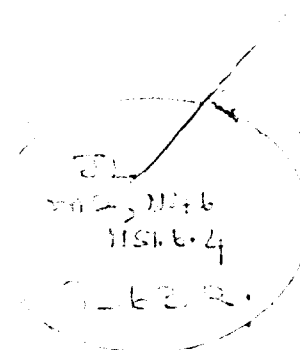


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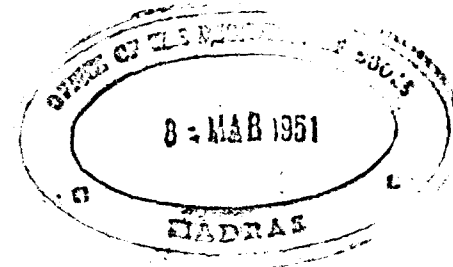
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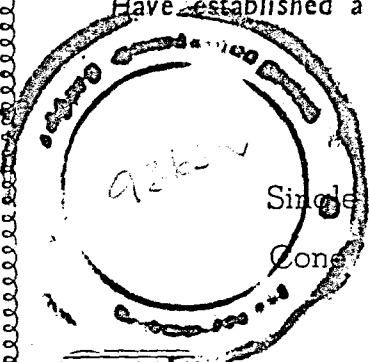
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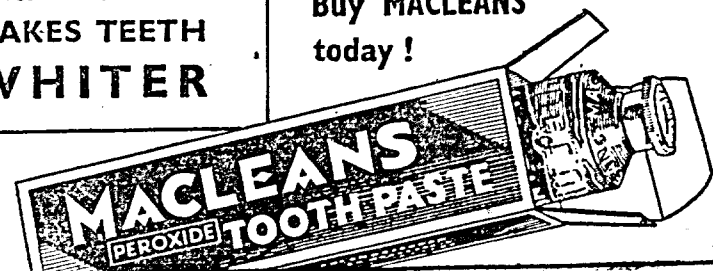
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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1951

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—Courtesy Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS

EMERY REVES in his "anatomy of Peace" showed that the root cause of war is not communism or capitalism but nationalism. It is quite impossible to reconcile the conflicting interests of the sixty or more independent sovereign states that live side by side in the world. Yet India is dedicated to a foreign policy of "Asia for the Asiatics" and the driving force behind Mr. Nehru's notion of "dynamic neutrality" is that the various states of Asia should attain their separate freedoms. Surely this makes for war, not peace?

There are still Englishmen who regret that India has become an independent country free to join or not to join in the programmes of the Commonwealth. One of them is Sir Alfred Watson, a former Editor of the *Calcutta Statesman*. In the magazine *Great Britain and the East* he writes: "In the last great trial between the nations India supplied two million men to the armed forces of the Allies. Whether a single regiment would be forthcoming in any future test rests wholly on the decision of those now controlling power in India. To count automatically upon any parallel contribution or upon any contribution at all, is a sure prelude to disaster." Sir Alfred is right in believing that in any future war India will not come in as a pawn in someone else's game and the people of India are glad that this is the case. Thus it is clear that new nations do not necessarily add to the international anarchy, though Sir Alfred attacks India for her dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir. Here again, Pakistan would have gained Kashmir's friendship if Mr. Jinnah

had accepted Sheikh Abdullah's democratic leadership. But Pakistan did not want an independent Kashmir and sought to take her by force. That is why she lost.

Even in India there are many critics of dynamic neutrality. There are right-wingers who say we should follow the lead of America, the strongest democracy in the world today, and there are left-wingers who think we should lean towards Communist Russia and China who encourage the movement for freedom in the East. There is no doubt that India has earned much unpopularity over the Korean affair. The pivot on which the negotiations turned was the status and rights of the new China. The United States had poured billions of dollars into China to strengthen the Chiang regime but the money was wasted and the Kuomintang fell like a house of cards. Yet Republican pressure on the State Department in favour of Chiang was so great in 1949 that the proclaimed policy of Dean Acheson of according ultimate recognition to the new China was reversed. India and Britain did their best to bring Peking and Washington together but they failed. Refusal to negotiate is costing American and Chinese lives in battle and the yard by yard destruction of Korea.

Should India take a stiffer attitude to China? Chinese troops are in Tibet. They stood on the borders of Indo-China where a Communist is leading the struggle against the French. They stand also on the borders of Burma where a national Government is fighting Communist rebels and further south there is the

classic example of Imperialism opposed by Communists in Malaya. Are we appeasing the Communists by not taking a stronger line in Tibet, by not supporting Bao Dai, by not backing the Ranas in Nepal? Only time can answer these questions but for the practical statesman the obvious facts is that our means are limited and that we are in no position to launch any ideological crusades. It is significant that Mr. M. N. Roy, a leading ex-Communist (and nobody loathes Communism as much as a former comrade) has announced himself in favour of strict neutrality. We may have to reconsider that neutrality if Burma or Kashmir are threatened. Meanwhile we cannot afford to turn our backs on the Chinese colossus and

give up all attempts to bring China into the United Nations. To try to do that is not a matter of cloudy idealism. It is dictated by hard self-interest. China is our neighbour and if she is treated as an outlaw her behaviour becomes incalculable and she passes beyond the pale of diplomacy. It is a serious matter for us that the United Nations is still closed to China, Japan, Indo-China and Malaya. The slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" does not mean that Asia should be regarded as a closed continent divided from the western world. It means that Asia should consist of a group of friendly and independent nations whose affairs are not dictated by the interests of Moscow, Washington and other western capitals.

Sotto Voce

STATESMAN OF EDUCATION



IN what was probably his last public utterance in Madras Dr. Ramalinga Reddi referred with obvious pride to the fact that he belonged to the Sadasiva Gotra, the Gotra of the *Aadima Bhikshu* as he pointedly reminded his sophisticated audience. And his constant preoccupation in his last days, we are told, were the great epics of his country. In writing an English commentary on the Ramayana he aligned himself with the age-long tradition that enjoined a tribute to Valmiki as part of the *rishi rna* which every *rasika* was bound to discharge. And the Mahabharata, on which he wrote in his native Telugu, must have been particularly congenial to that fertile and various mind.

As a youth he had been bred on

far different pastures. Even while an undergraduate in Cambridge he distinguished himself as a brilliant debater and a keen analyst of public affairs. There lingered about him almost to the last a suggestion of the Naughty Nineties whose breath was probably still hot on the cheek of the Cambridge of his days. I, as a distant and respectful admirer, was often reminded, not only by his wit and his aptitude for the winged repartee, but by something in his personal appearance—perhaps it was that wilful forelock constantly straying on the forehead—of Oscar Wilde.

The comparison must not be pressed too far. Poet and artist as he was, Oscar Wilde lived for the delights of Mayfair; when they crumbled, he shut himself up in a French boarding

house to die. Ramalinga Reddi, while he was profoundly interested in politics and took a gladiator's delight in exercising his thews and sinews in the arena, could somehow never bring himself to take the party politics of his day seriously. On the puppet stage of the Montford regime he spoke the language of Fox and Pitt. And when he discovered that you cannot run a ghost through the heart he threw away his sword with a sigh of relief.

Not that he had not his moods and his perversities. He had in full measure the sensitiveness of the artist, which may explain why his mordant irony so often struck at random. The plausible political charlatans whom he despised turned this to good account. While pretending to admire the phrasing, they would imply that poor Dr. Reddi, who bespattered everybody within reach with his curdled idealism, could hardly be taken seriously. And Reddi himself lacked that political asset, a stylised and steadily oriented anger. Not knowing whether they should count him as friend or foe all organised groups tacitly turned their backs on this prickly enigma.

The political joust was a brief interlude from which Dr. Reddi returned heart-whole to his first and only love. Education has always attracted able men in this country. The higher educational services both of the Government of India and the Indian States absorbed quite a few of his contemporaries, who in due course retired with a long if not particularly brilliant record in academic teaching or administration. Few of them went into research, partly because research was not the fashion then, partly because it was too much trouble. Dr. Reddi was almost the only one among the educationists who cultivated and

inspired the research outlook. For the best part of his working life he was preoccupied with the philosophy of education.

The problem of statesmanship is to envisage ends and clear the way for the development of adequate techniques. Western countries have been fertile in the devising of educational techniques, but the goal still eludes a speculative philosophy that clings to the sufficiency of reason. India (like China in her different way) has had no doubts till the other day about the ends to be attained. But techniques, being by their very nature impermanent, require constant renewal. And in pedagogy as in other things, the creative impulse of our people had exhausted itself long before the European came. We have been apt at acquiring the techniques he brought, and only too ready to make a dogma of that very empiricism which he at least claimed to have come to by the path of reason.

Dr. Reddi would have been the last man to pretend that he knew all the answers; but he asked the questions that mattered. His opulent spirit scorned the pusillanimity of provincial particularisms. He had no need constantly to reassure himself of his worth by running down the Brahmana. And he looked upon the feeble-minded, who repudiated the past out of pique, as spiritual suicides. It was no mere whimsy nor ironic *equivoque* that prompted him to propose that Sanskrit should be the State language. How could the educator's quest on which Ramalinga Reddi was engaged all his life be more pithily put than in the words addressed to Swetaketu: "Have you enquired about that which makes the unheard of heard, the unconsidered considered and the unsettled settled?"

VIGNESWARA.

Every great originating mind produces in some way a change in society; every great originating mind, whose exercise is controlled by duty, effects a beneficial change. This effect is may be immediate, may be remote. A nation may be in a tumult to-day for a thought which the timid Erasmus placidly penned in his study more than two centuries ago.—E. P. Whipple.

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IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

By S. A. GOVINDARAJAN

I do not pretend my impressions of Egypt are final or give the complete picture of that great country. How can they? After all, we, the members of the Indian Press Delegation, were in that country for only sixteen days. True, those sixteen days were packed with engagements, sight-seeing, meeting prominent persons in all walks of life, visits to cultural, educational and industrial institutions and addresses at meetings. We travelled over 3,000 miles in Egypt alone, not counting the air journeys to and fro. By the way, these air trips—non-stop from Bombay to Cairo and back—were done in Air India International Constellations, flying at over 320 miles an hour at an altitude of over 23,000 feet though the cabin was pressurised to have an altitude-effect of 8,000 feet. They constituted the smoothest travel in all our wanderings and we seemed to have a far greater feeling of security in these planes than in the taxis at Cairo. There are 20,000 taxis in that city and they invariably raced to their destinations, on the right side of the road as in the continent of Europe and in America, taking all manner of risks! Once I saw the speedometer-needle pointing to the number 100 but the driver assured me that it was not 100 miles but the equivalent in the metric scale, a mere 60 miles, according to him! But accidents were very few, the automatic traffic control working perfectly and the roads being absolutely top-class.

That is by the way. But it constitutes an introduction to Cairo itself. That city is to-day the most cosmopolitan in Africa or Asia. Its nearly two million inhabitants constitute a cross-section of the population of the entire Mediterranean region and the Middle East. It has been continuously the capital of Egypt for 1,300 years, a record equalled by no other capital city in the world. It has been well said that it is really the outgrowth of four cities founded in different periods of history. In the 6th century B. C. Cambyeses, the Persian monarch, founded a city called Babylon on the banks of the Nile; about 641 A.D. a

General of the Caliph, named Amr, built what is now Old Cairo; modern Cairo, to the north of this old city was founded in 969 A. D. by Gohar, the Fatimite Caliph's General, who gave it its name *Al Kahira*, meaning "The Victorious"; and in 1905 Heliopolis was built by Belgian enterprise, six miles north-east of Cairo.

Le Caire, as the French call it, is one of the cleanest of big cities, with many huge modern structures as well as historic buildings. Close by are the Great Pyramids of Giza and the historic Sphinx while only a little further away are the Pyramids of Sakkara, the site of the ancient city of Memphis. The many bridges over the Nile constitute an element of grandeur and Cairo and all its myriad lights at night appear to the visitor to be a veritable fairyland.

The Nile is, indeed, a most important factor in Egyptian life. It is a golden thread running through the fabric of 60 centuries of Egypt's history. Without it, literally, there would be no Egypt. The reader will realise the significance of this statement when I tell him that the average annual rainfall in most parts of Egypt is not even half an inch. The Nile is the only source of water and, therefore, of life. The total area of Egypt is 386,000 square miles but only 13-1/2 thousand are inhabited. The river is 4,000 miles long, flowing from Lake Victoria Nyanza to the Mediterranean. It receives no tributary stream through the 960 miles of its course through Egypt. One can well understand the nervousness of the Egyptians who fear that something may be done in the Sudan by which the waters of the Nile may be denied to them. Great dams and barrages have regulated the force of the Nile from the earliest times and the river now irrigates 5-1/2 million acres, a number which the Egyptian Government hope to double soon. The Nile Valley varies in width from less than half a mile to over 10 miles till the river branches out north of Cairo to the fertile delta region. The first irrigation scheme for the Nile is credited

to King Mena, who ruled over 5,000 years ago, and his plan, the basin system, is still used in Upper Egypt. The Nile carries a heavy traffic. We travelled long stretches of the river in various kinds of craft, ship, sail-boat and so on. And we touched it again when we travelled to Assuan and Luxor by the fast and comfortable "Wagons-Lit" express train from Cairo. The Temples at Karnak and Luxor and the Valley of the Kings across the River where Thebes flourished and where now lie the tombs of ancient rulers of Egypt held us breathless with wonder. We felt more than repaid for the seemingly endless walking and climbing in the two days that we spent there. We saw the huge dam at Assuan; it is a great engineering feat and is well-known. But we were even more interested in the big hydro-electric project under execution at Assuan. This will revolutionise Egypt's industry.

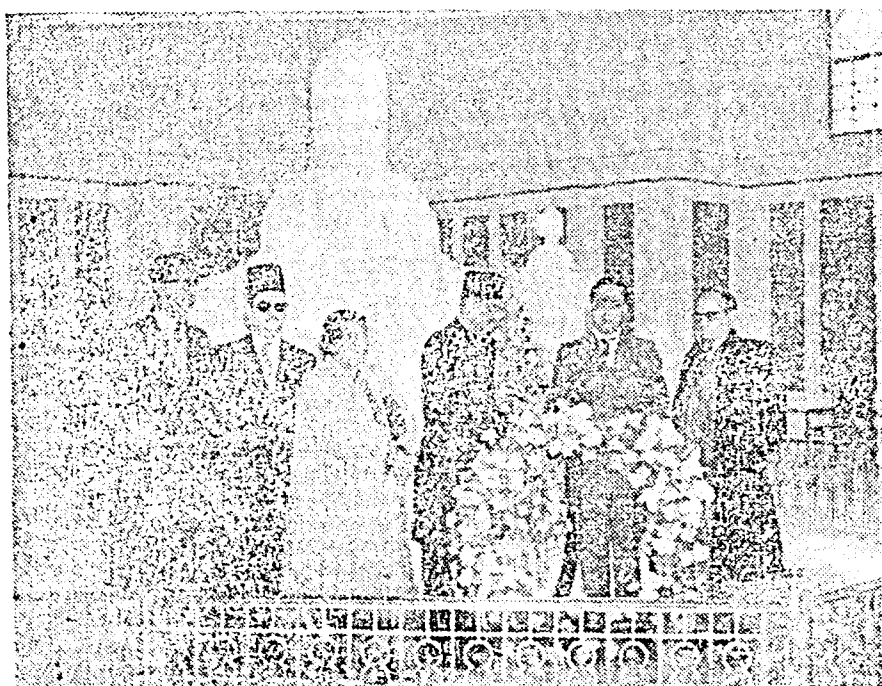
At present Egypt's main source of wealth is from the land. The principal crops are cotton, maize and wheat but efforts are now being made to

raise rice in large quantities. I must confess, as a strict vegetarian, that I got much better rice in Cairo than in the ration-shops of Madras! I am not revealing any secret when I say that the Governments of India and Egypt have been considering whether Egyptian rice could not be traded for Indian textiles. For, our textiles are most admired in Egypt. That country is the largest producer of cotton, both long-staple and short-staple, and has a monopoly of the former. The Egyptians call it "White Gold" because it brings them wealth. But it is mostly for export and we saw only one centre, though one of the largest in the world, at Mohalla el Kobara, midway between Cairo and Alexandria, for spinning and weaving. The Workers' City that has been built there under State auspices has all modern amenities and is one of the best in the world. By the way, we went to the Alexandria Cotton Exchange, one of the nerve-centres of the world's cotton trade.

Alexandria is an attractive city, reminding one of both Madras and



The members of the Indian Press Delegation by the side of the Sphinx.



The Press Delegation, before leaving Egypt, laid wreaths on the tombs of King Fuad, Zaghoul Pasha and Syud Hussain (late Indian Ambassador to Egypt). Mr. Govindarajan is at extreme right.

Bombay. Like the former it has a long sandy beach and like Bombay's Marine Drive, it has huge buildings fronting the sea. It is the only city which has an autonomous municipal administration in Egypt, as was pointed out to us proudly at the civic reception to our delegation. The local administration in both Alexandria and Cairo appeared to be top-class but the analogous services in Cairo are run by one of the departments of the Egyptian Government with non-official advice.

The Egyptian Government have many plans for social welfare. The poverty of the fellahen in the interior is now in sharp contrast with the opulence of the few wealthy men who own the majority of agricultural holdings and flock to the big cities. The average weekly wage of the industrial worker was estimated at Rs. 20 in 1946, almost double the figure for 1938, but the cost of living showed a three-fold increase. The peasant on the land is also in the grip of debilitating disease and there is a comparatively high incidence of blindness, which was calculated at 16 per thousand in

1937. The population is going on increasing; the birth-rate was 43.9 per thousand inhabitants in 1945. But the death-rate is also terribly high, being 28.6 per 1,000 the same year. There are nearly six million illiterates, out of a total population of 19 odd million. These figures look bad on paper but we, in India, have similar problems. And, as in India, the Government of Egypt are tackling these problems. Vast educational schemes are being implemented. We found at all the educational institutions we visited—the ancient University of Al Azhar, the High College of Applied Art, the Girls' College at Zamalek—an enthusiasm and eagerness for learning which delighted us. Al Azhar, the oldest university in the world, is chiefly concerned with "the Humanities", but the Fuad University at Cairo and the Farouk University at Alexandria provide courses in Science. Women's education is advancing by leaps and bounds and a pleasing feature was co-education in the Universities.

A Ministry of Social Affairs, formed in 1939, has drafted a National Health

and Insurance Law. The present Minister, Mr. Ahmed Hussein, in the course of his talks with our delegation, foreshadowed comprehensive legislation by which old-age pensions, widows' and orphans' pensions, maternity benefits, etc., would be assured to the people. But all this means money and unless Egyptian industry and agriculture quickly benefit from the hydro-electric and other plans now in process of completion, may take long to realise. Another factor militating against quick success is the outworn tax-system: there is no progressive tax on land, for instance, and the wealthy landlords pay the same rate of taxes as the smaller ones. In fact, but for the Suez Canal and customs dues and the income from the steady tourist traffic, the Egyptian Government would have found themselves in financial difficulties long ago.

I have space now only for one subject but one in which all readers must be interested, the position of women. I must first disabuse their minds of any impression that all women go about veiled in Egypt or observe *purdah*. It is definitely not so, at

least in the cities and big towns. We were given a reception by the Women's Union in Cairo. They had a beautiful building and in a prominent place we saw a picture of Madame Zaghloul, wife of the father of Egyptian nationalism and the first to remove her veil in Egypt. We met a number of women, distinguished in various spheres, lawyers, teachers, journalists, doctors and even air pilots. Thanks to the spread of compulsory, free elementary and state-aided secondary and higher education, the women of Egypt are coming forward in greater numbers to assume the responsibilities that must be women's in any well-organised society, as our own Mahatma Gandhi pointed out to the Egyptian women leaders twenty years ago. But they still feel the lack of the right to vote, for the possession of which they envy their Indian sisters. I guess it was all because some of their pioneers made the mistake thirty years ago of prematurely entering the political arena and espousing the cause of one particular party! The other parties have since looked on women's franchise with suspicion. But it will not long be denied to them.

MILK PROBLEM IN INDIAN TOWNS

By Prof. C. B. MAMORIA

NUMERICALLY India possesses the largest cattle of any country in the world. A recent estimate places the world cattle population at about 600 million animals. Of these about 177 millions are to be found in India. Next in importance are the U. S. S. R., and U. S. A. Of the Indian total 136 million are oxen and about 41 million buffaloes. It has been estimated that the proportion of males is more than half amongst the cattle, while in the case of buffalo the females predominate and are about three fourths of the total. The reason for this disparity lies in the comparative utility of the two species. The oxen males are preferred to male buffaloes for agricultural purposes owing to their comparative lightness and active nature. Cows in the rural areas are maintained for producing bullocks rather than for milk. She-buffaloes on the other hand, are considered to be better dairy animals than cows. The male buffaloes are neglected and many of them die or are sold for slaughter before they attain maturity.

In 1940, of milch cattle in undivided India 96% of the cows and 94% of the she-buffaloes were located in rural areas and only 4% of the milch cows and 6% of the she-buffaloes were found in cities and towns. But unfortunately their present position is deplorable. Malnutrition is perhaps the greatest single factor responsible for the degeneration of cattle to their present state. Promiscuous mating, improper and insufficient care, ignorance and lethargy of the people are some of the atrocities which are responsible for their degeneration so that the majority of the cattle are small, ill-fed, and inefficient and thus adversely affects the technique of agriculture.

According to Dr. Wright, "In the value of milk production India stands next only to U. S. A., and her output is four times that of Australia and seven times that of Newzealand." But in relation to the needs of her popu-

lation, the production and consumption per head of population varies from 8 to 9 ounces per day and is among the lowest in the world. It is 56 oz. in Newzealand; 61 ozs. in Sweden; 63 ozs. in Finland; 35 ozs. in U. S. A., 39 ozs. in Great Britain as against 7 ozs. in India; 35 ozs. in Canada; 35 ozs. in Holland, Germany and Belgium each; 30 ozs. in France; 29 ozs. in Switzerland and 22 ozs. in Poland.

In India with its tropical climate and vegetation diet, "milk is frequently the only available source of first class protein while it has to supply a considerable proportion of the mineral constitution and vitamins of the diet." Milk supplies exactly those elements which Indian dietaries lack and according to Dr. Wright the output of milk in India will have to be doubled to provide for even the minimum requirement, viz., 15 ozs. per head per day. The seriousness of the plight of growing infants in our country who have to be fed on milk becomes patent when we learn that ill nourished women of middle classes have often not got nearly enough milk to supply the needs of the growing infant. This fact will be clear from the figures of per capita consumption of milk in different parts of the country. It is 2.2 ozs. in Assam; 1.9 in Bengal; 1.6 in Madras; 4.0 in Bombay; 5.0 in U. P.; 0.8 in C. P.; 3.2 in Bihar and Orissa; and 9.9 in East Punjab.

The bulk of the milk supply of the country is produced in the rural areas. It has been estimated that only 4 per cent of the milch cows and less than 6 per cent of the milch buffaloes are kept in towns and cities. But the whole quantities milk and ghee are in general little used in villages in the greater part of the country. Even in tracts where much larger quantities of milk are produced, 16 per cent of the families do not consume any milk or milk products at all. Conditions in other rural parts of India, where production is much less should

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be still worse as regards the production and consumption of milk and milk products. Only the butter milk or *lassi* which remains after the fat has been removed in the preparation of the ghee is usually consumed in the villages.

As Mr. Duckham has pointed out, "the cattle population of India is the largest, the most dense per acre of the cultivated area and per person and probably one of the least efficient in the world." In fact, the average annual milk yield per head of milk-cattle amounted to only 753 lbs. in India as against 7,005 lbs. in Denmark; 5,576 lbs. in England and Wales; 5,305 lbs. in Germany; 7,755 in Holland; 5,386 in Scotland; 6,498 in Switzerland; 3,195 in Canada; 1,126 in U. S. A.; 3,857 in Japan; 5,118 in New Zealand; and 2,663 lbs. in Egypt.

The dairy industry is still in its infancy. It has not received the attention that it has attained in countries like Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Austria and New Zealand and the U. S. A. The poor milking capacity of the local breeds of cattle, the inadequacy of the fodder supply, the absence of non-enforcement of laws to prevent the adulteration of milk and ghee, the absence of quick and reliable methods of detecting adulteration and the inadequacy of good means of transport from the villages to the towns and lack of facilities of the cold storage have all prevented the full development of dairy industry in our country.

The present high level of prices of milk and milk products in towns is mainly due to the fact that supply is not able to cope with the demand. The first step is to find out ways and means of augmenting the existing supply. The present system of producing milk by housing cattle in the heart of the town has been universal in the country and has been found to be most uneconomical and unhygienic, besides leading to the gradual destruction of valuable cattle wealth of the country. Let us therefore aim at abolishing these stables and for that reason the source for the increased supply of milk would have to be looked for from areas outside the towns. This source may be by (i) organisation of milk supply from areas surrounding the town, (ii) establishment

of creameries in milk producing areas, and (iii) establishment of dairy farms.

Organisation of milk supply from areas surrounding the town will divide itself under two heads: (a) Milk supply from villages lying adjacent to the towns or what may be called 'inner belt'—extending up to a radius of about 15 miles of the town, and (b) milk supply from villages lying beyond this radius and extending up to 50 miles, which may be called the 'outer belt'. Of the two, it is desirable that the organization of milk supply from the 'outer belt' should be taken up first because that will help in actually augmenting the milk supply without disturbing the present supply as the milk is already being brought by various means to the towns from the 'inner belt'.

The Inner Belt

Almost every town, whether small or large, derives nearly 50 per cent of its milk requirements through what are called 'milk carriers' on cycles or head loads and distributed direct to individual customers. Their range of work extends even up to 12 miles radius from the town. For some of the larger towns like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras etc., which are well provided with local trains, milk is brought from even greater distances by these carriers. Some of the measures which can be adopted for augmenting this supply are: (i) To organise the producers on co-operative lines and arrange for them to deal direct with the consumers themselves, to the mutual advantage of both, by doing away with the middlemen or the carriers. (ii) To organise the carriers themselves, on the co-operative lines by giving them facilities of a central milk collecting depot from which milk can be economically distributed collectively instead of each individual carrier going round the delivery. (iii) To open depots for cattle feeds in the producing areas and subsidizing the supply, if necessary. (iv) To provide milk supply cans of suitable types and at a concession rate as also cycles, tyres, tubes etc., which are very difficult to obtain. (v) In the case of carriers bringing milk by local trains, allowing them concession in the freight and providing a special carriage or compartment where milk can

be put in clean during transit. (vi) For the municipalities to provide special depots well distributed in the towns, from where milk can be distributed to the areas apportioned to each set of carriers. (vii) To give loans to the organised small producers for purchasing cattle and feeding stuffs to effectively increase the production of milk in the zone surrounding the towns. It has been found from experience that by proper feeding and maintenance the milk yield of a village cow can be increased even upto 50 per cent.

The Outer Belt

The producers should be organised for the collection of milk and its rapid transport to a suitable centre where it can be processed and distributed through a reliable agency so that the quality of the milk is assured and it is sold at a reasonable rate to the consumers. Such an organised effort calls for the following measures:—

(i) Survey: A rapid survey of the areas is necessary in order to ascertain firstly the quantity of milk available for collection after allowing for the domestic needs of, the producers and the wide fluctuations for the different seasons which invariably occur under village conditions, and secondly the disposal of surplus milk and scope for developing this source. (ii) The organisation of the producers will have to be undertaken, preferably on co-operative lines, based on the data obtained in the survey of the area, so that those villages which produce sufficient quantities of milk which can be handled economically, need only be considered in the earlier states. Each village should be providing with a small milking shed with facilities of water supply etc., the cost involved being partly or wholly borne by the Government. (iii) Collection of the milk should be done at centres which are so situated that the collection of milk may be done as expeditiously and economically as possible. (iv) Quick haulage of milk to its destination soon after production is very essential as the time factor is most important with such a highly perishable food as milk. Motor lorries or refrigeration vans for this purpose should be provided. (v) Milk collected from various sources and

produced under insanitary conditions in the villages should have to be processed (heated or chilled or both i. e., pasteurized) and for this a processing centre or pasteurising station will have to be established preferably in the consuming town itself, with facilities of cold storage, so that the distribution of milk can be regulated according to the requirements of the consumers irrespective of the time of milking in the villages. (vi) The milk collected and processed as above can then be distributed to the consumers over the counter through depots specially provided for the purpose. It is not considered feasible in earlier stages to attempt house to house delivery of the milk, particularly in view of the shortage of containers and bottles. (vii) Arrangements will have to be made to supply cattle feeds such as oilcakes, bran, chunni, etc., to the village producers so as to give an incentive for producing more and better quality of milk.

Co-operative Working

The above schemes may preferably be run on co-operative lines. The conditions governing the selection of a town for the scheme will be as follows: (i) The town selected for the supply of milk should be surrounded by milk producing villages or centres lying within 15 to 50 miles of it and the quantity of milk produced by such centres should be sufficient to make its collection, haulage, handling and distribution economic on a consideration of working costs. Each such village or centre should on an average be able to supply a minimum quantity of 2½ maunds of milk a day. (ii) The majority of villages to be tapped should lie as far as possible along the side of the roads to be traversed or at a distance not exceeding 2 or 3 miles from the road. (iii) The areas should be well provided with roads which will permit of haulage of milk of motor transport in all seasons of the year. (iv) The producers must be assured of the market for their milk throughout the year at a predetermined price and the milk must be paid for periodically.

Establishment Of Dairy Farms

Experience has shown that milk obtained from villages fluctuates widely in quantity according to season and that it is at its lowest in summer.

Since the supply of milk to the consumers must be constant and assured throughout the year in order to counteract the above drawbacks there should be another and more dependable source of supply of milk for the town. This should be in the form of a dairy farm or farms established as near to the town as possible either by Government or through private enterprise. In the latter case a subsidy may be provided in some form or another preferably by the payment of a certain amount per pound of milk or per maund of milk of a guaranteed quality delivered to the town. Such farm or farms should be producing at least 25 per cent of the quantity of milk obtained under the village system to meet the deficit during the scarcity period.

Control And Supervision

One other greatest handicap in the proper supervision and control of the milk supply of a town is the existence of the innumerable agencies or channels through which milk is made to pass during the handling and distribution in a town. This also hinders the development of the dairy trade on right lines. The re-organisation of the present system of milk supply calls for the following definite measures to be taken; (i) An organized effort will have to be made to enable the milk supplying agencies to be reduced to a few selected ones and this will call for the division of the milk producing areas into zones, so that a zone may be assigned to a particular agency to prevent the various selected agencies from competing with one another unfairly. (ii) Creation of milk procurement and distribution organisation is necessary for replacing the innumerable individuals employed in distributing milk by a few selected agencies. As in the above case, the area of trading in town will also have to be zoned out, so that each agency is allotted a zone to prevent unfair competition. (iii) As more and more milk is imported into the town from the rural areas through an organised effort, the city milch cattle stable will have to be removed. Their removal will call for the prevention of the return to the city of cattle salvaged

from the stables when they come into calf again and the absorption or colonization of the replaced animals from the city at centres far away from the town where milk could be easily obtained for the town. (iv) The introduction of a complete and effective system of licensing of trade with suitable standards for quality and an adequate and efficient staff for enforcing supervision and the standards of quality will be a necessary adjunct to such a reorganisation. (v) There should be a central independent body which should co-ordinate the activities coming under the re-organisation of the milk supply of a town. It is suggested that a milk control board should be created. Such a board should be constituted of a limited number of members, not exceeding seven; representing government, municipalities, producers, traders and consumers. Its primary functions should be the following: (i) To safeguard the interest of the producers, traders and consumers; (ii) To periodically fix the purchase as well as the sale prices of milk for that area; (iii) To control the marketing and distribution of milk according to the needs of the different classes of consumers; (iv) To control the production of milk and milk products in a consuming area as well as in areas adjoining it; (v) To fix the standards of quality of milk and milk products sold in that area; (vi) To act in an advisory capacity in matters relating to the policy to be followed and measures to be adopted for the development of the milk trade.

Whatever be the type of scheme adopted by the Provinces or States for improving the milk supply of a town, technical help and guidance will be needed to solve the difficulties which are bound to arise at every stage with the commencement of the scheme. The prerequisite for the success of such a venture will be the provision of adequate technical staff. No doubt expert help and guidance will always be made available from the Centre but the Provincial Government shall have to maintain a well qualified and well paid staff of their own to be on the spot.—*Copyright N. P. S.*

Short Story

SIMPLE FAITH

By Vincent Row

THE good news I had received in the morning did not compensate for the shock I received as I walked into the small room at the end of the long corridor. I had not expected to see Gopi's mother covering her tear-stained face in both her hands while her aged body shook in convulsive sobs. Involuntarily I took a few steps back and the conventional greeting died on my lips. I retreated out of the room back to the cement-tiled corridor stealthily as if I had done something to be ashamed of.

It must have happened after ten O' clock that morning because at that time my friend Gopi had telephoned to me and made the appointment to meet him at the hospital and had even cracked a few jokes about the nursing sister whom he had been ogling libidiously.

"Oh, you are here?" asked that very nurse having approached me from behind.

"Yes," I said recognising her voice and turning round. "What's wrong with Jaya?"

"I don't know. She has suddenly taken bad."

"Taken bad? What do you mean?"

"She has become serious."

"Serious? You don't mean to tell me her condition is critical, do you?"

"Dr. Narayanan didn't use the word 'critical'."

"Then what did he say?"

"You better ask him," she said impishly. She was trying to prevaricate and sound clever, little aware how intimately this thing concerned me.

"For Christ's sake...." I said almost at the end of my patience. "Is Jaya... I mean this patient will.... What I want to ask you is whether Jaya will pull through?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid there is very little chance."

I looked very hard at the nurse and under my burning gaze she reddened visibly but I realised that the last sentence was not spoken lightly.

I walked away from her down the corridor.

"Just a minute," I said stopping and turning round, "If you think it is serious why haven't her brother and other relatives come?"

"May be they are on their way here. They were telephoned for only half-an-hour ago."

"So they have been telephoned for?"

"Yes."

I again turned to leave her. "Sister!" I heard the voice of Jaya's mother faintly calling the nurse.

I froze in my stride while the nurse walked into the room.

"Is it Gopi?"

"No, Mrs. Krishnan, it is only Mr. Vasudevan."

"It's Vasu, is it?... Vasu!" I heard Mrs. Krishnan calling out to me. "Vasu!"

Unwillingly I obeyed that call.

"Vasu.... Vasu.... it was so nice of you to come. You.... you heard?"

Mrs. Krishnan was looking at me—those tear-filled eyes of hers piercing through my heart and pleading for sympathy, pity and compassion—which she was signally in need of with regard to the sore calamity she had been warned to expect. The last hour must have been agony. Her face was furrowed and wrinkled as if streams of tears had gushed out and cut pathways. With one hand she was clutching the withered hand of her daughter fast sinking in the snare of the fell enteric fever, and the other she extended towards me.

I nodded to indicate that I had heard the bad news and went nearer to clasp the perspiring hand.

"Vasu, where is Gopi?"

At first I didn't like to trust my voice. I had not yet recovered from the shock of what I had seen. But when I opened my tightly compressed lips I was surprised to find my voice come out smooth and even.

"I don't know where Gopi is. I'm coming straight from office. He said he'd meet me here. Shall I go and bring him?"

"Oh no, please don't go...." She held on firmer to my wrist. "Oh please stay here. I don't want to be alone. He'll come and his father too. They have been telephoned for. You'll stay here, won't you?"

"Of course I'll stay here. I'll do anything you want me to do."

"I just want you to stay here. I want to talk to somebody. My heart is so full. Since the time the doctor said...."

"What did he say?"

"He said....The doctor was not at all....He said that there was no...."

"You mean he said there was no hope."

"Yes....yes, Vasu....no hope.... Oh God, you can't....You....can't....no please....you can't....take away my girl....Oh God....please....please...." The sudden sobs starting afresh did not allow her to finish her entreaties.

I went near her and holding her by the shoulders slowly pulled her away from the bed on which she was resting her head.

"No, no....please....you mustn't cry....The doctor wouldn't have meant that....You must have misunderstood him."

"I wish I had....Oh, how I wish I had misunderstood him."

I sat down beside her on a chair and taking my hands off her shoulders firmly gripped both her hands and began softly speaking consoling words into her ears.

It was so easy to speak. Words came out of me without any effort. I talked about God with a glibness that would have shamed any professional dispenser of religion or those who are habituously religious. I could see the way she was lapping up all my words. She was starved for sympathy. She was aching for consoling words. All

she wanted was somebody to tell her about hope and faith and about an omnipotent God who would not hesitate to work miracles by the dozen just to save her darling. She believed every word I said and slowly she seemed even convinced that the doctor was wrong and that I was right. As one, not so personally affected by this tragic situation as she, I was afraid I was feeding her on false hopes. But I wanted to do something until Gopi and his father came.

I looked at my watch. Five-thirty. Time Gopi came to the hospital. As a matter of fact I had willingly made this appointment since I wanted to give him a piece of glad news about myself and I had actually trod on air all the way down to the hospital.

Promotion does not come every day in one's career and I had that day been the recipient of the highest lift possible. That morning the Director in charge of the Madras branch of M/s Kleat and Gilchrist Ltd.,—the firm in which I was working as an assistant—had called me to his room. Wondering as to what I could attribute this and searching my memory for any act of commission or omission on my part to bring down Directorial wrath I stepped into the air-conditioned chamber.

"Good-morning, Sir," I said in a throaty voice.

"Oh hello, Vasudevan....take a chair, will you?"

I sat down gingerly on the edge of the swivel chair not quite sure I had heard him aright.

"I suppose Knudsbury told you that we are expanding our export department."

"Yes, Sir," I said in the suavest tones I could command.

"Well, and I suppose you know that shortly Knudsbury will be going home on furlough."

"I did not know that, Sir," I said truthfully.

"That's right, you couldn't have....I want to ask you something, Vasudevan." He leaned forward and smiled at me. "How would you like to be an officer in this firm?"

"An officer, Sir?"

"Yes, you heard me right. Officer. You see, we have been watching you

for sometime and Knudsbury thinks you have the makings of one. The great advantage is you are young and you are well up in your work. I have been keeping an eye on you for a long time and I think the time has come for you to take a position in this firm. Are you happy about it?"

"Happy, Sir?" Of course I'm very happy, Sir. Thank you very much, Sir."

"I shall be amply thanked, young man, if you will deserve the trust we are placing in you. This is the first time Kleat and Gilchrist are appointing an Indian as an officer and it is upto you to impress on us the fact that Indian officers are as good as European officers. You see, Vasudevan being an officer does not mean just doing the work satisfactorily. There's a lot more in it. The way you move with your subordinates and equals both of this firm and other connected commercial corporations should be a credit to the firm. In other words you are an ambassador of this company and your actions should all the time be concerned in, not letting down your firm both in public and in private. That is the very reason why we pay our officer cadre so well."

I murmured demurely "Yes, Sir."

He took some time to relight his pipe and continued between puffs: "Knudsbury likes you very much and I'm sure will teach you all there is to know about the work. You start on your probation from the first of next month. That's all."

I thanked the boss fittingly and withdrew.

The news was all over the office in no time and I was the recipient of many congratulatory eulogies.

Gopi had telephoned me soon after that and I had withheld my inclination to give him the happy news since I wanted to do it personally when I met him at the hospital.

But I had not bargained for the tragic turn of circumstances and, as I sat mumbling consolation to Jaya's mother, the fact that I had achieved earlier that day something which in my wildest ambitions I had not dreamed of, was altogether forgotten.

My talk seemed to have enormous recuperative effect on Mrs. Krishnan.

Slowly she dried her eyes and she even wanly smiled at me and I felt almost guilty at what I had done. Had I been feeding her on false hopes, I wondered. Has all my talk of Omnipotent succour been just gibberish? The aged lady, whose frame had been writhing in sobs only a few moments ago, looked calmly at me.

"Yes, Vasu," she said in level tones. "I am sure you are right. God will not take Jaya from us if we put our trust in him. She is my darling daughter and everybody loves her. You too are very fond of her, aren't you? I have already vowed that when she comes out of the hospital I'll visit Tirupathi and cut my hair. That is a vow that I had taken when the doctor diagnosed her disease. Don't you think it will have effect?"

"Sure. Of course it will have effect. Further...."

"Oh Vasu, I'm so happy you think so. You are so sensible. You must also take a vow for Jaya's sake. Won't you?"

I had not expected this. I was not quite sure that I wanted to take any vow nor in my saner moments would I have believed in any such acts of faith.

"No, I don't think...."

"No, Vasu you mustn't say so. You must take a vow to go to Tirupathi. Then I'm sure that...."

"I don't think it's actually necessary for me to do that. You see after all I'm not a relative of the family or anything of that sort."

"Doesn't matter at all. That's all the more reason why it will be more effective. Promise me, Vasu. Then I'll be sure."

To this day I do not know why I promised her.

The full force of the implication of this vow was brought on me only the following morning when I lathered my face and screwed on the blade to my safety razor. I was about to start shaving when it occurred to me that I was doing the wrong thing. How could I use my razor after I had vowed to go to Tirupathi when Jaya was discharged from the hospital hale and healthy. My position was ridiculous since for never a moment did I believe that my going to Tirupathi will have

any effect on the typhus germs working havoc on Jaya's frail body. Oh hell, why the devil did I promise to do such nonsense. I raised my razor and looked into the mirror and instead of a lathered face I seemed to see the agonised face of Mrs. Krishnan pleading with me. What nonsense was this? After all, did the life of a nineteen year old girl depend on my growing my hair and shaving it off at Tirupathi at a later date? It was idiotic to take such a view of things when the doctor whom I had seen later the previous evening, had informed me that the crisis was brought about by the effect of the powerful drug Chlormycetin and that whether Jaya would be able to withstand the shock of its dosage depended on her constitution. Stuff and nonsense, my shaving had nothing to do with Jaya... But was I sure? Then why wouldn't my hand go ahead and start applying the razor to my face lathered and ready? But after all if there was something in it? Who could say it was all nonsense?

I unscrewed the head of my razor and carefully put the blade back in the drapper. I crossed over to the closet, washed my face and went to office.

It was only three days later that the full force of my unconsciously ridiculous vow, burst upon me.

