositionists talk about what they would do, if returned, Congressmen speak about what they did and glorify themselves for what they have achieved, including the achievement of Independence, conveniently refusing the K. M. P. P. and the Socialists their due share. While Mr. Nehru is unnecessarily over-emphatic about the communal parties and their possible, if not positive, dangers, his lieutenants invariably indulge in queer and uncouth idealisation of his great personality and the alleged impossibility of replacing him. A fine vote catching device!

The recent speech of the Central Rehabilitation Minister, Mr. A. P. Jain (as reported in *The Statesman* of 22nd December, 51) at Burrabazar, Calcutta, would serve as a specimen. In the course of the speech he is reported to have said: "In the world today, there was no leader of the stature of Mr. Nehru, and they would not see a leader like him for many centuries." This is nothing but abject flattery. While the former half of the sentence might be acceptable (to Indians at least in general) the latter half is open to criticism. I am sure, even Panditji would not agree with this. This is certainly not a positive or progressive way

of thinking. As civilisation progresses our way of thinking also should progress and it is imperative that leaders of thought should also adapt themselves to the needs of the times.

The Indian mind has been traditionally analytical. Leaders of thought have all been heard, respected and followed and also replaced by more suitable ones as necessity arose. Ours is a resourceful nation and men of eminence have always been produced. A nation which has produced an economist like Chanakya, a prophet Buddha, a noble poet Kalidasa, a debater Shankara, a monk Vivekananda, a Tagore, a Gandhi, a Nehru and a Jaya Prakash, etc., who have enriched the nation in their respective spheres of life, would not find it difficult to produce an alternative to Pandit Nehru. Surely, it would be fatal if such an alternative is not available. No loss is irreparable. As Shakespeare put it, we occupy a little portion in this universe and if we quit it, it can be better filled up. This is indeed the correct way of thinking.

The statement referred to above and the like would only demonstrate the utter lack of foresight of the authors. No progressive thinker would ever agree with such a thesis.

S. V. SURYANARAYANA.

Sini (Singhbhum).

"HOLLYWOOD BELOW THE HIMALAYAS"

Robert Lubar writes in *The Reporter* (U. S. A.):

INDIA is today the world's No. 2 producer of celluloid make-believe. Last year its studios released over half as many full-length features as Hollywood's did. India's moviemakers use up about two hundred million feet of raw film yearly, and their total investment comes to around \$60 million, a respectable sum even in California.

Most Indian movies are not made for the world market, and English-speaking Indians in cities like Bombay and Calcutta still favor Hollywood's offerings over homemade ones. But even these audiences tend to prefer Tarzan and the vehicles of Esther Williams to more subtle forms of entertainment, and their millions of non-English-speaking compatriots are generally attracted by films featuring a maximum of action, glitter, and music, and a minimum of intricate dialogue and subtle characterization.

An indication of the potential of the Indian market was given by the phenomenal success of "Chandralekha," India's all-time top box-office hit. "Chandralekha" opened in mid-1948 and is still running in a few Indian towns. Up to now it has been seen by about fifteen million moviegoers and has grossed more than ten million rupees (\$2,100,000). It ran 543 days in Calcutta and thirty weeks in Bombay.

"Chandralekha" cost more than any previous Indian film—3,500,000 rupees (then \$1,050,000)—but essentially it followed the Indian formula, the only difference being that the ingredients were more slickly put together and

the film was better promoted.

"Chandralekha" was the creation of S. S. Vasan, who probably is India's closest competitor of Cecil B. De Mille. Vasan, who is a native of the South Indian province of Madras, in his youth shot for a literary record by writing thirty-six novels. Tiring of fiction, he became editor of South India's most popular weekly magazine, and also cultivated a highly lucrative interest in breeding and racing horses. With his track profits he founded Gemini Studios in Madras City, and began a scientific study of what makes Indians go to the movies. "Chandralekha", which took three years to shoot, was the payoff.

The cult of star worship in India is almost as highly developed as it is in the United States. Probably the most popular star is a well-formed brunette named Nargis. Nargis (meaning "Narcissus") is the movie name of Rashida Hussein, the daughter of a modest middle-class Moslem family in Bombay. Like her Hollywood counterparts, Nargis can never appear in public without drawing a crowd of noisy admirers, but unlike most of her Indian colleagues she has a reputation as a hard and conscientious worker.