Mr. Knudsbury, my immediate boss, paused in front of my table as he entered that morning in response to my greeting.

"Hey, what's happened to you? You need a haircut under your chin!"

I had no answer to give him.

"Better go get a shave. I wouldn't like the boss to catch a glimpse of you like that."

For that I had no answer either. "I'm sorry, Sir, I'm afraid I won't be able to shave."

"Wha-a-at?" The smile had fled his face. "You trying to grow a beard?"

"No, Sir."

"Then what the hell is wrong with you? Skin-disease?"

"No, Sir," I answered truthfully and immediately regretted it, because that was the only explanation that would

have found favour in the eyes of the Englishman.

"Then what's wrong? I'm afraid you're presuming too much on your being promoted, Vasudevan."

I was prepared to swallow everything.

"Look here, Vasudevan, this sort of thing will not get you anywhere. No officer of Kleat and Gilchrist is going to turn out with a three day stubble and make a fool of himself before the clerks and menials. For Christ's sake man, can't you understand that I'm trying to advise you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then for Lord's sake get that beard off your face."

"I'm sorry Sir, I can't."

He glared at me for a few seconds as if he was at the end of his patience.

"Come with me to my room," and I meekly followed him. "Sit down, won't you?" I took the proffered chair. Well, listen... The last three years you have been in this department, I have found you a darn good chap and that's why I recommended you to the Director. And now, just because you have been given the kick upstairs it doesn't mean that you should act funny. Now, don't behave cranky and tell me what's behind this beard and I'm prepared to listen to anything reasonable."

I was in an awkward corner. Mr. Knudsbury had been my godfather all along and it hurt me very much to incur his displeasure.

"I'm sorry, Sir. I'm afraid I can give no explanation."

"You are afraid? You said it. You ought to be afraid. You must know that the man who got you this promotion can also see that you are sacked! I think you better do the explaining to the boss."

I retreated crestfallen. Mr. Knudsbury had really flared at me towards the end and the more opposition was placed on my way the more my determination strengthened to carry out my vow. Perhaps there was in me a streak of devilment that had been awakened and it was rather in a defiant mood that I entered the Director's room in response to his summons. I noticed that Mr. Knuds-

bury was seated at one side of the table.

"Good-morning, Sir," I greeted the boss who looked up at me when I entered.

No chair was proffered me nor was my greeting acknowledged.

"What's this I hear about you?"

I looked at him blankly.

"Come on, speak up, man. Let's solve this mystery about the beard. You aiming to become a yogi or what?"

"No, Sir," I said, rather hurt, "I'm afraid I can't have a shave for another fortnight or so."

"But why the devil can't you shave yourself? Knudsbury tells me that it has nothing to do with your skin."

"No, Sir."

"Then why?"

"I'm afraid I can't answer that question."

"Wha-a-at? You mean to tell me that you are going to loaf around this place with a stubble and call yourself an officer in Kleat and Gilchrist and get away with it. I'll be damned if you do... Look here, Vasudevan," he said in a more conciliatory tone after the first burst of temper, "This is going too far. What would you do if one of your subordinates behaves so mulishly?"

It was an awkward moment and I was not sure whether I should tell him about my vow and the ridiculous circumstances attached to it.

He turned to Mr. Knudsbury, having obviously read indecision on my face. "Will you leave us for a moment?"

Mr. Knudsbury left the room.

"Sit down, Vasudevan... I think there is more in it than meets the eye. You better tell me all about it. I don't like a young man like you to throw away the chance of a lifetime because I'm afraid that it will amount to throwing away the officer-grade once and for all... Well, have you made up your mind? You are going to tell me, aren't you?"

To hell with everything, I thought. I would tell him and if he still didn't understand I'll chuck the job and walk out.

"Yes, Sir. I'll tell you. You may think it ridiculous...."

"Doesn't matter. Go on."

"You see, Sir, I took a vow."

"A vow?"

"Yes, Sir. I took a vow that I'll shave off my hair at Tirupathi when...."

"Tirupathi?"

"Yes, Sir. Tirupathi is a holy place to which people go to remove their hair in fulfilment of their vow."

"Are you a devout Hindu?"

"No, Sir. Actually I'm a rationalist."

"A rationalist? And you call this thing rational!"

"I don't know, Sir. I'm doing this on behalf of somebody else."

"Oh, vicarious suffering, eh?" He laughed and I didn't like the ironic tinkle.

"No, Sir. I promised somebody very dear to me regarding a person on the deathbed."

"And you think this foolishness is going to resurrect whoever is dying?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"And you'll persist in this foolishness even at the risk of your job?"

"I don't know about this being foolish, Sir, I'm seeing this through."

"But I'll be damned if Kleat and Gilchrist are going to see it through with you. It is my sincere advice to you not to carry on with this silly vow or whatever you may call it. And I'm not going to listen to any more of this tripe from you. You come to office tomorrow, as usual cleanshaven, or you can consider yourself discharged."

"Thank you, Sir." I rose up to leave.

"Just a minute, Vasudevan, you think you are doing this wonderful thing to save somebody's life but remember you are sacrificing your future."

That evening when I went to the hospital I found the whole family around Jaya.

My friend Gopi, her brother, came out to the corridor with a large smile on his countenance.

"Jaya is out of danger," he said, "The doctor said so this afternoon." On hearing this I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, is it Vasu?" Mrs. Krishnan came out to us. "Believe me, Vasu, you and I have saved Jaya's life. Oh it's not this new medicine they are giving her, I assure you. It is you and I, I owe you such a debt. We will both go to Tirupathi when she is discharged from the hospital."

"This was shock to me. I had made up my mind to break the vow now that Jaya was pronounced out of danger. And here was Jaya's mother talking about going to Tirupathi. Oh, how I hated Tirupathi.

Meanwhile she chatted on. "The doctor came this afternoon to say that Jaya was out of danger. But I knew this all along. All this medical opinion of Jaya being in danger and out of danger is nonsense. No God if He be all goodness or righteousness will ever take my Jaya away at so young an age. It was only my sins that had brought pain on her. I vowed to make the sacrifice in reparation of my follies by visiting the sacred shrines at Tirupathi. But it was your unselfish offering to join me that has made the Gods relent. I'm ever so much grateful to you. We all are. So long as you and I fulfil our promise Jaya is safe.

Was her life in my hands so much as all that? Would Jaya relapse into danger if I did not keep the vow? Was I a God to give and take life? Ridiculous. My face must have betrayed these doubts.

"You are not thinking of breaking your vow, are you, Vasu?" she pleaded and more than her words I was affected by the light of mute entreaty in her eyes.

"Oh no, of course not," I stammered.

"I knew you wouldn't. How silly of me to have doubted you!"

My spirits came to the lowest of ebbs when I reached home. At the threshold my sister met me and said there was a letter delivered by a peon from the office.

I wondered what it could be that it was so urgently sent at that part of the night.

There was just one line of scribble on a slip of paper inside the envelope and it did not take me long to recognise the calligraphy of the Director. The note bade me go to his house at nine O'clock that night.

It was already late and I did not take time off to think of shaving or not since the last mute entreaty in Mrs. Krishnan's eyes still haunted me and in a fit of desperation I left the house still unshaven.

The boss was waiting for me.

"Well, what have you decided?"

I looked perfunctorily at him and spoke in a flat tone:

"There's nothing for me to decide, Sir."

"You mean you are going through this?....Anyway come in and sit down."

We entered a sparsely but elegantly furnished lounge and took our seats.

"Well, Vasudevan. I think I've changed my mind. And you have had a very able advocate in my wife to whom I mentioned this episode. She tells me that one human being has no business to question the simple faith of another and she started quoting Tennyson to support her. Well, I rang up Knudsbury and made him see her point of view although I didn't see much of it. Between us we have arrived at a solution; and that is to give you a couple of weeks leave as a special case although no leave is permissible during probation period. Yes though I still can't see eye to eye with you yet I admire you for being truthful since you refused to give any other plausible explanation. I only hope the firm will ultimately stand to profit by your integrity. Well, aren't you happy?"

"Oh, thank you very much, Sir."

"You shouldn't thank me at all. And I'm sure you would like to meet the person whom you really ought to thank."

He walked to the foot of the staircase in the adjacent room and called out:

"Daphne! There is a bearded gentleman here waiting to see you!"

BRITISH LABOUR AND YUGOSLAV COMMUNISM

By K. ZILLIACUS

THE recent visit to London of Milovan Djilas, one of Marshal Tito's principal lieutenants, marked a further development in the relations between Yugoslavia and Britain and drew closer the bonds between the Labour Party and the Yugoslav Communist Party. It also illustrated the old saying that politics make strange bed-fellows. When politics reach the pitch of cold war and the cold war is waged, not only between the capitalist and Communist blocs, but by several Communist regimes against one of themselves, the ensuing juxtapositions become strange almost beyond belief.

Thus on the one hand Labour folk who believe that the Bevin-Churchill foreign policy is really necessary in order to defend democracy against Communism are little if at all disturbed by the odd fact that the Western powers are relying for the defence of democracy on such allies as Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek, Bao Dai, the mediaeval monarchy of Persia, despotic Arab Kings and Sheikhs, the Military dictators of Turkey, Royalists and Fascists in Greece, General de Gaulle, General Franco and the Japanese and German war criminals. On the other hand, the Hard Tories, from Mr. Churchill down, and Right wing Labour leaders like Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, have been all over the Communist Mr. Djilas, and the International Policy Sub-Committee of the passionately anti-Communist National Executive of the Labour Party has entered into friendly semi-official relations with the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Yugoslav Communist Party (The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the C. P. Y. is Mr. Djilas. Its Secretary is Mr. V. Dedijer, who accompanied Mr. Djilas on his London visit).

Thirty nine year old Milovan Djilas is a Montenegrin; an intellectual; a life-long Communist; a fighter with a magnificent record as a partisan

leader; one of the four members of the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party and the Secretary of its Politbureau (the other three members of the Secretariat of the Central Committee are Tito, Secretary of the Party, Minister and Commander-in-Chief; Rankovich, the Minister for Home Affairs; Kardelj, the Minister for Foreign Affairs). Djilas is the chief theoretician of the Party and its greatest authority in matters of doctrine, education and propaganda. He is the leader of the mental revolution in the Yugoslav Communist Party and public opinion that is coming to the surface in a storm of books, pamphlets, speeches, newspaper and review articles and a nation-wide, free discussion of the fundamentals of Marxism. It may yet start the renaissance of Communism and give European Socialism its second wind.

The Yugoslavs remain Communist, but are making drastic criticisms of Soviet Communism. The first step to Socialism is necessarily, they say, State Capitalism. The backwardness of Russia and 30 years isolation in a hostile capitalist world have ossified Soviet society at the stage. Instead of the workers managing their factories and the peasants their collective farms, both are run by officials appointed by the administrative authorities. Instead of bureaucracy diminishing it has become all-powerful. Centralism has increased to a pitch where the autonomy of the different Soviet Republics guaranteed by the Stalin Constitution remains a paper promise, like democracy and freedom of speech and association, likewise guaranteed by the Constitution.

Even science, literature and art are now subjected to Party control. The State has shown no tendency to wither away. On the contrary, it has been exalted above the people and developed into a more tyrannous and more nearly omnipotent and omnipresent

police State than anything known in history. Lenin's teachings about respect for the rights of other nations and equality and fair dealing between Socialist States have been replaced by the doctrine of the Russians as the 'leading nation'. This has led to the oppression of the other nationalities of the Soviet Union and to a foreign policy that in spirit, aims and methods resembles that of the Empire of the Tsars.

Many of these criticisms have been made in the West. But never before by Communists, applying the Marxist-Leninist analysis to Soviet society and Soviet policy. What is more, the Yugoslavs are practising what they preach: They are vigorously fighting bureaucracy and centralism; enlarging the autonomy and importance of the Republics; giving the workers management of their factories and encouraging self-government in the collective farms; reforming the judicial system and in many other ways democratising and 'humanising' the regime. In foreign affairs they remain determined to defend the political independence and territorial integrity of their country against all comers, while refusing to be drawn into the Western military bloc and always ready to negotiate a settlement of differences with any State, East or West. As their stand over Korea and China shows, they take a line in international affairs pretty close to that of India.

The new-born Tory-Right Wing Labour enthusiasm for Yugoslavia is of course purely tactical. Her stand weakens the Soviet military bloc. Perhaps she can even be brought into the Western bloc.

But in order to be friendly to Yugoslavia the Western cold warriors,

who habitually identify Communism with aggression, have to make a distinction between the two and pay at least lip-service to the view that they have no quarrel with Communism as such, but only with Soviet and satellite aggression. For the Yugoslavs are embarrassingly insistent on the point that they are and will remain Communists, and that what they want is a live-and-let-live agreement, based on the U. N. Charter, between the capitalist and the peoples democracies.

It is at this point that Labour backbenchers and Left leaders like Aneurin Bevan, who also had long talks with Djilas, go on from where the Right wing leaves off in relation to Yugoslavia. They believe that Yugoslavia's stand is not only of tactical but of strategic importance in the cold war: If she can afford to be independent of the USA and the Soviet Union, so should Britain. The Labour Party and the British Government should establish a food relationship with Yugoslavia and then use that fact to ram home the lesson on the other side of the 'Iron Curtain' that we are not out to smash Communism: on the contrary, the Labour Party is ready and anxious to co-operate with any working-class party or regime, Communist or other, that takes its stand on the Charter of the United Nations and believes that freedom and democracy, in the sense Labour understands those much-abused words, are an integral part of Socialism. That, they believe, would be the best way to weaken Soviet and Cominform intransigence and to enlarge the possibility of ending the cold war by negotiating a peace that would last because it was based on a wide measure of common interests and purposes.

Tragedy is exalting because it opens up a future, and indeed a present, at the very moment when it destroys past achievements. There is something of release in the destruction of the greatest monuments, and what is released is the spirit they enshrined. At the same time, there is something that is dead and inhibiting about a tradition that lives on without being appreciated. It is right that Londoners should have derived a sense of the greatness of Wren's architecture from the destruction of the city churches. There is even a kind of rightness in the obscured views to St. Paul's being released by the terrible destruction of the city fires; and people feel this rightness, even amid the horror and wickedness of the destruction.—Stephen Spender.

TITO'S COMMUNISM IS DIFFERENT

By MATTHEW HALTON

In the Stalinist countries hardly anyone dares discuss politics with a foreigner, but just the opposite seems to be true in Yugoslavia. Its leaders denounce the tyranny of Stalinism, and are determined that the same evils shall not creep into their own brand of communism.

IN the window of a bookshop in Belgrade I saw one day a copy of George Orwell's famous and frightening novel, "1984," in which he portrays the ultimate meaning of communism in all its horror. Talking later to one of Marshal Tito's cabinet ministers, I mentioned my surprise at seeing such a book on sale in a Communist country. "That book," he replied earnestly, "describes the horrors of Stalinism. In Yugoslavia, communism is a different thing."

I am convinced this is true. Yugoslavia is certainly a Communist dictatorship. Yugoslavia is certainly a police state. Anxious though we may be to have Yugoslavia tied up on our side against the cominform, it would be a mistake to try to persuade ourselves, as some do, that the Tito regime is a social democracy. But it is the most free and enlightened dictatorship in the Communist world; it hates Stalinism with genuine fervor; it is taking concrete and visible measures to prevent the growth of a repressive and ambitious bureaucracy; and it is making an honest and a deliberate effort to liberalize its own rigour.

This liberalization is largely a reaction against Stalinism. The Yugoslav leaders denounce Stalinism as a wicked and ghastly tyranny and, therefore, they were almost bound to relax their own tyranny. The liberalization is partly opportunist. Tito desperately needs food, arms, machines and credits from the West—and to get them he is willing to put on a show of democracy. In any case, there is a world of difference between Yugoslavia and any of the Stalinist countries. There is far more freedom of speech and opinion, and far less terror. The secret police—the U. D. B. A.—exists; but the Yugoslavs

are not a terrorized and beaten-down people.

In the Stalinist countries hardly anyone dares to discuss politics with a foreigner, and in Russia ordinary people are afraid even to be seen talking to a foreigner. But, in Yugoslavia, I found many people not only free but anxious to talk. I had not been in Belgrade five minutes when a young man came up to our car and started talking. He was one of the Canadian Yugoslavs who had returned to Yugoslavia after the war in the belief that Tito was creating a worker's paradise. "Are you glad you came back?" I asked. And though there was now a crowd of people gathered around, including a policeman, he replied: "Are you kidding! I'd give anything to get back to Canada." I met many people who defended the Tito regime, but many others who openly attacked it.

All this is a pleasant change for the British, the Canadians, the Americans and other Westerners in the various embassies and legations. Until the break with Russia, their activities were watched almost to the point of persecution, and they had hardly any dealings with the Yugoslav people. Today, it is the Russians and their satellites who suffer.

The change is even more pleasant, of course, for the Yugoslavs themselves. As a doctor told me one day: "I no longer feel I'm living in a slave State. I believe the government should really like to make this country into a social democracy and is gradually leading us that way. I admit there is a long way to go."

One sign of the liberalization has been the release during the past year of about 20,000 political prisoners from the jails. "We have found," said one official, "that mercy and

amnesty win more support for a government than repression." What a statement to hear from the lips of a Communist! It shows better than anything else the widening gap between Titoism and Stalinism.

In the British information offices in Belgrade and Zagreb, there are reading rooms where Yugoslavs can go to read British books and magazines and B. B. C. news bulletins. These reading-rooms are always packed, and I asked several people why they came. One said: "We are dying to know what is going on in the free Western world, especially in Britain." Others said they could rely on the accuracy of the B. B. C. news bulletins. But the point is that they are free to go to the British and U. S. information and reading-rooms without fear.

Nor does the government try to stop radio listening. There are 350,000 radio sets in Yugoslavia and they are all short-wave. Wherever I went, from Slovenia to Macedonia, I met people who listened to the B. B. C. I met no one, incidentally, who liked the Voice of America broadcasts. It was always the B. B. C.

The Tito regime is making a real effort to get the great mass of the people interested in the job of running the country. The most important instrument of this policy is the People's Front. The leadership of the People's Front is the relatively small and highly disciplined Communist Party. The Front has 3,000,000 members over the age of 18—that is half the population of Yugoslavia. But many of the 3,000,000 joined up, no doubt, because they knew where their bread was buttered—and where the bread came from. Yugoslavia is certainly not a free country yet.

I had many arguments on this subject with earnest Communists, and Yugoslav Communists are almost—not quite, but almost—as earnest and humourless as any others. I remember a particularly shattering talk I had with a woman zealot one day. It went like this:

Halton: "If you had a free election in this country, how many people do you think would vote for the regime?"

Communist Woman: "But we do have free elections. I keep telling you. And, in the last election, 90 per-

cent of the people voted for this government. The voting was absolutely secret."

Halton: "Yes, but who counted the votes?"

Communist woman: "Anybody who wants can see the votes counted. The representative of the opposition can watch the votes counted if they like."

Halton: "But are there any opposition parties?"

Communist woman: "Oh, no! Except a few reactionaries and declassers, the whole people supports the regime."

Halton: "How do you know?"

Communist woman: "I've told you! The elections showed it."

It was the same woman, an interpreter from the office of information, who said suddenly one day, when we were talking about the Yugoslav drought: "It's not a Yugoslav drought! Other countries have had it, too." Better still: Driving in the country one day, a covey of partridges flew up in front of us and I exclaimed: "Look! Hungarian partridge!" This happened several times, and at last the Communist woman said: "Why do you say Hungarian partridge? Those are surely Yugoslav partridge!"

This strong nationalism, in Yugoslav character is Tito's greatest source of strength in his feud with Russia. The people accepted Tito and communism after the war because they had been the heart and soul of the fight for national liberation against the Nazis; they support them now because they fight for independence from the cominform.

The feud with Russia, in turn, has taught the Yugoslav leaders to hate and fear the mad tyranny of Stalinism. And they are determined that the evils shall not creep into their own brand of communism.

I discussed this subject in Belgrade one day with one of Tito's right hand men—V. Cholakov, Minister for science and culture.

"What Stalinism is doing to the Russian mind," he said, "is monstrous. Russia will have to pay for it some day. They are destroying not only freedom to think, but even the ability to think. What progress can

they ever make when their people must follow the party line not only in politics but also in art, culture and science?"

"Is there no party line for artists and scientists in Yugoslavia?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied. "We do ask our cultural workers to support the Socialist developments of the country, but when cultural or scientific controversies arise, the government lays down no prescriptions or regulations. We let them fight it out and find their own solution. We believe, I repeat, that art should serve the nation; it should help to make life richer and pleasanter for all.

"Mind you, I don't say this is a liberal state. Not at all. There are certainly cases where we would take action against an artist or writer. If some writer tried, for example, to depict Mikhailovitch or King Peter as a national hero, we would do something about it. On the whole, however, we believe as you do that the clash of opinion is necessary to the development of science, art and literature."

In religion too, there is comparative freedom for both the Roman Catholics and the Slav Orthodox Church. "In some ways our religion is restricted," said Dr. Stanislas Stanko, Roman Catholic Professor of theology in the University of Lubliana. "There is no Catholic press any more; and there is a constant ideological battle between state propaganda and the Church. Religious teaching is no longer compulsory in the schools, as we would like it to be. And in the land reform, church property suffered as well as the big private estates, no parish may own more than 25 acres. But otherwise we have freedom. The churches are full—attendance is probably higher than ever before. I wouldn't say there is a reconciliation between the Church and the Communist state. I do say we get along better with the regime since the break with Russia."

Everything I saw and heard during my visit to Yugoslavia confirmed the impression that communism in that country is different from Stalinism in many significant ways. And I believe that, given peace, the Tito regime will

evolve some day into a genuine social democracy on something like the British model.

Peace is the question: Titoism is the first major revolt against the Kremlin. If it succeeds, it may set up a chain reaction that will sap the foundations of the cominform monolith and of Russian Communist imperialism itself. The Kremlin, therefore, will go to almost any length to destroy it. The only certain thing in the situation today is that if Yugoslavia is attacked, she will fight back and never surrender.

The best ally we have in Europe against communism is Yugoslavia—a Communist state.—Copyright NNF.

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DANCER AND THE CRITIC

By RAJENDRA SHANKAR

PRAKASH lay low for sometime. The few years of stagnation as the second assistant to a film director had become too irksome for a man of his ideas and ambitions. All his flattery and slogging had carried him no farther. After trying his hand at various things and scratching hard his thinning scalp he finally made up his mind. He would become a dance director! No special qualification was called for. So while his hair merrily grew under proper manuring he began to twist his fingers and make faces in front of a mirror to hasten his metamorphosis into a dancer.

At last he was ready. With a new look and the imposing new name of Shiva Shanker he began his perigrinations of the various studios. He left his card after a rehearsed talk on art which he always delivered with a special pensile effect of the eye-balls. He did not in the least worry about the long waitings, the disparaging looks cast at him by other hoodlums, and the callous way in which he was treated. He knew well that everyone in the studio thinks himself superior to the other, and so kept on chewing *pan* and carrying on his eye-brow exercises.

One day he was summoned by a big director who was looking for something out of the usual rut. Shiva dressed up for the kill, put on the special silk *kurta* he had, oiled and curled the ends of his long hair, put some collyrium in the eyes and went to keep the appointment. He arrived two hours late on purpose, knowing the ways of the producers and so had to wait only a few hours before he was summoned in front of the august presence.

"Do you know Kathak?" asked the producer, trying to air his own knowledge of the different schools. But Shiva Shanker had not wasted his time during his educative exile.

"Of course!" he replied with assurance. "I am a direct descendant in the line of pupils from one of the greatest exponents of this school! You must have heard of Kalkadin and Vrindadin?"

"Who has not!" evaded the producer. "And Kathakali?"

"Most certainly! Resting at Kalamandalam for a night and rowing in the back-waters of Malabar and visiting temples on bullock carts, I saw all that was to be seen and learnt all that was to be learnt."

"As easily as all that!"

"For a man whose very blood corpuscles dance, is it strange?" countered Shiva, smiling at the producer with disarming innocence. "When you see a Hollywood ballyhoo, you know what is what and who is who, because you know your job, you know picture making, even though you might have got no nearer to Hollywood than the Ballard Pier! Besides, at Kerala Kalamandalam I actually dined with the great Poet where feasted also the most brilliant exponents of the art. It was the Onam day. In spite of the bad rice and the coconut oil I managed to pump out enough secret of the technique and art to make a digestive *chutni* and swallow it! Without trying to be immodest I can assure you that in the case of a less talented aspirant it would have resulted in an instance of abortive blitzkrieg!"

"Do you know Manipuri?"

"What a question! Couldn't you guess from the way I had been twirling my fingers that they are steeped in the Manipuri technique? To say that I went to Manipur would be a topographical error, for the whole of Manipur came to me, thanks to the Japanese, and I saved my railway fare and my skin against the sting of malarial mosquitoes during transit through Bengal. The steps are beautiful and caressingly soft. With the haunting tunes and glorious costumes it is verily an idyll in moonbeams! But, of course, you must be aware of all its seductive charms and its hypnotic grandeur!"

"Naturally! And do you...?"

"Yes I do! I know Bharat Natyam from the very descendants of Bharata, not the old Rishi, but Sakuntala's son, the child prodigy. The dance critics rave when a male manages to execute

what is meant for a female of generous proportions, large eyes, long black tresses... and so I learnt it much against my will and possess all articles written to prove that it is the oldest form. Of course the expensive book by an American danseuse has been helpful and the more recent work by an Indian lady revealed to me all its intricacies in lines and bends. Then I know Javanese, Balinese, Marvari and Pahari dances besides Garba, Kolari, Jhumer, Chhow and, in short, folk and classical dances of different places, atmospheres, occasions, latitudes and altitudes!"

Shiva Shanker stopped to watch if the producer had begun to reel, and then in a very touching and pathetic tone expressed his apologies for being swayed by enthusiasm, dancing blood corpuscles, warring technique and the self-imposed unemployment of a true artist.

"I have never spoken in this strain to another," whispered he in an undertone, "but seeing that you can evaluate true art and appreciate a real dancer, I was swept off my dancing feet! Would you like to know anything more?"

"Have you ever composed dances for the films?"

"Hundreds!"

"Hundreds! In which pictures?"

"Not in pictures but for pictures, in my imagination, to replace the insufferable trash that goes by the name of dance on the Indian screen. Yet I never thought to work for films—but a sense of national duty and your command impelled me to come and fulfil my obligation. I have heard so much of you that your summons came as the lure of destiny on its way to work out some stupendous scheme for the true appraisal and elevation of our dances for the screen."

Shiva keenly scrutinised the face of the producer. If he had not been flattened to pulp, he would take the cue and change his tactics. The producer, however, was quite enthusiastic at the prospect of bagging his virginal genius. He called for the script and began to explain the situations.

Shiva pretended to concentrate. He knew that everything had already been planned and he would only be told whether it would be a solo by the hero, heroine, villain or the other

girl, a duet or a group affair. He seemed to nod volubly and let his artificial enthusiasm rise till, by the time the producer came to the end, he could restrain himself no longer. He jumped up and cuddled the feet of the producer, seeming to tremble in every limb.

"Oh, what a conception!" he gurgled with emotion. "What depth! What a picture! I am overwhelmed. You will excuse my bewilderment, but you have applied some technique which even Kalidasa failed fully to exploit, and have used some psychological props which Abhinava Gupta, nearly a thousand years back, in his commentary on *Natya Sastra*, uses only obscure verses to explain. Your insight is staggering and I have no doubt that with your genius and my humble talents we will revolutionise dance screening!"

Shiva Shanker was signed up on very good terms.

"I am all excitement to start," said Shiva. "Of course it entails arduous work. I will have to go to the core of the matter, to kinesis and metakinesis, the science and metaphysics of movement, where the physical and the psychical merge into an insoluble entity and then only each movement becomes a subtle, delicately tuned medium for the transference of an aesthetic, emotional and supramental concept, the very essence of the absolute, from our ken and consciousness to those of the audience. A man of your calibre alone will understand all this! You have just to tell me what school and types you need and I will incorporate them all so wonderfully that even Bharat Muni would not recognise them!"

The enthusiastic producer went all out for the creation of super dances based on a Kathakali-Manipuri-Kathak axis with a favourable plebscite in the realms of Bharat Natyam, Kuchipudi, Mohini Attam, Thullals, Yakshagana, Oriental, Kandyan, South Sea Islands and, withal, a concoction of a pleasing neo-classical variety sufficiently spiced to be popular. Some abandon with folk vitality, a few shreds from Waltz, Black-bottom and Pineapple and a strong dose of a vital progressive outlook—and lo! the super duper dances would be ready!

Shiva readily consented to everything. He knew that as long as he could make the girls wallop, gallop, float, wriggle, giggle, dip, skip, wink, blink, kick, stretch, pirouette, thump, bump, move, swoon, bend and sway, the producer would be happy and everything gay. So he had come prepared and took out the different movements from different pockets and doled them out. Where he failed in terms of movement he covered up under costume and ornaments and left the rest to be rectified in lighting and 'taking'. He convinced the producer of the safety in overdressing rather than underdressing our ballerinas. But when brave experiments were being made with provocative designs inspired by Ajanta and cloth shortage he kept his eyes peeled and watched.

Shiva had worked out a formula for success. He had pampered and obeyed the producer and finished the dances, now he had to win over the critics. So he began his rounds once more and finally went to see Sharmaji, one of the most influential critics, supposed to possess a big library, with books actually in Sanskrit, and found often bold and pedantic enough to flay mercilessly the film dances.

Sharmaji sat smoking at his table, in a green bush-coat and blue glare-glasses. Shiva made a dignified bow dripping with profound respect and sat down. To break the silence and make a favourable impression he started sombrely to explain the burning load of frustrated hopes he had been doomed to carry and the trying conditions under which he had just finished the exquisite dances in the forthcoming film extravaganza!

"You can have no idea of what was expected of me," he continued. "They wanted all the classical and secular varieties and expected me to serve a palatable stew! They foisted on me a bevy of girls who cannot even move their hips and yet they expect these hips to move the audience. To talk of anything above, below or beyond would be like casting the swine before the pearl! For thirsty souls like ours, you are the only oasis in the ruffled desert. You are a scholar, a connoisseur of dances. With you I may talk of 'charis', 'angaharas', 'vrit-

tis', 'mandalas', 'rasa', 'bhava', 'dristi', 'alankara' or 'mudra'. The producer only thinks I mean 'money' when I talk of 'mudra'!"

The great critic listened unmoved, a soft irritating smile playing on his lips. Shiva quickly switched on to an emotional appeal.

"I am but an artist," he began with a sigh, "entrusted with the flaming curse of inspiration and creation. And yet I cannot thrive on 'Tandava' or 'Lasya' alone, nor will my hunger be appeased with my knowledge of 'Lalata Tilakam' or 'Chakra Mandalam'. You alone can serve as the midwife to the gnawing suffering of artistic abortion. The producers are blind but the public, alas! will never realise my unsurmountable difficulties!"

"Well spoken!" admitted the critic at last. "You have flattered me effectively and wellnigh evoked my latent Buddhistic sentiments. I will help you!"

"Thank you!" exclaimed Shiva Shanker, and rose trembling to hug the feet of the critic.

"Sit down!" advised the critic. "You must remember one thing. The professedly pedantic dance critic in India, who has no vocation or an annuity to draw upon, earns his living by covering news, views and scandals in the film land. But all the same, I have decided to help you—for some consideration! Now don't act as if my chair is infested with bugs. How I achieve the impossible in boosting a fraud up is the trade secret of film journalism. Now be frank and tell me what you can pay—Prakash, you big hoax!"

"How dare you, Sir!" protested the dancer. "I am Shiva Shanker, the great dancer who has spent his whole life extricating the secret of art, working day and night...."

And then he stopped, his bristling hair going limp, his unfinished sentence hanging in mid air. The great critic had taken his glasses off and was wiping it vigorously with the lapel of his coat, his face wreathed in smiles.

"You? Madhu? You son of a gun!"

Yes, it was Madhusudan who had worked as the third assistant during his last assignment as the second!

THE END OF A CASTE: THE 'ETAS' OF JAPAN

By JOSEPH KALMER

THE abolition of the caste system in India and the conferment of equality before the law on the 'Untouchables,' is not being accepted by the Hindu population without resistance. Only a few months ago, a case of refusal of access to a Hindu temple had to be brought before the courts, and it will probably take years before caste distinctions in India that have disappeared from the Statute Book will disappear also from social life.

In Japan this state of affairs has already been achieved. The Etas, the 'Untouchables' of the Land of the Rising Sun, who were made equal before the Law by an Imperial Edict dated 12th October 1871, have now acquired social equality as well through the "democratization" which has followed the Allied occupation of Japan. This change has found expression, among other things, in the fact that the Social Democratic politician Hichiro Matsumoto, although of Eta origin, could become Deputy Speaker of the Japanese Upper House.

Remarkably enough, the existence of an 'untouchable' caste in Japan has been known only to a few experts. Who, then, are these Etas?

In all probability, they are the descendants of the primitive inhabitants of Japan, the Ainus, whom the Japanese enslaved when, coming up from the South, they conquered the Island Empire. This, at least, is the opinion of Professor Manabu Seno, of Waseda University. Other sources, however, hold that the Etas are descended from the Korean captives whom the Japanese brought to the islands from one of their marauding expeditions at the end of the 16th century. A less probable tradition traces their origin to the natural sons of the notorious Shogun Yoritomo, of the Minamoto family, who made himself dictator of Japan, allowing the Emperor to lead only a shadow existence as the supreme religious head of the country.

The Etas are distributed all over

Japan. Until recently they lived in ghettos. Separate streets were reserved for them, and there was no Japanese householder in the country who would knowingly have given shelter to an Eta. Within their ghettos the Etas had an autonomous administration, whose principal task lay in preventing any contact between the Etas and the rest of the population.

The reason alleged by the nominally Buddhistic Japanese for the contempt with which they treated the Etas was that they were 'unclean.' During the era of the Conquest, when the Japanese invaders had robbed the Etas of everything, the latter are said to have been reduced to living on carrion flesh. They tanned the hides of the carrion, and travelling from settlement to settlement, repaired the footwear of the master race. Later the Etas were employed as slaughterers and executioners, as Buddhism forbids killing, but as all occupations involving the killing of living things were regarded as being of a debased character, the Etas were treated as outcasts. With the advance of civilization, a number of occupations became open to them in industry, they became tanners, dealers in skins and hides, boot-makers, boot manufacturers, etc., they were able even to amass fortunes. But even this did not enable them to rise out of their caste. And though the Japanese ate meat which could be bought only from Etas, a house entered by an Eta thereby became 'unclean.'

In a sense, the Etas and Japanese are comparable, respectively, with the Jews under Tsarist rule, for in the course of the centuries—particularly when the Japanese were confronted with internal difficulties—the Etas were subjected to persecution and pogroms. The age-old cry, 'Blame the Jews!' had a counterpart in Japan, and, for instance, after the earthquakes of 1923, the 'popular anger' of the Japanese turned against the Koreans and the Etas. The Etas

nevertheless managed to survive, and their number today is estimated at nearly three million.

Japanese governments were always aware of the attitude of the Etas towards the State, though after the restoration of Imperial rule in 1868, the 'Estate' of the Etas, together with those of all other castes, were abolished. However, this officially imposed equality was rendered illusory by the behaviour of the Japanese: they continued to keep the Etas in isolation and aversion, often with very drastic results. For example, Eta recruits in the Army were maltreated by their non-Eta comrades in barracks, and their life was rendered so intolerable that at one time there was a wave of suicides among them.

Naturally, in the circumstances the Etas could marry only among themselves. One Eta girl found employment in a strange city, and concealing her origin, became engaged to a Japanese. When he met her parents, he immediately broke the engagement, and when the girl sued him for breach of promise, the court refused to award her damages on the ground that her demand was "contrary to popular feeling"—precisely as the Nazis would have put it.

Sometimes, an Eta who moved to a new locality might succeed in concealing his origin and attain a comfortable middle class position. This would be the same as 'passing' in the case of a person of Negro blood in colour-bar countries. But woe betide such an Eta if he were discovered! Though, unlike Jews under Hitler, he was allowed to keep his money, he was ruthlessly expelled from the social class to which he had raised himself.

During the first World War, when Japan was able to enrich herself in a variety of ways, the chances of the Etas also became brighter, they were able to monopolise certain trades and gather in substantial war profits, so that they became an economic factor that could not be ignored. In order to enforce their social emancipation, the Etas formed a political party of their own, the *Suiheisha*—though it was never mentioned in any Japanese official publication. The Party had a social revolutionary programme, but of course kept it secret, in view of the

Japanese law against 'dangerous thinking.' A German observer at that time described this Party—without justification—as "the most fertile soil for Communism." And on the occasion of the Eta Congress, which was attended by 10,000 delegates, *The Japan Times and Advertiser*, a paper close to the Japanese Foreign Office, felt obliged to state that the Etas now possessed such a good organization that it was no longer possible—as it had been a few years before—to treat them with contempt or indifference, and that the emancipation of these social pariahs presented Japanese internal policy with some most difficult problems.

During the second World War, the Etas were able to improve their economic situation further, thanks to a solidarity among themselves which may be said to have been forced upon them. The fact that—contrary to the expectations of foreign observers—they created no difficulties for the Japanese Governments during the war, was due to the special watch that was being kept on them by the *Kempeitai*, the Japanese military police. However, with the passing of the *Kempeitai*, supervision of the Etas ceased, and they have not neglected the opportunities presented by the process of democratisation which began with the Allied occupations. The Japanese parties no longer close their doors to the Etas, and it may be regarded as a sign of special trust that most Etas have joined the Social Democrats.

Together with their political situation, their social status has also improved. For instance, Matsumoto, the Deputy Speaker of the Upper House, mentioned earlier, was some time ago able to refuse to appear 'in humble audience' before the Emperor, because he considered that the obsequious bowing, the audible catching of the breath and the backing out of the Audience Chamber, were inconsistent with the spirit of the new Constitution. In the end, the Director of the Imperial Household, Mr. Susuno Kato, gave in, conceding that the Emperor might shake hands 'in a democratic manner' with one of his subjects. And the Imperial Palace did not become 'unclean' because an Eta had entered it.—*NNF*.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

WAGE-INCREASE DEMAND BY RAILWAYMEN

BRITAIN is faced with a serious dislocation of her Railway Services unless the railwaymen and the Government come to terms in the discussions that are taking place as this is being written. As is usually the case in these industrial disturbances, the main issue is that of wages. In this particular instance there are, however, one or two interesting points that do not usually occur in such disputes. In the first place, there is the whole question of nationalisation involved. The British Railways are only one part of the nationalised transport system of Britain. Road transport, as far as goods traffic is concerned, is also very largely nationalised. The problem that might have to be considered is that of a scale of pay for all similar nationalised industries and other concerns. Should the road transport workers and the railwaymen be on similar scales of pay? If not, why not? Again, if the Post Office makes huge profits each year, which it does not put back into the Postal Services, either as increased pay to the postal workers or to ease the cost of postage or speed the production of more badly-needed telephones, cannot some of such profits be used to pay increased wages in a nationalised industry which is not making enough money to meet what might be legitimate demands for wage-increases from its workers? The British Railways are a case in point. The demands of the workers have only been considered excessive because the railways cannot afford them. Already fares and freight charges are as high as they can be, if there is not to be serious diversion of traffic from rail to road. There is still much money to be spent on maintenance, new rolling-stock and engines, on the improvement of the railway stations and the introduction of amenities, which the modern traveller in Britain expects for the high fares he has to pay. The only solution seems to be in a Government

subsidy to cover the increased wages asked for by the railwaymen. There will naturally be criticism of this. It will be said that a losing concern cannot afford to pay more wages, that they must cut their coat according to their cloth, and so on. But, surely, the point of nationalisation is that the public must be served well, and can only be served well if the organisation concerned is not first interested in the profit motive, but in the maintenance of an efficient service at the most reasonable cost to the general public, and included in the general public are the many thousands who work in the organisation, such as the railwaymen. Of course, a nationalised industry must be run efficiently and as economically as possible consistent with efficiency. And efficiency implies a contented staff. There can be legitimate criticism of the methods of administration and organisation of a nationalised industry, but not merely to produce a balance sheet that shows a great profit. In fact, it could be argued that if a nationalised industry shows a large profit, then there is something wrong. The price charged for the commodity produced, whether it be a postage stamp, a railway ticket, or a bag of coal, should be reduced. Or, as in the case of the Post Office, some of the profits could go towards the cost of other public services in order to keep the price to the consumer down to reasonable limits. This seems to be the only solution to the railway deadlock. There will, I think be a Government subsidy to help to pay for the increased wages. The difficulty at present in Britain is that, apart from the Post Office, the other nationalised service are not making a profit. Still, the question arises of what the railwaymen would have got if the railways were still under private ownership. Very little, I think.

There is another angle to this railway dispute. The original offer made

to the men to increase their pay by 5% was made conditional on certain economies being effected within the service. One of these economies was the abolition of the "knocker-up." To many people in Britain the knocker-up is a relic of the Victorian and Edwardian days. In the large industrial towns these men used to walk round the streets with a long pole early in the morning, knocking on windows to awaken the workpeople who had to make an early start. In Madras, where people normally awaken very early in the morning, this might seem to be an unnecessary indulgence, to have a knocker-up. But in England, on a cold, dark, winter morning, when it does not become daylight until about 8 o'clock, it is no easy matter to awaken at 5 or 5-30 in the morning. Of course, the alarm clock has done away with the need for the knocker-up in industrial towns. Why then has he persisted so long for railwaymen? I believe the reason is that one of the conditions of work of railwaymen is that if they are due to start work at, say 4 a.m., the railway has the right to call them at any time between 2 a.m. and 6 a.m., giving a two-hour margin on either side of the specified time. This is on account of the many factors which delay the trains and any emergencies that might arise. Clearly, a man will not want to turn up for duty two hours earlier than he need at such uncomfortable hours of the morning. Also, it is necessary for the railway company to know if a man is sick and so unable to attend for duty so that a substitute can be found. The knocker-up can be given this information, and can also call the unfortunate substitute. One can see that the suggestion that, in the interests of economy, this knocker-up

should be dispensed with, would not be welcomed by those who depend on him so much.

During a visit to India House this week, I had a look round the exhibition of pictures, diagrams and more solid exhibits which are on show there. The purpose of the exhibition is to show how India has progressed since Independence. It is interesting and attractive, but I was disappointed in some aspects of the exhibition. Being inclined towards South India in my affections, I would have liked to have seen more examples of South Indian culture and development. I did not analyse the displays but I do not recall seeing much at all of South India. In all the pictures of Indian education, for example, I do not think there was one of any place in South India. I was also disappointed in the section on Indian art. There were only a few photographs and reproductions of some Indian painters, some without the painter's name being shown. I think there should be some examples of modern Indian art in such a display—and not merely reproductions. As the exhibition is in London, and likely to be visited by people of some political consciousness, I think it was hardly tactful, whatever might be the rights and wrongs of the case, to include Kashmir as part of India, and to have a diagram of the new Constitution. To some who saw this, it might appear that India was regarding the Kashmir issue as a *fait accompli*, which is not the best way of a rousing sympathy for a cause in Britain. I was pleased to note that India House now gives a free film show, twice daily, of Indian news and documentary films. I hope this proves so successful that it will be a permanent feature of India House activities.

We (of the Commonwealth) are great and powerful nations. Some in the orbit of Asian civilisation, some in the orbit of Western civilisation. Through our common membership of the Commonwealth we live together in close and friendly association. Now this seems to me one of the great contributions that our Commonwealth is making to the peace and progress of the world. The most calamitous thing would be that a gulf of enmity should arise between the nations of Asia and the nations of the West. That could plunge the world for generations into great tension and disorders. On the other hand, there could be no higher contribution to the future good and amity of the world than a real bridge of friendship, trust and co-operation such as the Commonwealth provides.—PATRICK GORDON WALKER.

HOW STRONG IS RUSSIA'S MILITARY POTENTIAL?

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: It is estimated the Russians have 300 army divisions—10,000 men to a division ready to roll. That's an army of 3,000,000 men.

Figures on the size of the Red Air Force vary from 19,000 planes to 25,000. Jane's Fighting Ships, authoritative catalog of the world's navies, says that Russia plans 1000 submarines, now has 350 to 370. Most are late models. Many are snorkels-equipped with "breathing" devices to make them good for long distances under water.

The United States hopes to have 16 divisions—15,000 men to a division—by next November. We had 20,800 Air Force planes of all types as of June, 1950, but almost half of these were in storage or mothballs. Our fleet is tremendous, if you include ships in mothballs, but we have only 77 active submarines. Even in World War II we had no more than 250 submarines.

The Russian armed forces today are almost completely new models of their army navy and air force of the late 1930's. The testing grounds of the Finnish War and World War II brought changes in both training and organization. But, according to the best information available, the Reds still rely on their old method of attack.

Numbers of elite guards divisions are held in the rear while other troops are thrown against a wide front. Once a weak spot is found, the elite troops drive through, surrounding the enemy, who often have been exhausted by the frontal pounding.

Such tactics require a huge home-front machine to supply enough men and equipment. The Kremlin has worked long to build it. And now it has it. Through a succession of five-year plans (programs for production of food, trained manpower and manufactured goods) the Red leaders have stepped up their production.

And nearly all production is keyed to the Russian military machine. The people are organized into "voluntary societies" to learn the military arts. They also are "encouraged" to learn to fly planes, shoot guns and operate small boats. By thus training this reserve, which still works in industry and agriculture the Soviet Union has built a backlog of millions of men and women into its military potential.

The idea of a complete military state was conceived by Lenin even before the October Revolution of 1918. It has been developed since by Stalin.

The first major test of the Communist army came in Russia's unprovoked attack on Finland in 1939. Foreseeing the threat of German power, Stalin ordered his fighting men against the relatively defenceless Finns in an effort to make secure an area militarily needed to defend Russia's boundaries from a possible Nazi attack through Scandinavia.

The Red Army's poor showing against the Finns brought about a major overhaul. Political commissars were abolished, deprived of their authority over troop commanders. More rigorous training was started.

Although the initial Nazi attack against Russia in 1941 chewed up great parts of the Red Army, the Russians showed great tenacity in the face of defeat.

Their battles against the Nazis provided excellent schooling for the Russian soldiers, sailors and airmen. Mistakes were revealed and new fighting techniques were developed.

New and able commanders emerged to take the places of those liquidated in the 1937 purge or who proved to be unfit in combat. Since VE-Day, 1945, they have been concentrating on application of World War II lessons to the Russian army.

"No other country in the world has such an intensive and all-inclusive program of military training" as the Soviet Union, according to the U. S. Army Information Digest.

"Only men over 50 and those judged physically unfit are exempt from military service. Approximately 2,000,000 women between 18 and 25 wore the Soviet uniform in World War II," the Digest says.

But, nowadays, the young Russian's indoctrination in military matters doesn't wait until he becomes a part of the army, navy or air force. Even in his early schooling the words "front," "offensive," "struggle" and "objective" become commonplace. They are inseparable parts of his militant Marxist education.

Government clubs, the Russian counterpart of our Boy Scout organization, the Young Pioneers—all teach the future conscript to operate the machines of war. When he is old enough he may become a permanent part of the armed forces or serve in a reserve unit.

There is no 4-F draft rating in Russia. When a man is given a physical examination he is placed in one of 12 grades, and in none of these is he exempt from service. Following an average two or three-year training period, he is put on the reserve list. After this he is required to serve periods of active duty, extending in some cases to five years.

Normally, though, he is put through an annual refresher period. With this system there is little distinction between regular and reserve units of the armed services, except for a slight difference in thoroughness of training.

The cream of Russian military manpower is assigned to the navy and air force, with the army getting what's left. Within the army itself the most promising young men are sent to the technical branches, such as artillery and armored units.

To best use the talents of the Russian people, the Soviet high command regularly sends those from plains areas to horse cavalry units. Men from the snowy wastes of Siberia are likely to go to ski troop school. Those from maritime provinces are

recruited for the naval service. The air force draws its pilot trainees from the hundreds of aero clubs all over the nation.

Russia trains her officers in schools operated by different services. Unlike the American system of having single military and naval schools, the Russians may have a number of officer schools.

The old system of electing officers has disappeared. A strict system of rank has been imposed. Probably in no other military organization in the world is there such a gap between officers and men. The Russian armed forces are built on a pattern of Prussian discipline and Russian officers are known for their brutality and callous attitude toward the lower ranks.

Most of the Russian fighting men are probably convinced Communists, although they may not be members of the party. They are subjected to a never-ending barrage of political lectures, telling them of the coming war against "capitalist imperialism."

Just to make sure that Ivan has no disloyal thoughts against his masters in the Kremlin, he is watched constantly by agents of the MVD secret police. If he shows signs of becoming independent in his thinking, he stands a good chance of being shot or sent to Siberia.

Because he is watched all the time he is often afraid to make decisions of his own.

He has little basic understanding of complicated machinery, and in World War II he ruined great quantities of lend-lease trucks simply because it was too much trouble, or too baffling, to take care of them.

Ivan is slow to learn the proper use and care of his equipment. This is the result of lack of education, which, in the minds of many Western military writers, may turn out to be the Achilles' heel of the Russian fighting man.

Russian agents sent to England to spy on the spies sent here to keep an eye on Russian spies find that unknown to them Russia has sent other agents to spy on the agents themselves. The whole difficulty for our own Secret Service is to do the decent thing.—DAILY MAIL.

AUSTRIA: TEST CASE FOR STALIN

By LEO LANIA

A window, cloudy but not opaque, into Stalin's mind is given by the instructive progress of the negotiations on the apparently trifling issue of a peace treaty for Austria. The next stage in this fascinating game is the Soviet-proposed Four-Power Conference, at which the first item on the agenda will be Austria.

Superficially, Austria gets priority because it is such an easily scorable problem. Practically all the terms of an Austrian peace treaty have long since been agreed on. Only Stalin's signature is lacking. And yet it is fairly safe to predict that the Conference will not produce that signature.

Nothing shows the complicated terms of the diplomatic game better than the fact that, contrary to popular belief, this is by no means an indication that Stalin wants war in Europe.

The Soviet zone of Austria is not an essential jump-off point for a Soviet attack on the West. All Russia's purposes are served by the positions in Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, Hungary and Rumania.

Therefore, it is safe to say that the Kremlin's continuous stalling is not motivated by immediate military but by important economic considerations. By the same token, whenever Stalin makes preparations for moving out of Austria, his decision is not based on his willingness to make concessions in the interest of peace. On the contrary, it reflects his fear that Austria may become a battlefield where his investments would be wrecked.

In June 1949, after 267 meetings in which all aspects of the Austrian treaty were discussed at grotesque length, Stalin seemed ready to sign on the dotted line and to move his troops out of Austria. Suddenly, in a dramatic reversal, the Russian delegates backed out. It took some time before the intelligence services of the West found out the reason for the Soviet volte-face. At Matzen, 25 miles northeast of Vienna, Soviet

engineers had just discovered new and rich oil fields. Since that day the oil of Austria has been the paramount consideration guiding Stalin's policy in that country.

It came as a surprise, consequently, when, in July 1950, to the great elation of the Austrians, the Red Army suddenly rushed preparations which clearly indicated their intention promptly to withdraw.

Russian factories in the Soviet zone were stripped. Even the plumbing was ripped out for shipment to Russia. Every piece of brass and tin was removed. Completely misreading the signs, the Austrians cried jubilantly. "The Russians are going! Now we'll get the treaty!"

Two weeks later the Korean war started, and its echoes reached Austria.

Swarms of military aircraft landed on the airports around Vienna, originally built by the Nazis and later expanded and improved by the Russians. There were foreboding Russian troop movements. The Soviet commander ordered the Austrian Government to furnish immediately the manpower to build a new telephone network completely independent of the Austrian telephone system. The electrical engineers for this work came from Eastern Germany. The whole network was to be completed by September 10.

The Tension Relaxes

Suddenly, in mid-August, when it became evident that the West had no intention of fighting in Europe, the tension abruptly eased off. The Russian plants were put back into operation. New machines were installed. The plumbing was returned. And the military planes disappeared from the Vienna airfields.

Finally, the Austrians understood: In the first weeks of the approaching conflict, the Russians were removing their plants to safer regions. But as they discovered that the war would

not spread to Europe, they started again their industrial operations on the soil of Austria. In early September Austria's Minister of the Interior, Hellmer, assured me, "I haven't felt so confident since the end of the war, that the danger of an aggression is past."

The Communist riots in the first week of October did not at all shake Hellmer's conviction. Knowing better than most European statesmen how to deal with Communists, being himself a veteran of the labour movement, he relied more on the power of his Social Democratic party and the trade unions than on his poorly armed police. His faith in the democratic spirit and discipline of the workers was fully justified. They rallied to the defence of democracy despite Russian threats and their very real grievances against rising prices and low incomes.

If the Austrian Communists had won, Russia might have exploited the crisis. The fact that it did not intervene indicates that the Russians consider an internal Communist victory indispensable before Russia can intervene.

But although Stalin is unable to conquer Austria from the inside, he is also unwilling to move out. After the first World War Austria was the victim of her poverty. Today, she is the victim of her suddenly discovered wealth.

Austria knew it had oil deposits in the neighbourhood of Vienna even before Hitler's invasion, but it could not afford the necessary grand-scale exploration and development. The Nazis, however, acted with their usual efficiency and put Zistersdorf on the map as a major oil producer.

The Russians replaced the Nazis in 1945 as overlords of Zistersdorf and have done even better. They discovered better and richer oilfields at Matzen. At first production was 650 tons a day. The yearly output now comes to one million tons. The estimated reserves are eight to nine million tons. They may last for nearly ten more years.

These are picayune figures compared with Arabian and Texas oil. But Europe is singularly deficient in oil. The only other European fields,

besides Baku in the Transcaucasus, are in Rumania around Ploesti, which used to produce 4.3 million tons a year. These will probably run dry in the not too distant future.

The importance Stalin attaches to the Austrian oil indicates how much he needs every source of raw material he can lay hand on.

Up to last year Russia exported most of the Austrian oil to Czechoslovakia and Hungary with Austria receiving a meagre 250,000 tons a year, half of what she needs. It is interesting to note that recently Austria was offered and had to buy oil from Western Germany. It had originated in Zistersdorf, had been refined by the Russians in the new refineries they have built at Lobau and shipped to Eastern Germany. Eastern Germany, in turn, had exchanged the oil against the very badly needed consumer goods and industrial products of Western Germany.

This transaction was only one of innumerable similar deals by which Russia seeks to overcome the economic difficulties created by the West-East split. With normal trade practically at a standstill the Kremlin is frantically trying to get in a roundabout way the machines and tools needed for the industrialization of her Balkan satellites. Most of this traffic is channeled through Vienna. Here the door to the West is still open. Stalin is determined to keep it that way.

Analyzing Stalin's course of action in Austria, one must come to the conclusion that his main aim is to consolidate his enormous gains and use all the newly acquired assets for the upbuilding of the vast Soviet Empire. As far as Europe is concerned the Kremlin seems to have decided to hold the present line and not to move farther into the west.

If this is the case, the Chinese invasion of Korea must have been a diversionary move, not the prologue to an all-out offensive against the democracies. It was obviously planned in order to engage American forces and material and thereby prevent the rearmament of western Europe.

The logical counter-move would be to refuse this challenge to a prolong-

ed, costly and basically indecisive war in Asia. At the same time Western Europe must be built up not only economically and militarily but more important than anything else, politically and spiritually.

What The West Wants To Know

There remains the crucial question: Will Stalin give the democracies time to accomplish this task? Will he not attack with his superior military might in Europe when he realizes that the Asiatic diversion has not prevented the West from massing its forces for the decisive showdown?

Austria offers at least the clues to the Russian intentions. It is reasonably certain that when Stalin continues to do business in Central Europe, he is not contemplating war. He will not spend precious energy and wealth on factories which his armies will soon take over or go bankrupt. The ominous time comes only when he breaks off industrial operations in Central Europe and moves in the military. The disappearance of the machine tools and the plumbing is the danger signal.

This means that the West has a very large bargaining area in its negotiations with Stalin. Stalin wants to trade in Europe; perhaps he must trade. Austrian oil is not the least of the goods he wants to trade with. The West can at least gain time by maintaining these industrial and commercial relations on the most favourable possible terms.

Meanwhile, Stalin would depend on the Communist parties of Western Europe to gain control. He counts on the inner weakness of the democratic coalition and believes that in the very near future the Communist parties in Western Europe could become powerful enough to do the same job the Koreans and Chinese are doing for Moscow right now.

Confronted by this perilous situation, the Big Three could do worse than take a lesson from the people of Austria. This little country can give more powerful nations instruction in how to fight Communism on the political and spiritual level. "Positions of strength" will be determined, less by massed divisions, than by the unity of the broad masses who must in the end stake their lives. Even without arms, the Austrians proved that they could deprive Moscow of its most effective weapon: a powerful Communist party.

This is, therefore, the lesson of Austria:

The real "containment" of the Soviet will be achieved only when the West succeeds in coordinating more successfully its economic and military weapons.

Beyond that, however, the supreme task remains the mobilization of the spiritual and political resources of the broad masses of the people.—
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Mr. S. Sadanand, President of the Bombay Branch of the A.-I.N.E.C., writes:—

The Annual General Meeting of the Bombay Branch of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference held on February 13 adopted unanimously the following resolution:—

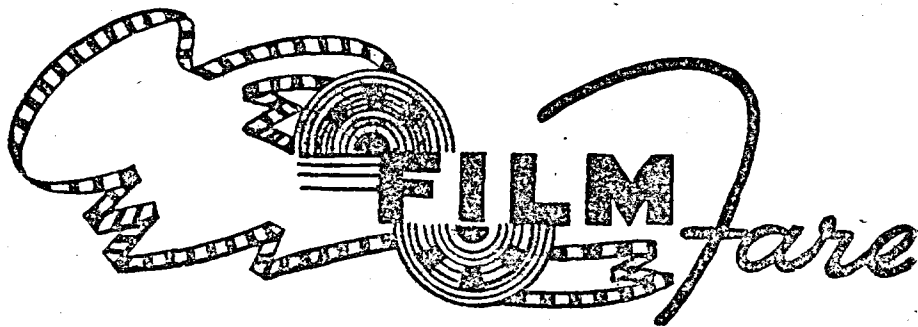
"The meeting is of the opinion that the ruling of the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly in respect of the comments of the 'Swatantra' on the debate in the said Legislative Assembly is an unwarranted interference with the rights and privileges of the Press to comment on matters of public interest.

"The meeting trusts that the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly will re-consider his ruling in the light of the unanimous opinion of the Press on the issue raised by his action.

"The meeting urges the Press of India to take concerted action to defend and to assert the rights of the Press in this regard.

"The meeting urges the Standing Committee of the A.I.N.E.C. to take up the question as an All-India issue."

A copy of the resolution was forwarded to the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly.



By V. P. SATHE

SOCIETY has always looked down upon the profession of actress; and the two statements issued by a veteran star and a new comer last week are further likely to strengthen that prejudice though the statements by themselves do not contain anything to support it.

Snehaprabha Pradhan speaking at a meeting of girl students at Nagpur is reported to have warned them that if they are wise they should not entertain the ambition of being a film star. She added, "The life of a star is not a bed of roses. Far from it, it is full of despair and frustration. Even in a matter of money, a film star is always surrounded by selfish men who want to rob her. And it gives a great grief to a star to see herself on the screen; for while a star looks at times more beautiful on the screen than in life, sometimes she looks more ugly on the screen than she is"

There is no need to contradict any of these assertions of Snehaprabha; and it is really advisable for those girls who look to the profession of a film star as a matter of luxury and easy money not to take it. But frustrations and even privation are as inevitable a part of the star's life as success and fame, however short-lived, as well as the joy of artistic creation. The short report of Snehaprabha's speech gives no inkling whether she also mentioned the good points of the profession. Or is she so disappointed or frustrated today that she finds nothing good in a star's life? One hopes that such a fine artiste as Snehaprabha still has faith in her art, if nothing else.

The second statement is given by Indira Panchal. She has narrated also a story of a dream shattered in her first experience as a film artiste. The significant point of the story is that she has accused the producer of being vain, egoistic but not of being immoral as most of the producers are supposed to be. In fact, the statement is significant for things not said in it rather than those mentioned. And hence one presumes that such statements while making new aspirants to star-fame more cautious and conscientious of the difficulties that beset the career of a film star, will not stop them from becoming a film star. For, being a star may not bring happiness, but it brings a thrill and joy—only momentary perhaps, which is worth all the troubles, miseries and frustrations one may have to undergo.

Star Of The Week

The Bombay film producers have always shown a knack of bagging stars from different provinces. There was a time, when almost every star of New Theatres was approached and literally bagged by Bombay Producers. Indeed with the possible exception of Kanan and Pankaj every Bengalee known star had rushed to Bombay. After Bengal, when pictures and stars from Punjab became popular, the Bombay producers started out-bidding the local producers and bagged several stars.

Now it is the turn of Madras. Thanks to Gemini, at least two stars from South have earned country-wide popularity—they are Bhanumati and Ranjan. Now both these stars have been signed up by Bombay

Producers. While Bhanumati is cast in Bombay Talkies *Shamsheer* and Filmistan's *Anandmath* Ranjan is reported to have been signed for no less than four pictures. While Santoshi has signed him for *Shinshinaki Bubladoo* and *Satyug* Nanabhai Bhatt has signed him to play the title role in *Sinbad The Sailor* and Filmistan has cast him in *Anandmath*.

Though now Ranjan has come to Bombay for good, he has visited it before. And once I met him at a party and found him rather shy, modest and a teetotaler—a rare qualification for a film star.

Aged thirty-two Ranjan is a very versatile man. An athlete and a sportsman, he is a good soccer player, fencer and a cricketer—in fact he is playing in the star cricket match in Bombay this month. He is also an orator and knows such varied arts as singing, music, dancing, painting, sculpture; and in addition he can write and has earned a name as a journalist, author, critic, playwright. He is editing and conducting a magazine called *Natyam*.

Born on 2nd March 1918, he is a grandson of Vidyanath, a famous literary figure in the South and son of a civil engineer. His mother was a highly accomplished singer and he too is a singing idol of the South. At the age of 23 he made his debut in *Risya Sringa* and played Narad Muni in *Bhakta Narada*. Later he attained stardom in *Mangamma* (the Tamil version of *Mangala*). The picture was a stunning success and Ranjan was a star overnight. Since then Ranjan has been working only for Gemini Studios; but now he seems to have got release and migrated to Bombay and become another free-lance artiste.

Picture Of The Week

Those in the know say that but for the fantastic money-back scheme introduced by Producer Tiwari *Nirala* would have been received well by the picture goers. For, the picture is not so bad, it is the offer of refund of ticket price to picturegoers who do not like it during the interval, that has created the wrong impression.

While this may be true, it is dubious



Mr. V. V. S. Sastri who stood first in the final examination of Chartered Accounts and who was presented Mr. G. P. Kapadia Gold Medal by Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja on Sunday the 25th February 1951.

whether *Nirala* would have hit the bull's eye otherwise. True, the picture is not bad. It has many negative virtues to its credit. The production, for instance, is well-designed and technically it is first rate. The photography, sound, setting, decor and mounting maintain a high technical standard and in fact, though Santoshi is associated with it, it is made with better taste and propriety than *Sargam* or *Sangeeta*. Radha Krishna and Mumtaz Ali, the two ludicrous buffoons of Santoshi films have fortunately very little to do in this picture to spoil the taste.

The story by Santoshi is of course nothing new. It follows the familiar pattern of *Rattan*. An England-returned doctor falls in love with a village maiden whom he meets on a road; in the idyllic surroundings their romance blossoms to the tune of song and music. The girl's brother, who was running the village before the arrival of the doctor who now claims it, resents the association and marries his pretty sister to an old prince out of spite and selfish gain.

After the marriage the frustrated girl falls ill and of all the persons her doctor lover is summoned. This leads to a series of misunderstandings and melodramatic climaxes in which the ailing heroine commits suicide rather than suffer humiliation and dies just before the hero arrives on the scene.

A formula story it could have been an engrossing entertainment had the story some life or to be more explicit some soul in it. As it is, the story is unfolded in a mechanical manner without any life or spontaneous interest in individual scenes. Even the artistes, seasoned artistes as they are, fail to invest life in this soulless story. Madhubala and Dev Anand look handsome but seem hardly to be in love with each other. Yakub is stereotyped as ever while late Mazhar-khan is wasted on an insipid role.

The combination of lyricist Santoshi and music director C. Ramachandra has given many hit songs before. But this time that combination has failed to give any outstanding song; though the musical score is pleasant and the couple of gazals sung by Lata are rather scintillating.

Thus *Nirala* far from being different offers the usual formula screen fare in a slick manner.

News Of The Week

—Bimal Roy has started a picture

of Bombay Talkies featuring Meena Kumari and Lila Chitnis.

—Ranjan who has been signed by Santoshi for *Shin Shinaki Bubla Boo* is also working in *Satyug* produced by Santoshi and directed by Nanabhai Bhatt.

—Director Nanabhai Bhatt is starting *Sinbad The Sailor* in Hindustani for his own concern Deepak Pictures and for this he has signed Ranjan.

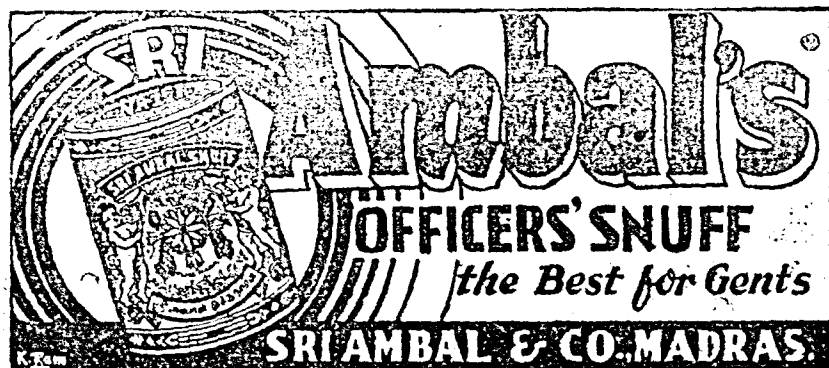
—Actor Kumar is starting his own picture starring Nargis and Raj Kapoor.

—Writer S. Dadachanji (who wrote the script of D. U. I.'s *Our India*) is planning to make *Rustom Sohrab* featuring Prithvi Raj and Prem Nath.

—Bombay Talkies is soon starting *Shamsher* starring Ashok Kumar Bhanumati and Bhagwan. It is expected to be produced by Sargam Pictures Unit who made *Sangram*.

—K. Asif, the producer of *Hulchul* is planning to make two pictures—first one is *Mugal-a-Azam* featuring Prithvi Raj and Dilip Kumar and the second one is a social story which has been written by Dilip Kumar. Dilip will also be working in it and it will be directed by T. Zedi who was Asif's Production Secretary in *Hulchul*.

It is thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, and which has given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth; and it is by these examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.—F. Wayland.



SIDELIGHTS :

He that aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes. He must often act from false reasons which are weak, because he dares not avow the true reasons which are strong.
—COLTON

INVITED by our Correspondent in England to state his opinion on the Madras Speaker's ruling on Press comments on parliamentary proceedings, Sir Frederick Metcalfe, Clerk of the House of Commons, wrote back:

House of Commons,
Westminster,
S. W. 1.
14th February 1951.

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter and note all the information you give me.

You will however realise, I am sure, that I am precluded from answering the question you put as regards the proceedings in the Madras Assembly. The Speaker of that Assembly does me the honour of consulting me on procedural matters from time to time, and I could only comment or advise on facts or happenings concerning his Assembly when he asks me to do so.

The Press representatives of the leading British dailies are, of course, well versed in the relationship between the House of Commons and the Press in this country.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK METCALFE,
Clerk of the House of Commons.

In a covering letter enclosing Sir Frederick's reply our Correspondent writes:

I wrote to Sir Frederick Metcalfe, outlining the position regarding Swatantra and the Speaker of the Madras Assembly. I told him that I had referred the matter to leading Pressmen and I quoted the Guardian's reply, not mentioning the paper by name, just referring to it as "a leading British newspaper."

I enclose his reply. I think you will find the last sentence satisfactory for your purposes.

The last sentence is satisfactory.

A copy of Sir Frederick's letter was forthwith despatched to the Hon'ble Sri Sivashanmukham Pillai who tele-

phoned that now he would address the Clerk of the House of Commons direct. He has had time enough to write to Sir F. Metcalfe and get his reply. The public will be interested to know what advice he got.

Here is an interesting extract from the printed list of questions and answers (dated 7th February 1951) supplied to members of the Madras Legislative Assembly:

Sri V. RAGHAVAYYA:—"May I know, Sir, that even though the Office Manual requires that S. S. L. C. candidates should be selected for this training (dino-training), no such procedure is observed, but, on the other hand, ordinary compositors are trained for the job and they ultimately prove useless for the job. Is that true, Sir?"

The Hon. Sri K. MADHAVA MENON:—"My hon. Friend seems to have more information than I have. I have no information on that point."

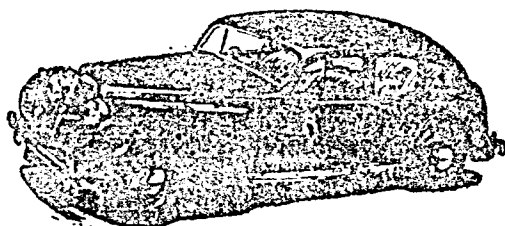
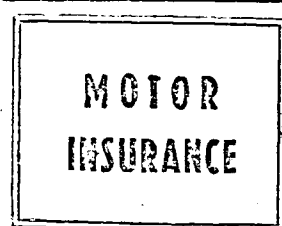
The number of points on which the Law Minister and his colleagues have "no information" is quite impressive. They have completely established Freedom From Knowledge as a distinct achievement of the Congress Ministry in Madras State.

The affairs of the Government Press in Madras call for close scrutiny. The Press is quite capable of undertaking all the printing work of the Government. Yet over Rs. 10 lakhs a year is paid to private printing presses on account of Government printing. Is this because some of those in key positions in the Government Press are themselves interested in private printing presses? My information is that such is the case. There has been rapid multiplication in the top ranks of the officialdom of the Government Press without any corresponding gain in the matter of the full employment of the printing resources of the Press. In order to keep fully employed, private presses in which some topmen of the Government Press are interested, the full resources of the latter are not utilised. Also, the scales of pay are wretched. I am told that lino-

operators after twenty years of service get less than Rs. 100 a month. The present administration of the Government Press is scandalous, and if we had not been blessed with Ministers with no information, lakhs of public money could be saved and at the same time the staff could be paid decent wages comparable with the rates prevailing in private establishments.

The centenary of the *Guardian* is to be celebrated next week. To have a century of service to look back to is a feat which only one or two papers in the whole country can lay claim to. Sri A. N. Sudarisanam, the present editor, has been in charge of the weekly for 23 years. There is no more

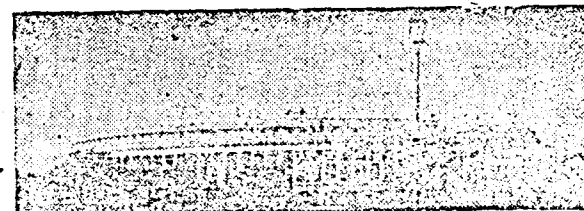
respected member of the community of journalists in South India. He has converted a weekly intended to serve the interests of a section into a medium of superb service for the whole nation. This achievement has been made possible by the spirit of fairness animating every word written for the journal. In the elimination of unfairness, the besetting sin of most modern journalism, often mistaken for vigour and strength, the *Guardian* has set an example well worthy of imitation by its mightiest contemporaries. All its power and beauty and appeal spring from its spirit of fundamental fairness, an attribute as rare as it is necessary if the Press is to exert a wholesome influence on public affairs.—SAKA.



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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DR. JOHN MATTHAI and Mr. Shanmukham Chetty have both attacked the Central Government on the eve of the presentation of the Budget. This Diarist was among those who tried to persuade Dr. Matthai not to resign his seat in Parliament when he ceased to be Finance Minister. But as a student of the Humanities, Dr. Matthai argued that a seat in Parliament was found for him to enable him to hold office as Finance Minister. He had ceased to be Finance Minister. It followed therefore that he should resign from Parliament. And he resigned.

It is not widely known that Dr. Matthai's resignation was more or less demanded from him by the Prime Minister because of the former's opposition to the "appeasement policy" towards Pakistan. Dr. Matthai was, moreover, firmly persuaded that the Prime Minister's Ministry of External Affairs was incurring a good deal of expenditure that could be easily avoided.

Now that we were unable to make Pakistan devalue her Rupee, the most obvious thing for us to do is to revalue our own Rupee. This will enable us to get wheat cheaper—whether it be from Pakistan, America, Canada or Russia. The Government is ultimately going to revalue our Rupee, but not until we have lost sufficiently as a result of non-revaluation. If we don't revalue, we have nothing to lose but our money.

The Prime Minister was unwise in dragging Sri Shanmukham into the controversy. There is no need to search for scapegoats. It was unfair to Shanmukham Chetty to hold him responsible for the pre-fab scandal. When some police officer is attacked by a member on the floor of the House, Ministers stand up to point out that the police officer concerned was not present in the House to

defend himself and that therefore he should not be attacked. But when a former Minister is attacked nobody bothers about his absence from the House. On the contrary, they seem grateful to him for not being present.

The Government has suffered a great deal by the exit of Dr. Matthai from the Cabinet. He came down by parachute in good time from the aeroplane which is flying in the clouds on a non-stop flight. But Dr. Matthai was one of those who could remind the pilot that they were running short of gas and that they should come to earth at the nearest aerodrome. Congress Ministers are never short of gas or hot air, but they confuse the fuel with the gas. How can they feed the people on speeches? Even Jesus Christ required a few loaves and a few fishes in order to distribute them to a very large number of people.

As far as Shanmukham Chetty is concerned, we were opposed to his appointment to the Cabinet, and frequently urged his removal. The Government very kindly removed him. We asked that Dr. Matthai should be made Finance Minister. He was. We demanded the dismissal of Jai Ramdas Daulatram. He was dismissed. There were other occasions when the Prime Minister heeded the voice of the critics. But what is wanted is a wholesale overhaul of the Cabinet and of the administrative machinery. The late Prof. Harold Laski had long ago suggested that there should be a Minister in charge of appointments, so that officials need not always have one eye cocked at the Prime Minister to see whether he is being pleased or displeased by every single action of theirs.

There is talk that C. R. wants to quit the Nehru Government. Although he appears externally like a man of stone, C. R. takes every little thing

to heart. He has suffered a series of rebuffs after joining the Central Government. He was ushered in as some sort of Lord President of the Council—which meant that he would be next in importance only to the Prime Minister. This did not come off. He did not become Leader of the House. He did not become Foreign Minister. He did not become Finance Minister. And lastly, he did not become Deputy Leader of the Congress Party. I don't blame Rajaji if he is disgusted with it all. From the position of Lord Krishna in the *Bhagavad Geeta*, he has been reduced to the position of Arjuna's younger brother.

Mr. Gopalaswami Ayyangar also announced his resolve to leave the Cabinet. He has been greatly overworked during the past four years, and is entitled to have rest. Gopalaswami was a great administrator, but he could do nothing to improve the quality of administration. As a consequence, we have lived under bad Government for four years now. Lao Tse said that it is better to be eaten up by a tiger than live under a bad Government. A tiger was recently reported to have made its appearance in New Delhi, but nobody had shown any anxiety to be eaten up by it. They tried to shoot it instead. This probably means that the Government is not so bad as to answer Lao Tse's description. An all-party Government with men of imagination and ability alone can save the country from chaos in the near future.

Men of imagination and ability adorn Ministerial positions in New China. The Chinese Embassy showed a beautiful technicolour film on the achievements of the Mao Tse Tung Government. It is a magnificent story that the film tells. From conditions which are almost worse than Indian, the country is being rapidly transformed by the new Rulers of China. Pandit Nehru is reported to have referred to this film and told the Congress Party that the women of China had been dissatisfied with their condition. They therefore became Communists. And once the women turned Communist, the success of Communism was certain.

The Prime Minister referred to the Chinese example in order to persuade members of the Congress Parliamen-

tary Party to support the Hindu Code Bill. If they did not support the Hindu Code Bill, Indian women too would go Communist. Such seemed to be the implication. Communism even today exercises a strange fascination over the women of India. Communism promises what every woman has been dreaming for—liberation from thralldom to man.

This film has been shown by the Chinese Embassy to thousands of people in Delhi. Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, journalists, teachers, students, members of cultural organisations, and various other people were invited on different days to witness the film. The commentary was done in English by a member of the staff of the Embassy with skill and with a keen sense of humour. Technical experts on Cinematography from Soviet Russia helped with advice in making the film about China. The division of the land among peasants, and the cultural work being done by the Chinese Peoples' Theatre were particularly impressive.

There will be genuine gratitude in India for the generous gift of a million tons of wheat which the U. S. A. has made to India. Kingsley Martin has commended India's opposition to America's resolution on Chinese Aggression. "India," he said, "has voted against that resolution though the story was somehow put about that she would thereby forfeit two million tons of wheat needed to save Indians from starvation." Even now some argue that India has lost one million tons, and is receiving only one million tons.

The Gallup Poll reveals that 58 per cent of Americans are in favour of admission of China into the U. N., while 28 per cent are opposed to it. About 75 per cent of Americans, according to the Gallup Poll, favour withdrawal of U. S. forces from Korea. This poll was taken in December, according to Kingsley Martin. In July, when the Korean war started, only 11 per cent of the American people favoured the admission of Communist China into the U. N., whereas 58 per cent were against it. As we repeatedly suspected, the State Department is cut off from American public opinion on foreign affairs as much as the Nehru Government is cut off from Indian public opinion on India's internal affairs.

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.

Our Constitution And The Madras Speaker's Ruling

The Madras Speaker's ruling in regard to a comment in *Swatantra* on the motion of Mr. T. Prakasam has underlined the unsatisfactory nature of the present position regarding the powers and privileges of the Legislatures in India. Article 194 (3) of the Constitution states that the powers and privileges shall be such as might be defined from time to time by the legislature by law and until so defined they shall be the same as those of the House of Commons in U. K. Though more than a year has elapsed since the framing of the Constitution, no attempt has been made by either Parliament or any of the provincial legislatures to define the privileges and the present transitional position is being allowed to continue indefinitely.

When this particular article was under debate in the Constituent Assembly, members asked the Chairman of the Drafting Committee to define the privileges clearly instead of leaving it vague and undefined and thus forcing the members of Parliament to go through May's Parliament Procedure to find out their privileges. Dr. Ambedkar then confessed that he himself was not quite sure what were the privileges and that this was only a temporary provision. The unsatisfactory state of affairs was clearly brought to focus when the Indian Parliament last year debated a motion of breach of Privilege by Mr. H. V. Kamath over the arrest of Mr. Shibban Lal Saksena when the House was sitting. It was made clear at that time by the Speaker Mr. G. V. Mavlankar that the issue whether there had been a breach of privilege or not had to be determined not by the Speaker but by the House after thoroughly going into the question. The Speaker had only to be satisfied that there was a prima facie case and if there was one had to refer it to a committee of the House. The procedure adopted by the Madras Speaker is therefore also open to question.

It is true that there are one or two non-official bills on this subject pending before the Indian Parliament and before one of the State legislatures. But unless the Government officially sponsors it, it is extremely unlikely that the bills will be considered and passed in the near future.

When the question of privileges and the need for enacting them by statute was raised at a meeting of the Presiding

officers of the Indian Legislatures, the suggestion was reported to have been made to leave the position as it is. The protagonists of the "status quo" are reported to have stated that the essence of the privilege of the British House of Commons was its right to send a man to jail without a trial. Such a right, if enacted into law in India, could be called into question before the Supreme Court as violating article 21 of the Constitution and might not be upheld. On the other hand if the transitional Constitutional provision was allowed to continue, it was argued that the Judiciary would be unable to interfere.

If this is the reason for not enacting and defining the privileges, it is ingenuous but untenable. In any case it would mean violating the constitution in as much as a duty cast on the legislatures was being shirked. If the provisions of article 194 were not absolute but were circumscribed and qualified by the fundamental rights, the Parliament or Legislature cannot enjoy the same power as the British House of Commons. For if they cannot by a statute under the constitution send a man to jail without proper procedure and trial, they cannot also do it by any other covert means. This, however is a matter to be settled by constitutional pundits. But morally at least Parliament and Legislatures would not have that power and they would be violating the constitution if they attempt to continue the status quo indefinitely.

C. RAGHAVAN.

Delhi.

Kashmir And U. N. O.

The Kashmir dispute is again coming up in the U. N. O. How far the U. N. O. will be able to solve the problem can be judged from the way in which this august body was able to solve problems in the past. The question of seating the representative of Communist China is still hanging in the air. The resolution moved by the representative of India in the matter was defeated. It is rather tragic that this august body, which is supposed to be taking decisions affecting the whole world, is closing its eyes to realities. Nobody except the 33 members of the United Nations, who voted against the resolution moved by India, can deny the fact that the China of Chiang Kai-shek is no more the China of today.

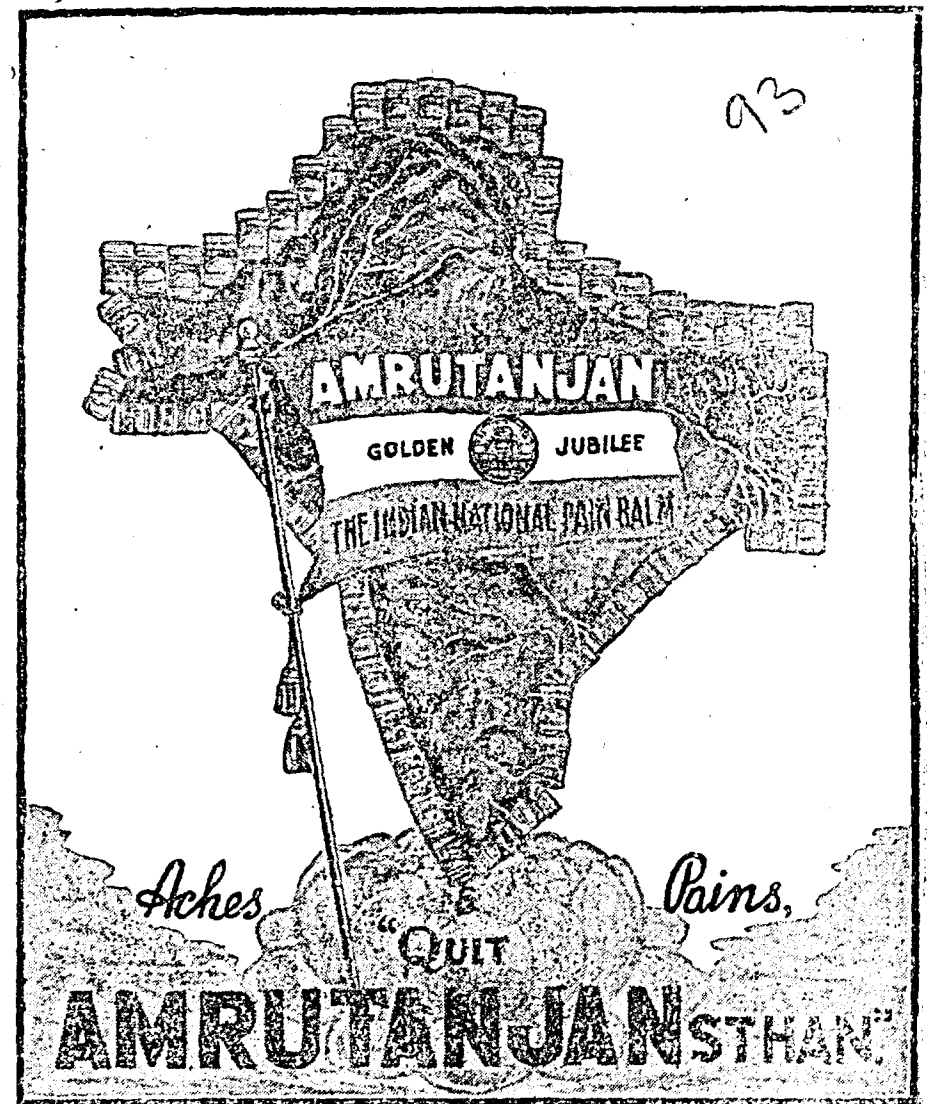
It was unfortunate on the part of India and Pakistan that they have not been able to come to a settlement over Kashmir

by themselves and it was doubly unfortunate and unwise that the dispute had to be referred to the U. N. O. After prolonged discussions about mediation, arbitration etc., the question is still there, where it was three years ago. Members of the U.N.O. have not been able to name the aggressor so far, in spite of having heard both the complaints and having had the privilege of being able to make on-the-spot enquiries. There are enough reasons

to fear that members of the assembly, who have had no hesitation in ignoring the recognition of China, would not one day decide that Kashmir should legally accede to Pakistan, in utter disregard of will of the millions of people of Kashmir. It is not too late, even now to review the case once more and try to find out some other way to settle the dispute instead of waiting at the doors of the U. N. O. 'NEDUNGHAT'.