One director complained, "My stars just sit around playing cards until they're called to go on. Sometimes they don't even know the names of the characters they are playing." The producer puts up with such exasperating conduct because in the last analysis the presence of the star's name on the marquee is more important to him than a performance that earns critical accolades.

An element of personal ambition is bound to enter when one works for a political programme or party. Besides, without requisite power no reform can be effected. God alone knows how much personal ambition a politician has when he works for the success of his party. But no party can be judged, much less ridiculed, on the ground of personal ambitions of its chief members. In democracies it is a levelled against leaders of parties when they work for a change of political power. It is only in this country that is addicted to idol worship that such arguments could be advanced by politicians in power against their opponents.—J. B. KRIPALANI.

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.

Backdoor Entry To Power

The last date for nominations for election to the membership of the Legislative Council has, it appears, been fixed for sometime in February, 1952, that is, long after the results of the elections to the State Assembly and the House of the People are announced. In this State altogether 60 members have to be elected by special electorates in addition to 21 members that will have to be nominated by the Governor. The 60 members that are to be elected will be as follows:

From local board constituencies	24
To be elected by the elected members of the State Legislature	24
From graduates' constituencies	6
From teachers' constituencies	6

The Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee announced the names of some candidates chosen by them to contest from the graduates' and local boards constituencies and left over quite a few for announcement later. These are ostensibly left over for roping in those henchmen of theirs that might get routed in the elections to the House of the People or the State Legislative Assembly.

With the trend of the elections so far being what it is, the larger opposition vote being divided among a large number of candidates, it can be fairly assessed with certainty that the Congress will secure a majority in this State too. That means that a large number of the 24 seats in the Council to be filled by election by legislators will go to the Congress. Moreover, most of the local boards being Congress boards, elected at a time when the opposition to the Congress had not developed to its present proportions, they may be expected to return a fair proportion of the 24 members to be elected by these constituencies to the Council from the Congress ranks. In these circumstances, it only betrays a grabbing anxiety on the part of the wielders of power in the Congress to rope in as many as possible of their defeated candidates into the Council that they should not have announced the names of all candidates for the graduates' and local boards constituencies.

The other day Sri B. Gopala Reddi eulogised the healthy convention (?) of bringing members of the Council into the Cabinet. With such lavish praise for this none too healthy a convention it will only be one step for these discredited people to get on to the saddles of executive power through seats in the Ministry. This would in practice undermine and stifle demo-

cracy so pompously ushered through the Constitution.

If, therefore, Pandit Nehru means even a thousandth part of his utterances, he should at once issue a directive to all the Pradesh Congress Committees that no candidate, who has been rejected by the electorate to represent them either in the House of the People or the State Legislature be sponsored by them for election to the Legislative Council from any constituency. If such a directive were to issue from him he can be deemed to be meaning some business.

Visakhapatnam. S. RADHAKRISHNA.

The Andhra State

The present Madras Government completed all arrangements for the formation of an Andhra State several months ago, but the Central Government was not able to sanction it, as some of the Andhra politicians wanted to have a portion of Madras as part of the Andhra State and the Tamilnad people opposed it on the ground that the whole of Madras belonged to Tamilnad. If Madras City can belong to anybody, it must be the common property of all the people of the late province of Madras whose capital it was, for long. The Central Government which has several of its offices in Madras must also be considered to have a share in it. It is therefore improper for either Andhras or Tamilians to claim Madras as their absolute or divisible property. And any claim they may have can be only for a reasonable share of its assets and liabilities. Madras being at one end of both the Andhra and Tamil areas, it cannot serve as a suitable centre for the location of the capital of either. Nor will it be desirable to allow it to be joint capital of both, as that will be like allowing two divided brothers to dwell in one and the same house.

The best way of solving the present dispute is to have Madras, which has become a great cosmopolitan city, as a centrally administered area along with the whole of Saldapet taluk added to it.

If this suggestion is accepted, Vijayawada may be the headquarters of the Andhra State and Trichy that of Tamilnad. To avoid congestion in those cities, several of the offices of the two States may be distributed over some of the important centres in their jurisdictions. This was done during the war period. **SRINIVASA RAU VACHARIAN**, Retired Deputy Collector.

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