A new mixer, which should prove a boon to all catering, hospital and similar establishments, has recently been introduced in India. Known as the "Magimix," it is a universal kitchen machine for the preparation of all kinds of food and drink. As an example, the "Magimix" will grind and mix condiments, dalls and vegetables in three minutes in sufficient amounts to provide full meals for over a hundred people. Seen here is Jean Kent, the famous British film actress, using the "Magimix" for preparing food.



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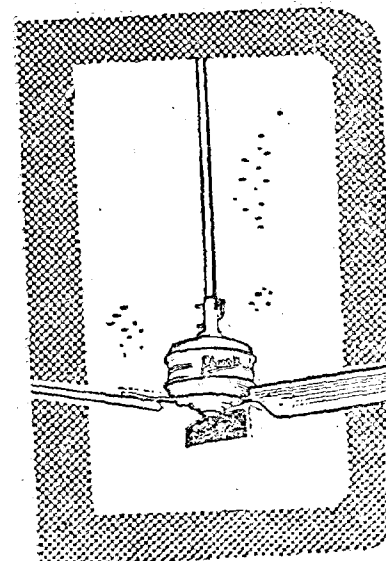
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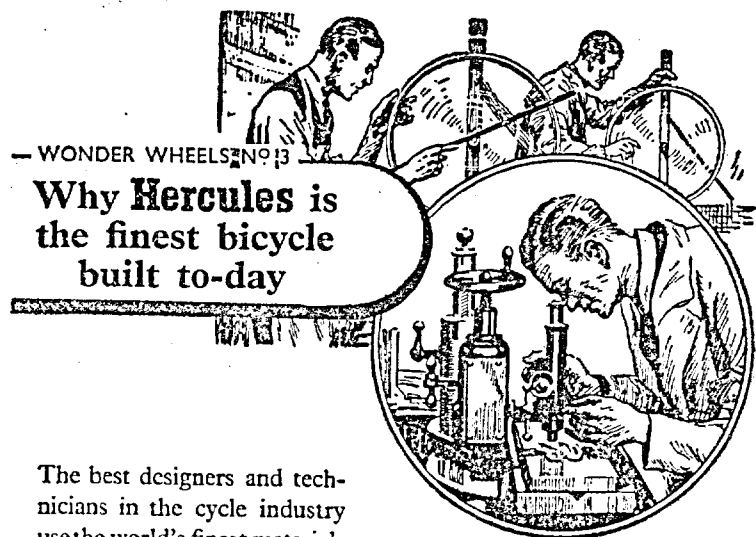
SWATANTRA

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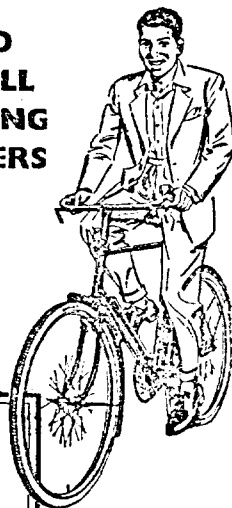


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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 7

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

MINISTERS A LIABILITY

IN an address to Congress legislators of Madras State, Sri Mohanlal Gautam, Congress Secretary, is reported to have advised them to go to their constituencies after the Budget Session and explain to the people what the Congress Ministry had done during its term of office. "If this had been done", he added, "there might not be such hostility as at present." It is something that Sri Gautam could not fail to sense the hostility rampant against the Ministry even in so brief a visit, but in his assessment of the causes of it he went completely wide of the mark. The prevailing hostility observed by Sri Gautam has nothing to do with lack of propaganda and publicity effort, for the simple reason that the Ministers and their supporters have for sometime past been doing little else. Elsewhere the time of Ministers is regarded as somewhat precious and it is not taxed unduly for unimportant engagements. Quite different is the practice that has been set up in Madras State, gaining a tremendous momentum in these three years. Here nothing is too trivial for the Ministers. They are found squandering away their time lavishly to preside over dinners and dances and the opening of coffee shops, and exerting themselves so copiously in delivering speeches that the quantity of the wordage swallows sense, leaving often only verbiage and piffle. Engrossed in pilgrimages to distant places bent on these social and forensic pursuits, they lead lives of hectic bustle given to over-eating and irregular food habits, and have no time or energy left for the arduous task of planning for the public good.

Grass cannot grow on the back of a tortoise. Public welfare cannot spring from the exhausted wrecks the Ministers have become and the mental vacuums they contain. Except for interfering with the administration for the benefit of relatives whom they want to oblige, or of cronies from whom they hope for canvassing effort in elections, they make little or no contribution of a valuable and substantial kind for the good of the governed. They have not even wits enough to make use of grants from the Centre without allowing them to lapse. Through this sort of criminal neglect, they cost the State six crores last year.

It is a sign of modernity to rate publicity high, and Sri Gautam in his modernity is an enthusiast for propaganda. But what have our Ministers to their credit to boast of, which they can place before the public? It is no doubt true that they can call in the aid of experts to concoct their glories, but who will believe them? The patent quibblings of the Publicity and the Finance Ministers in recent sessions of the Assembly have spread over the whole Government a veil of casualness, and nobody nowadays places any faith in official propaganda. With what decency can a Ministry that has failed in the elementary task of providing food for the people go to them with plaudits of itself, speaking of its own achievements? Sometime ago, when a habeas corpus petition was presented before the Supreme Court for the production of a Hyderabad detenu, it was divulged that he was shot by the police while in their custody months earlier. A similar disclosure about another killing has just been made in the wake of another

habeas corpus application before the Hyderabad High Court. These incidents illustrate the general pattern of police administration under Congress Ministers. Life has become so cheap that even when persons under detention are killed on some pretext or other by the police, the fact is suppressed until disclosure is compelled by order of the judiciary. Police lawlessness has given rise to general lawlessness, and over large areas there is nothing like security of life or property today. The culmination of Congress rule was reached in Dharapuram last week, where even drinking water went out of supply and had to be bought at the rate of four annas a pot. Not a dog barked at the Secretariat over the plight of the thirst-tormented water-starved people, though a high power conference was held with the utmost promptitude to concert measures to save the State from the consequences of the liberation of Sri A. K. Gopalan from unlawful ministerial detention by order of the High Court.

The Ministry which was installed

with popular blessings three years ago has in this period lost all credit and prestige, and evokes now only the people's curses. The universal appreciation now bestowed on the old British standards of government is a measure of the betrayal of the nation by the Congress Ministers. These Ministers have failed to justify themselves, and from incompetency have turned vicious and cruel. It is a public service to dislodge them from office, and the endeavours of all patriots who wish to see the country prosperous and well governed should be directed to that end. Freedom of choice of rulers is not however easy. Though the Constitution has conferred freedom of speech and of association on citizens, the Congress Ministers have rendered them nugatory with wholesale applications of executive bans on public meetings that outrage the spirit of the Constitution and have the effect in practice of muzzling all opponents of Congress rule seeking to organise public opinion for deliverance from the present intolerable conditions.

Sotto Voce

ASSOCIATED ABERRATIONS

THE second Vanamahotsava is at hand. The intrepid Mr. Munshi is not the man to shy at the sad truth the poet proclaimed:

.....Thus with the year
Seasons return....

According to official statistics sixty lakhs out of the three crores of saplings planted last year have survived the combined onslaughts of the drought, the ubiquitous and omnivorous goat and the playfulness of the neighbourhood. I should not be

surprised if the Food Minister, after a short sum in mental arithmetic, ordered that this year fifteen crores shall be planted, to allow for the proven eighty per cent mortality in the first twelvemonth.

Mr. Munshi's resourcefulness is only matched by the zeal of his coadjutors in the States. The other day I had a pleasant surprise in Tirupati. On the way to Kapila Teertham, at a site traditionally associated with an



old King's Folly, I was shown a brand-new 'park'. At least there was a memorial arch to proclaim its existence, with the name of the Minister who had opened it duly inscribed. What from a distance looked like monuments to the departed turned out on closer inspection to be whitened shelters, provided at a sizable cost, for the plants that signified Tirupati's participation in the national festival. There were some thousands of these plants, and what do you think they were—the holy basil!

While my devout heart frisked at this proof of piety in the secular State I could not help wondering what they had planned to do with this forest of *tulasi*. I longed to hear that the authorities had hoped to entice the radiant Vanamali of Brindavan and His gay Gopis to disport themselves in this enchanted grove. Imagine my dismay, then, to be told that the Vanamahotsava had nothing to do with old myths. The objects of the promoters were severely practical; in Tirupati they hoped to extract camphor from the fragrant plant, to be exchanged in due course for dollars. "Perish the sacrilegious thought!" the goats must have said to themselves; and as always they were right.

The fertile brain that invented the Vanamahotsava has just spawned another bright idea. It is "the associated farm." Now, "associated" in the language of modern commerce is one of those magic words that have gathered star-dust. One rarely asks, "Associated with what?" It seems the farms in view are to be "associated" with "any public institution, whether official or unofficial, engaged in agricultural, educational or charitable activities, having a certain minimum of cultivable land under its ownership" and, apparently, willing to persuade smaller owners to offer themselves as guinea pigs for the Munshian experiment. The uninitiated may naively ask, "But what is there particularly novel about the idea? Have not mutts and choultrys been farming on a large scale for centuries?"

Yes, and they made a far better

job of it than the abbots of the New Dispensation are ever likely to do. But the point is that these abbots are *new*—and have their faces turned Moscow-ward. Though the term "collective farm" is carefully avoided, you have all the paraphernalia of that Mumbo Jumbo paraded. A "corporate organisation" is to run the show; a super-executive in the person of the farm-manager and 'group-leaders' responsible to him will extract "a basic minimum out-turn of work from each category of workers." Those who do more will be rewarded and those who do less will be punished.

Owners, who are apt to be individualistic, will have their idiosyncrasies ironed out by the Stakhanovite steam-roller and taught meekly to pray, "Give us this day our daily dole." This woeful prediction may seem unmindful of the scrupulous stipulation that where cultivators are not prepared to lease their land to a corporate body they should not be coerced. But persuasion is of many kinds. As the Government propose to lavish aid in various forms on those who come forward to further their scheme, the institutions that sponsor an "associated farm" will be able to exert a powerful pull. Few impecunious small-holders will have the resource or the stamina to withstand their blandishments. And once they put their heads into the noose Heaven help them.

Apparently tenants may come into an "associated farm", even if their landlords should demur; and they would do so with the greater alacrity because of the bait of reduced rent. In this changeling you will recognise no doubt the pet child of Mr. Rajagopalachari's brain; it was by the euthanasia of the "lease" that he proposed to eliminate the Tanjore landlord. The world will watch with curious interest this and other election-eve antics of Mr. Munshi and colleagues anxious to sport the pink. But, as for growing more food, the daydreams of the predestined bachelor who hoped for the wealth of Kubera from the intensive cultivation of half a dozen sesamum seeds were far more realistic.

VIGNESWARA

THE THREE ORGANUMS OF KNOWLEDGE—AND A FOURTH*

By JAMES H. COUSINS

II
TWO characteristics are common to each of the types of *organum* which I have necessarily briefly summarised: each is an organisation of ideas by the mind operating with the continuity and affinity that is called logic; and neither is an *organum* in the real sense of the term, that is, an instrument for the attainment of direct knowledge of reality through experience. We may entitle Aristotle's logic as that of *argumentation*; Bacon's as that of *observation*; Ouspensky's (in his own term) as that of *intuition*. In and through "Tertium Organum" the influence of the mathematical concept of the universe makes itself felt. It still troubles certain scientists, such as Einstein who is trying to put the universe into an algebraical formula that will express the ultimate unity of all creation. This would be a supreme achievement of the human mind and cause much excitement in the little circle of the highly learned; but it is doubtful if it would do anything quickly or drastically to stop war or solve the problems of population and food.

In this connection I recall with a feeling dangerously approaching pride a calculation in algebra that I gave as a junior master to a class in the Dublin High School in Ireland. This was 45 years or so ago, and I have no trace of the details of the sum that I concocted, partly for my own satisfaction as "proof" of an idea that in retrospect I see to have been a response to the "logic of intuition" at a time in my life when my mind was much concerned with problems of the universe and humanity's relationship to it. I made x equal an amazing procession of pluses and minuses, multiplications and divisions, integers, fractions, squares and square roots, that covered something like a sheet of foolscap paper. At the end of 50 minutes x was found to equal 1. Hence

(for I was then in a propagandist philosophical mood and excited at discovering what I afterwards learned from much reading had been discovered 2,000 and more years ago), hence a homily to the students about to pass into Trinity College on the algebraically demonstrable fact that, whether we belonged to the category of 1 to 9 or more, whether life had added to or subtracted from us, squared our resources or reduced them to their cube (if not to their cube), whether we were divided from what we were, or had multiplied what we had begun with, we were all dependent to some degree however remote it might be on one another, and all interacting factors in an ultimate unity.

Later I came to know the Dean of the Dublin College of Science, Sir William Barrett, eminent physicist, founder of the Society for Psychical Research, and his scientific investigations on dowsing (a subject then, like Psychical Research, closed out from official science), and shared with him in experiments for the answering of the Biblical question, "If a man die, shall he live again—the evidential answer being that he was still alive. I also knew Professor E. E. Fournier d'Albe (later assistant to Sir Oliver Lodge) and his demonstrations of a power beyond the physical working through the physical body, and saw him cause a scientific "impossibility" to be performed. Later, on coming to India in 1915, I became a familiar friend of Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, and saw his experiments in Calcutta and Darjeeling on the response of plants and minerals to external stimuli, and heard him repeat the Upanishadic sloka that epitomised his scientific credo: "They who see but one in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal truth; unto none else."

About the same time Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans were shaking orthodox science in much the

same manner as in my boyhood Darwin's researches into "The Origin of Species" shook the orthodox presentation of Christianity. In his book entitled "The Nature of the Physical World" Eddington put the result of his studies into the memorable phrase: "Something unknown is doing something we know not what," an apparently negative but actually positive and scientifically revolutionary assertion of a power working in the universe, and of the identity of natural phenomena with this animating and guiding power. Jeans took the matter a stage nearer a fourth *organon* in his book, "This Mysterious Universe." "Today," he says, "there is a wide measure of agreement... that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine.... The laws which nature obeys are less suggestive of those which a machine obeys in its motion than of those which a musician obeys in writing a fugue, or a poet in composing a sonnet. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter; we are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter."

In the beginning of this study I indicated a common characteristic of logical mentality in the *organons* of Aristotle, Bacon and (with an elevation) Ouspensky. In the scientists also mentioned I see the entrance of a new faculty into scientific research, the faculty of imagination. Long ago, I hailed Fournier as the possessor of this faculty. His mind busied itself in inventing diagrams and models symbolising his conception of cosmic processes. Eddington saw the Cosmos as a piece of work. Jeans added the quality of art, of music of poetry. These are of course, as I have said of Fournier's diagrams and models, symbols of human response to what the American philosopher, William James, called "the total push and pressure of the cosmos," to which we are subject. In the original Greek use of the word, to symbolise was to bring together two things, one of which called up the other. In practice the small symbolises the large, the concrete symbolises the

abstract. AE, the Irish poet, expressed this movement of the imagination in a poem entitled "Symbolism:"

Now when the spirit in us wakes
and broods,
Filled with home yearnings,
drowsily there rise
From its deep heart high dreams
and mystic moods,
Mixing earth loves with its own
native skies.

Observe that the use of the symbol, which is the language of the imagination, is not for the satisfaction of the mind only. Mental comprehension alone is futile unless it passes over into appropriate and beneficent action. Without this, a learned person may be, ethically and morally, an illiterate ignoramus. Walter de la Mare, in one of the weightiest utterances of modern English poetry, says (in "Dreams"):

All knowledge is foredoomed, forlorn

—Of inmost truth and wisdom
shorn—

Unless imagination brings

Its skies wherein to use its wings.

Observe also that, in the vision of the poet, intellection and imagination are not among the pairs of opposites. Aristotle and Bacon did not permit the imagination to interfere with their argumentation and observation. Ouspensky used the imagination, but not with the emphasis of the poets: none of them used the imagination as a veritable *organon* (instrument) of the embodied consciousness to reach towards the reality within which it functions, such as the two poets did.

Imagination would itself be fruitless unless it translated its inner apprehensions into some grade or kind of form. The translation results in Art. Of this, the eminent English art-critic, Roger Fry, in the "Essay in Aesthetics" in his book entitled "Vision and Design," writes: "Art... is the chief organ of imaginative life; it is by art that it is *stimulated* and *controlled within us*." The words that I have underlined contain the whole of true education: stimulation (development) under control (discipline). Art provides both: it stimulates pleasure and development, and guards the development by controls inherent in

* A Madras University Extension Lecture.

the nature of the chosen art. I have seen a street boy of Chicago, an incipient criminal after his father, who had been lured into the arts and crafts department of Jane Addams' Community House, and whom the commendation and recompense of creative art-crafts had transformed into a happy and useful young citizen. I have been ignored by a group of ordinarily noisy and inquisitive little boys and girls in a school six miles from the centre of Madras, who, in happy freedom, were engrossed in modelling in clay anything and everything that they chose.

The failure of the purely mental, or even the super-mental, to become a real *instrument* for the realisation of reality, consists in the inadequacy it imposes on itself in rejecting, or even in back-seating the creative imagination as expressed in the arts and art-crafts. On the other hand, the use of the imagination does not set up a substitute for logic or interpretation or calculation. The instrument of the creative imagination can no more do without the qualities and powers of the mind than these can do without it. The creative imagination cannot express itself in any form of art if it throws away the logic of the eye or ear. Even where daubs of colour have been used instead of the infinities, continuities, harmonies and contrasts that in painting are the parallel of sentences that form an intelligible paragraph of speech, it is guided by an intelligence that saves it from disintegration. Such were the end paintings of the famous French impressionist painter, Claude Monet, who at 80, when I visited him in his studio outside Paris over 20 years ago, was daily at work in a pock-marked method that the half eye remaining to him could see, and that achieved a measure of aesthetical beauty through the pictorial design and sensation of light that the artist's imagination imposed on the thing seen.

Similarly, observation and interpretation, the outer and inner movements of the mind, cannot be ignored by any form of art that would embody any apprehension of reality received by the imagination. As for the mathematical *organum* of Ouspensky, every work of art is a demonstration of the relations of number and magnitude.

The sounds that make music do so through a succession of relations, harmonious or dissonant, in various numerical ratios of vibration. Music is mathematics on the move. A picture, apart from its subject-matter, is more or less artistic according to the juxtapositions and sizes and shapes of its areas of colour. Painting is mathematics having a rest.

Involved in these considerations (and many more that I cannot here touch on) is the question of the *direction* of a work of art. From the side of the artist it is mainly from an imaginative response to dimly apprehended reality, through the distillation of experience and thought that is a combination of what we may call wisdom and skill, to what Tolstoy set down as the purpose of art, namely, communication, and the modernists call self-expression, but from the point of view of the Fourth Organum, the organum of imagination, I name *revelment* in order to keep it clear of the implications and claims that have gathered around the religious term Revelation.

In this view of art, that of art as a revelation, the term *didactic* may arise, with the disrespectful attitude that the mental tradition from Aristotle downwards has taken towards it. But Bernard Shaw, in one of his pugnacious prefaces, instead of playing around a charge of didacticism in his dramas, retorted that no writing was worth while that was not didactic, that is, of the teaching order. In the same mood, if not with the same authority, I make bold to assert that no expression, poetical, prosaic, graphic, plastic, rhythmical, or otherwise, is worth listening to or looking at unless it has what I may call an ulterior motive, an inspiration that is truly of the spirit, and is not a mere reaction to neural or sensual or mental impacts. Here and there in modern English poetry the alert reader may observe hints of a response of this kind, which I take to be signals from a future evaluation of poetry. For instance, Herbert Read, in a poem in which he sets out the subject-matter of a re-indited "Book of Hours," gives a catalogue of themes at the customary level of mere human excitements, and suddenly leaves the ground in anticipation of a final subject.

On the last page a colophon
Would conclude the liberal plan
Showing Man within a frame
Of trophies stolen from a dream.

Every true work of art is the telling of a dream of the imagination; a rostrum adorned in the ancient Roman manner with the figure-heads of craft taken in conquest on the sea. In less figurative language, all real expression carries with it, and is guided and coloured by the experience it has gained from struggles with life, previous or present. To return to verbal symbolism, which is the true language of the imagination, the craft of consciousness will carry in its hold the accumulations of experience, stowed, as Aristotle would stow it, neatly and logically, along with the Baconian observation of facts concerning the weather and tides and currents; its log-book may contain much mathematical calculation in the manner of Ouspensky of the incalculable ocean of life; but the prow, that cuts unfathomable and uncharted waters of the future, the image into which past experience has been focussed, condensed, synthesised, and which all else must follow, is the *Fourth Organum* or *instrument* of the Imagination. To this I add the adjective *creative*, and as the characteristic tool of creation I call forward the arts and art crafts.

There are those who, because of the rapid degeneration in human morale, that appears to have been brought about by spurious arts for entertainment, lay special emphasis on the reactions to art in character. In this connection, Mrs. Maria Petrie in her book on "Art and Regeneration" says: "To those who put character training above everything else, let me say that the serious practice of any art, if only for a few hours a week, is character

training, for character does not only consist of the manly virtues and the team spirit, but should enfold other qualities, such as sensitivity, patience, mental and physical co-ordination, which are fostered and developed by the arts."

To Mrs. Petrie's convictions as a teacher I shall add a saying of a modern sculptress, Barbara Hepworth, quoted by Herbert Read in his book on "The Meaning of Art:" "Working realistically replenishes one's love for life, humanity and the earth. Working abstractly seems to release one's personality and sharpen the perceptions, so that in the observation of life it is the wholeness or inner intention which moves one so profoundly: the components fall into place, the detail is significant of unity."

To this I would add the following from a small but significant book called "Offering" by C. Jinarajadasa, an oriental finial to the edifice of western thought on a subject that concerns art in all places and times: "The artist is he who lets Being go, in order to grasp the Becoming. And, conversely, all who reach out to the Becoming, letting Being go, become artistic in their ways of thinking, feeling and doing. Since creation means liberating from life its hidden splendour, everyone, great or small can create.... Seek not wisdom and the power to create at the same time. When the Becoming calls to you, create, and let wisdom go. When you have created, then, with the aid of its beauty, stand midmost between Being and Becoming, and learn the wisdom it brings."

The Fourth Organum, the organum of the creative imagination, whose instrument is art in all its forms, passes over from knowledge, which is secondary and variable, to wisdom which is primary, vital and certain.

AMERICAN WORRY

As far as Asian policy as a whole is concerned, the American people have one justifiable worry.

We (Americans) have seen British surrender of complete sovereignty over large Asiatic possessions. Yet we have also seen these territories, principally India and Pakistan, unable, even with the help of the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth, to solve what might be considered the relatively minor problem of Kashmir, even in the face of a world crisis.

And we are compelled to wonder: "Is it worth giving so much freedom to these people? Are they going to sit astride the fence or will they go right over to the Communists as soon as they can see how to make a deal?"—BENJAMIN WELLES.

A LAYMAN LOOKS AT ART

By K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

IT is a gratifying sign of the times that pictorial art is making some headway in this city of ours, if we are to judge by the number of exhibitions held in recent years and the steadily increasing number of people who have attended these exhibitions. Some years back, exhibitions were not so numerous and it was impossible to imagine that an exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculptures could attract any public interest. The elite would go on the opening day if the exhibition was scheduled to be opened by a high state dignitary. Their concern was the social prestige involved in such a function rather than in the purpose behind it. The choice of the dignitary had perforce to be made on the strength of his eminence without the least reference to his interest in art. And with his departure all interest in the exhibition would cease. The days following would present the spectacle of a nearly empty hall relieved now and then by the presence of a stray lover of art. Such a state of affairs has slowly changed a little. A fair number of citizens have begun to take notice of art exhibitions that have been held in close succession in the city of late. Their interest has been aroused most likely by the frequency of these exhibitions and the effect of the continuous publicity involved. They want to know more and more about art.

It is the duty of the artists to nurture and develop this interest among the general public. For when all is said and done, art, in spite of the tremendous subjective forces involved in the urge for expression, is meant for the public. And if it fails to arouse the interest and provide aesthetic pleasure to the public, it is not difficult to realise that art and artists would languish.

A very common complaint exists among the artists that the layman almost always fails to understand their pictures and on the basis of this fact they jump to the facile but erroneous conclusion that the layman is deficient in understanding not only of art but also life in general. To a great

extent this conclusion is a direct result of the fact that the artist moves in a world of his own and when he finds the uninitiated blundering amongst his choice preserves like a bull in a china shop, he is liable to get impatient and dub him a crude ununderstanding fellow. He forgets that he was a layman first before he was initiated into the mysteries of art and that it has been possible for him to reach his heights in artistic perception and expression only after years of diligent pursuit of art. In every one there is a deeply ingrained love for the graphic art which is displayed even in childhood by the joyous reaction to pictures. But the average man has neither the time nor the facilities to pursue a close study of art. His is an objective world and to him a picture is an object which to attract him has to have some faint resemblance to the everyday world around him.

To the artist his world is predominantly subjective although they are the direct result of his reactions to the objective world around him. Thus, cloaked in his subjective reactions, a strange new world takes shape in his mind and he depicts it in pigments, forms and patterns. Each man, including the artist, encloses a different world in his heart and mind which is built on subjective truth mainly. The artist sets out to depict his world through a medium which unlike, say, the words of a language, has no standardised meaning. The same pigment may have a different meaning for different artists and for different men too. The artist lays bare his world through the highly arbitrary vocabulary of pigments and lines. Small wonder the layman stands bewildered before productions of high artistic value. And this bewilderment is heightened when the artist branches off into purely technical art expressions as seen in the various isms like cubism, surrealism, etc. The layman gropes blindly and when he fails to understand he either puts on the cloak of pretension (for a knowledge of fine arts is a sure

stamp of culture and breeding) or goes back to his pots and pans giving up the whole thing in disgust. And this severance is heightened when the artist turns his back on common men in a huff and seeks the company of other artists to form a supercilious exclusive clan holding itself aloof and above the world, in self-conscious dignity.

There are artists, they say, who create pictures purely to satisfy their creative urge. They do not take the world of other men into reckoning and they work with no eye for the limelight or the approbation of their fellowmen. If there be such artists these words are not meant for them. But if (as is patent) the artist has a thirst for name and fame in his line it can come only through the appreciation of his art by others including non-artists. It follows that, if he wants people to enjoy and appreciate his art and look up to him, he should produce pictures that are understandable to them. From the heights of his knowledge he has to go down to their level and he cannot always expect them to meet him half way. For more often than not, they are liable to lose their way. He should be prepared to go the entire way and guide their stumbling steps along the intricate pathways to the pinnacle of his artistic achievement and expression. This can be achieved only by pictures that are full of popular appeal. The artist should translate his subjective reactions in terms of objective realities of the tangible world around men. This popular appeal based on realism should be the primary aim of graphic arts if it is conceded that art is meant for the people. If, on the other hand, the artist feels that the people are meant for their art they will have to complain till doomsday about the apathy of the people towards their creations.

The layman is immediately attracted by a representation of familiar forms because there is something reminding him of the tangible world. At the same time his sympathy and curiosity are aroused by the subtle subjective stamp impressed by the artist on his objects. From this starts a deeper interest and a closer study of the meaning of pictures. The layman gets interested in art. With the

growth of interest he seeks out pictures. He becomes familiar with them and his knowledge and understanding for pictures develop fast. Through the layman's own terms the artist will thus be able to draw out and develop his perception and understanding. Thus and thus alone can a mutual development of art and art consciousness among the people take place. If we look at the Western countries we can see this truth illustrated. There the common man is better informed and has a finer taste for art because he has had an uninterrupted tradition of familiarity with art forms and expressions which we, poverty-stricken as we are, have missed for centuries. Art consciousness has to be built up afresh in India.

The artist is likely to contend that popularising his art would result in bringing it down to the market place: that pandering to 'popular' appeal would make art cheap. Even at the risk of such a result it represents a far more desirable state of affairs. For what purpose can art serve, if it is locked away from the understanding of the people. Better to bring it down to the common level than retain it in superior isolation for the benefit of a chosen few, artists and connoisseurs. Moreover, great artists have proved conclusively that popular realism can go hand in hand with infinite wealth of technical brilliance and creative emotional expressiveness. Of course this is difficult to achieve and can be the result of genius plus indefatigable concentrated effort and industry. But it seems to be a goal worth striving for. Such pictures have a meaning for all: they cater to all levels of understanding, taste and erudition in art.

In this connection it will not be out of place to dwell a little on the tendency of artists to be obsessed by purely technical or intellectual abstractions. Equipped with a knowledge of the pure technical aspect of art they give free vent to highly abstract mental adventures in forms, colours and patterns and lines which haven't the least semblance to anything on earth. It is a product of their 'brain' translated skilfully with the aid of technical knowledge into a 'modern' picture. Other brains are not standardised on the pattern of his brain

and hence it will be impossible to expect these brains to pick up and reconstruct his thoughts with the aid of his picture. The layman is not like a radio receiver nor is the artist a transmitter of defined values. So his pictures pass over the heads of people. Perhaps a few who are well up in the capacity for appreciation of the technical points may be attracted by such pictures. But even among them there will hardly be a single one who will feel an emotional stir. Art is not technique or the cold glittering product of the intellect alone. It has to be the warm pulsating pattern from life, breathed into life by the skill and imagination of the artist. Technique and intellect are important as the skeleton of the structure. But an undue emphasis on these would spell the negation of art. In literature a grammarian is never considered a writer and grammar never obtrudes itself. The technical data behind a flower, if analysed intellectually in terms of its chemical composition, would be the biggest travesty of a

flower. Abstract art can be likened to this. It is true as far as it goes and it has a definite place in developing the art forms and expressions over the centuries. It has its place as experiments or pioneering efforts to beat out a new channel for art. But to claim that such type of pictures form the quintessence of art and that they are comprehensive and they alone are 'true' art, would be a sad travesty of truth.

Unfortunately this tendency towards abstract art lures almost all artists at one stage or another. If it is only a stage it can be excused as an intellectual experiment from which the artist may be expected to come back to the world of men. But if we are to accept the implication of the words of a spectator in a recent exhibition, this seems to be a thing for which we will have to wait for a long time: he was heard to remark with conscious or unconscious satire: "If you are able to understand an artist he ceases to be great."



Exhibition Day celebrations: Students of the Lady Sivaswamy Iyer Girls' High School entertaining the audience to a "Laseem" dance.

AMERICAN LETTER: By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER: HE'S WELL EQUIPPED

NEW YORK CITY: What kind of a soldier is the Russian GI?

The U. S. Army Information Digest says he's a man who was "never spoiled, mentally, or physically." He goes into battle "unburdened by luxury items and carrying a minimum of rations."

"The (Soviet) infantryman trains with a combat load heavier than he carries in battle", the Digest says. "Individual clothing and equipment are simple and well adapted to the needs of the soldier whose mobility is not usually impaired with an over-stuffed pack. Abandonment of equipment is not a common characteristic of the Soviet fighting man. On the contrary, he more often seeks to supplement his own meagre supply with scavenged bits of equipment."

"The marching capacity of the Soviet soldier is enhanced by his generally good physical condition and stamina and the common sense design of his equipment, which stresses looseness and comfort in clothing and lightness and practicality in equipment."

"In World War II the mobility of the Soviet lay not alone in his ability to cross difficult terrain, but in his ability to move forward against heavy fire amid his own staggering losses."

The Soviet soldier marched more campaign miles than all of his allies in the last war. While he usually trains with a heavy pack—sometimes weighing 70 pounds—he goes into combat with much lighter gear.

The Soviet paratrooper, for instance, jumps heavy and fights light. The average Russian paratrooper jumps with a 60 pound combat load, not counting his parachute, according to the Digest. Those lightest equipped are officers and senior noncoms who jump with about 53 pounds. Light machine gunners carrying 65 pounds are the most heavily burdened.

The Soviet GI moves easily because

his uniform fits loosely. Although his dress uniform is smart and colourful, his combat outfit is simple and practical. His rifle, the M1194 carbine, is light. It is a short-barreled rifle with a folding bayonet. Crawling and creeping are easy because of his clothing and the weight and distribution of his gear.

Normally boots are worn by all Soviet GIs because the poor roads at home are often knee-deep in mud. He has little use for tents, which can always be spotted and aren't warm enough for winter. Rain capes and ponchos designed to fit together to form a tent are the standard issue. Even in the summer the Soviet GI keeps his overcoat with him. He regards it as the most valuable piece of equipment he owns after his rifle and canteen.

During the last war the Soviet soldier was armed with an excessively long rifle and bayonet, about a pound heavier than today's carbine. He likes a light machine gun—weighing about eight pounds—with quick, automatic fire power. We gave the Soviets some of our submachine guns during the lend-lease days, but their soldiers didn't care for them. The Soviet GI complained that it was much too heavy, that the sling strap would not allow him to carry the gun across his chest in the manner to which he was accustomed.

In summer the average soldier has 55 pounds of combat gear, in winter he adds another 10 pounds.

Years ago the Russians issued each man 120 rounds of ammunition, which he was expected to carry. They've since cut that to 70. The rest is brought up by battalion and regimental supply trains. One hundred rounds is a unit of fire for a carbine or rifle, 200 rounds for a sub-machine gun.

On his belt the Soviet GI carries 70 rounds of ammunition, two hand grenades, a full canteen, first-aid

packet, shovel, rations pouch, mess kit and cup. This puts about 15 pounds on his belt. His horsehoe roll usually weighs about 45 pounds. He sometimes carries rations, tobacco and toilet articles, plus extra clothing. The extra clothing is not always carried, however, and the rations may consist only of a piece of bread.

On his feet he wears fur felt boots in dry, sub-zero temperatures. In training the combat pack may be worn on long marches. Normally, however, the full or field pack is required for all training exercises in winter or summer.

U. S. Opinion Favours Truce

There is overwhelming popular sentiment throughout the United States for ending the Korean war with a truce when the 38th parallel is reached.

If the Chinese agree to stop fighting at that point, more than seven out of every 10 Americans favour putting an end to American military effort in Korea.

This sentiment was brought out in personal interviews just completed with a cross-section of Americans scientifically picked to represent a good cross section of the nation's voters.

The survey was one of a series by the American Public Opinion Institute outlining guideposts to American thinking on Asia and Europe.

The interviews indicated that the majority of Americans are fearful of letting the Korean War drift on.

They believe Washington should try harder than it is doing to find some formula for an agreement with Red China.

In the survey three questions on Korea were put to the cross section interviewed. The first was:

"Do you think the United States

should or should not try harder to reach an agreement with Communist China on Korea?"

Should try	56%
Should not	34
No opinion	10

The second question dealt specifically with the 38th parallel. Interviewing was completed in mid-February, just as the United Nations offensive was beginning. The question was:

"United Nations forces are trying to push their way back toward the 38th parallel. If they succeed do you think we should or should not stop fighting if the Chinese Communists and North Koreans also agree to stop fighting?"

Should stop	73%
Should not	16
No opinion	11

Similar sentiment was found in a recent survey conducted by the British Institute of Public Opinion.

The specific terms of such a truce are a matter of speculation. They might embody an agreement to leave North Korea in Communist hands and South Korea under the United Nations, pending national elections.

Or, the truce might involve complete withdrawal of Red China from North Korea and of the United States from South Korea.

This later step would meet with considerable approval from American public opinion.

Questioning by Institute interviewers shows the following division of attitudes:

"Do you think the United States should or should not agree to take her troops out of Korea if Communist China also agrees to withdraw her troops from Korea?"

Should withdraw	62%
Should not	28
No opinion	10

REWARDS OF BRIGHTNESS

Nearly £500 in prizes for "bright ideas" was distributed among 102 employees of Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., at a works party in Bournville, Birmingham, recently.

The awards included single prizes of £200, £75, £50, £15, £10 and £6 15s each; three of £5, three of £4, one of £3, 2 of £2 10s., 7 of £2, 8 of £1 10s., and a number of other prizes of £1 and under. The presentations were made by Mr. and Mrs. John Cadbury.

Short Story

PAYMENTS

By S. KRISHNIAH

the small girl standing on the pavement alone half-naked ignored, one lean skinny quivering arm stretched out pathetically pleadingly imploringly for a copper coin, her pitiful whine drowning in the merry chatter of the passing crowd, drowning in the loud voices of the street vendors, drowning in the creak of trampling footwear feet sore, legs aching, stomach bloating with hunger, not having eaten anything for the last five days, stubbornly fighting the faintness coming over her, desperately hoping that there is a God above....

MR. Gorpade stopped pacing. "I think it's time you went up and dressed."

"Already?" His wife looked up at him with languorous eyes from the depths of the cushioned chair.

"Yes, darling. You had better."

"What's the time?"

He looked at the ornamental time-piece on the dinner-waggon in the adjoining dinner-room.

"Five to seven."

"Tons of time, then. He is coming only at eight."

"Yes. But you take a long time to dress."

"Oh no. I don't." She lifted her feet, tucked them up under her shapely thighs and curled up more comfortably. "I won't take more than fifteen minutes."

"But I want you to dress up", he said recommencing to pace the floor, "I mean dress up and show off."

"Oh, well..." she said her eyes twinkling mischievously. "I'll show off allright. But I always thought that the less I dressed the more I showed off!"

The hard lines on Mr. Gorpade's face relaxed slightly into a half-smile.

"What do you want me to wear, darling?" she asked.

"You know best. I want you to look grand and beautiful."

"What for? You think he'll fall for me?"

"Don't be stupid." The smile fled from his face.

"Or you want to show him what a beautiful wife you've got?" She smiled artfully.

"Now you're trying to be silly! I wish you'd realise how important this is."

"What is? My dressing up?"

"Oh, no. I mean Mr. Sethna's coming here."

"I know."

"The trouble is you don't know. You must realise that our whole future is in his hands."

"You told me that."

"Yes, I told you. But perhaps you don't believe me."

"I believe you allright, darling."

"You don't sound as if you do.... If the strike continues and we don't recommence production in the mill in another two days we are doomed."

"Doomed?"

"Yes."

"But what can this man—what's his name?—do about it?"

"Everything. Mr. Sethna is the Managing Director of the bank."

"But the Managing Director of a bank doesn't break strikes."

"No. But he is the man who can extend our credit in the bank."

"Oh!"

"And if the bank could only stand by us until the strike is over, well...."

She looked at him archly. "You want me to flirt with him?"

He turned, his eyes flashing fire, only to see her calm and unperturbed.... He shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope you don't have to."

"Is he reputed to be a lady-killer?"

"Go on. Stop fooling."

His face relaxed artificially into a wry grin and he came behind her chair and started prodding her waist and neck with his fat fingers.

"Oh, stop tickling me," she giggled. "Come on, get up."

Her saree slid off her shoulder and her decollete blouse revealed the top halves of the soft rounded breasts which stood uptilted although unsustained by any rib-snapping corset.

His fingers wandered from the neck. She hurriedly clasped his hands and pressed them to her cheeks.

"No, naughty boy, not now!"

"Allright, get up, then."

She rose up and, leaving go his hands, extended her arms and stretched her lissom body as if she would wriggle out of her laziness with a feline twist.

"What are you going to wear?" she asked him, "Your black sherwani?"

"I suppose I'll have to," he said rubbing his chin.

"Don't look so gloomy, darling."

"Oh, I'm allright, don't worry. The very fact that he is coming here for dinner augurs well."

the little beggar-girl thinking of her grandmother dead a week ago, a toothless sightless old woman, a loathsome object of pity...and now alone trying but failing to excite pity or compassion in any one of the thousands walking past her...unable to stand erect, leaning against a lamp-post, swaying with weakness... empty eyes filled with abject despair, empty head filled with giddiness, empty stomach filled with gas....

Mr. Sethna arrived at a quarter to eight.

"Good-evening, Mr. Sethna!"

"Oh, hello, Gorpade,...and how is the charming young wife tonight?"

"I'm fine, thank you," she replied allowing Mr. Sethna to squeeze her long supple fingers.

"Come in, Mr. Sethna," the mill-owner invited.

The men followed the lady into the drawing-room.

"Anybody else coming?" Mr. Sethna asked settling himself comfortably in a chair and lighting up the proffered cigarette.

"No, I thought...."

"That's fine. We shall have a quiet party. What do you say, Mrs. Gorpade?"

"Yes, of course."

"I've got some whisky, Mr. Sethna. A bottle of Black and White."

"Good. How much did you pay for it? a hundred rupees?"

"Oh, not so much as all that."

"You seem to know ways and means of getting it."

"Yes, we all have our sources, don't we?" Mr. Gorpade asked with a knowing smile.

"Only, my source seems to be a little more costly."

"What I can't understand is why the Government should persist in Prohibition when everybody can get as much liquor as they want?"

"Let them go on. After all it's their fad and they're welcome to it. They don't interfere with us and at least you and I cannot say they haven't helped us. Can we?"

"You are right. But, Mr. Sethna, as regards this mill-strike...."

"Oh no. Don't bring up that subject. We'll talk about it later."

"Sure," said Mr. Gorpade as he left the room to fetch the bottle of whisky.

Mrs. Gorpade smiled pleasantly.

"Gorpade is a fine fellow, isn't he?"

Mrs. Gorpade smiled again.

"The strike worries him though," she hazarded.

"You don't know how much it worries us!"

Mr. Gorpade returned with the bottle of liquor.

"Look, darling," he addressed his wife, "I think you had better fetch the ice and soda yourself. I wouldn't like the servant to come in here now."

She rose obediently as he put the bottle on a small peg-table.

"And some glasses too."

She turned and left the room.

Mr. Sethna watched her move. What a sleek and graceful figure. Her thighs moved like the connecting-rods of a huge two-cylinder engine and her hips rolled as if they were giant big-end bearings. Mr. Sethna licked his thick sensual lips.

Idiotic simile, he thought, comparing this fine-grown woman to a diesel engine! But Mr. Sethna was an aesthete and he admired beauty and perfection whether in a woman or in an engine.

a crowd of people gathering in front of the sweet-meat shop and the small beggar-girl wondering whether if she goes there someone would throw her

a coin when receiving change from the confectioner....mustering her last ounce of energy, dragging her unwilling feet, swaying in slow onward motion, the crowd pushing her on all sides, stumbling and falling down a few times, finishing the last few yards creeping....raising her voice begging whining crying but her cries neither heard nor heeded....a piece of halwa slipping from the vendor's hand, falling to the pavement, the little girl diving for it, the shod foot of a passer-by trampling it, spreading it over the concrete pavement, she stooping to lick it up and being slow a prowling dog taking precedence....

"Will you have one more drink, Mr. Sethna?"

"No, thank you."

"There's still plenty left in the bottle."

"You go ahead."

"Sure you won't have another?"

"Sure."

Mr. Gorpade helped himself to a good four-fingers.

"Do you get Scotch to drink every night, Gorpade?"

"No. I can get it though."

"He usually doesn't drink unless there's a party or something," Mrs. Gorpade volunteered. "But lately the strike has been worrying him a bit too much, I'm afraid."

"Yes. The strike has been a shameful affair, hasn't it?"

"Shameful?" Mr. Gorpade asked, "It would be the ruin of me, I think."

"But it doesn't seem to have affected the other mills so much."

"That's true. You see, we are a small concern. The other three are big combines having speculative interests all over India. Their other lines of business will enable them to tide over this strike although perhaps in rupees-annas-pies they may stand to lose more than I will."

"I know that of course. But will you be able to clear the bills that fall due next week?"

"Yes, if the strike is called off in a couple of days."

"If!—and suppose the strike continues?"

"Well....I was thinking I'd ask you for an extension of time."

Mr. Sethna thrust out his jaw.

"Looks bad to me."

"Can't you give me an extension of time? You know that I...."

"Yes, but what can I do? You should know that I can't always have my way with the bank."

"But you surely can help us, Mr. Sethna," Mrs. Gorpade said.

"I certainly will, Mrs. Gorpade. I certainly will do all I can in this affair. But, you see, the bank is not a one-man show."

"I know," she said smiling winsomely, "But Mr. Sethna is a big man and can do a lot of things!"

"I wish that were true, young lady."

"Your influence in the bank is certainly very great," the mill-owner put in.

"That may be true. But in these things I'm powerless. There are set rules and precedents which...."

"Then you think that my chances...."

"Oh, let's change the subject, Gorpade. It's too gloomy to talk of strikes. I'm famished.... What've you got to eat, Mrs. Gorpade?"

"Oh, I'm sorry; what a horrible hostess I am!.... Come," she said, rising up, "I'll ask dinner to be served."

Mr. Gorpade drained the little that was left in the glass and followed Mr. Sethna who was preceded by his wife into the dining-room.

"You sit here, Mrs. Gorpade," the financier said pulling the chair at the head of the table.

"Oh no, you must sit there."

"That's allright," he said and he slowly drew her into the chair with an arm round her shoulder.

The two men disposed themselves to her right and left.

It was a grand dinner worthy of being served to a ruling prince.

the little beggar girl gazing with wistful eyes at the variety of eatables behind the sheet of glass, laddus like golden apples piled into a yellow pyramid, sugar-encrusted jilabis arranged tier on tier, varicoloured halwa hiding under a scaly surface of nuts....what name for this and what name for that and what taste they have?...Standing standing standing imagining how it will be like to fill her gas-bloated stomach with those appetising sweets....but faintness lassitude weariness coming in waves over her....oh God, if only to live a

little more time to walk to the garbage-can behind the hotel in the next street....

Mrs. Gorpade automatically stiffened and pulled away her leg when she felt Mr. Sethna's knee against her thigh.

She looked at her guest and his eyes met hers with a hard flinty look.

"Ah!" he said.—The last course was being served.—"Fruit-salad and jelly! That's grand." He addressed this remark to nobody in particular and his tone implied a calculated unconcern.

What had her husband said, she thought.

"Will you have custard or fresh-cream with it?" Mr. Gorpade asked his guest.

Hadn't he said that their future was in this man's hands, she thought.

"I'll have fresh-cream, thank you."

How vulgar to rub one's knee against a woman's thigh under the table, she thought.

Mr. Sethna helped himself liberally to the cream.

What a crude idea to make love with one's legs under the table, she thought.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mrs. Gorpade!" Mr. Sethna beamed at her.

"I'm not thinking anything."

"But you look so glum, darling," her husband interposed.

"As if the whole weight of the mill-strike was on your shoulders!"

Was it?

She could not ignore this pointed remark.

She widened her thighs until her right one came in contact with the eager knee of her guest.

"That's better," Mr. Sethna said sotto voce.

Mrs. Gorpade turned a deep crimson and tried to draw her saree over her right breast.

The cheek of the bastard, she thought.

Eating his fruit and jelly and cream, Mr. Sethna was aware of the ivory-hard velvet-soft flesh that his knee pressed and rubbed. The tissue saree and the thin material of her skirt underneath did not exist in his imagination and his compelling sensuality made him drop his left hand under the table and soon he was squeezing

her thighs and fingering the crook of her knee.

The conversation had, of course, died.

Mrs. Gorpade nervously played with the fruit.

Her husband stared vacantly forgetting even to make a pretence of eating from the full plate in front of him.

But Mr. Sethna was equal to the situation.

"I say, Gorpade, when do you think the strike will be over?"

"Eh?" Mr. Gorpade blinked as if he were waking out of a dream, "What did you say?"

"What?" Mr. Sethna asked smiling contemptuously. "Are you dreaming?"

"No, I didn't hear what you said."

"I asked when you expected the strike to be over."

"It can't continue for more than ten days."

"And it will take you some more days to get the mill into full production, won't it? Which means you'll want the bank to give an extension of a fortnight."

"Yes."

"As I told you that is a difficult affair."

Mr. Gorpade looked pathetically at his wife.

Mr. Sethna knew how to apply the squeeze when the other party was vulnerable.

"How do you know the strike will break down in ten days?"

"That's what the Collector and the D. S. P. say. Further we also have our informants. The workmen can't hold on much longer. They've been already starving for over a week."

"Good."

"Deaths due to starvation are becoming common. Further the strike-leaders are in jail. There'll be a riot soon but the Police are well-prepared. It'll end like all other strikes. There will be some shooting and they they will all come back to work."

"You are sure about all this?"

Mr. Sethna was on firm ground and he lifted his hand from his hostess's thigh.

Mrs. Gorpade almost heaved an audible sigh of relief.

"Shall we have coffee in the lounge?" she suggested brightly.

"Sure." Her husband got up. *no use going to the garbage-can.... poverty pervading the town with the closing of the mills, machines idle, their toothed cogs idle, workmen idle, the stringy brawn of human hands idle, and a big crowd gathering always near the garbage-can waiting for the hotel to dump its refuse.... what chances of getting even a putrefied morsel?... none.... none at all.... better standing here watching the confectioner, his agile fingers picking up the various sweets, weighting them, quickly rustling up a paper cone, tipping the sweets in the pan into the paper cone, tying up the parcel quickly—as if performing an act of legerdemain....*

"Come, Mrs. Gorpade, sit by my side." She sat on the settee beside her guest.

"What a shame, Gorpade, you people should have got into a mess like this," he said. "If this blooming strike...."

"Oh, but Mr. Sethna, you promised to help us," she said trying to gain advantage.

"Oh sure, but as I said other directors must be willing to co-operate." He turned to the mill-owner. "The trouble will be Ramchand, the director in charge of this branch. Do you know him, Gorpade?"

"Only very slightly."

"If he is on your side you'll have no difficulty."

"Can't you speak to him?" asked the hostess hoping that her intoxicating nearness would goad him to help them. "After-all he's your colleague."

"I'll try.... Gorpade, could you ring up and find out whether Ramchand is at home."

"I'll find out." Mr. Gorpade went to the hall to use the telephone.

Mr. Sethna turned and hugged Mrs. Gorpade feeling all over her and caressing her.

My God, what lecherous eyes.

"Oh, don't be shy."

And that salivating mouth and nauseating halitosis.

"Come on, Gorpade won't say a thing."

And those persistent worming hands.

"Don't worry, I'll fix up everything."

And those thin quivering nostrils.

"We'll get rid of Gorpade allright."

We're going to have a time of it to-night!"

"Mr. Ramchand is at home," announced the mill-owner from the other room warning them of his entrance. "He's holding the line."

Mr. Gorpade entered the room looking away from his wife who was rearranging the saree over her bosom.

He picked up a glass.

"I'll go and speak to him."

Mr. Sethna left the room.

In one leap the wife was at her husband's side.

"I don't have to, have I?"

He turned and took the whisky-bottle.

"I needn't go through with this?"

He half-filled his glass with whisky.

"Oh, he is repulsive and I can't go on."

He added a little soda-water.

"Come on, tell me."

She caught him by his shoulder and turned him round.

"Should I.... Am I to.... Do I have to...."

And she stopped speaking.

He looked into her eyes and she looked into his eyes.

He shook himself free of her hold and drained the glass in his hand in one gulp.

"I say, Gorpade," Mr. Sethna entered the room, "I've spoken to Ramchand."

Mr. Gorpade swallowed an imaginary lump in his throat.

"What did Mr. Ramchand say?"

"Nothing exciting. I told him you'd see him and explain, and I'm afraid you'll have to do it tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight. You see, there's a...."

"You mean I'll have to go and meet Mr. Ramchand now?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you." Mr. Sethna paused to light a cigarette.

The wife looked plaintively at her husband but he avoided her eyes.

"You see, there's a board of directors meeting tomorrow morning and.... well, if you want anything done before that, you better hurry. I told Ramchand that you're coming now." Don't blame me afterwards if the bank refuses time."

"I'll go now."

"You are doing a wise thing. And

don't worry; I'll keep Mrs. Gorpade company.... May I have a drink?"

"Of course...."

"Oh, don't bother, I'll help myself. You better hurry."

Mr. Sethna poured a few drops of whisky into the glass and filled up with soda-water.

"Here's good-luck!"

He sipped the drink.

"Thanks," said Gorpade and left the room.

Mr. Sethna left the almost-full glass on the radiogram and approached his hostess.

"Oh, come on, you've got nothing to worry about now!"

He gathered her in his arms but mechanically she averted her face from his thick wet lips. He kissed her ear and neck and she remembered that what was to follow was inevitable and the fate of the family fortunes was in her care. She faced him and offered him her pouted lips. He kissed her but that only fired his desire. He was not going to be content with

sucking her ripe lips.

the little beggar-girl seeing the flashily dressed young man, watching him drop a cigarette end, picking up the butt, stubbing out the glow, tearing the rice-paper, putting the wet strands of tobacco into her mouth, her face contorting with the revolting taste, yet chewing and swallowing the tobacco....tobacco takes the edge off hunger....feeling faint weary giddy, all vitality ebbing away from her gaunt frame, her legs refusing to carry her feathery weight and all the time feeling sleepy sleepy sleepy—very sleepy....sinking in sleep....sinking in final eternal otherworldly sleep....

'Damn pretty bitch,' he thought as he drove home a few hours later....

'My God, what a woman! Rather frigid though. Didn't warm up sufficiently. May be when I turn the screw a few times more by refusing extension she'll change. When the bank gains control over all the assets of the mill I'll have her eating out of my hands.'

He licked his lips.

PERSIA IN THE FRYING PAN

By ANDREW ROTH

BRITAIN'S discreet but promising effort to extract oil-rich Persia from the incendiary blasts of the Cold War has been brought to an abrupt halt by the assassination of the Persian Premier, dark-bearded General Ali Razmara. In line with its effort to keep Persia and its oil production undisturbed Britain had entered into a *de facto* agreement with the Soviets and assisted at curbing mounting American influence in that key Middle Eastern country.

General Razmara's assassination has seriously threatened Britain's stake in Persia, which is overwhelmingly centred around the mammoth Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The Company, a majority of whose shares is owned by the British Government, is the Middle East's largest producer of oil and probably the largest single contributor to Britain's favourable balance of trade in 1950. When news of the Persian Premier's assassination reached London it not only caused the London Stock Market to "catch its breath" (according to the *Financial Times*) and caused deep uneasiness in the Foreign Office but created new frowns in the Treasury.

That such concern should be caused by the death of one man is a tribute to the singularly outstanding qualities of the late General in a peculiarly demanding situation. My second meeting with him last year convinced me that he was an unusual Middle Easterner. In an area where officials are given to long siestas, lean, sharp-featured General Razmara worked tirelessly, existing on three or four hours sleep nightly. He was hard-working and efficient where most of his countrymen felt highflown and poetry-laden speeches sufficed. He gave hint of a reserve of ruthlessness which many felt would result in his emerging a military dictator. But, although a patriotic and conservative Persian, he did not try the typical Middle Eastern trick of cashing in on the Cold War by exaggerating Soviet threats in order to get American grants.

Just before I arrived in Persia last

year a series of incidents on the Persian-Soviet border had been represented in the press as major invasions by the Soviet. Explaining them to me General Razmara pulled out a sheaf of maps and pointed out that they all concerned the same dozen spots where the border is not properly demarcated. Asked about the Communist threat he opined there are only two hundred or so "real Communists" in Persia, with empty bellies the chief recruiter of members for the Communist-controlled Tudeh Party. General Razmara quoted his favourite proverb—"A man's first country is his belly"—showing a sense of social realism unusual in Persia.

Razmara The Intriguer

Although unusual in these regards Razmara was thoroughly Persian in being the master of complicated diplomatic intrigue. He certainly completely foxed the Americans. When he came into office last June, on the day following the North Korean attack, the American Embassy, which had helped drum up support for him, was overjoyed. It felt it had sound reason for feeling he was "in their pocket." In 1946 he had endeared himself to the Americans by favouring strong action to put down the Soviet-sponsored 'Azerbaijan rebels when others were more timid. As Chief of Staff he helped negotiate the Persian-American military agreement of 1947 and thereafter remodelled the Persian Army on American lines. This helped shape the American strategy of relying on the Army and the Throne as its chief Persian allies.

After he became Premier it soon became clear that General Razmara was expert at Persia's favourite game—the 'diplomatic doublecross.' Persian Radio stations stopped broadcasting the Voice of America (as well as the less strident BBC). Persia's Seven Year Plan, master-minded by leading American engineering firms, was shelved. Razmara signed a £7 million trade agreement with the Soviets and told the annoyed Americans: "We



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helps you to find
**RIGHT MEN
FOR RIGHT JOBS**

cannot take the one part or the other."

The possibility of a Soviet-Persian agreement was opened up by the Soviet decision at the end of 1949 to use a new and softer policy in the Middle East. The Kremlin apparently decided that East and Southeast Asia offered more fruitful fields for cultivation and limited its objectives in Persia to curbing American influence and establishing the possibility of long-range success through close contact with decaying Persia through trade missions and the like. After some determined haggling General Razmara accepted the Soviet olive branch, largely because he knew he could do little himself to stop the Red Army should it be ordered to march and that he could get little immediate support from either the U. S. or Britain.

Premier Razmara's conciliatory actions coincided with Britain's desire for peaceful conditions in Persia so that exploitation of the South Persian oil fields could continue undisturbed. British diplomats feared too provocative a policy might evoke Soviet countermeasures including labour troubles in the huge Abadan refineries—the world's largest. These massive refineries and nearby oil fields represent Britain's most valuable single asset in the Middle East. Apart from trying to get Egypt to permit British troops to remain in the Suez Canal region, Britain has given top diplomatic priority in the Middle East to retaining control of the South Persian fields. In July 1949 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company negotiated a new agreement giving the Persian Government almost as good terms as any Middle Eastern country has secured if not as good terms as those secured by Venezuela. It could afford good terms because its 1949 profits surpassed 25%.

It was impossible for a series of Persian Governments to ratify the new agreement because the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has become the whipping dog of Persian nationalists of all colours. To Persians foreign ownership of their chief national resource is a constant reminder of their enfeebled condition. For a Persian politician attacking the AIOC is as sure a road to popularity as attacking

Zionism is in the Arab world. It is far safer than attacking the 200 families of parasitic Persian landlords who own most of Persia's arable lands and take 60-80% of the crop from their tenants as rent. So popular a whipping dog is the oil company that even the most pro-British parliamentarians—including those believed to be on the company's secret payroll—feel constrained to lash out at the company occasionally to demonstrate their patriotism.

General Razmara's emergence was encouraged by Britain because it was believed that he would be as deft as any politician in steering the new agreement through the *Majlis* (Parliament) and firm enough to take on exceptional powers to jam through the agreement if necessary. Beneath his hard-driving realism there was a reserve for ruthlessness which many experts on Persia expected would head him to become Persia's 'strong man.'

Once Razmara came into the open as the advocate of the new oil agreement he became the butt of all nationalist vitriol. He was accused of "selling out" to Britain and scheming to make himself military dictator. In Parliament the orator-nationalists of the National Front—representing mainly the Teheran merchants—drowned all his efforts at securing support for the agreement in a flood of fervent vitriol. Few dared speak in favour of the agreement. In the market places and mosques people were worked up by members of the fanatically anti-foreign *Fadaian Islam* (Those Ready to Die for Islam) headed by the Chief *Mullah* (priest) of Persia, violently anti-British Sheikh Syed Abdul Ghaem Kashani.

The slaying of General Razmara is the third outstanding assassination attempt by a devotee of this fanatical sect. Although screened from the outside world by censorship, the unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Shah in February 1949 was the handiwork of this group. Its leader, Sheikh Kashani, was arrested and sent into temporary exile. But the Shah wanted an excuse to suppress the Communist-led Tudeh Party, so the police obligingly forged a Tudeh membership card and diary for the captured assassin and the story was put out that

Tudeh had done the job. Subsequently these fanatical assassins—who believe they will go to Paradise for removing "Enemies of Islam"—were more successful and killed Minister of Court Abdul Hazhir in November 1949.

Sheikh Kashani, the leader of this assassin sect, called in December for the nationalization of AIOC. Razmara opposed this violently, saying that Persia did not have the technical ability to run the mammoth oil company.

GENERAL RAZMARA AND PERSIAN POLITICS

(From A Diplomatic Correspondent)

THE assassination of General Razmara may be the gravest event that has happened since the invasion of South Korea last year. For this career soldier, who until 10 months ago had never dabbled in politics, was like the little Dutch boy who with his thumb kept the flood from coming through the dyke.

Now that he is out of the way anything can happen in Persia. Unrest among the tribes in the South has already been reported but more serious is the growing pressure that has been exercised from the North in recent months.

His Achievement

It was General Razmara's great achievement that he managed to appease the Russian demands without sacrificing essential Persian interests. There is no one on the scene who can take his place.

Razmara was a strange character, loved by his friends and feared by his opponents. He was no blusterer. Above all, his opponents feared his smile.

He smiled when he took some firm and disconcerting step. He had himself always under control. His education at the exclusive French military academy of St. Cyr stood him in good stead.

In the Background

He bided his time. Through Reza Shah's dictatorship he served his country, but kept in the background. Then in the general clean-up of the army some four years ago he was chosen to head the new General Staff; he was then 44.

He withdrew the agreement from Parliament and seemed on the point of dissolving Parliament when the assassin struck. With this strong and efficient man removed by the assassin's bullet the dikes are open for the floods of nationalist passion. The floods seem likely to disturb Persia's precarious stability and may even wash away Britain's most valuable Middle East Possession.—Copyright—N. P. S.

Unlike the previous Chief of Staff, Razmara kept out of politics. He tried, with the help of the American Colonel Schwarzkopp, to improve and reorganise the Persian forces.

How necessary this was was explained by Razmara with a comment Schwarzkopp made to him on one occasion: He told him, after surveying the situation, that he would need 16,000 American GIs to straighten out the Persian Gendarmerie of 16,000.

He Produced Order

Razmara persevered, and he produced order, improved conditions and the quality of the officers. Above all, the Shah began to notice this quiet, firm, energetic officer, who, unlike others, never needed a siesta in the afternoon, and could go without sleep at night.

A close friendship grew up between the young Shah and the young Chief of Staff. When the opportunity came ten months ago, the Shah asked Razmara to form a new Government and to govern.

It was no easy situation for the soldier turned Premier. He inherited troubles all round. There was trouble with the many American missions which were advising the Persians in their Seven-year Plan.

There was trouble with the Persian Parliament over the revised British oil concession which the opposition managed to obstruct. There was trouble with the Russians about frontier incidents, trade and the presence of Americans near the Russian border. There was trouble with neighbouring Irak, which had laid claim on

some southern areas of Persia.

Razmara, with the Shah's support, started quietly and then startled all concerned by his smiling, ruthless decisions. He sacked the American missions. He told the British and Americans that Persia would no longer relay the broadcasts of the BBC and the Voice of America.

Next, he concluded a trade agreement with the Russians which was not unfavourable to Persia. He also issued instructions forbidding all foreigners to travel in the frontier regions.

Pro-Russian? No

This led to accusations that he was pro-Russian. This was not so. Like the Shah, Razmara had become impressed by the exposed position of Persia. The United States and Britain were in no position to bring immediate aid to Persia in case of conflict.

The British had one division over 2,000 miles away on the Suez Canal. The Russians were barely two miles across the border.

The new firm policy of the Premier won the approval of both London

and Washington. It was recognised that it would be absurd for the Persians to provoke a conflict in their present position.

On the other hand, the Premier was firm in his support for the British in their offer for increased royalties to Persia, but he could not overcome the opposition's blocking tactics.

Last month Razmara decided that it was time to speak out.

He announced that Persia's policy in future would be one of neutrality; he wanted to return to the old position when Persia would be independent but friendly with both Russian and British. He said he would work towards that end.

His sudden death is a grave blow to the Persians, but hardly less so to the world at large. For so long as he was at his post the world could be sure that no sell-out and no adventurist risk would occur in Persia. Now the world can no longer be sure. A great responsibility rests on Razmara's closest friend—the Shah, whose honeymooning with his bride of three weeks, Soraya Esfandiari, has just ended.—(Lens Copyright.)

A CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE disciplinary action which the Congress Working Committee has just administered to Sri T. Prakasam and his co-adjutors at Madras, raises certain far reaching issues affecting the future well-being of the country, although in itself the matter is of little or no consequence to the main contestants. Sri Prakasam is not certainly going to sink down in the popular esteem even if he be censured; neither is the Congress hierarchy including in this instance, the Madras Legislature Congress Party likely to rehabilitate itself in public favour even after its decision had been carried out.

Democracy is not merely the rule of the majority nor does it connote a state where the rulers and the ruled are of one accord. If that were so, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy where the majority held the reins and the Communist States where the governing party and the people are imbued with the same ideology, would have to be dubbed democratic, which certainly could not be the case. The test then of a genuine democratic set-up is whether there is in it scope for full, free and frank expression of views, in short whether the government is by discussion and not dictation and freedom of speech is subserved, not regimented. Such indeed are the British and the American constitutions and such the ideal which our own constitution has set before itself by classing freedom of speech and expression as the very first of the Fundamental Rights. And it is noteworthy that within a year of its working, the country's judiciary has amplified the concept a great deal in the "Cross-Roads" and Master Tara Singh's cases, removing in one restrictions on circulation of views, and abrogating in the other, even the Sedition law in Sec. 124-A Indian Penal Code.

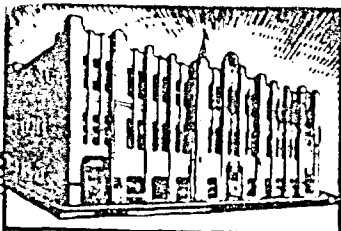
The charge against Sri Prakasam is that by-passing the Working Committee Report, he had chosen to raise a debate in the State Assembly about his accusations against certain Madras

ministers. These accusations, it may be noted, were levelled against them in respect of particularized acts and omissions in the discharge of their official duties; and although Sri Prakasam had figured as the main complainant, his right as M.L.A. to discuss them in the Assembly cannot conceivably be denied, especially when it is remembered that the tribunal itself was constituted in the teeth of his opposition and of public opinion. Nor can the right of the legislature as such to deal with them threadbare, incidentally affording opportunity which was until then not available to the not inconsiderable number of M.L.As. who are not members of the Congress Party to express their own views and reactions, at all be nullified. Furthermore, the motion to bring up the matter in the Assembly, had been allowed by its President and it would obviously constitute a breach of privilege if those who avail themselves of their rights, are sought to be penalised. After all the controversy is not one between Sri Prakasam and the concerned ministers, but affects the rights and privileges of the members of the legislature throughout the country.

So far as the Report itself is concerned, it cannot reasonably be contended that the conclusions arrived at are unexceptionable. Indeed the Press in India which is the true mirror of public opinion, has significantly chosen not to applaud them, and if it had not criticised it (the Report) adversely, it was solely out of deference to the distinguished personages who had participated in it. But there is no gainsaying the fact that the ministers concerned in the enquiry have not been judged by the same standards admissible to permanent Government servants who might be similarly circumstanced. And that clearly is an infraction of the principle of the Rule of Law.

Discipline is of the very essence of any organisation, more especially of a body like the Indian National Congress, which had built up its authority

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PERSIAN OIL NATIONALISATION —ITS IMPLICATIONS

I remember my Headmaster saying that the aim of higher education is to enable people to adapt themselves quickly to new conditions. The newspaper reader in Britain, and in India, of course, today, has to be a master at the art of adaptability. The main items in the British Press in the past week have been the increasing strain which the Opposition is putting on the Government by its all-night sittings and many divisions, the result of a court case in which the illegitimate son of one of Britain's rich earls tried to establish his right to succeed to the title, the release of a soldier in Korea who had been charged with shooting a Korean whilst on sentry duty, the funeral of Ivor Novello, the visit of the Italian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister to Britain, and the replayed semi-final ties of the Football Association Cup. Such items, the reader will take in his stride, but the latest item of news to catch the headlines is a different matter altogether. It is the recommendation of the oil committee of the Persian Government that the oil undertakings in Persia should be nationalised.

At first sight, this might seem to be a perfectly reasonable demand. One can hear the nationalists throughout the world saying, "Why shouldn't the poor Persians have the full benefit of the oil which is in their own country? Why should capitalists from outside control a purely Persian industry?" But it is not quite as simple as that. Firstly, it should be understood that the oil in Persia does belong to that country, and to no-one else. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has paid a royalty to the Persian Government, in return for which it can have the rights of extracting, refining and marketing the oil. The sixty-years' contract expires in 1993. The land in which the oil is found has not been sold to Britain or any other country. It still belongs to Persia. A similar situation existed in Mexico, and as a result of expropriation the production

of oil dried up, there was unemployment, loss of income and general depression. That is a danger of nationalism such as that in Persia. There is this invaluable asset of oil, real wealth to the country. If Persia takes over this wealth (and a breaking of the contract with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company would be illegal) then can one expect that the country will gain any benefit? One cannot imagine that the foreign money which has been, and is still being, put into the production of oil, and the introduction of amenities to the workers, which are not available in other parts of the country, will be forthcoming. Nor will the foreign experts, the technicians, remain to run the company. The country will undoubtedly be the poorer for the nationalisation of the oil industry.

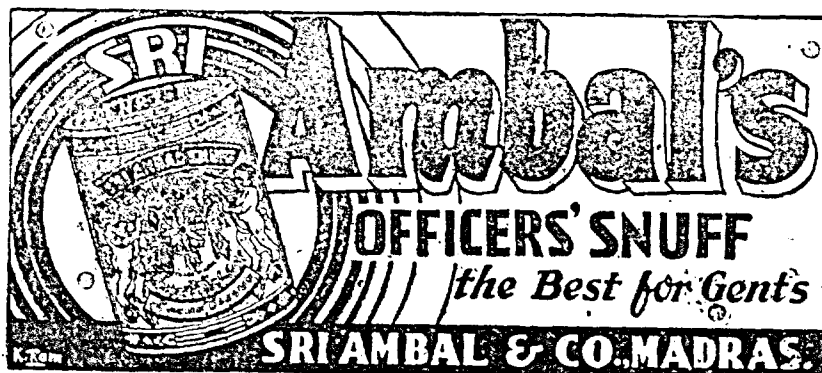
The rejoinder to this is, I know, that no financial profit can equal the loss of independence which the operation of the oil company by foreigners entails. One could sympathise with this more if the spirit behind the recent moves had been that of a popular feeling of resentment, but it is nothing of the kind. The motive power has been provided by men who have considerable interest in what happens to the oil company. The Majlis, the Persian Parliament, is controlled by the great landowners and merchants. It is not fully representative. These leaders, who also control the Government's economy, have consistently shown themselves to be against social and administrative reform. The Shah of Persia has been foremost in trying to clean-up the public services and to introduce measures which would make easier the lot of the great majority of the people of his country. The Shah realises that the only way of getting the money necessary for these reforms is from the royalties from the oil company. And, quite rightly, there have been demands for increased royalties, demands which have, by and large,

and prestige only through disciplined suffering and sacrifice. But it is difficult to assess what constitutes discipline and what its breach, and this is all the greater in the case of the Congress, which so to say, occupies a multiple role in the body politic, as representing the people, the party, the government and the organisation. Parliamentary programme is but a phase of its activities; and in not a few instances, the parliamentary programme itself may conflict with the constructive programme. In Madras, for instance, compulsory Hindi (and as Sri Prakasam's exit from the Premiership proved) even compulsory spinning, are anathema to vast numbers of Congressmen and M.L.As. How then is the disciplinary jurisdiction to be invoked? The answer may be provided thus: disciplinary action in respect of the Congress, can come into play only when the basic tenets of the Congress ideology are sought to be violated, because any day the organisation is infinitely greater than the party or the individual. Now what are these basic tenets? They are no more than what go to make up its own nomenclature, Indian National Congress. Consequently, all acts and omissions of Congressmen, high or low, member or minister, fostering provincialism and communalism which are plainly antithetical to the terms 'Indian' and 'National' have to be proceeded against and put down with an iron hand, if the organisation is to survive and fulfil its ideals. In the present context, Sri Prakasam has not gone against Congress principles

by exposing the actions of the ministers concerned, because granting licenses and loans to near relations and over-riding the decisions of courts are not part of the Congress ideology or of its election programme.

Disciplinary action therefore should proceed on fair and just principles and not be capricious or arbitrary, neither should it discriminate or operate at the behest of the more influential. To leave out Congressmen who violate many of the admonitions, directives and directions of the nation's trusted leaders like Pandit Nehru and even of the Congress High Command and castigate Sri Prakasam for criticising un-Congress like policies and actions, is perhaps the biggest political mockery of our times. After all the Congress is not a party or the mouthpiece of a few powerful personages, but an organisation which as Mahatma claimed at the London Round Table Conference, represents the dumb millions of the country.

On the general issue of party discipline, it is worth recalling the words of Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao uttered in 1938, when the Congress had just been in the saddle: "Restriction of discussion is the first mark of dictatorship. In the interest of party discipline, it is said free speech must be gagged. Fate is beginning to weave an alien thread into the structure of democracy; and if this process goes on, human rights will be imperilled. When human liberty is gone, of what avail is it that the form of government is Democracy?"



been conceded. It should be noticed, though, that when, two years ago, the Persian Government and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, in what was to be a supplementary agreement, agreed that the Persian Government should have almost twice as much money from the earnings of the company as they had been having, it was these landowners and merchants in the Majlis who resisted the new agreement and eventually prevented it. It is these same men, who are not concerned in the slightest with the welfare of their country, who are pressing for what they call the nationalization of the oil industry, which cannot but result in a financial loss to the country, quite apart from the international complications which might well accrue. Once again, it seems, there is on the one hand the scheming of ambitious men and the pride, to some extent artificially stimulated, of the people of the country. There can be no solution for the next three months, but only a short while ago the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company submitted to the Government an offer which would give Persia equal shares in the profits of the Company. The Company is providing the technical skill, the machinery, the men and, perhaps more important than any of these, the means of distributing the oil. The company is also providing the capital for an industry for which it has an agreement of only 60 years. Yet it offers to Persia half its profits. Persia would be wise to accept this offer in her own interests and in the interests of the wider issues that might be involved.

The "harrying", to quote Mr. Boothby, M.P., of the Government by the Opposition continues, and so does the discussion as to whether the Conservatives are in the right in putting this strain on the Government. The Conservatives claim that they have every right, that the Government

should have resigned long ago as it had such a small majority, and it should not have introduced anything into the House which had the least suspicion of party politics as it had no clear mandate from the people. The Labour Party is, however, not quite as strained as the Conservatives would wish. Mr. Attlee has given a "pep" talk to his party in which, it is said, he has told them that he will remain in office until the times are more favourable for a Labour victory. That would be when the cost of living shows signs of diminishing rather than increasing, which it is doing daily, and when the food situation, especially meat, improves. As I have written before, I am sure that the electorate is more in sympathy with the Government than the Opposition over these exhausting methods of the Conservatives, and I also feel that if one party is to give way under the strain it is more likely to be the Conservatives. They have not the same inspiration nor the same discipline as the Labour party members. It is easier for a Labour M. P. to forego his weekend than it is for most of the Conservatives. The Conservatives are going to find their methods something of a boomerang if they are not careful.

Meanwhile, the people of Britain are looking forward to their first break from work this year, at Easter. This weekend, for it is no more than that, is a reminder that soon we shall be having the warmer days, we shall be able to anticipate some sunshine and no more frosts, until next winter, and we can begin to plan for our week or fortnight in the summer, when we shall leave our everyday work and worries and go away to the seaside or the country. We do not have many holidays in Britain, but when we do have them we appreciate them and enjoy them to the full.

TRUTH, IT'S WONDERFUL

The Zagreb Naprijed (Forward) in Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia counted 101 mentions of Premier Joseph Stalin on a single front page of Pravda (Truth), the Communist Party organ in Moscow ("Newsweek" Jan. 15). Last week the Zagreb Vjesnik (Informer), not to be outdone, calculated that Pravda, in one two-column article on the Korean war, used 43 epithets for United Nations troops. The breakdown: Bandits—12 times; Barbarians—10 times; Cannibals—8 times; Monsters—7 times; Savages—4 times; Invaders—twice.—NEWSWEEK.

THE GERMAN SCENE TODAY

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

GERMANY has once again become the central theme in the international drama. Russia wants to make it the core of the coming Four Power Talks. For Germany is being wooed as a desirable ally by the two clashing power blocks. Obviously German industry is of vital importance in the armament programme of each. For they both deviated from the original programme of emasculating German production for a long time to come and have since been feverishly building up the battered industrial potential. And German production particularly since Korea has regained its pre-war level. There is in fact today an unlimited market for German coal and steel.

But where do the German people come into this picture? What is their share in the new wealth? For the starting point for any realistic analysis of the present situation is the people of the country, as the economic condition is reflected not merely by the production figures but even more by the state of the various classes the population is composed of. It is best to quote in this connection, Dr. Schumacher, the leader of the Social Democrats in Western Germany. "The situation in Germany is such that 35% of the inhabitants have not only retained all they possessed before the war, but have become in effect even richer because the others have become poorer. Another group, about 25 per cent, have not enough to live on but just manage to keep body and soul together. The rest of the people, 40 per cent, have nothing but their food ration cards. Such conditions mean latent social revolution."

Making up these destitute 40 per cent are the many millions who were bombed out of their homes, the other millions evacuated from the German and Polish Provinces now in the hands of the Russian and Poles, and the vast number expelled from Czechoslovakia, Hungary and other European countries. They arrived with nothing but the clothes on their backs, crowded into cellars or rooms without furniture, kitchen utensils or any

amenities. Not for a hundred years had such destitution existed in Germany. During the blackest days of depression, they had shelter, could obtain coal and draw insurance which could enable them to eat twice as much as they do today. In other words, the basic living standard of more than half the population has dropped far below anything within experience.

Among the 25% who manage to gain fair livelihood are the workers and other employees in cities and towns that were not bombed out, and who even if they do not get food enough, at least have proper habitation with minimum human conditions.

The 35% who according to Dr. Schumacher, suffered little from the war fall into groups; farmers and the Nazis with their collaborators. The countryside with some exception was not devastated, and the farmers were left intact with their land and their implements. The former middle class, the product and therefore also the victim of the war economy, naturally went into liquidation with the collapse of that economy and the inflation that followed. Old people who lived on their savings just died off, others became day labourers, still others gangsters.

Europe's economic and social crisis had begun even while the war was on, affecting every sector of its life. The question now was whether this social revolution that had begun would be allowed to complete its cycle. Obviously this has been thwarted and the reasons are not far to seek.

After charting a course for the economic dismantling of Germany, the occupation powers have travelled in exactly the opposite direction. On the contrary the goal seems to be to transform those very plants into the busiest and most efficient of all in Europe. The about-turn came when the principle of co-operation between the victor and the aggressor was replaced by a plan to use Germany's industrial potential for a eventual assault on each other—former partners in the

coalition of the victorious. Today Germany is the keystone of the rearmament programme of the power blocks, each of them wooing the country it had sworn to press under the military iron heel, as the most desirable ally. The irony of the situation is its own tragedy.

When the Russians first advanced into Germany, their impulse seems to have been to seize every machine they could lay their hands on, and cart it off. The tide later turned and even some of the plants that had been removed were brought back. The economic administration was planned and directed by a central agency under Russian supervision, the Soviet Industrial Corporation. It is a vital element in a series of wide-spread interlocking cartels. It is also clear that all German trade, inter-zonal as well as foreign, has become part of the foreign trade of the Soviet Union itself. One could not overestimate the importance of this administrative economic device superimposed on the major enterprises of the zone, to eventually integrate it into the economy established since the war on the border areas of the Soviet Union.

Thus Russian economic planning was spurred on by the feverish armament programme. All their present reasons for carrying on production for reparations on German soil, apply equally to the manufacture of arms. V2 rockets are being manufactured in the great underground factories of Germany.

On the social front, while the semi-feudal aristocracy was liquidated, the new small landlords were brought under the blanket control of the State. Lacking every essential they were fully dependent on the Government bureau which retained economic and political control of its beneficiaries.

Yet it is not such a complete social levelling as to create a classless society. For along with this has been another development in quite the opposite direction—the emergence of a privileged few out of the ruck of the liquidation and impoverishment, and elite composed of the German intellectuals who support the Soviet and its political arm, the Socialist Unity Party, among whom are the more important officials of the various

Russian sponsored organisations. This group enjoys tangible privileges in the way of extra weekly allotments of food and other amenities. Nor is the expropriation and dispossessing of the former Nazi chiefs complete. Certain notorious Nazis have been able to keep their business, while well-known anti-Nazis have lost theirs. For the determining factor rather seems to be the individual's relations with the authorities. The important point is that the class from which the managers and technical experts spring is not being liquidated as such but simply purged, and the survival and retention of authority rests on patronage. The industrialists persist where they become in effect the agents of the State economy.

In the Western Zone an equally deplorable process has been at work. Support for the restoration of Germany as an economic and industrial power in the "Stop Russia" cold and hot war, has inevitably meant support of its former ruling class; bestowing larger powers on the industrialists and the return of several of the former prominent Nazis to positions of high responsibility. The top 10% of the society is made up of those Nazis and the collaborators who made vast fortunes out of the war. In fact even the American General that headed the Economics Division in Germany was the principal figure in the raising of American loans of over a hundred million dollars to Germany's largest steel trust for modernising and expanding the Ruhr industries as part of the rearmament programme. It is also to be remembered that while the huge I. G. Farben combine was "dissolved", the company still continues to exist in its component parts, which are no doubt scattered through the zones, for it is in the main a vertically integrated trust, with each group of companies geared to mesh its operations with those of another group; and as such integration is considered absolutely essential in the prevailing feverish stepping up of production. In the context of war preparedness, the I. G. firms combine de facto. As a frank analysis of the United States Foreign Policy by the *Fortune* Magazine stated: "A few years ago any one who predicted that the United States and

Britain would be striving to rebuild the heart of industrial Germany would have had the Secret Service on his tail. Now there simply isn't any other course... we must stay in Germany to help rebuild, stimulate private enterprise...."

When labour Britain launched out on nationalisation of its key industries, a somewhat similar programme was announced for the Ruhr. But that plan was soon laid low and was on the contrary overwhelmed by a new armament drive in which the German industrial potential was to play a big part. Obviously the United States feels it has an interest in safe-

guarding the American investors from confiscation and equally of preserving private enterprise wherever it can, in any part of the world.

Germany's resuscitation in terms of world wide rivalry of the great powers can only mean tragedy for Germany and black doom for democracy. For the continuation of the present policy which perpetuates the old ruling class and its collaborators, lays the foundation for the revival of a neo fascist military regime. A fundamental change in the social structure alone can answer the problem.—*Copyright N.P.S.*

POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN HYDERABAD

By K. S. S.

THE late Sardar Patel calculated wrongly when he thought that the bringing in of 16 Hyderabadis through the backdoor into the Parliament as representatives of the people and the association of four State Congress nominees with the Government, would satisfy public opinion and improve matters. Mr. K. Ramarao, then Editor of *Searchlight* described the introduction of the diarchical form of Government as a "dangerous contraption" when he was asked to bless the association of Congressmen with the Government at a public meeting, and it has proved to be so. During their nine months' regime the so-called four "popular Ministers" have done precious little by way of improving the lot of the masses. The fact is they have not been allowed to do anything independently. The gentleman's understanding on joint responsibility has been flouted. The wire-pulling from Delhi continued and is still continuing.

The Chief Minister, Mr. M. K. Vellodi, reviewing the general situation recently, said that Hyderabad was "in a pretty mess today." The general situation is most depressing. Irresponsible people may try to under-rate the trials and tribulations of the masses. The general complaint is against lawlessness and the risks resulting therefrom to the life, liberty

and property of people. The food situation is equally gloomy. The rural areas have been exposed to famine and the Government have shirked the responsibility of supplying foodgrains at prices within the reach of the common people. The rural areas have been undergoing terrible privations on account of scarcity of foodgrains, high prices, blackmarketing and hoarding, but the local press is not vigilant or bold enough to take up the cause of the public. The masses are starving. They said the same thing when hungry masses looted godowns in a desperate bid to save their lives in Raichur where the food officials acted in a most irresponsible and indifferent manner, and opened fire which resulted in three deaths.

The plight of the weavers is as deplorable as it is in other States. The problem of unemployment has become acute in the wake of the closure of many industrial concerns and retrenchment of personnel in army and some Government departments. The Government have not chosen to define their industrial policy. Their policy seems to be to have no policy at all. The Finance Minister, though personally an excellent individual, is extremely unimaginative and conservative. He never went beyond balancing the ways and means position against normal expenditure determined not according to any plan or pro-

gramme or policy, but by the exigencies of the situation arising from time to time. His budgets are colourless, reflecting no policy at all. The Education Minister, Mr. B. Ramakrishna Rao, has been constrained to tell the people that they could not expect any new school or college in the near future because the Lalk Ali Government squandered the 16-crore reserve. The fact is the official Ministers are not releasing funds for welfare activities. Another Congress Minister, Mr. V. B. Raju, has produced more schemes in nine months than all the other Ministers put together, but they are put in cold storage for the same reason. Thus in no sphere has the diarchical Government, "the present administrative machinery," improved the lot of the people at large. The discontent of the people is mounting up. There is frustration, gloom, inertia and unhappiness rampant everywhere.

Mr. D. G. Bindu, President of the State Congress, represented the true feelings of the people when he demanded a "full-fledged popular Government." Mr. Bindu is also reported to have threatened to withdraw his nominees from the Cabinet if the demand for a full-fledged popular Government is not conceded. It is a healthy sign that the State Congress Chief has mustered up courage to address threats to the Central Government. The Congress leaders ought to have shown this spirit of self-assertion long ago and resisted all attempts to stifle democracy in the back in Hyderabad. Now that the demand for a full-fledged popular Government has become persistent, the Government of India seem to have offered to throw some more minor crumbs of power before the State Congress. But it is time the Government of India realised that these tactics would not satisfy public opinion in the State.

WILL THE WAR START IN YUGOSLAVIA?

By FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

YUGOSLOVIA is expecting military attack from one or more of her Cominform neighbours at a moment's notice. That is the impression which some of her leaders gave—and perhaps intentionally gave—to foreign observers visiting Belgrade. It is lent some force by the monotonously regular reports from Yugoslavia herself and from the bordering nations about frontier violations, incidents, and infiltration of spies and saboteurs. Indeed diplomatic protests have been passing at such a rate between Belgrade on the one hand and Sofia, Bucharest and Budapest on the other, that the Foreign Ministers of all four countries seem now to have reached a climax in official abuse.

But Marshal Tito himself, when I saw him in his private villa on the outskirts of Belgrade earlier this year, showed little sign of anxiety or unease. Like all his people, he has been well aware ever since July 1948 of the risks which defiance of the Soviet block was bound to bring. He also knows that he himself is human target number one for the masters of the Kremlin. But, throughout our forty minute talk his personal manner radiated confidence and calm.

Josip Broz Tito holds today the three key positions in the Yugoslav regime: Prime Minister, General Secretary of the Communist Party, and Marshal of Yugoslavia. The second of these is in fact the most important. But on most public and private occasions he likes to appear in the role of military leader. And the title of Marshal is the one invariably used in both official statements and by his immediate personal staff.

Marshal Tito was walking in the grounds of his spacious garden when my car drove through the well protected gates. The staff of his residence—including apparently even the sentries—consisted almost entirely of officers from the crack Tito Guards regiment in smart Russian-type uni-

forms complete with Tsarist epaulettes.

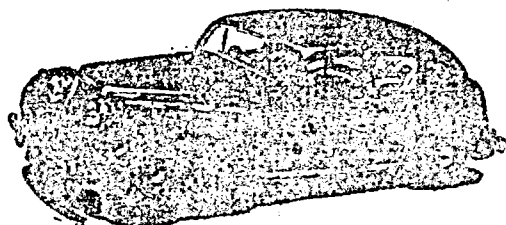
The Marshal was very cautious in discussing his country's international commitments. He declined to say whether he felt that Western Governments had yet made it adequately clear that they would assist Yugoslavia in the event of an attack. Nor would he indicate whether, if aggression started not directly against Yugoslavia but against some other nearby nation, Yugoslavia would remain neutral. But he spoke with some satisfaction of the recent improvement of relations between Yugoslavia and Greece. "They are getting closer every day" he said "and will benefit not only both our countries economically and in other ways, but will also contribute to the general stabilisation of the Balkans."

On conditions inside the neighbouring Soviet satellite states Marshal Tito told me he was "not informed" and he refused to comment on the possibility that Titoism might spread. In fact he would deny that there is any such phenomenon as Titoism in existence. In his view it is simply the "correct application of Marxist-Leninist teachings."

Some Yugoslav leaders gave me the impression that, now and for some few months more, the military balance would be in their country's favour in the event of an attack upon its territory by one or more of the satellite states—provided that they acted without Russian intervention. But the satellite armies, say the Yugoslavs, are now being reorganised and re-equipped.

At the same time, both high officials and party members, and the general public, seemed to view Yugoslavia's apparently perilous position with a praise-worthy absence of alarm or panic. Of recent reports of Yugoslav approaches to the West for military supplies or assistance in the future, I heard no echo, either in Belgrade or elsewhere in the country. But I did

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near a good deal of enthusiastic talk about the reputed "thirty divisions" of Yugoslavia's army. Created under Marshal Tito's own leadership during the war of liberation from the Germans, this army—in respect of the fighting quality of its officers and men—is, without doubt, one of the best in Europe. But it suffers from a serious shortage of heavy equipment and, above all, of standardised weapons.

My last visit to Yugoslavia was in March 1949—eight months after the Cominform had denounced Marshal Tito as a traitor, and Russia and her Eastern satellites had already imposed a total economic Iron Curtain. But, at that time, Yugoslavia's new international orientation had affected the domestic nature of the regime only to a very small extent. Her ideological hostility to the Western Powers was still quite undisguised. For a Western observer it was then difficult even to meet officials and Party members. And ordinary citizens still seemed to feel seriously afraid of open personal contacts with people from the West. At that time Marshal Tito himself, and the Yugoslav propaganda machine, were as violent as any Partisan of Moscow in their denunciations of the Marshal Plan, the Atlantic Pact, and other aspects of "capitalist imperialist warmongering."

Revisiting Yugoslavia today, a first major impression is that the internal Party line has now, to a great extent, caught up with her international reorientation. Leading members of the Polit Bureau—notably Mosha Pijade and Milovan Djilas—have been busy for months working out a new theoretical basis for the Yugoslav Communist Party's present practice. But that basis is still tentative and undecided. Indeed major modifications are taking place from week to week. The Atlantic Pact is now seen, by official theorists, as having "some defensive tendencies", although it is still basically aggressive "as, in a capitalist world, it is bound to be."

But Marshal Tito himself was unwilling to admit that political errors by his Government bore any responsibility either for falling agricultural production, or for failure to complete the five year plan in time. The rhythm of Yugoslavia's industrialisa-

tion, they claim, was upset by the Cominform blockade which not only necessitated a complete reorientation of Yugoslav economic output, but deprived her suddenly of big supplies of materials and plant already promised from Russia and satellites, particularly from Czechoslovakia. And the increasing needs of the defence programme now imposed an added effort on already strained resources of machinery and manpower.

Many observers think, however, that U. S. food supplies and large British credits for equipment, raw materials, and some consumer goods, may have prevented economic collapse. And they feel that a new, and rather different approach by the Yugoslav Government itself will be needed to put that economy on a sound basis for the future. The pace of industrialisation may have to be slowed up still further. And the peasants must be given more monetary incentives and more consumer goods. But, as yet, I find little willingness in official circles to admit that mistakes as well as bad luck and international complications were responsible for current difficulties.

Yugoslavia today is a country of great shortage, and fantastically high prices, and a very low standard of living for her workers. Even so, officials claim—and can produce statistics which look most convincing—that for very many people the living standard is actually higher than it was before the war. And I could certainly find no great nostalgia in any section of the population to return to the political and economic set-up which Yugoslavia lived under between the two world wars.

In recent months, some Yugoslav leaders have been at pains to show that the break with Soviet Russia opened their eyes to many major errors in the system they had adopted until 1948. They freely admit to having copied, far too readily and far too closely, the Soviet example which they now denounce as "state capitalism in a particularly violent and brutal form." They seemed specially anxious to prove to official and other observers from the Western world that they have now rejected "tyrannical Stalinist methods" and

are engaged on a systematic policy of democratising their country.

But democracy, in this context, has rather a different meaning for them from what is generally understood in the West. It relates primarily to increasing workers' participation in the management of factories, and to the part which panels of citizens are now being encouraged to play in local government. But, so far as I could see, workers' committees and citizens' panels are still firmly under Communist Party control. The wider aspects of democracy are still very undeveloped.

Elections are still conducted on the basis of a single list. Marshal Tito declined to answer when I asked him whether—if international tension relaxes—he foresees any possibility of more than one party or block emerging. He was likewise unanxious to comment on whether the new Yugoslav penal code now under discussion would provide for independent judges and for an equivalent habeas corpus. And six months ago, one of his leading lieutenants was still emphasising the need for maintaining and perfecting the secret police whose duty is to protect the dictatorship of the proletariat "from internal enemies."

Today the enemies most feared by the regime are no longer "reactionary bourgeois elements" who have, in any case, by now been reduced to complete political impotence, but agents of the Cominform. (Incidentally, since my last visit to Belgrade, Western and Eastern diplomats in that city seemed to have exchanged their roles. Staffed by only a few minor officials, the Russian and satellite embassies are now closely guarded, their inmates constantly under supervision. The guests of honour at official functions are now Sir Charles Peake and Mr. George Allen. This is a novel role even for the British Ambassador who—since his arrival in Belgrade in 1946 and despite strained official relations at that time—is credited with having had close contacts with Yugoslav leaders even before the Cominform split.)

It might have been expected that the chief danger to the regime would now lie within the ranks of the Communist Party—particularly among the

Old Guard. But so far as I could see, there was no sign that the great majority of Party members is not now loyally behind the Marshal. His determination to stand up to Soviet threat has also won him some support—although it may be still reluctant—from many of those who opposed him most violently before 1948.

Yugoslavia today is still very much a Communist nation. The minds of all its chief leaders—including Marshal Tito himself—are firmly set in the Marxist mould. International pressures may encourage still closer relations with the West, but there is no doubt that Tito himself and his fellow members of the Central Committee of the Party would still much prefer that Yugoslavia should play the role of the "only truly Socialist, only truly independent, only truly neutral" nation in the world.—N.N.F.

JUST OUT ! JUST OUT !!

THE WEB OF INDIAN LIFE

BY

SISTER NIVEDITA

With an introduction by

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

'Sister Nivedita...., a most sincere disciple of Swami Vivekananda.... (has) brought to the study of Indian life and literature a sound knowledge of Western educational and social sciences, and an unsurpassed enthusiasm of devotion to the peoples and the ideals of her adopted country.Her chief work.....*The Web of Indian Life* (is) almost the only fair account of Hindu Society written in English....'

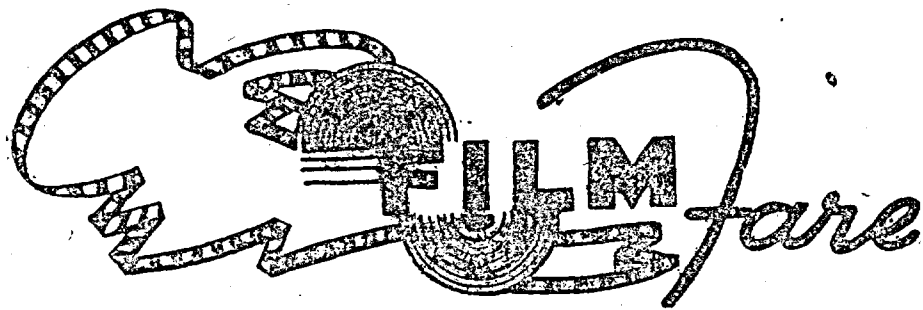
—Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

With beautiful get-up and a portrait of Nivedita.

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ADVAITA ASHRAMA,

4, Wellington Lane, CALCUTTA-13.



By V. P. SATHE

RELEASED in Delhi last week in a dramatic manner, Filmkar's *Deedar* is a moving emotional drama embellished with beguiling musical score by Naushad.

Indeed out of the recent pictures to which Naushad has given the music, *Deedar* is unquestionably Naushad's best. There are at least three or four hit-tunes which can be compared to Naushad's best. Moreover, the story lends itself to music with the principal character designed as a blind singer who cannot express his feelings and emotions in any other way but through songs. So, every song has a meaning, an emotional purport and as such the major number of eleven songs play an important part in the story.

In a way one could say the story revolves round songs, though it would be better to say that the story is often told through songs, which fortunately are well-written, sung with emotional warmth and tuned to the mood of the situation as well to the popular rhythm by that great maestro Naushad.

Moreover, apart from music, the story itself is engrossing. A triangle drama of the formula variety, it is nevertheless refreshing and engrossing in its development and human in its appeal. It is essentially the story of Shamoo, a poor blind man, who in childhood days was not blind and had a crush on Mala, a rich girl of his age. The girl was separated from him: the mother died on the way and he became blind in an accident.

Years passed, he grew up into a handsome but blind youth whose only attribute was he could sing and compose songs. He was well looked after by Champa a village girl of his

own age, who loved him, and by her brother; but he still yearned for his childhood sweetheart who was engaged to Kishore, an England-retained eye-specialist. The eye-specialist heard the blind-man's song, took a fancy for him and promised to restore him his sight; he genuinely felt sympathy for Shamoo and hoped that when Shamoo gets back his eyes he will be able to see his beloved, so did Mala. But little did they know that Shamoo's eyes sought for Mala.

And when Kishore realised this, he was shocked. But without giving vent to his own emotions, Kishore arranged a meeting between Shamoo and Mala on condition that Shamoo would not disclose his identity or talk of childhood. The gradual realization by Shamoo of the fact that the girl he loved, loved his benefactor Kishore and the emotional torture that Kishore underwent provides the emotional tension to a tale which ends with Shamoo walking out of the scene, back to the village with his eyes blinded again leaving Mala ignorant of the storm that almost shook his own and the doctor's heart.

Essentially, this is the story of two men—Shamoo and Kishore. Seldom do we come across an emotional story of men which has the power in it to grip and move the audience. But in this case, Nitin Bose's direction sustains the emotional interest of the theme in a manner which reminds one of his earlier hits like *Dushman* and Dilip Kumar and Ashok Kumar, acting superbly, vie with each other for the honours. *Deedar* touches your heart.

Lavishly mounted, the spectacular modern sets are designed in good taste and the presentation is slick

and smart, once again emphasizing the fact that Nitin Bose is in his real element in such a setting. Among other artistes it is a pity that Nargis has nothing to do. How one wishes her characterization has been more explicit so that this fine artiste could have had an opportunity to display her talent. Comparatively Nimmi, who has a tailor-made role of the pattern of *Barsaat* is more impressive; and Yakub is just a comedian providing occasional relief to the tense story.

Naushad, as already said at the outset, dominates the picture. His tunes and background music are equally impressive; but the purely foreign orchestration for background music often sounds jarring in an Indian setting. It is a pity that instead of evolving Indian sympathy he should rely entirely on Western music for effects.

Thus *Deedar* is a fine example of how a formula picture should be made.

Star Of The Week

Shanta Apte often described as the stormy petrel of the Indian screen is in the news again. This time the object of her wrath is All-India Radio. It appears that last week on Friday the 16th instant she was scheduled to sing from Delhi Radio in the morning at 8-35 a.m. She went to the radio station at 7-50 a.m. but she found no executive of A.I.R. present but only a peon who took her to the studio by 8-20. Till 8-25 the orchestra was not ready; and yet at the scheduled time the announcer announced Shanta Apte's name and said that she would not sing because her voice is bad.

Reporting this incident to Sri Diwaker, State Minister, Shanta Apte said that there was nothing wrong with her voice but that this was a convenient excuse given by the A.I.R. people to cover up their own faults.

While one hopes that the Minister will institute a proper enquiry into the matter there is no doubt that no other artiste would have been so prompt in fighting out her case as Shanta Apte. She is a spirited woman who is never cowed down.

For twenty years now she has been acting on the screen. But even before that she used to sing in public. In

Poona, people have heard her sing as a child during the Ganapati festival.

In 1941 she made her debut in *Shyam Sundar*; the picture was a hit but not Shanta Apte. The director of the picture remarked that Shanta could never succeed on the screen; but in 1943, Shanta Apte became a full-fledged star when she appeared in *Amritmanthan*. For years, she was the star of Prabhat and made a name for herself. But in Prabhat, too, she had to face many turbulent moments; once she went on a hunger strike. During the same period, she created a sensation by walking into Filmindia's office and challenging Baburao Patel for his criticism; she was even alleged to have slapped him with a cane—a report so far not denied by anybody.

When she left Prabhat, and joined Pancholi, she made news. For she had a tilt with the producer on more than one occasion and the matter went even to the court. Back to Bombay she became a free-lancer and acted in a number of pictures, some of which proved a great success. Once she went to the South to play a leading role in a Tamil picture entitled *Savitri*. Yet, there is no doubt that she was the most successful star and perhaps today she is the richest film star in India.

The people who make much fuss over Madhubala's alleged refusal to outsiders are perhaps not aware that Shanta Apte is reported to have once stopped shooting just because the studio-owner had brought his Prince-friend on the set, and refused to work until the distinguished visitor went out.

With all these incidents which reveal her as a fiery, independent-minded woman, Shanta Apte is devoted to music and classical singing. In Andheri, she has one bungalow reserved for her music lessons and the stay of her musical Guru. For hours, when she has no shooting she practises music. Besides, as I found her when I met her on a number of occasions, both on and off her sets, she is neither proud nor haughty but rather simple and unassuming and educated—yet she knows several languages and she takes interest in reading and sports, though perhaps she does not move about much in the

so-called society and her life is in a way self-centred. Though she often wears slacks she has a preference for South Indian sarees, and in spite of all rumours to the contrary, she is still unmarried.

Not as much in demand as in the old days she is still the ideal choice for the role of a spirited fighting girl as is evident from her success in *Swayamsiddha*. And though she has ample money to last her for a lifetime she is still interested in acting in films as well as in giving classical singing concerts.

News Of The Week

—The eventful life of Baji Rao I—the Maratha general who fought eighteen battles in as many years and never lost a single one of them—is to be brought to the screen.

Ambitious plans are being made by

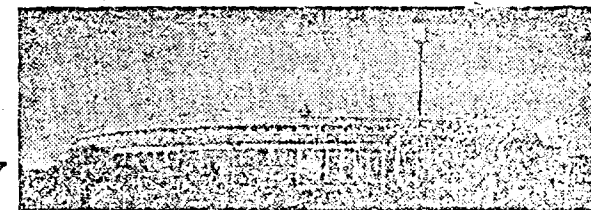
Director Joglekar to make this picture. This will be a production under his own banner and entirely according to his own ideas of what a really worthwhile motion picture should be.

Apart from the military exploits of Baji Rao, the film will feature the famous romance of Baji Rao with Mastani the courtesan. Screen writer Narendra Sharma is busy digging up ancient history to find out the exact dates of these incidents, for Joglekar wants to get everything right.

India's history has a thousand epics hidden in its moth-eaten leaves. It is time our producers said finis to pilfering Hollywood stories and got to work on some really Indian stuff.

—Santoshi has signed director Rawail to make his 3rd production *Singapor* and Rehana has been announced to play the heroine's role.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE I.N.T.U.C. is to cease to be a Government-sponsored Employers' Organisation in the near future. This is a healthy sign, and shows that the patient (the Government) is capable of improving if the right remedy is prescribed. It was known that Sardar Patel's move to sponsor the INTUC as a counter-blast to the AITUC did not meet with the approval of many influential leaders of the Congress. The INTUC smacked too much of Dr. Ley's Labour Front under the direction of Hitler.

Aruna Asaf Ali, as leader of the Hind Mazdoor Sabha in Delhi three years ago, found that if her Union asked for an increase of one anna in the worker's wage, it was rejected by the Conciliation Officer. If a Union of the INTUC, purporting to represent workers from the same factory (but with hardly any membership), made a demand for an increase of three annas in the wage, the Conciliation Officer supported the demand. That is how the INTUC tried to build itself up. It must appear as though it can secure better results than the other Unions. Then all workers would join it. Once the workers are roped in thus, you can do what you like with them.

The merger of the Hind Mazdoor Sabha and the Indian National Trade Union Congress, proposed by Mr. Giri, is therefore very welcome. The INTUC has some very good Labour leaders, many of whom are only now realising the errors in the conception of the INTUC as a Government-sponsored body. With the possible exception of Mr. Khandubhai Desai, there does not seem to be anyone very enthusiastic about the continuance of the INTUC under Government auspices. That is why Dr. John Matthai described Khandubhai Desai as "a

bania masquerading as a Trade Union leader."

Why is not the Nehru Government very enthusiastic about getting food from China? An offer of 300,000 tons of foodgrains has been made through the Chinese Embassy in New Delhi, according to diplomatic circles. But the Prime Minister at his Press Conference on Monday said that he had no knowledge of such an offer. A number of private buyers have expressed their willingness to secure food from foreign countries, but the Government has not been too keen on that either. The right thing for the Government to do would be to allow the private trader to import the food on condition that the entire stock is handed over to the Government the moment it reaches India. Burma, Siam and Soviet Russia are among the countries willing to export food to India. But food is, as Sir S. V. Ramamurti said, Number One Politics.

The Government seems to believe that Russian wheat contains the germs of Communism. If that is so, American wheat must contain the germs of Dollar Imperialism. Our stomachs are so empty that no parasitical germ can thrive in it. The germ will die of starvation inside our bellies. There is no point in waiting for offers of food from other countries. If we want food, we should set about the job seriously.

One Correspondent told the Prime Minister that there was an impression in the country that he devoted far too much of his time to Foreign Affairs, whereas the country would prefer him to look after food. The P. M. laughed and said that some wanted him to take up Rehabilitation, others something else and so on. In fact, he said, he devoted the greater part of his Prime Ministerial time to subjects other than Foreign

IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU

Observe Monday as a non-cereal day,

Stop food wastage by allowing people to serve themselves,

Destroy the blackmarket by refusing to buy in it,

Destroy pests that eat your food,

Grow food in your own garden.

HELP TO MEET THE FOOD SHORTAGE

A. C. 205

Affairs—like Food, Planning, Rehabilitation, etc.

We are having a spate of Conferences in the Capital, most of which are said to be cultural in character. Jawaharlal Nehru long ago deprecated the tendency of scientific and cultural organisations to gravitate to New Delhi. But the new emphasis is on State patronage of Art, which merely means patronage of a few favoured men and women practising the Arts.

Uday Shankar and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya have been crying themselves hoarse for State patronage of Art on the model of Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia. But our Government does not respond. There is also the model of the British Arts Council, which has been doing stupendously good work for the promotion of the Arts in England and their recognition abroad. Our Government officers, on the contrary, have a habit of going wrong in making their choice—whether it be of students or of artists or of dancers. That is because the Education Ministry believes that membership of delegations is a matter of patronage. Some at least of the students sent abroad for higher studies are by no means endowed with any special qualifications or with special intelligence.

We have not yet learnt to spend money in an impersonal way as the British do. The man who is giving the money for a cause is always there in person to decide who should get how much. Such an organisation of munificence reduces the beneficiary to the position of a beggar. The benefactor looks like a man who is buying some *punya* to ensure for himself a place in heaven.

We have departed greatly even from the British Parliamentary tradition. When the division bell rang for the first time in the life of our Parliament on Thursday, some members rushed about under the impression that it was a fire-alarm. The Prime Minister too came to the House from his room on hearing the bell, but he was not quite sure that it was the division-bell. In the One-Party Legislature which exists today, we have already begun to forget that there is such a thing as a division. Members of Parliament have become

accustomed to steam-roller discipline on the basis of a Party Line. Such a development means death to Democracy.

The gruesome death of Dr. (Miss) Indumati Dattar (27) by being run over by a lorry should lead to a great deal of reflection by thinking people. She was Lecturer in Sanskrit in the Indraprastha College, and was known to me in her capacity as Secretary of the Teachers' Association. As an unmarried teacher who expected to get married soon, she was interested in ensuring that marriage would not result in the loss of her job. This kind of insecurity leads to anxiety for the future, and affects both the teacher's work and her matrimonial prospects. Persons who are agitated by economic and biological problems of a personal nature are prone to be pre-occupied in their thoughts. Miss Dattar's death ought to make the Education Ministry ponder over the mental cruelty inflicted on women-teachers by the stupid regulations of the University Code. A woman-teacher who gets married will lose her job under the present rules of the University. Surely, it is not the intention of the University to create unbalance in the state of mind of the teachers.

One of the most balanced thinkers in India today is Ashok Mehta. I had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time only a few days ago. He brought forward a friendly charge against me that I was one of those *blase* individuals one expects to find in Delhi—those who never reply to letters. What letter, I asked, agitated. It appears he had very kindly written a letter of appreciation for something I had written rather well. He went to the extent of making me blush by saying that he was one of my "fans." What a pity I never got that letter! There were other letters which I never received, notably one from that great man of the South, Sri K. S. Venkataramani. Some of the most important letters of our lives never reach us. And some of the most important letters we write are never answered. Gandhi wrote to Tolstoy; he did not always get a reply. Marc, in Romain Rolland's *Soul Enchanted*, wrote to Gandhi, but (as far as I can remember) he did not hear from the Mahatma.

THE ALL-INDIA CULTURAL CONFERENCE

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THE All-India Cultural Conference that met in New Delhi on the 15th is not only the first conference of this kind but it is also the first constructive step which free and renaissance India has taken in the right direction. This conference is full of potential and a glorious future especially in directing the proper solution of our many complicated problems, major and minor.

In my humble view the jurisdiction of culture is comprehensive and co-extensive with life. But to achieve results, planned action with wisdom, economy, drive and courage is necessary. It is not enough to be content with merely moving resolutions for the benefit of their movers so that they might get attractive head-lines in newsprint and thus sweeten their morning cups of coffee or tea in these days of sugar scarcity!

Culture is the vitalising centre in the diameter of life. Its one half comprises political, economic, social and educational activities in order to create an efficient and honest citizenship for common welfare, and the other half beginning from the centre of culture itself comprises philosophic, religious and spiritual activities quietly leading to self-realisation. With culture based as the centre there will be no inherent conflicts in these varied forms of activity from political to spiritual. It creates wisely a series of geo-centric circles, one round the other.

Culture stands for peace and unity amidst the varied conflicts and diversities of life. Politics and economics always divide but culture always unites and weaves the broken and snapped threads into a fabric, a mantle for God. Culture gives the correct rhythmic centre to all our activities by directing and regulating them into geo-centric circles, one over the other and thus widens the range of consciousness to its higher longings, the spiral ascent to God.

So, it is the primary function of culture to discover the mode, pattern and way of life in daily life that should regulate all our prismatic activities from political to spiritual. This way of life should satisfy two paramount tests. One is it must be based on some fundamental ideals common to man. The other is that this way of life should be best suited to each geo-political unit, assuring self-sufficiency in the primaries of life.

In essence, then, the way of life must be based on DHARMA, a recognised universal code of values and of action applicable to all men. DHARMA is not sectional but universal. It is an ancient and well-tested word to indicate a philosophy of life now sought to be covered though inadequately by the modern conception of Fundamental Rights and Duties, and directive principles and ideals for their implementation, though this conception is still in its incoherent and formative stage in the West.

DHARMA is the only source of inspiration for culture. This conception of culture inspired by DHARMA and fortified by DHRITI and NIYAMA in its implementation is Enemy No. 1 of the party system of government which Capitalism has discovered to defeat effectively economic democracy and political as well. It requires for its fulfilment a non-party system of government as a basic conception and ideal.

This will also solve automatically all the partisan agonies of "isms"—Capitalism, Socialism, Communism, etc., the conflicts they produce in our ailing world. The ecstatic gains of science, not properly used but abused for want of DHARMA as the main regulating principle of life, have profoundly upset the ancient and happy way of life based on plain-living and high thinking involving calmness, peace, detachment, selflessness and all the ATMA-GUNAS outlined in the Gita.

Each geo-political unit should work out a pattern of daily life based on these two vital principles, thus in the process reconciling the infinite, inherent conflicts between Work and Leisure. This reconciliation would refine and lift both the Individual and Society. Work must not become over-work. It must be constructive and not predatory. Leisure must not degenerate into idleness. It must be

meditatively employed and not wasted on mere frivolous amusements.

Gandhiji is our greatest inspiration for this noble ideal, as the modern sincere exponent of this ancient ideal of ours. Why should we still continue to forget him and our own philosophy of life, in our blind and international ecstasies and admiration and respect for the alien stock-pile of atom-bombs.

PAUPERISM IN INDIA

By PARASURAMAYYA PINGALY

IT is of the first importance for the economic development of India that the number of persons who earn a livelihood by begging should be reduced. The number of people who earn a livelihood without doing any kind of work, either physical or mental, is probably larger than in any other country in the world.

The late Mr. Castlestuart Stuart drew a distinction between pauperism in modern European countries and pauperism in India. In the former, society is called upon to help only real crushing poverty and privation. He said that charity is entitled to unqualified praise in so far as it takes the form of "feeding and clothing, without distinction of caste or creed" only "such poor as are unable to earn their livelihood, owing to their old age, infirmity or bodily defects," and added that "without such charity in this and kindred institutions additional taxation in the form of poor-rates would become necessary." Where, however, charity is extended to able-bodied persons, who prefer a life of loafing and begging to doing honest work, it is, he observed, "highly objectionable, demoralising and misapplied." I think all sensible men will agree with this view of charity. The former mode of benevolence is an outcome of the natural sentiment of compassion which has been implanted in the heart of man by Providence. The latter is often the outcome of superstition or of weariness to endure the importunities of able-bodied loafers.

In this respect the condition of India resembles that of England in

the reign of Henry VIII before the passing of the Poor Law and the abolition of the monasteries. There were large numbers of able-bodied beggars with whom begging was a profession, who gained a livelihood by exciting pity in the minds of the people. Their number was not appreciably reduced by the stringent enactments of Parliament against voluntary mendicancy. There were also the monks, mostly ignorant and superstitious, whose income was derived from the religious sentiment of the people, and spent in luxuries.

So in India at the present day there are hundreds of thousands of *Sadhus*, mostly ignorant and superstitious, who earn a livelihood in the name of religion. More especially they infest the numerous holy places and fleece the devotees who throng there in thousands. Even educated men are found to submit to their exactions. There are also many *Gurus* quite unfit by education and character to minister to the spiritual wants of their disciples, who yet derive large incomes in the form of *Bhiksha* or *Padapuja* and spend them in gambling or debauchery.

This form of religious mendicancy existed in India from very early times, from the time when the four stages of a Brahman's life were marked out in the Vedas. Buddhism appears to have given a considerable impetus to it. The system developed still further with the growth of the Hindu monastic order on the downfall of Buddhism.

In those days religious mendicancy was something very different from

what it is now. The Brahman *Bhikshu* was usually a man who had passed through the other three stages of life and was of mature years. The early Buddhist and Hindu monks were also men who had renounced the world, and whose noble lives tended greatly to elevate the morals of the people. It was, therefore, quite legitimate that they should be maintained by the other members of society. This was also not difficult at a time when the soil of India produced all that the people required.

As in Europe, so in India, the character of the monastic orders gradually deteriorated. And at the present day any society bully, on failing to get on in any of the honest professions, may put on a yellow garb and call himself a *Sadhu*. Instead of renouncing the world members of the religious orders breed recklessly, and their only object appears to be to levy blackmail wherever possible. To those who consider it a religious duty to submit to the exactions of these men it may be stated that the great founders of these orders would have deprecated the practice, observing the degraded condition of those who profess to follow them. What, for instance, would Chaitanya have thought of a Vaishnava who keeps a Vaishnavi and has his full share of human passions, and yet earns his livelihood by begging? No doubt, there are some very honourable exceptions. But discrimination is necessary in extending one's charity to so-called religious mendicants. As the Shastras declare, if bathing made a creature holy, the frog was holy; if living on air were all, there was the snake; if on water, the *Chataka* bird; if eating herbs, the goat; if living in caves, the rat; if covering oneself with ashes, the dog. Only men of genuine piety deserve to subsist on charity.

Our Government is not in a position to employ the summary methods of Henry VIII of England or of the leaders of the revolution in France. The remedy, therefore, must come from the educated sections of the people. Let them show by precept and by example that it is wrong to extend



PTI CHIEF: Mr. A. S. Bharatan, until now Joint General Manager of the Press Trust of India, has been appointed sole General Manager of the PTI, with effect from April 1.

Mr. Bharatan, who served with Reuters and the former Associated Press of India for 22 years, took an active part in the organisation of the PTI, the national news trust, with its extensive network of teleprinter services, branch offices all over India and correspondents stationed at many world capitals.

one's charity to rogues who have no claims to being considered religious men.

To establish a system of poor rates in India, on the model of the English Poor Law, is well-nigh an impossibility, for such a system would involve a considerable increase of taxation which the people are wholly unable to bear. The only possible remedy, therefore, appears to be the development of Indian industries, which will increase the number of wage-earners and thus reduce the burden of pauperism. I hope that happy time will not be long in coming.

SIDELIGHTS : :

With devotion's visage, and pious action, we do sugar o'er the devil himself.—SHAKESPEARE.

DRAWING inspiration from Dickens, *The Mail* has conferred on Sri Bhaktavatsalam the title, Artful Dodger. It is an exceedingly apt title. The Minister qualified for it in a few sensational minutes of exhibitionist quibbling on the floor of the Assembly, but the achievement should not be attributed to a fluke. Doubtless behind the exhibitionism of it there is a deep and ingrained philosophy of life sustained by guile and excelling in parades of public spirit. The occasion for the Minister's performance was a question as to whether there were any rules about letting the public have the use of Rajaji Hall. The Minister replied that Rajaji Hall "is a public property, but not a public hall, and therefore the rules framed by the Government for its use are purely intended for the guidance of the office, and they cannot be divulged to the public." This miracle of a hall which is public property but not a public hall is something too tough for common people to comprehend. They can only gape and gasp at it. The Minister's house is public property but the halls in it are not public halls. The Secretariat is public property, but not all the halls in it are public halls. Halls that are public property can be treated as other than public halls when they are regularly occupied and normally put to some use day after day. But the Rajaji Hall doesn't fall under this category. It is ordinarily locked up. The only use it is put to is when it is let to requisitionists on occasions. To speak of such a hall as a public property but not a public hall is meaningless, and it seems scarcely honest after all the miscellaneous uses to which the hall was put by all and sundry after the hall came into the hands of its present keepers.

Naturally, therefore, the Minister's reply puzzled more than it enlightened his hearers. The general bewilderment was voiced by Sri Viswanatham who said:

"When we ask under what condi-

tions the Hall is permitted to be used, it is said that rules are framed. When we ask what the rules are, it is said the rules are confidential. In these circumstances, is it not right for us to infer that there are no rules."

The Minister's rejoinder was breathtaking. "It is exactly so," he said. "There are no rules in the strict sense of the term, and that is why I am unable to divulge them to the public." Almost in the same breath in answer to another question the Minister said, "This Hall is not a public Hall, and therefore the rules cannot be divulged to the public." Further questions elicited from the Minister these declarations: "Recently certain rules have been framed... Under the rules framed dramatic and music performances are not permitted."

An analysis of the Minister's answers yields the following items of knowledge, the latter part forgetting the former as in Gonzalo's Commonwealth:

There are no rules in the strict sense of the term.

Rules have been framed by the Government.

The rules are for the guidance of the office and cannot be divulged to the public.

The rules cannot be divulged to the public because the hall is a public property but not a public hall.

The rules cannot be divulged to the public because there are no rules in the strict sense of the term.

These answers of the Minister form a fit epitome of the familiar pattern of Congress rule. Nobody can make head or tail of them, except for the feeling that such an orgy of reasons for not divulging the rules must mean something not very creditable to their framers. The P. W. D. Minister is Publicity Minister also. There has been lately a prodigious profusion of propaganda with the energies of every department geared to the full for the glorification of the administration. In the midst of so much vociferousness, the refusal of the Minister to be drawn

out about these rules, can only mean that they will not bear looking into. While the Minister has tried hard not to "divulge," his answers have not been without significance. Their significance lies in the concentration of prevarication, arrogance, lack of rectitude, conceit and muddle-headedness symbolised in their contradictions. Is it any wonder if such Ministers are trusted by nobody and write the Congress down as they write themselves down with their own records, in public estimation?

Sri H. D. Rajah has returned from a tour of South East Asia fired with enthusiasm to see to the end of Congress rule. It is evident that he sees himself, as head of the All India Republican Party, as a successful supplanter of the Congress in Government, and his speeches are full of copious pledges of what he would do then. Rajah has a sunny cheerful disposition which is not in the least daunted by the difficulties to be faced or the adversaries to be overcome. I knew him best years ago when he was a penniless struggler like myself

hard put to it to find the next meal. But no privation ever quelled his spirit which remained in all situations jubilant, carefree and head-strong. His optimism was infectious. He was a care-devil who rejoiced in taking the greatest risks, and so he had about him a crowd of desperadoes whose dreams for the future were as aggressive as their stomachs and pockets were empty. Now that he has made a fortune and redeemed himself from the shiftlessness of the politically adventurous, he has found entry into a different world, but remnants of the old attributes still cling to him making him potentially powerful in the demagogic sphere. The empire of the wealthy is disappearing. But not that of those who can put wealth to democratic uses. With a regime that has so thoroughly spent itself so quickly as the Congress, glamour will surround any intrepid figure challenging its supremacy, and the challenger will assume the position of a public benefactor if he can make largesse go round. This is the point of vantage for Rajah in his anti-Congress campaign.—SAKA.



Sri H. D. Rajah speaking at a tea party in his honour after his return from S. E. Asia.

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.

Overloading

On 14th March I with a friend of mine had to travel from Punganur to Katpadi by a motor bus. At Punganur the conductor of the bus let into it not less than 72 passengers. He was abusing the passengers, for they were not sitting in proper "postures" so as to accommodate the 72 passengers in a bus which I dare say could not accommodate more than 40. I told the conductor he was not entitled to unduly overload the bus. He flew into a rage and retorted that I could get down the bus if I did not like to travel by it under conditions which he insisted he could not help imposing upon the passengers. He said that no police official, however big, dare question the overloading of that bus. He also shouted at the top of his voice that he had been overloading the bus with big police officials seated in the bus. They had never questioned. At this stage another gentleman who was interested in the bus joined the conductor and asked me to travel by a car or a taxi if I did not like the inconvenience! The instruction of the owners, as the conductor told me, was to "seat two passengers over the head of a passenger who whispers against overloading."

It may interest the public to be told that the owners of the bus in question are Messrs. T. N. Venkata Subba Reddy & Co., associated with the recipients of a loan of Rs. 10 lakhs by Sri Gopala Reddy's Government for Sudarsan Oil Mills, Katpadi.

A PASSENGER.

Failure Of Prohibition

Apropos your recent editorial comment on Prohibition and Mr. S. Krishniah's views featured in the issue of February 24, the following may add some more light on the subject. It is common knowledge that Prohibition offences are greater and more diffused in the dry districts like Salem which have continued to suffer much from drought, failure of crops, and the consequent deterioration in the agricultural economy.

People who trade in illicit distillation and smuggling of liquor mostly come from the lower strata of society. These unfortunate people who are treated as rank violators of law and order and dealt with as criminal offenders are motivated by the desire to earn a living. A personal experience will not be out of place. On a hot midday, I heard the wailing of an old woman begging for a morsel of food at a neighbouring house. On enquiry, she told the poignant story of

how her two sons had to undergo imprisonment as prohibition offenders, as they had not the wherewithal to pay the heavy penalty imposed on them, and she was reduced to beggary, in the absence of her sons.

Instead of trying to combat the low standard of living of the masses, to cheer up and actively help the toiling tillers on the soil by far-sighted statesmanship and implementing schemes of immediate benefit to the rural population, the Government by following the policy of Prohibition at a huge cost and bolstering up costly executive machinery to force it down the throats of an unwilling public, are only swelling up the ranks of the unemployed, the criminals, and the violent, secret body of Communists. The root-cause of the failure of Prohibition, viz., the agricultural backwardness, if tackled diligently and in right earnest would pave the way for a better success and responsive co-operation of the public.

V. LAKSHMANAN.

Salem.

University Courses In Journalism

"It is welcome news that the A.I.N.E.C. in its recent meeting at New Delhi adopted a resolution requesting the Government of India to use its good offices to persuade the State Governments to have courses in Journalism instituted in the Universities. With regard to the Madras University it has the subject already in its curriculum. But admission to the course is restricted only to the graduates. This is a bar to the working journalists at present in the field with lesser academic qualifications but possessing the essential qualifications such as typewriting, shorthand, photography and experience for about a decade in prominent dailies in reporting, interviewing, etc. So, eligibility to this course must be fixed at a pass in the S. S. L. C. examination. If not, the working journalists now in the field must be exempted from the minimum qualification prescribed and be given an opportunity themselves in a regular course under the University.

R. M. SUNDARAM.

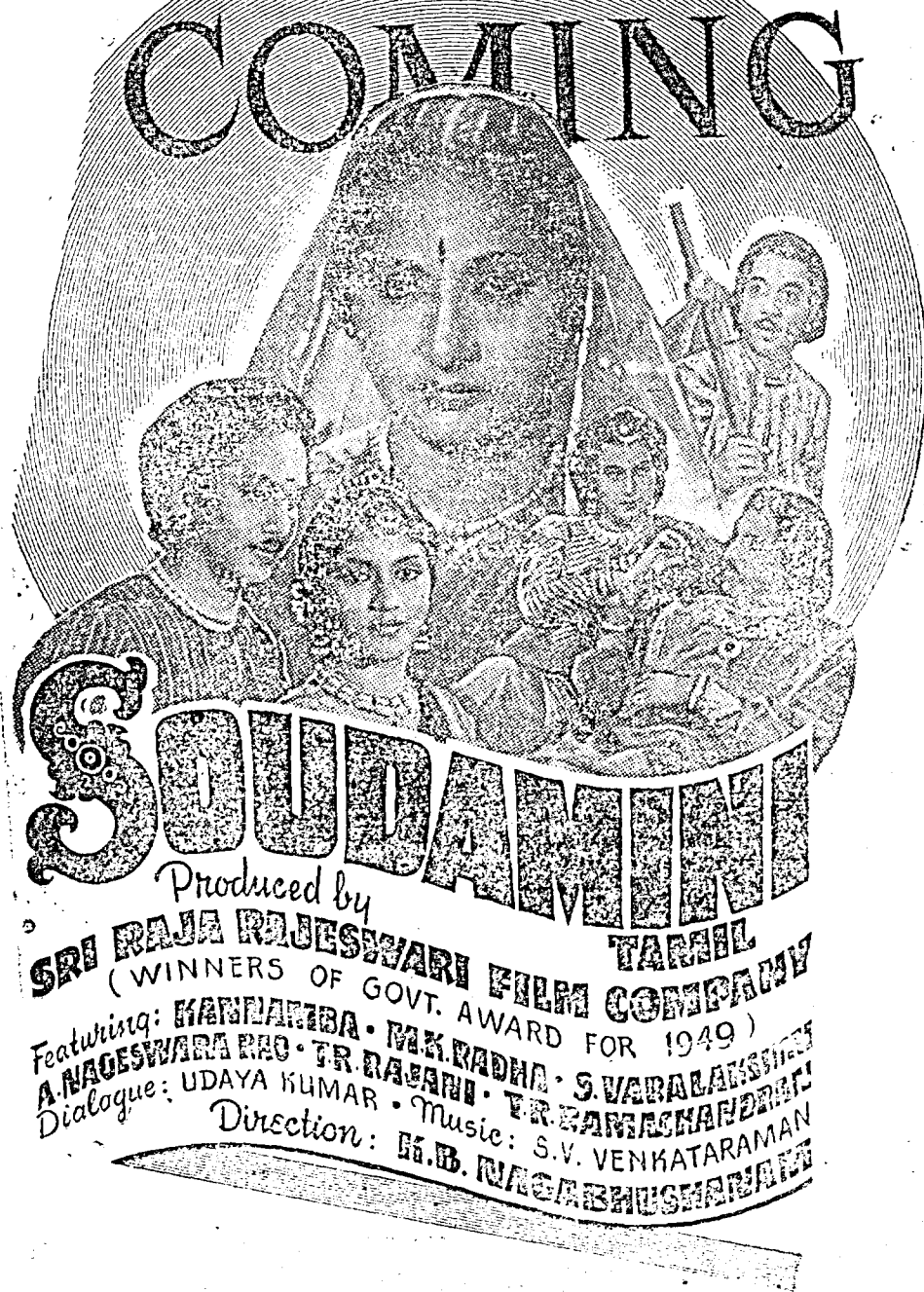
Ramnad.

Enhancement Of Railway Fares

I request the Railway Minister who advocates enhancement of railway fares, to travel at least once by third class in the Katpadi-Gudur section or the Pakala-Dharmavaram section, and then decide about raising the fares.

A TRAVELLER.

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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1951.

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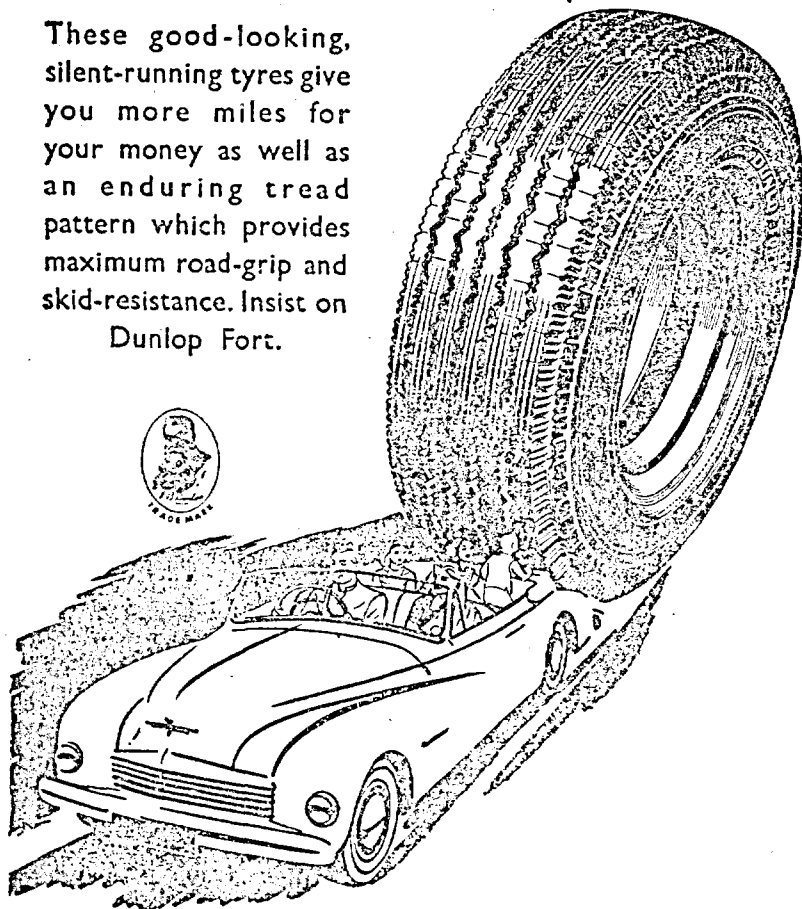
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 8

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

HEROICS OVER KASHMIR

PANDIT NEHRU made a heroic speech on Kashmir in the Union Parliament, resenting the tone and content of some of the speeches in the Security Council, in particular the speech by the representative of the United Kingdom. He made fun of the fantastic theory put forward by the U. K. and U. S. Delegations that Kashmir is a kind of no man's land where sovereignty is undetermined. He announced spiritedly that we cannot agree to a vacuum being created in Kashmir for the sake of satisfying Pakistan or her sympathisers, nor could India agree to leave Kashmir unprotected or ungoverned or allow any outside authority, civil or military, to take charge of the country. Pandit Nehru's enunciation of policy elicited the applause of Parliament, and in the midst of the general gratification Sri S. P. Mukherjee demanded that the Kashmir case should be withdrawn from the Security Council. The demand was a significant reminder of a blunder of the Prime Minister in the past that had recoiled like a boomerang resulting in all the later complications from which the most logical arguments and spirited speeches have so far failed to extricate the Kashmir issue. It was Pandit Nehru that rushed headlong to the U.N.O., against better counsels, it would appear, prompted apparently by the faith that the U. N. could not fail to uphold his cause, so patent and clear he felt the justice of it to be. In failing to make due allowance for the play of power politics in the various forums of the U. N. O., the Prime Minister made a grievous error in calculation. The nation has had

to pay for his lack of perspicacity, since it is not so easy to get out of a mess as to get into it. Spirited outbursts of bravado in the domestic sphere are entirely futile for repairing the wrong handling of the Kashmir issue in the international sphere to which the present provocations are mainly due, notwithstanding the sentimental backing of Parliament which the Prime Minister has been able to achieve with such ease.

It will be a sign of statesmanship even at this stage not to under-rate the complexities of the Kashmir situation. The Indian Army was at one time within a very narrow margin of ousting the aggressor completely from the soil of Kashmir. Not military inadequacy, but political direction, prevented such a fulfilment. Whereas in Pakistan, the tempo is that of holy jehad, there seems to be some perennial handicap on the Indian side thwarting the use of the military resources to the full for victorious achievement of the objective in Kashmir. The claims of secularism on the Prime Minister seem in some measure to have disqualified him for the ruthlessness of war when the brunt of it has to be borne by Muslims, or it may be he is harassed by dread of the repercussions of carnage in Kashmir on the minds of Muslims in the Indian Union. There is also the fact that though everybody feels apparently bound patriotically to feel sure of the people of Kashmir opting for India in a plebiscite, nobody is too willing to put the faith to the test in practice.

These uncertainties exist though it has become the fashion to turn the

blind eye on them. It is undeniable that U.S.A. has begun to exert tremendous pressure over the Kashmir issue, and in a military conflict with Pakistan aided by U.S.A., India has little chance, unless the Prime Minister is prepared to precipitate a world war by drawing on Russian aid. Our position is an extremely difficult one calling for care and circumspection, and not heroics which we are not strong enough to indulge in with safety.

Publicity And Publicity

PUBLICITY, said the Minister for Publicity on the floor of the Madras Assembly, had come to stay—it was one of the important functions of Government. He asked members to study the valuable leaflets and pamphlets available at the British Information Service, issued by the U. K. Government. If the Minister for Publicity himself studies the material which he has called upon the legislators to do, he will find little reason to be so complacent over the achievements of *Madras Information* as he revealed himself to be in the Assembly. There is publicity and publicity. In the United Kingdom, the Government's publicity effort is devoted to telling people what the Administration had planned and done to promote their welfare. As the telling is done by competent journalists who are experts in presentation, and as the Government's record itself provides them ample material to interest the public, British publicity is organically linked to British ministerial achievements, and is appreciated for its honesty, soundness and value. For example, in five or six years' time, the present Government have worked wonders. They have abolished poverty. Unemployment has been done away with. Sensational progress has been made with housing. Most of the slums have been cleared. Concentration of excessive wealth in the hands of a

few individuals or families has been minimised. The gulf between the too rich and the too poor has been narrowed. Corruption has been eliminated. Free medical service for all has been introduced. Popular enthusiasm for the Government as an institution primarily existing for the promotion of their own welfare, happiness and prosperity, and not an instrument for sectional aggrandisement, has been worked into the faith and experience of the people. Nobody starves, none is left uncared for in need, and living conditions have been made worthy of human beings. The Ministers are efficient and conscientious, and regard themselves as trustees for the whole nation. They have made a good job of their opportunities without squandering them in nepotism for the pampering of relatives and cronies at public expense, nor do they waste their time in lunatic purposeless tours unconnected with the business of the nation. Putting all these across to the people is work well worth doing, and naturally therefore the leaflets and pamphlets of the British Information Service are a credit to itself and the Government publicised by it. Money spent by it is no waste.

What has Sri Bhaktavatsalam to show of a comparable sort on behalf of the Government of which he is the Publicity Minister? Dare his publicity officers tell in *Madras Information* the truth about the water-starved condition of Dharapuram where people have had to buy water to drink at four annas a pot? Or of all the disgraceful accomplishments of nepotism to the credit of Congress rule at the various levels, to the utter dismay of scores of cruelly overlooked public servants? Or of the instances when legislators with the help of ministers secured benefits for their relatives in promotions, appointments and the like, to the hurt of those better entitled to them, creating traditions disruptive of morale? Do we ever hear in *Madras Information* of

the cases of deaths due to starvation that have to be wrung out to public knowledge from reluctant ministers with pertinacious questions? The people of Madras know only too well what the Government have done to them, they feel the pinch of it every minute of their lives in such things as scarcity of food, increasing unemployment, wretched housing conditions, corruption, favouritism and mal-administration. With a record like this, need the Government insult the

harassed public further by squandering public money in singing the glories of their administration? No Minister in his senses can speak of *Madras Information*, the dullest of publications we have ever come across, in the same breath as the British Information Service, one of the best in the world, not merely because of the technical and professional skill of its personnel, but also the worthiness of the record of the Government served by it.

Sotto Voce

TWO VOICES



ONE of the most engaging things about Mr. Nehru is that when he pursues any train of thought or sentiment he has no use for the timid circumspection that clogs the argument with qualifying clauses. When he is Dives he is Dives *pur sang*, when he is Lazarus he is Lazarus with a vengeance. When people talk of Hindu culture and Muslim culture his sense of universal humanity is outraged. Culture, he protests, cannot be partial, lopsided or exclusive without ceasing to be culture. But when he thinks of the world regimentation approved by totalitarian regimes he reacts equally violently in the opposite direction.

Addressing the UNESCO Commission at Delhi he pointed out that "while in theory there is or there ought to be a great deal in common in what is considered culture or truth nevertheless the world is a variegated place." And he went on to emphasise that "we must recognise those differences and give full play to them and not try to impose our will against others in order to obliterate those differences." And with the air

of one taking the world into confidence, he added, "I would apply that even within a country like India and much more so when you take the world." He clean forgot the Hindu Code when he talked thus. Where shall we look in that mess for the toleration based on the recognition of difference?

A secular democracy arrogating to itself the right to 'reform' by compulsion one section of the people determined by the differentia of religion is naturally inveigled into the absurdity of taking it upon itself to define what is religion and what is not. The Government of India scrupulously (some would say hysterically) refuses to interfere with the customs and prescriptions of other religious communities. The emancipation of Hindus alone from their age-long thralldom to their 'outmoded' institutions would seem to be its special responsibility. No wonder that both its secularism and its zeal for culture are suspect.

Mr. Nehru was contemptuous of 'moral crusaders.' They laboured

under the unalterable conviction that they were right. Worse, they did not hesitate to employ force to spread the gospel they had brought from the Mt. Sinai of their own arrogance. But surely Mr. Nehru was falling into the net in the very act of denouncing the fowler's wiles. He observed that "in the great part of Asia to-day the primary want is of food, clothing, housing.... You cannot expect any higher flights of culture where the primary needs are lacking." But that is exactly what the Marxian hot-gospellers say. What they and Mr. Nehru forget is that you may have all the guns and all the butter in the world and yet be parched with thirst for the Water of Life.

The materialist who makes fun of the romantic's attachment to a golden past that never was, does not realise that he is being guilty of a grosser superstition in bending the knee to a golden future that will never be. Poverty and want are nothing new to Asia. The commentary on *Irayanar Ahapporul*, the oldest extant prose work in Tamil which perhaps goes back to the pre-Christian era, begins with a vivid description of the twelve-year famine that gripped the land. But Avvai who had to beg her bread would have scorched with scorn the paternalistic politician who dared to suggest that it would be time enough to think of poetry when she had accumulated a comfortable bank balance.

It is a pleasant delusion that tech-

nology can give men all that they can wish for, if only they have the sense to see this and refrain from internecine strife. For technology begins in war and ends in war. It is stupid to denounce dictators and in the same breath preach the virtues of, say, mechanical birth control. The repudiation of personal responsibility is at the root of the mischief in both cases. Man is a social animal, but his allegiance to society must be freely given. Only by helping to settle the direction of progress and himself falling in step can he get the orderly procession of pilgrims to reach the City of God some day.

Socrates regarded politics as the rightful business of every civilised man. In the City State every individual could make a tangible contribution, according to his capacity and faith, to the realisation of the good life. But modern democracy with its drilled majorities and drugged mass following is so much at the mercy of the plausible Cheap Jack that the man who would own his soul intact keeps as far as possible from the hustings. Speaking to a gathering of journalists the other day Mr. Stephen Spender, the English poet, rightly maintained that the creative artist whose concern must be with spiritual values must not allow his humanitarianism to get the better of his integrity. The poet must preserve himself from the corruption of the times.

VIGNESWARA

Among the mind's powers is one that comes of itself to many children and artists. It need not be lost, to the end of his days, by anyone who has had it. This is the power of taking delight in a thing, or rather in anything, everything, not as a means to some other end, but just because it is what it is, as the lover dotes on what may be the traits of the beloved object. A child in the full health of his mind will put his hand flat on the summer turf, feel it, and give a little shiver of private glee at the elastic firmness of the globe. He is not thinking how well it will do for some game or to feed sheep upon. That would be the way of the wooer whose mind runs on his mistress's money. The child's is sheer affection, the true ecstatic sense of the thing's inherent characteristics. No matter what the things may be, no matter what they are good for or no good for, there they are, each with a thrilling unique look and feel of its own, like a face; the iron astringently cool under its paint, the painted wood familiarly warmer, the clod crumbling enchantingly down in the hands, with its little dry smell of the sun and hot nettles; each common thing a personality marked by delicious differences....

The right education, if we could find it, would be to work up this creative faculty of delight into its branching possibilities of knowledge, wisdom and nobility. Of all three it is the beginning, condition, or raw material.—CHARLES EDWARD MONTAGUE (Disenchantment).

AS I SEE IT: By BAROO

RAJAJI'S PRAISE FOR THE POLICE

TRUE to the traditions of the Home Ministry, Rajaji has been praising the police recently, and praising it in no uncertain terms. "I have been admiring," he says, "the manner in which the police, all over India, have risen to the highest level of patriotic work... and have developed a pride in honest and brave service...."

It is a little difficult to appreciate such fulsome tributes to a force like our police. If they are meant to bolster up police morale, all one can say is that they are a trifle unnecessary, for police morale is high enough as it is. Work of the kind that has made the police notorious in the Telangana areas and in Calicut district cannot be performed by men that are down and out. But it may well be that the distaste with which the general public views such achievements of the police is beginning to tell on its morale after all. Rajaji should know.

Or is it that Rajaji is sincere in his praise, and really believes that the police has risen to the highest level of patriotic work? For even Rajaji can be sincere at times. But if he is sincere on the present occasion, he certainly has a conception of patriotism which is quite different from that of the common man. If his idea of patriotism is the same as that of most Congress leaders today, then perhaps the police has certainly reached the pinnacle of "patriotic work." For whatever its faults, it has served the Congress faithfully. It has ruthlessly steam-rolled its political enemies and it has not embarrassed it by taking its denunciations of such irrelevancies as the black market and dishonesty in public life seriously. It has done what it was expected to do by the powers that be. As a *quid pro quo* it has quietly helped itself to a few of the good things of life, and been thanked by Government for the magnificent work it has done all round. If Rajaji is not aware of this

mutually convenient arrangement, he is either quite a simpleton, or else very naive indeed. I am sure he is not a simpleton.

But I am not one of those who blame the police blindly for every one of their failings. The policeman is not a congenital brute or intrinsically more dishonest than you or me. He becomes brutal because he is made to become brutal. The British found that a certain amount of terror was necessary for the continuance of their rule, and therefore encouraged the police to be brutal towards the subvertors of their Government. The Congress has come to precisely the same conclusion and is therefore conniving at police zolium. The poor policeman has to do what he is asked to do to earn his daily bread, but he does not relish doing it and needs to be assured of the continued support of the highest in the land from time to time. Similarly, he was taught to be dishonest in the good old days by being allowed to live "on the country" and sport a higher standard of living than his pay justified—the British knew that the prestige of their henchmen was their own prestige. Today, the Congress Governments have exposed their weakness by depending upon police terror for their continued existence and have made their moral bankruptcy plain by protecting, against the ordinary procedure of the law, thousands of their own corrupt and anti-social supporters. In doing so they have naturally forfeited their right to demand that the police should go about its work, without fear or favour. Having compromised on such a vital matter, they have had to compromise all along the line and allow the police a degree of autonomy and freedom of action which men like Rajaji would never have dreamt of doing a few years ago. They have had to make an almost unconditional surrender to the police in return for being exempted from action under the ordinary (if it can still be called

ordinary!) law of the land. And the police, finding itself in such an invulnerable position, has naturally taken advantage of it. I don't blame it for doing so at all. When a foot constable finds that a patent black-marketeer is above the law and that if he tries to do his duty by him, he will find himself in serious trouble, he naturally becomes cynical and heartless and instead of worrying about the injustice of it all, he does the next best thing—take a share in the loot. Can you blame him for not being super-human?

But statesmanship consists in somehow smothering the contempt in which the ordinary police man—in common with ordinary men and women elsewhere—has begun to hold the Government. It consists in throwing the deadening weight of hypocrisy on the head of the policeman, and initiating him into the mysteries of the trick which enables Congress leaders to keep on respecting themselves, long after they have lost the respect of all others. Statesmanship consists in the Home Minister himself telling the police that it has "risen to the highest level of patriotic work... and developed a pride in honest and brave service." Could "patriotic statesmanship" go further?

When the police finds that certain classes of persons are immune to the law, and that certain others are placed beyond the pale of the law for reasons purely of the political expediency of the party in power, it loses all respect for the law that it is supposed to be the guardian of. It then sees no reason why it also should not have a certain freedom of action. As its own prosecuting agency, the police is most happily situated for placing itself above the law of the land. All it has to do is to refuse to prosecute its own members. A Government which has subverted it from its true purpose, is powerless to interfere. Those who have swallowed camels cannot afford to strain at gnats. The police thus becomes an almost autonomous force, and the Government instead of trying to keep it in check, have to pat it on the back. The vicious circle of contempt for the law is complete.

Thus it is that there is no way in which an errant police officer can be

brought to book, if his own departmental superiors do not wish to proceed against him. The courts are impotent spectators of policemen flouting the law. True, they can order cases to be registered, but of what use is that if they do not result in well-conducted prosecutions? Which magistrate cannot cite dozens of instances where a policeman who has committed a grievous offence is either not prosecuted at all, or is prosecuted so half-heartedly and with the help of such deliberately weak evidence that there can be no question of convicting him? The courts have no remedy against investigating and prosecuting staff who refuse to let down their colleagues in the dock. Cases have occurred of suspects being murdered by third degree methods and the policemen concerned getting off even without a trial merely because the investigation reported "No case made out."

From immunity to the law, to the use of this immunity for personal ends is a short and necessary step for policemen. They can now interfere with the course of justice right at its beginning and trade in the administration of justice. How much is the complainant prepared to give to get his complaint registered? How much is the accused prepared to give to prevent the complaint being registered? How much is one party prepared to give to get the opposite party falsely implicated? How much is a criminal willing to give to buy a discharge or acquittal? And so on and so forth.

Not that all policemen are as bad as all that. But they are very nearly so, and for the very good reasons mentioned above. The few that try to retain their pristine honesty soon find that it does not pay to do so. Particularly disillusioned are those who try to be conscientious about the anti-social offences that are the curse of our time. Only the pettiest hoarders and black-marketeers can be hauled up with immunity. Taking on a more formidable offender usually results in some sort of interference from above, maybe even a transfer, and almost invariably the failure of the prosecution, because, if nothing else, the accused will buy off the wit-

nesses against him. On the other hand the path of least resistance is also the way to most money. The wisest and the safest thing is to take a share of the loot from the bigger hoarders and black-marketeers, and to rope in a lot of destitute smugglers who can afford neither to engage counsel nor to bribe the police nor yet to bribe witnesses, and who are therefore convicted easily and swiftly.

I am amused to find M. P.s wondering why the drastic Acts that they make fail to produce any results. Little do they know (or do they?) that the more severe the penalty prescribed in any Act, the greater is the possibility of offences under that Act not coming up before the Courts at all, but being "compounded" by the police right at the beginning. It is not so much that a drastic Act frightens intending offenders into good behaviour as that it raises the price charged by the police for not

noticing that offence. Rather than risk a costly trial and a severe sentence, the black-marketeer prefers to raise his bid for police protection—and gets it. Verily, all is grist that comes to the mill. Once again the Courts are impotent spectators of this black-market in justice. If they award light punishments for offences considered very serious by the law, they take the wind out of the sails of an unreliable police force to that extent, but at the cost of not being true to the intentions of the legislature. On the other hand, if they award heavy sentences in accordance with the letter of the law, they merely help in throwing offenders into the willing lap of an expectant police. But whatever they do, the professed intentions of the Government remain unfulfilled—precisely because the prosecuting agency and the limb of the law is no longer a reliable and faithful instrument of government.

Messrs. Kesari Kuteeram Ltd., celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their firm last Saturday at the firm's premises in Royapettah. There was a reception and music party in the evening attended by well wishers of the concern including Ministers, High Court Judges and many prominent citizens of Madras.

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PEACE AND LITERATURE

By P. BHASKARA PANIKKER

"COURAGE! Never have we needed it as much as now, never have the enemies of human progress, lasting peace and liberty sought so zealously and treacherously to tear it out of the hearts of men by means of fear". These words of Romain Rolland, uttered in 1938, are as true today as then. Fear of a third world war is encompassing the whole of humanity. Peace is in peril. But at the same time courage, which Romain Rolland mentioned, is displacing fear and faith in human progress is again asserting itself. All peoples of the earth want peace and they are struggling for peace, each in their own particular way. Literature being the mirror of life truly reflects this new phenomenon as never before. Writers of different political and social attitudes have begun producing outstanding literary works, all dedicated to the cause of peace. The writers have realised, as the great Cuban writer Juan Marinello says, that "the function of a thinker of today is to state precisely, eloquently and clearly how human energies must be coordinated and organised to prevent war. Art and science are essentially in the service of life, which is to say that they are servants of peace." The celebrated American writer Howard Fast outspokenly warns that "creative death is the inevitable result of withdrawal" from this fight for peace. In a speech in the American Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, in which reputed persons like Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein participated, Clifford Odets, the well-known American playwright declared that every honest writer must fight against those "who trade in death."

Hatred for war burns in the hearts of millions. A flood of literary forces is pouring into the camp of peace. Even in America, where war-hysteria has developed much, first class works of literature are being produced and read in thousands. Howard Fast's name comes first. The author of the historical novels like "The Last Frontier", "Freedom Road" and "The Un-

vanquished" has always been an anti-imperialist and in books like "Clark-ton" Fast shows how a new force is rising in America, conscious of its role, a force which can rally all the peace-loving people behind it—a united and organised working class. All his writings are, so to say, dedicated to peace, and it is because of that that his books have been ordered to be disposed off as waste paper, because the war-maniacs who control "American Culture" do not like it. Alexander Sexton's new book "The Great Midland" also portrays, as in "Clark-ton", the leading role played and to-be-played by the working class in the struggle for democracy and peace. In another novel "Home is the Sailor", written by McHenry and Frederick Myers the U. S. sailors are brought forward as fearless and indomitable fighters against imperialist reaction. Then there is another important book Gordon Kahn's "Hollywood on Trial". How the notorious Un-American Committee persecutes the progressive cinema producers of Hollywood, like J. H. Lawson, Albert Maltz and Dalton Trumbo, is vividly described. It was about this "Red-baiting" that Thomas Mann warned: "That is exactly how it began in Germany. Then came fascism and after fascism war." Norman Mailer in his novel "The Naked and the Dead" shows the degradation of the average American General, who insults his juniors, hates his co-workers and seeks to kill the sense of self-respect in the soldiers. The sanguinary role of the MacArthur type of generals is well depicted in the book. All these books and all their authors declare the strong and intense love the Americans have for peace and prosperity on earth. In this connection another English novel by the Australian, James Aldridge, called "Diplomat" may also be mentioned. It is a merciless exposure of the methods and aims of British diplomacy, with which we in India are well acquainted. The cynicism, bloodthirstiness and mendacity of the British diplomats are shown very impressively. This book appeared in Britain and

is very popular. In Britain big writers have not begun writing for peace.

In France also a new spirit prevails in literature. Even during the Resistance period this new trend had become most popular. The most outstanding writer is of course Louis Aragon. His contribution to the cause of peace is considerable. Paul Eduard is another internationally known writer who has wielded his pen for peace. Jean Lafitte is a newcomer to literature and "The Living Fight" and "We shall Come Back for Snowdrops" deal with the Resistance period. Those books are addressed to the millions of France, urging them to stand firm for peace, freedom and democracy. Louis Aragon in his latest novel "The Communists", shows the two Frances—the France of the '200 families' who have sold their freedom to Wall Street, the Imperialist France and the France of the great French Revolution, of the Paris Commune, of the industrious freedom-loving people. The common man of France is colourfully portrayed and the betrayers are depicted in all their ugliness. It gives confidence to the French workers in the fight for peace and freedom. Even the celebrated Catholic writer Pierre Debray, who holds views other than those of Aragon and Eduard and Lafitte, is contributing his share to this new literature—the literature of the millions. In the Soviet Union, the countries of Eastern and Central Europe and in People's China, every work of literature is a mighty contribution to the cause of peace. In South America such world-renowned writers as Alfredo Varela of Argentina and Pablo Neruda of Chile and many others have suffered for their love for peace. Pablo Neruda cannot return to his motherland and Alfredo Varela, the author of "Dark River", along with Howard Fast and Nazim Hikmet of Turkey had to suffer the naked brutality of prison. Nazim Hikmet has only just been released after 12 long years in jail. In India such noted authors as Krishan Chander, Mulk Raj Anand, Abbas, Poet Harindranath and Maha-

kavi Vallathol—to mention but a few—have not only been leaders of the peace movement but they have also been writing for peace. This trend is fast developing.

Howard Fast gives out a stirring call to the world intellectuals in his inspiring "Intellectuals in the Fight for Peace". He says that the human race will not forgive the intellectuals if they silently become, though unconsciously, partners in the worst crime in human history. He urges those who are "attacked on every side by reaction...frightened, confused, bewildered"...to awake and to act in defence of peace. He shows that participation in the mighty popular movement for peace will be an inspiration to the writer and it will enrich him as an artist. Dealing with American writers he says that the place for every honest writer is in this world-wide movement. He calls on them to expose the lies spread deliberately by American imperialists so that the flames of war may be put out. To refrain from saving peace is to commit cultural suicide, he bluntly declares.

As against these, the literature of reaction is also still poisoning the minds of thousands of honest people and that is why today honest writers should take it as their first and foremost duty to preserve peace at all costs. As Louis Martin-Chauffier the Chairman of the French National Committee of Writers declared: "We must make war impossible. Writers, public speakers and journalists must expose all the lies which are being used to lull people's conscience. Scientists, like ordinary workers, must refuse to work for war" and writers should refuse to write for war. A world-wide literature of creative endeavour, of beauty and nobility, of a new revolutionary humanism stands on one side and a loathsome, decadent literature manifesting a peculiar type of bestiality stands on the other. The spirit of man is awakening and surely Life, and the literature of Life, will defeat Death and literature of Death!

STORY OF A PUBLIC ENEMY IN U. S. A.

NEW YORK CITY: New Yorkers, who feed on crime, haven't gone hungry lately.

The Kefauver Committee has provided them with a giant peephole into the underworld, that purple land of gangsters and molls, of hoods and trigger men, who turn night into day, live at bullet pace and thumb their noses at the voices of authority.

With a spin of the television dial, New York has collectively invaded the lost country of its childhood, replaying the games of cops and robbers that compensated for the cramping commands of "No" and "Don't touch!"

Now the grown-up boys and girls, still fretting under discipline, only partially resigned, are suddenly sharing—from a safe distance—the fearful freedom of those who never learned to say anything but: "Yes! I will touch!"

The U. S. Courthouse at Foley Sq., is more satisfying than a movie. The witnesses who parade to the stand are not actors pretending to be bad men, but the bad men themselves, exhibiting the authenticity for which directors can only strive.

The setting has the extravagance of Hollywood, with all its razzle-dazzle and hoop-la. But the parts are spoken without a script. Nor is there an admission fee beyond the chilling wonder that a nation can preserve its illusion of order while its lawful officials dance on puppet strings manoeuvred by the hands of the lawless.

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee has ripped off the artful facade that was known to be false. The spectators, who are America, torn between revulsion and pleasure, watch and listen to revelations that must surely be forbidden.

Now let us look at the life story of a public enemy of U. S. A.—one Frank Costello. You have seen his counterparts superbly portrayed on the screen by some able actors like Edward G.

Robinson, James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.

Frank Costello, the man who hid his face from the television camera, and who walked from the Senate Committee on Crime, was a young tough, and has been an associate and boss of racketeers for the greater part of his life. He is now 60 years of age, and was first arrested at the age of 17 for assault and robbery. For the past three or four years he has been attempting to achieve belatedly, the respectability that sometimes goes with the acquisition of wealth.

In between he was a small-time gunman, bootlegger, slot-machine operator, owner of gambling houses and friend and sponsor of various political figures in New York. There are numberless indications that he inherited, either as trustee or legatee, the powerful background of influence once possessed by Charles (Lucky Luciano) Lucania, though there is nothing to indicate that he was involved in the dope racket for which "Lucky" went to jail, prior to deportation.

There is one difference between Costello and others of his species, like Luciano, Capone, Johnny Torrio, or "Bugsy" Siegel. Costello, once he hit the "big money," preferred "legitimate" operations, which meant avoiding the use of force. He also shunned the spotlight, though he might brag quietly of how he could put things over.

Costello, born in Italy on Jan. 26, 1891, was brought to America by his family at the age of 14. His steamship ticket listed him as Francisco Castaglia, of which Frank Costello would be a rough Americanization. His mother's name was Marie Severio Aloisa, and when he was sent to jail, in 1915, for carrying a gun—the only time he ever spent in a cell—it was as Frank Severio.

Judge Edward Swann, of General

Sessions, read a probation officer's report showing he had been arrested in 1908 for assault and robbery, and again in 1912, for the same offence. Judge Swann said his reputation was bad, that he was known to his neighbours in Greenwich village as a gunman.

Jail did not reform him. His career since then can best be told in the terms of three decades—the twenties, the thirties and the forties.

After a brief swing at the punch-board business, Costello became a bootlegger soon after that activity became popular. He was indicted, along with "Big Bill" Dwyer and a host of others, for having imported whisky with the help of corrupted coast Guardsmen. Dwyer was convicted, but Costello, in no sense a big shot at the time, got off with a "hung jury" and a dismissal of the indictment after Prohibition was repealed. He admitted to the Senate committee last week that he had been a bootlegger who arranged for the importation of liquor from Canada into the United States for illegal resale here.

During this period he became associated with the big shots—"Joe the Boss" Masseria, Arnold Rothstein the gambler—but he stayed out of the limelight. He became an American citizen in 1925, failing to disclose on his application that he had ever been convicted of a crime, and also giving his business as real estate, instead of rum-running.

Prohibition lasted only into the early nineteen thirties, and the underworld characters who had quenched America's thirst at their own risk, but also to their gain, sought other fields to employ their talents and their capital. Some of them took over legal breweries. Costello admitted talking to Johnny Torrio, fugitive from the Capone regime, about buying Prendergast Davies, a legitimate liquor house.

"Lucky" Luciano, whose lieutenant Costello seems to have been, made his entry into New York politics. His men, at the point of guns, installed Al Marinelli as a Tammany district leader in lower Manhattan. Joe Adonis, in Brooklyn, influenced the "selection" of another leader around

the same period. It was a new era, in which the underworld no longer bought political protection, but furnished its own candidates to provide it. Luciano's men stole enough votes in the close 1933 election to elect a Tammany District Attorney and Borough President, though the latter office was one they had less interest in.

But neither Luciano, nor Costello could control Fiorello H. LaGuardia who knew his underworld, had even dealt with it in his earlier years. Costello by this time had carved out slot machines as his special concession. La Guardia had the police junk the machines, dump them at sea, and Costello stopped "operating" in New York.

But New York remained his headquarters, his sphere of influence. It was in New York in 1936, that the late Huey Long discussed with Costello the legalization of the slot machines Costello was then operating in Louisiana. In 1938, he was "cut in" on the distribution of two leading brands of Scotch whisky in America. He told the Senate Committee that the deal fell through, but he was pictured, five years later, as bragging, as he poured political guests a drink, that they were drinking "his" liquor.

And Costello's political guests increased during this period, for as Tammany went broker and broker during the LaGuardia regime, the underworld was able to sponsor more of its "friends" as district leaders. It furnished political manpower, helped to intimidate other contenders, and probably made financial contributions as well.

In 1942, when Tammany Hall leader Christy Sullivan was ousted, Luciano was in jail, and Costello was the representative of the underworld that dabbled in politics. Michael J. Kennedy Jr., who possessed only one-seventh of a full vote in the Tammany executive committee out of twenty-five full votes, was one of several candidates for the leadership. Kennedy met Costello, and secured his support. Kennedy was elected leader of Tammany Hall, and Costello's political backing became obviously important.

Since then every leader of Tammany Hall—and there have been five of them—had been chosen with at least the assent of district leaders who took advice from Costello. It showed up spectacularly at the Aurelio case, in 1943, when the then Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio called up Costello and thanked him effusively for having obtained for him the Democratic nomination for the Supreme Court. The Republican nomination had been previously guaranteed, sight unseen, via a bi-partisan deal. Costello's wire was tapped then by District Attorney Hogan, and readings from those taps at the Senate Committee hearings this week showed Costello was then participating in slot-machine sales in Louisiana, was comforting Willie Moretti, New Jersey gambler, in his California resting place and discussing the problems of harness racing with George Morton Levy, operator of the Roosevelt Raceway.

He was a partner of "Dandy Phil" Kastel in the Beverly Club, Louisiana gambling house, and had other gambling interests as well which do not show in the official record.

Private testimony given to the Senate Committee and which had not figured in the public hearings at the end of the first five days here showed that Costello met with William O'Dwyer, then a Brigadier General in the Army, at Costello's penthouse suite in 1942. Additional private

testimony understood to have been given by Costello himself to committee investigators was that he had frequently "put in a good word for a friend" in political dealings, though he denied issuing orders.

By the late forties Costello had put surplus funds in real estate, oil leases and other legal activities. He was a man of wealth, and he wanted respectability. But every time Tammany got into trouble, Costello's name would figure in the headlines. Even when he threw a benefit party, at the Copacabana, for the Salvation Army he was disgusted when the newspapers made much of the fact that a host of judges and political figures had found it tactful to attend.

He got so annoyed with the publicity that he arranged for the ouster of Hugo E. Rogers as leader of Tammany Hall, and for the selection of Carmine G. DeSapio as his successor. He hoped that DeSapio would make a good, respectable leader, that the public would forget about Costello, while Costello enjoyed his golf and his friends in respectable retirement, free from politics and racket connections.

But the Senate Committee last week insisted on raking up Costello's past, even after his plea, at the start of the hearings, that "I am only asking you to respect fundamental rights and principles, I am begging you to treat me as a human being."

WORLD SHIP TONNAGE

The world's total tonnage of ships in merchant fleets in 1950 was 81,812,000 tons. This exceeds the 1939 figure by 2,673,400 tons, the U. S. Maritime Commission reports.

In 1939 there were 12,665 ships in service in the world, compared with only 10,708 in service in 1950. But the ships of today are larger in size and their fewer numbers aggregate a heavier tonnage, the Commission points out.

The United Kingdom led in tonnage of vessels in 1939 and in 1950. Its total for 1939 was 21,587,000 and for 1950, 22,018,000 tons.

The United States was in second place with 13,991,000 tons in 1950 compared with 10,219,000 tons in 1939. The 1950 figure does not include an additional 1,995,000 tons owned by the U. S. Maritime Commission nor vessels owned by the armed services.

Next in order in merchant ship tonnage in 1950 were: Norway, 7,567,000 tons; Panama, 4,984,000 tons; the Netherlands, 3,672,000 tons; France, 3,595,000 tons; Italy, 3,382,000 tons; Sweden, 2,705,000 tons; Greece, 1,933,000 tons; USSR, 1,824,000 tons. All other nations had a combined total of 16,141,000 tons.

FLOUTING THE JUDICIARY

HIGH COURT'S STRICTURES IN GOPALAN'S CASE

The *National Herald* writes: THE Government of Madras must be sadder and wiser for the severe chastisement they have received from the Madras High Court in the case of Gopalan, who has unintentionally enriched the case law with regard to preventive detention and freedom of person. On February 22 the High Court had directed the release of Gopalan in response to a habeas corpus petition but he was rearrested three minutes after his release. His contention that his rearrest and detention were mala fide and were intended to flout the judgement of the High Court has been upheld. The fresh order of detention had been passed before the High Court directed Gopalan's release and, even apart from the mala fide nature of the Government's action, the High Court's order automatically discharged all orders of detention passed by then and, therefore, the fresh order of detention also. For the Government's contention that they had acted in a perfectly legal and constitutional manner and had really felt that there was a serious danger to the state of Madras by Gopalan's release, there may have been sufficient grounds, but the High Court is correct in saying that the Government should have brought to its notice the fresh order of detention. This order merely set right the irregularities for which Gopalan was being released but the grounds of detention were the old grounds. The High Court has not gone into the question of grounds but, assuming that the fresh order was regular, it has come to the conclusion that the time of its passing and the time of its execution proved that the whole act was mala fide. The reasons for which Gopalan was being released applied to all orders till then passed. That the order of detention passed under the law relating to preventive detention can be challenged on the

ground that there is lack of bona fides on the part of the authorities exercising the statutory power has been established by a full bench decision of the Madras High Court. The authorities must act honestly and not fraudulently or maliciously. It seems that the Advocate-General and the public prosecutor who appeared in Gopalan's case before the High Court did not themselves know of the fresh order of the detention, but the High Court has not accepted this as a cause for exculpation, though there may have been no intention to flout the order of the High Court. The presence of the assistant commissioner of police in court with the fresh order of detention before judgement was delivered amounted to flouting or intention to flout the order of the High Court. With regard to the Government's contention that Gopalan's freedom might endanger the peace, the High Court has remained unconvinced, and it is right in saying that it should not be impossible for the Government with all their resources to follow a marked man or get him rearrested after he has enjoyed the freedom given by the High Court's order at least for some time. The Government, as the High Court has pointed out, must thank themselves for their default. They have bungled repeatedly in exercising their powers and provoked grave fear about the far-reaching provisions of the Preventive Detention Act. Gopalan's case has proved that these provisions can be flagrantly abused and that, if preventive detention does not mean complete arbitrariness, Governments must act carefully and honestly. Gopalan has started using his freedom for Communist propaganda, meant to rehabilitate the Communist Party, and probably, we have not heard the last of him.

COMMUNIST HAND IN PAKISTAN PLOT

By M. R. FEROZE

A tangible proof of subversive Red activity in Pakistan has been furnished by the first anti-State plot foiled on March 9. The news came as a shock to millions of people all over the world as among the conspirators two high-ranking officers of the Pakistan Army were involved. Major-General Akbar Khan was the Chief of General Staff and Brigadier M. A. Latif was Commander of the Quetta Brigade. The two other conspirators were the wife of Maj.-General Akbar Khan—daughter of Begum Shah Nawaz—and Faiz Ahmad Faiz, Editor of the influential Leftist daily *Pakistan Times*, Lahore.

Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan in a statement given in Lahore said that it was "impossible" for him to disclose publicly the details of the "plans of those who were implicated in the conspiracy, for reasons of national security." Throwing light on the object of the conspirators, the Prime Minister remarked: "The aim of the conspiracy was to create commotion in the country by violent means and, in furtherance of that purpose, to subvert the loyalty of Pakistan's defence forces." Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan paid a tribute to the "vigilance of those responsible for safeguarding the integrity of the armed forces of Pakistan."

Reactions

Eighteen Pakistani editors issued a joint statement expressing deep horror and abhorrence at the plot hatched by high officials of the Pakistan Army. Messages endorsing the action of the Prime Minister are still being published in the national Press. Editorial comment generally stressed the nation's unqualified support of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan and demanded "just" action against those involved in the plot.

The *Civil & Military Gazette* called for a trial to be held "if necessary in camera" to punish those found guilty.

The *Pakistan Times*—appearing under the acting editorship of Mr.

Mazhar Ali Khan—said the charges "made by no less an authority" than Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan were so "grave" that "if they were true no Pakistani would condone or extenuate the offence of the guilty persons."

Mian Iftikharuddin, proprietor of the Leftist, pro-Communist *Pakistan Times*, Lahore and *Imroze* (Urdu) published simultaneously from Lahore and Karachi condemned the action of Mr. Faiz Ahmad Faiz in a statement issued in Lahore. The Urdu Press was unanimous in demanding "exemplary punishment" to the conspirators.

Rumours were soon rife, in Pakistan and abroad, that the plot was merely a political stunt directed against the Opposition parties, timed to coincide with the elections to the Punjab Legislative Assembly. Polling commenced in the Punjab on March 10. And as a result of the timely discovery of the plot, the Muslim League (the party in power) has swept the polls.

Communist Hand

A report given by *Dawn* Special Correspondent, published on March 11 said: "It is learnt that the two army officers were in league with Communists. The Government are reported to have documentary evidence clearly implicating the two dismissed officers." Faiz Ahmad Faiz's complicity with the plot, however, is a concrete proof of the Communist hand in it. He was a Public Relations Officer in the Indian Army during the second world war; nowadays considered as one of the top-ranking ringleaders of the Communist hierarchy in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. He has an English wife.

Lahore is known to be an important centre affiliated to the vast network of Communist centres in South-East Asia. Communists in India and Pakistan are reported to be working under a unified command. As Red activity is gaining momentum in this part of the world, Communist rantings become more and more outspoken.

The main body of the Communist workers in this country is to be found in the Progressive Writers' Association, the Pakistan-Soviet Cultural Association, the Socialist Party and a number of subsidiary political organisations. Communist literature sells like hot cakes especially as the prices are nominal.

Communism has fallen on fertile ground in East Pakistan and Sind where the status of the farmer is still much lower than in any other part of Pakistan. The so-called Hari Committee, supposed to be the organisation of the farmers in Sind, is also being exploited by Communist saboteurs.

Causes And Objects

Reliable sources have revealed that rivalry has existed between Major General Akbar Khan and General Mohammad Ayyub Khan, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army ever since the latter was appointed to his present post. This animosity was fanned by provincialistic tendencies. Maj.-Gen. Akbar Khan belongs to a famous family of the Punjab—the family of Begum Shah Nawaz—while Gen. Ayyub Khan is an Afghan. The former is also reported to have been against Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan's general policy.

These sources add that having staged a coup d'etat, directed against Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan, the conspirators planned to set up a military Government and start war in Kashmir.

In a statement given to the *Statesman* of New Delhi, Begum Shah Nawaz denied that her son-in-law and daughter could be involved in such a plot. She described "professional rivalry" as the cause of the arrest of Major-General Akbar Khan. The facts will come to light after the trial is over. Meanwhile the complicity and active connivance of the Communists has been determined.

In a despatch from Rawalpindi dated March 9, the *London Times* Special Correspondent said: "Faiz Ahmad Faiz has since long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and influential Leftist figures in Pakistan." The Correspondent added

that the present arrests may be followed by the detention of other Communists and followers of General Akbar Khan. About Akbar Khan's wife, the Correspondent observed: "It is generally stated in army circles here that the driving ambition of Akbar Khan's wife, a member of one of Pakistan's leading families, was one of the principal factors in his plot."

Not A Farce

Through a careful analysis of the situation, one arrives at the conclusion that the Communists have tried to exploit the rivalry between the Army officials. Faiz Ahmad Faiz is generally believed to have been the "brains" behind the plot. According to some reports, the police authorities are searching for Syed Sajjad Zaheer, Secretary of the Communist Party of Pakistan, who went underground more than a year back. It is quite probable that he has directed the plot in collaboration with Faiz Ahmad Faiz.

Air Commodore Janjua, Director of Personnel of the Royal Pakistan Air Force, was put under house arrest on March 12 for suspected complicity. The arrest of such high officials is, therefore, a pointer to the fact that the plot cannot be a farce. A Press Note issued by the Government of Pakistan the same day asked the people not to lend credence to false reports circulated by the enemies of Pakistan. Since then there has been no further arrest, and enquiry into the plot is proceeding.

It appears that the Communist agents have suffered a setback since the discovery of the plot. They have found another *modus operandi*. The centre of their activity has been shifted to East Pakistan, where they are out to foment trouble.

Latest Disclosure

Mr. Nur Ahmad, Member of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly from East Pakistan, has made the latest disclosure about Communist activity in that province. In an exclusive interview to the *Civil & Military Gazette*, Mr. Nur Ahmad said that "by depicting pictures of starving masses and alleged exploitation by the Centre of East Pakistan's resources, they are trying to create a rift between East and West Pakistan." He stated that after the startling discovery of the

anti-State conspiracy both the Central and Provincial Governments should take "drastic action" to check and eliminate all disruptive propaganda by Communists and other elements under the pseudo-nym of People's Welfare Campaign and progressive organisations which were striking at the very roots of the Islamic State. He complained that the Government's counter propaganda was negligible.

Infiltration of foreign Communist hirelings into East Pakistan has often been reported, and the *Civil & Military Gazette* too, has mentioned this in its latest report published on March 18 following the interview with Mr. Nur Ahmad. It is, therefore, probable that the Communist Party may be banned. But the Government's task is manifold.

BRITAIN ANNOYED BY BAO DAI'S FIDDLING

By ANDREW ROTH

AFTER many weeks of demonstrative official and semi-official support for French policy in Vietnam, British irritation with the execution of the "Bao Dai experiment" is coming to the surface. This is disclosed in an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* of February 16th and a significant news dispatch from the special Southeast Asia Correspondent of the *Times* which appeared on February 14th.

"Bao Dai, Chief of State in Vietnam, is a despair to his friends," the *Guardian* editorialized. "During the past months it has been touch and go whether all Tongking would fall to Vietminh; yet Bao Dai has allowed a Cabinet crisis to drag on for four weeks. He has kept himself remote from the acting Prime Minister, Tran Van Huu, and it is supposed that they do not see eye to eye on the future Constitution. Tran Van Huu wants a strong Cabinet at the centre. Bao Dai wants power to be left in the hands of the provincial governors. As he appoints these himself, his object is clear. For the succession to the Prime Ministership there is a tussle between the Governor of North Vietnam and the Governor of South Vietnam.... Bao Dai is said also to be

The discovery of the conspiracy will not go without repercussions. The Leftist papers are already under the vigilance of the authorities concerned. Security measures are being tightened up, and the records of Government officials may, in all probability, be scrutinised. The plot has been an eye-opener to those who dismissed the idea of Communist influence in this country as idle talk. Several papers have suggested that the Government should eliminate all disruptionist elements by tightening up security measures and by punishing the guilty persons involved in the plot.

The plot has created at least one definite impression. It is believed to be the first shot in the Red campaign to cause chaos in the nerve centre of the Moslem world.—Copyright—N.P.S.

postponing the creation of a popular Assembly, though he has agreed in principle that the Constitution should be drawn up by a Parliament. How can leadership of this kind win the heart of Asian nationalism?"

The *Times* dispatch from Saigon which can be assumed to parallel closely the view of British diplomats there was even sharper. "Vietnam today is a political vacuum. It has independence except for a few reservations, but few people appear to believe it or accept it as of the same substance as that which has done so much to change the face of southeast Asia. The new flag hangs outside the Government buildings.... and the main boulevard here is dominated by the huge portrait of the head of the State, the Emperor Bao Dai, lit with blue neon tubing. But there is no enthusiasm....

"The reason for the political vacuum are many. Negotiations between the French and the Viet Nameese were protracted, and the concessions made, though real enough, were imperceptible. The legalistic approach of the French made it possible to give a suitable and dramatic form to the change. Independence arrived little

by little, and the sum was a psychological failure. Little has happened since. There is still no Assembly, no constitution, and no Budget. The political parties are still vague in outlook, and all allegiance to them is still often based on religious or personal grounds. The French still administer the country.

"The humiliating unpreparedness of the Viet Nameese has found expression in resentment against and suspicion of the French. Independence is discounted because of their continued presence.... Saigon is more Gallic than Singapore is British, its French community is large, and the Tricolour is to be seen more often than the new flag. India's refusal to recognize the State is regarded as the proper yardstick by which to measure the degree of its independence.

"Meanwhile, many sincere nationalists are with Ho Chi-minh or are not taking part in Viet Nameese affairs

because they have families in Viet-Minh-controlled territory. But the majority are sitting on the fence, awaiting a political or military decision.

"Their inactivity is one of the main factors contributing to the present vacuum. Obviously they will have to be won over and convinced of the fact that they are masters of their own fate. Here this is regarded as a political goal taking precedence over any programme. A military victory could perhaps achieve it, but the final battle is probably far off. The establishment of a Chamber in which even appointed deputies could represent some section of public opinion is imperative, but further concessions from the French—and properly publicized concessions—will probably have to be made. The British Commonwealth is the model for most Viet Nameese nationalists, because of the complete independence of each dominion."—Copyright—N.P.S.



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MURLI

By G. S. Panchbhai

THE tap-tap-tap of the busy typewriters was heard over the confused hum of human voices in the adjoining apartment. But there was no stir in Ramlal's own office room. The big cane chairs were vacant and the spacious mahogany-table was clear of the files. Lazily, monotonously, the wall-clock ticked the idle seconds away while the ceiling fan whirled round and round.

Ramlal became pleasantly aware of the impact of cool air on his bald head. He extended his hairy arm to the packet of cigarettes on the table and lit the last one that was left.

He took a few belated puffs and watched the smoking cigarette dreamily between his fingers. There was one more idle week to pass. After that his office would be closed, his post would be abolished and he would be the Regional Food Commissioner no longer.

But what did he care? He had earned enough already. He was in need of rest now.

That was why he had chosen to go to a small district area after his reversion to his substantive post of an E. A. C. He would have to go there alone, for his wife must continue to stay there for the education of the children. It would be hard indeed to live all by himself, cut off from the tender love and care of his wife when old age began to undermine his health. Ramlal reflected. Suddenly he thought of his peon, Murli. He was going to be dismissed along with the whole of the temporary staff of the Food Department. He would need a job. Surely he could take Murli with him, he mused.

Ramlal heaved a sigh of relief. The matter was settled at once. With Murli by his side he would have nothing to worry about. Already he had stayed weeks together with this man when he had toured the villages for the compulsory levy of foodgrains.

He was an ideal servant who seemed to know the likes and dislikes of his master as if by instinct. He could cook well. He could be trusted with large sums of money. If only he learnt car-driving it would be possible to manage with him alone. For, if his wife and children continued to stay here, he must need have another car and another chauffeur.

There was a shuffle outside the curtained door and a man peeped in.

"Come in, Murli," he said.

A portly middle-aged man walked to within a few feet of his table, saluted him clumsily with his big hand and stood looking at the floor.

"You must be in search of a job, Murli, aren't you?" he asked.

"No, saheb, I'm in search of a room," replied Murli coldly.

Ramlal remembered that Murli was at the time quartered in an outhouse attached to the office building.

Just then the chauffeur Ramdhan came in.

"It's three, sir," he said.

"Wait a few minutes, Ramdhan. There's yet time for us to start," Ramlal replied.

Ramdhan withdrew behind the curtain. Ramlal turned to Murli again.

"But you must be anxious to get some work, Murli?"

"We people always get some work, saheb. We never worry for work like the Babus. If we don't get work, we even steal. But these Babus—oh, their plight is miserable."

Ramlal was touched by the note of sympathy in his voice.

There were still ten minutes to start.

"Did you ever steal, Murli," he asked.

"Yes, saheb, once," he said and sighed. "My wife was ill and I had no money for her medicines."

Ramlal stared at Murli and saw his large grey eyes turning moist.

"Were you jailed?"

"No, saheb. But God punished me. He took away my wife."

Ramlal was filled with sympathy for this man. He remembered how the rustic had nursed him with the tenderness of a woman when he lay confined to bed with rheumatic fever at a rest-house in the countryside where he was touring for the compulsory levy of foodgrains. For three days and nights he had kept to his bedside without sleeping a wink, trying to relieve the excruciating pain in his joints by fomentations. And after his illness he had carried him on his shoulders over two miles to the nearest railway station because he was too weak for a ride on horseback or in a bullock cart. Surely, servants like Murli were rare these days. He would retain this man as one of his domestics and take him to the new place.

Ramlal looked at the clock and rose from his chair. "Murli," he said, "you come and occupy a room in our outhouse tomorrow morning. I will send you to the C. P. Autos for learning motor driving. I've decided to engage your services myself."

He took a few brisk steps and stopped. Murli's large grey eyes were filled with grateful tears and his small thin lips quivered under the long black moustaches that curled over them.

"You've always been so good and kind to me, saheb," he sobbed.

Ramlal patted him on the back and strode towards the door where Ramdhan was holding the curtain aside for him.

He walked home from the club rather late that evening. He told about his plan regarding Murli to his wife and asked her to let him occupy a room in the outhouse.

"I'm going on a week's tour tomorrow," he told her. "My last tour as the Food Commissioner."

"Suppose Murli comes to us after your return?" she asked timidly, hesitatingly.

"Why?"

"I am rather afraid of him. He is a thief and—" she faltered, "a drunkard."

Ramlal was amazed. It was only that day that he had learnt from Murli himself that the man had committed a theft once. How did his wife come to know of it?

"Who told you?" he asked impatiently.

The little woman met her husband's searching gaze a while, then turning her face away, whispered, "Our cook. He comes from the same place as this Murli."

"I see," said Ramlal. "But he has been with me all these years. I had left large sums of money with him and never found a pie missing."

So Murli had already occupied a room in the outhouse before Ramlal proceeded on his tour.

He returned at the end of the week when the first thing his wife told him was that Murli was in police custody. "Baby's locket was missing for two days," she said. "On the third evening when I sent for Murli, he was found lying drunk in his room with two empty bottles of toddy and one unopened by his side. The locket was discovered in his pocket. The fellow confessed everything when he came to his senses."

"Confessed?"

"He must have. You see, if he was addicted to drinking, he was also guilty of other vices, perhaps," she philosophised gravely.

Ramlal was grieved that he should have been so badly let down by his trusted Murli. For four eventful years he was intimately associated with him and had endeared himself to his master by qualities that were good as gold. And even now he could not discover a trace of bitterness in his feelings towards the man. He was genuinely sorry for him, more so that he should have stolen things from his own place. "If he isn't really so simple as he looks, he must be an extremely dangerous fellow," he told himself and decided to forget him.

The next day Ramlal did not proceed to assume charge of his new office. He must find some suitable man to accompany him before he could start and he applied for leave on medical grounds.

Two months passed. One afternoon Ramlal and his wife were talking in their drawing room on sundry matters when the postman handed him a letter. It read:

"I am a political prisoner just released from jail. Your peon, Murli, was in my barrack. We all

WAR—ITS AETIOLOGY AND PROGNOSIS

By O. M. SUBRAHMANYAM

THE clouds of war are hovering over our heads, and already an undeclared war is being waged not far away from our land which has every chance of developing into the Third World War any moment.

The impulse of war is a heritage from the brute. The brutes of the forest are engaged in incessant war with domestic animals like the cow and the lamb.

The first man and the first woman were Adam and Eve, and they ate the forbidden fruit. They had two sons Cain and Abel. In the book of Genesis, it is said that these two brothers warred with one another and Cain slew Abel. This is the Christian tradition. According to the Indian tradition the progenitor of the race was the Sage Kasyapa. He had two wives, Diti and Aditi. The sons of Diti are the Asuras, and the sons of Aditi are the Devas. Diti is said to be a voluptuous woman who tormented the husband for satisfaction at the junction time between day and night, when the sage was engaged in his prayers and performance of sacred rites. The origin of the Asuras is thus based on biological and psychological foundations. The Indian tradition, as developed in their religious as well as secular books, is at bottom a fight between the Devas and Asuras who represent the divine and fiendish principles in human nature.

The institution of war is thus as old as the human race. If, as a result of evolution, the human race has developed a larger and larger life, so has the institution of war also progressed from the hand to hand combat between Cain and Abel to the dimensions which it promises to exhibit in the latter half of the 20th century.

This is the Aetiology of War. Aetiology is the science or philosophy of causation, especially an inquiry into the origin and causes of a disease. Time was when a primitive super-man like Ravana, stole a beautiful lady out of lust. Similar is the story of

Helen of Troy. That was in the remotest periods of human existence when sensual lust was a cause of war, which caused untold miseries to thousands of people. Very soon this cause ceased to operate on any considerable scale. The strength and progress of man gave rise to higher ambitions than mere sensual lust. Man wanted kingdoms and empires to rule. He wanted wealth and influence. That was the idea behind the Mahabharata war, and behind the wars waged by Alexander the Great.

In the Ramayana, the less civilised races like the Vanaras are said to have used trees like the sal and the palm, and rocks and boulders, to hurl at the enemy. The more civilised races in the Ramayana and Mahabharata used bows and arrows. The art of archery was then carried to a degree of perfection unsurpassed by any other kind of missiles, in ancient or modern times. It continued so till the time of Alexander the Great, who is said to have admired the Indian soldiers mounted on elephants and horses and using bows and arrows in pitched battles. Bows and arrows were the weapons of war all over the world till recent times in history, when the use of gun-powder gave a new orientation to the institution of war. Whatever was the weapon used in war, it was used only on the battle field. The lives of men, women and children in their homes were absolutely safe.

We who have lived during the past two generations have seen wonderful developments in war, such as would have shocked the imagination of previous generations who would have refused to believe in the use in war of the aeroplane, the machine gun, the bomb, the parachute, the tank, the submarine, and the atom or the hydrogen bomb. Science is advancing with rapid strides, and war is the only laboratory of unlimited magnitude for the practical testing of scientific inventions. Human knowledge

liked him immensely. He was so helpful to us.

"Murli takes his sentence very cheerfully. He says at least for fifteen months he has no anxiety about work, wages, meals and a place where he could rest his tired limbs at night.

But yesterday I fancied I saw tears in his eyes. I felt that he was perhaps thinking of his wife and children. I tried to console him sympathetically, when he burst out, 'I can't bear to think that even my saheb should believe that I could steel his baby's locket, and—and—' He could not complete his sentence, but wept like a boy—like a boy who is being thrashed for a fault he never committed."

The letter trembled in Ramlal's hand. The last words swam before his dazed eyes and he turned to his wife in his excitement.

"Was it really the cook who told you that Murli was a thief and a drunkard?" He looked piercingly at his little wife and saw her turn pale at once.

"No," she stammered, not daring to meet his eyes. "It was Ramdhan. But he said I mustn't disclose his name because you were so awfully fond of Murli."

Ramlal bit his lip.

"And, of course, it was Ramdhan who discovered the locket and the bottles of toddy?"

"Yes!" she gasped:

"The damned scoundrel," he roared. "He perhaps thought I was going to dispense with his services when I asked Murli to learn car driving."

Ramlal put the letter carefully into his pocket. He wiped the sweat off his bald head and lit a cigar. But his heart had flown to his trusted Murli. There he was looking pathetically at his master. A stream of grateful tears flowed freely from his large grey eyes and his small thin lips quivered under the long black moustaches that curled over them.

Ramlal heaved a sigh.

"I will file revision on his behalf. I won't assume my new charge unless he's released," he said to the clouds of blue cigarette smoke that floated in the still air of the drawing room.



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would be imperfect and incomplete if the achievements of science are not practically demonstrated. The laborious intellectual output of the scientists, and the millions of money invested in the war industries by rich and advanced nationalities, will go in vain, if the inventions are not tested by their results, and some kind of return is not guaranteed for the investment. The testing of the utmost capacity for destruction inherent in the atom bomb or the hydrogen bomb involves a practical effacement of any and every kind of life over a large area of land. Human knowledge and scientific development do necessarily involve a certain amount of sacrifice of human life and comfort as a preliminary for their progress. The ultimate object of scientists is not destruction of human life. It is to make use of the atom for purposes of peace, to enable man to make his life more and more worth living. But meanwhile the destruction and disaster resulting from a use of the atom will work its full. Who knows that the Frankenstein of the imagination of the novelist will prove a real giant who destroys and consumes the very personality that gave him birth after great and life-long research in science?

We are reminded of a small story in our Puranas. The great giant who goes by the name of the Bana made very severe penance for hundreds of years, and thereby he pleased his God Siva. The God appeared before him at last, and asked him what he wanted. Bana said "I want a hundred hands," and they were instantly given. The moment they were given, the hands wanted work, work, work; fight, fight, fight. Bana could not supply even a thousandth part of the work or fight which the hundred hands sorely needed. So he again went to his God and said: "My Lord, you gave me hundred hands, do also give me fight for these hundred hands." "What do you want me to do?" said the Lord. Bana said in reply "If you cannot supply me with all the fight which my hundred hands demand, do fight with me yourself, until the craving for war in my hands is satisfied." The God Siva said in reply laughing, "I am an old man, and I cannot have the strength to fight with you. Please wait, and I will send a remarkable

youth who can satisfy your craving for war, to your entire satisfaction." And Lord Krishna came, and satisfied the craving of Bana. This is perhaps the original of the idea of Frankenstein. There is the adage from the remotest times in history: "It is very good to have the strength of a giant, but it is not good to use the strength like a giant."

So it looks as if the craving for war is as intense as, if not more intense than, the craving for any other thing in man. This appears to be as true in respect of the individual as in the case of a community or a nation. This is the psychological aspect of the question. This is the Aetiology of war.

War has now become a fine art. The two world wars were huge fine arts exhibitions, wherein every nation presented its wares for competition. The third world war that is to come, will be an exhibition on a much larger scale of the instruments of destruction, and there is a keen competition between the Big Powers as to who should get the first prize in this competition.

The underlying causes of the present wars are no longer trifles like sensual lust, or a desire to build empires as heretofore. There appears to be an insatiable desire to establish the superiority of new types of social or totalitarian State, such as, Nazism, Fascism, Socialism, Imperialism, Communism and so forth. There is the exploitation of one race or one nation by another. There is a lust for world domination with new ideologies for economical and industrial advantage. There is, besides, here and there, a blood-thirsty appetite for actual expulsion, destruction or decimation of millions of human beings belonging to one community from their legitimate homesteads, for the simple reason that another community does not want them in their neighbourhood. This was the way in which Germany dealt with the Jews, Italians dealt with Abyssinians, the Japanese dealt with the Chinese, and the Whites dealt with the Blacks in South Africa and America. This is the way in which the Pakistanis and Hindus dealt with one another in our own land. All the horrors that we

have been seeing and hearing during the past half a century have made the mythological atrocities of Rakshasas and Asuras mere children's frolic.

Religion with all the gospels which the prophets had adumbrated for the spiritual and moral elevation of its adherents has completely failed to prevent the atrocities committed in its name. Culture and civilisation which claim to have raised the moral and material standards of living of the nations and communities who claim superiority on that score, have not succeeded in creating any finer feelings such as common humanity or love for the poor and the suffering. Political theories and ideologies have completely failed and lost their

significance. Democracies and republics which were supposed to be the last words in good Government, have become imperialisms more virulent and vicious than the discredited Roman, British and Russian imperialisms of old. Totalitarian states have proved to be blood-thirsty giants running headlong without definite aims or ideals. The Communist doctrine which originated in Plato's Republic in its purity and magnificence, has become a synonym for violence and murder in cold blood.

In the history of human morals, never before was such a disparity between theory and practice. In the words of Pandit Nehru "today, one saw in the world the extraordinary spectacle of nations passionately seek-

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AC 219

ing peace, and yet doing things that inevitably tended towards war."

One knows not exactly where humanity is drifting. In this connection we may refer to the following extract from an article written by the great naturalist and antiquarian Lord Dunsany so long ago as in 1933. He said: "Why should war survive?" The reason is simple. It is one of the three exits for men, provided by nature against over-population and starvation. Nature always provides three agencies to curb over-population and starvation. They are war, famine and plagues. You may ask, can we not curb over-population by keeping the birth rate down to the level of the death rate, and prevent recurrence of war? I think not. War comes from tides in human affairs, and depends little on human precautions. Newton invented the law of gravitation. But would Newton have liked to be hit on the head by the falling of the apple? We do not like war, no less than Newton disliked being hit on the head by the apple. But we cannot help recognising that war is always one of the conditions under which we live on this planet."

This idea of Lord Dunsany looks somewhat fatalistic, and can easily be appreciated by the Indian mind. But all the same, we have to conclude that it is not possible to prevent war any more than we can prevent the earthquake. Both have been ordained by God to keep in check overpopulation of the world.

The world is becoming smaller and smaller day by day. The idea of God is getting rapidly ousted from life on this planet, as man progresses rapidly in his scientific endeavours to bring about his new creations. The increasing activities of man and his gigantic intellect will soon find that the space on this tiny planet is too small for him, and he will invade neighbouring planets.

U. S. INDUSTRIAL CAPACITY

During 1950 American industry turned out 97,000,000 tons of steel, 506,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, 2,000,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, 386,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric power, 8,000,000 automobiles and trucks—figures which show present productive capacity available for defence even before planned expansion takes place.—USIS.

The world of the Iliad and Odessy was confined to but a small area that surrounded the Grecian Acheipelago. The geography mentioned in the Ramayana is more extensive, but imperfect and indefinite, and certainly it does not cover any respectable fraction of the space now found on both the hemispheres of the globe. Till the time of Columbus, America was a sealed book to the rest of the world.

Once there was a challenge to a number of Rishis as to who could go round the whole world in the shortest time. A crafty Rishi went round a cow three times, and quoted chapter and verse to show that he is entitled to the prize for having gone round the world, and he got the prize. Distance and time have now been completely annihilated by science and the equipment of modern man. Hence the world has become too small and quite insufficient for his activities.

Now in this small world, one portion or one country cannot afford to say that it is not affected by what is going on in another portion or another country. A war in Tibet or a war in Korea is bound to have its repercussion on life in India. Any day the clouds of war may envelop India, or any other country in the world, with disastrous consequences, which may amount to annihilation on a more or less extensive and intensive scale. If war cannot be prevented by human agency as Lord Dunsany says, the only culmination of human existence will be annihilation, whole and complete. It is the PRALAYAM which we can understand or it may be the Deluge according to the Bible. The Goddess of Science also points to the same climax with A in one hand and H in another.

It is only then that God may incarnate and inaugurate a new set-up of things which might make room for love and peace (Gita IV, 7-8).

THE SAAR: AN INTERNATIONAL BAROMETER

By C. HAMBRO

IN 1935 ninety per cent of the Saar population voted for political incorporation in Germany. In 1948 about eighty per cent voted for economic collaboration with France and political autonomy, or rather, they voted for the parties which recommended this policy. All parties in the Saar except the Communists, who represent less than 10 per cent, recommend economic co-operation with France. How can we explain such a swing in public opinion?

It has been said that the people of the Saar are German with their heads and French with their stomachs. Economic co-operation with France has offered considerable advantages: unemployment practically does not exist in the Saar. The problem of eastern German refugees is unknown there. The people of the Saar eat quite as well as the French today, and with a marked improvement on English austerity and the German situation.

It is important to know how the Saarlanders would feel apart from this gastronomic sympathy with France. One point is beyond question: they are a German people. Their culture, language, their outlook and mentality are German. One other point is equally sure: the economic trend of the country works for co-operation with France.

The Saar country has one important economic asset in its coal mines. Throughout the country there runs a rich coalfield, which forms the basis of the Saar economy. But it lacks iron ore. And the country's food production is sufficient for less than one quarter of the year. It is therefore essential to have strong economic relations with a neighbour willing to export iron ore and food and to import coal. From this point of view, the French ore mines in Lorraine offer good possibilities of exchange, and the rich agricultural areas of eastern France can supply the Saar with food. The nearby Ruhr coalmines are more a danger by their competition than a

co-operative asset to the Saar economy.

We may therefore accept as sound national and international economy the solution of intimate economic co-operation between the Saar coal and the French ore. Big steel works in the Saar use coal and iron ore from the Lorraine. Besides this, there are important industries, machine plants, etc., in the industrial Saar country. Likewise the steel works in French Lorraine receive coal from the Saar fields. This economic co-operation is better than any that could be arranged with Germany.

The Saar question is therefore much more a political than an economic question. The Saarlanders know that such co-operation is an advantage for the time being. But the Germans do not accept this solution, they work for a new inclusion of the Saar country in the future Fourth Reich. What, then, are the political and psychological possibilities of maintaining the present political autonomy and economic orientation towards France?

A Saarlander questioned about the political atmosphere, answered candidly: Yes, we have voted for France; but with a little persuasive propaganda, we might easily vote for Germany in a short while. The Saarlanders lack any political maturity. They are not interested in politics. They might therefore easily be influenced by intensive propaganda. And this is more insidious from their fellow-Germans than from the French who remain strangers to them.

There are some important psychological factors which are likely to sway the balance towards a German solution. In the first place, there is the religious set-up of the country. There is a large Catholic majority and the Catholic clergy have considerable influence over the population. Now, this clergy is directed from Germany. The whole Saar country is German from the ecclesiastical point of view, divided between the bishopric of

Trier (3|4) and Speyer (1|4). Even if the bishops of these towns are rather pro-French in their sympathies, the only natural and convenient solution from their point of view would be complete adhesion to the German administration.

Besides this, the local clergy have to a large extent been recruited from people of central and eastern Germany, whereas Saarlanders have been sent to other parts of Germany during the period of political adhesion. There is, then, good reason to think that the clergy will support inclusion of the Saar in the German political system in the future, unless the ecclesiastical administration is changed. The French would like to see the Saar constituted as an independent bishopric. This can be done only by the Pope, and there is no reason to think that it will take place soon.

The same centralistic tendency has been followed in the local administration. Teachers, judges and civil servants are very often drawn from Germany. Besides this, their careers are very limited if they cannot find work outside this little country of nine hundred thousand inhabitants. It is therefore reasonable to believe that even civil servants might be tempted to prefer a German solution to a French one. Many people have friends and relatives in Germany and may not visit them under the present system.

All this might seem rather pessimistic for French policies in the Saar

country. Are the possibilities of keeping up the present state of affairs rather small? It is not necessary to think so. But it is essential to face squarely all the difficulties of French policy in this country which really prefers to be neither French nor German. These difficulties are much more psychological than economic.

It is very often said, and written in Saar papers, that there is only a European solution to the problem. This is probably true in the sense that the solution of the Saar problem depends on the general political atmosphere of the Continent. As soon as there is a significant economic or political tension between France and Germany, the situation in the Saar becomes correspondingly strained.

It is even said by some of the idealistic optimists of the newly constituted Saar University, that this country should work as a political and cultural mediator between France and Germany. This University is in fact bilingual and there are professors from other countries besides France and Germany.

A little country of less than a million inhabitants is not in itself very important for the destiny of Europe. It is, though, important as a potential source of future difficulties between France and Germany. For the rest of Europe it is significant if we regard this little area as a barometer for the general political atmosphere of the Continent.—NMF.

THE COMING OF SPRING

By Capt. R. L. RAU

LAST week over a million trees and shrubs in India's sophisticated capital made ready for the coming of spring. It was astonishing to watch them prepare themselves for this event and the unabashed manner in which they tried to show themselves off as if their whole existence depended upon their showmanship. They collected all the early morning dew drops they could, they drenched themselves in them, getting rid of every

particle of dust, hastily closed or patched up old sores in their stems and on their barks, invited the birds to come over and waited for spring.

It is difficult to put in words the sheer gaiety of these trees and shrubs as they thus got ready for the new flowering season. Springtime in nature is one thing and springtime in literary, expressive art another. No piece of writing can ever do justice to the emotion or mood of nature. Music

can in some way, not literary writing, not painting. It is futile to achieve perfection in a medium of expression which has very definite limitations. Rightly therefore the Upanishadic mind grasped the futility of man's trying to reach absolute perfection in anything. It emphasised awareness, constant, conscious awareness, if one may qualify the word.

Most of us have got into the habit of passing our lives without being consciously aware of anything in particular. We are content to dwell in the slums of our intellect. Our approach to all things in nature is therefore that of a slum dweller, circumscribed by various factors, generally mean, joyless and purposeless. Our recent attempts to plant three million trees so that we could have national parks and forests for the asking in the next few years and to manufacture a brand of canned culture from the fruits of our heritage are illustrations in point. These fantastic attempts are the natural results of the intellect of the slums, the poverty of the mind that produces this intellect and thoughtless, national degeneration, as also lack of awareness.

Holidaying in one of the Himalayan villages not many years ago, one day in early March, I witnessed spell bound the riot of creation and creative impulse all around me as spring came to the Kumaons. No announcement heralded its arrival. It came softly, graciously and spread itself over all things enveloping every object it touched in a new splendour of its own. Suddenly the little blades of grass stiffened themselves, the fern fronds uncupled their tops and the anemones widened their beautiful

petals. The little potato tubers puffed themselves with the life-giving sap and pushed the germinating wheat seeds up. The first rays of the morning sun then touched them all, sending a thrill into every living object and in a minute, the whole valley stood transformed.

The effect of that touch was magical. What is there in the sun that makes this magic possible and makes nature blush like a young woman with her first born child as she shamelessly allows her milk-laden breasts to be suckled by the infant?

I think we in India, at one time, were a nation of sun worshippers. The oldest known prayer to man in the world was ours. That prayer is in the *Rigveda* and it is addressed to the sun.

What has gone wrong with us that we have chosen to forget this wonderful prayer? What has gone wrong with us that we have substituted in our pantheon lesser gods and have learnt to content ourselves with things that do not matter and which have nothing to do with the bounty of the sun and its life-giving principle?

I think too that our Vedic ancestors were on firmer ground than we were when they decided that the sun was the giver of life and its bounty and that it was the one object worthy of human worship. Don't let us forget that our culture, our heritage and our very existence is intimately linked up with the bounty of the sun who is the giver of all things.

Springtime in nature and its coming is the celebration of that great bounty. It is good to be aware of this. It should be our national thanksgiving day.

NEGRO PRESS WEEK

Negro newspapers throughout the United States are observing Negro Press Week, commemorating the 124th anniversary of the birth of the Negro press.

In the 124 years of its development, the American Negro press has expanded to 280 publications, of which two-thirds are weeklies. The total circulation of all Negro newspapers and magazines is approximately three million. The leading organs are the magazine "Ebony," with the largest circulation, 320,000; the "Pittsburgh Courier," daily newspaper, with 280,000; and the "Chicago Defender," a weekly, 200,000. Twenty-seven other publications have circulations exceeding 20,000.

CHINA'S PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI

By WALTER BRIGGS

IN China today, the spotlight focuses on three men in the Communist hierarchy. General Mao Tse-tung is known as the boss and political brains of the Communist movement. General Chu Teh is the military commander, the fighter. And Chou En-lai, who also bears the title General, is the suave diplomat.

Chou (pronounced Jow), who is about 50, is the youngest of the triumvirate. Slender and of medium height, he is boyish in appearance. His eyes are set deep into a thin face. Of the three, only Chou speaks English; he knows it well.

More Westerners have met Chou than any other top Communists. For years he was the Communist contact man with the West. Additionally, he represented the Communist regime at Nanking in the early days of the Japanese war, then followed Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Government in the flight to Hankow and Chungking.

After VJ-day, he was the principal Communist negotiator in the heated peace talks between Nationalists and Communists.

In the past, Westerners who have met Chou generally have spoken highly of him. They liked his forthright manner and believed he spoke more frankly than most Chinese. General George C. Marshall, the post-war mediator between the warring camps, took to him. Chou was thought of as the most Western—and most friendly to the West—of the Communist leaders.

Of late, however, scepticism has developed. Chou's name is linked with Mao's and other Communist leaders in the frequent scathing attacks on the Western democracies. Like others, Chou seems to have cast his lot entirely with Russia and Kremlin imperialism.

Chou is a son of one of the great Mandarin families which once ate the best food, lived in the biggest compounds and were attended by the most servants—while the masses lived

meanly, close to starvation. Chou's grandfather, in fact, was a high official of the decadent Manchu dynasty! His father and literary mother led him into the world of books. China's literary leaders were revolutionary leaders. Chou was swept into radicalism.

As a youngster, he worked through Nankai University, a U. S. missionary institution in Tientsin, on scholarships. As a student leader he soon collided with Government authorities. Like many young Chinese revolutionaries he went to jail. There he met a radical girl from a Tientsin normal college. Eventually she became his wife and closest companion.

On his release, Chou travelled to France. He helped organize an expatriates' Chinese Communist Party in Paris. He studied there and in England and Germany. Returning to China in 1924, he joined Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese Republic, who was organizing the Nationalist Revolution against the northern warlords. At that time, the Chinese Communists and accredited Russian agents were co-operating with the Kuomintang (Nationalist party which the saintly Dr. Sun headed).

At 26, Chou became a confidant of General Bluecher, the famous Russian adviser. Chou was exceedingly popular among young Nationalists. Because of this, Chiang Kai-shek, then President of the Whampoa military academy, was forced to appoint him head of the academy's political department. But Chiang hated the young Communist.

Chou was sent to Shanghai to organize an insurrection to deliver the great trading city into Nationalist hands. Though without formal military training and with little practical experiences with the working class, he accepted the assignment eagerly. Within a few months he organized 600,000 workers into a revolutionary force.

When the signal came, an "iron band" of 300 marksmen led the wor-

kers into revolt. They seized police stations, the arsenal and the Shanghai garrison. Arms were handed to disciplined battalions. A "citizen's Government" was proclaimed. Chiang Kai-shek entered the city with the fight already finished.

Soon after, the Generalissimo turned on the Communists. Leaders were imprisoned and executed. About 5,000 Communists and their comrades lost their lives in the so-called "Shanghai massacre." Chou himself was captured but a high Nationalist officer who had studied under him at Whampoa helped him escape.

Chou fled to central China, where he helped organize the famous August (1927) uprising at Nanchang, the first big Communist revolt. He was at Swatow for the Communist seizure of that south China port. At Canton he participated in the abortive Commune.

The turning point in his life came in 1931 when he ran the blockade to the mountainous Soviet districts of Kiangsi and Fukien. There he teamed with Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh. He has fought side-by-side with them ever since.

Mainly as a political worker, Chou helped mould the machine that now stands on the threshold of absolute power in China. At the start, the times were hard. The Communists were hemmed in on all sides. Often they had to sleep in the rain and go without food. Repeatedly they stood off developing their famous guerilla tactics—huge campaigns launched and directed by Chiang Kai-shek.

In 1934 the pressure from Chiang's forces became so great that the Communists were forced to embark on their famous "Long March." They marched a year, fighting almost every day against the Nationalist attackers. They tramped through 12 provinces, far into west China. They finally reached Shensi province and Yen-an. In that city of caves they rooted

themselves and proclaimed their capital.

Chou En-lai's name first came to world attention when Chiang Kai-shek was kidnapped by the Young Marshall, Chang Hsuehliang, during the Christmas season of 1936 at Sian, in China's northwest. The Young Marshal wanted to liquidate the Generalissimo because, he said, Chiang preferred chasing Communists to bulwarking China against Japanese encroachment.

Acting on instructions from Moscow, Chou who had the Young Marshal's confidence, intervened. He talked the Generalissimo into a "united front" against the Japanese. The Generalissimo was freed, and Chou went to Nanking the capital, to work out plans for co-operation between the Kuomintang and Communist armies.

But the honeymoon was short-lived. Mutual suspicion was too great for this alliance to last permanently. By 1941 the Nationalists and Communists were fighting each other again, while the Japanese were fighting both. In 1946, with the breakdown of the Marshall mediation efforts, Chou rejoined his henchmen in the interior. He did not return to coastal "civilization" until the Communists began last winter to seize the big cities.

What is Chou's future?

Possibly he will work from behind the scenes. Possibly, when the Communists enjoy diplomatic recognition he will become Foreign Minister, and a delegate to the United Nations. Possibly he will become Premier under a hand-picked "puppet" President such as the aging Kwangsi revolutionary, Li Chi-sen. Possibly he will even become President.

Some observers of the China scene believe Chou would become the leader of the movement if Mao Tse-tung were to die. All are agreed that Chou will continue to exercise tremendous influence on the regime.—Copyright —NMF.

The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.—J. M. KEYNES.

FILM INDUSTRY'S CONCEPT OF WOMAN

By MARS

THE inauguration of the new Central Board of Film Censors and the setting up of primary censors in three main film producing centres should be heartening both to the industry and the public.

But, censorship has its own limitations. In actual practice, it is impossible to eradicate the evils that are inherent in the very thought behind the motion picture making. A way-out is possible if the makers themselves exercise self-regulation.

The producers should voluntarily accept responsibility for the evil influence of films, in the public interest. The individual responsibility of a producer or director is always inescapable and great. That responsibility is to his conscience and the common good. Lawyers and doctors have a similar responsibility—their conscience has been in some degree institutionalised by conventions.

The difficulties in the way of formally organising the film trade, have been to some extent reduced by already existing associations like the Film Chamber of Madras. They can function in the same way as the Motion Picture Association of America. Efforts should be made to safeguard the freedom of films, which otherwise will be ultimately curtailed to the detriment of film making itself, if the irresponsible few are left to indulge in cheap box-office baits.

Unfortunately, the film industry has its own idea of what a woman ought to be. It runs far away from real life values into an impossible dreamland, sometimes vulgar, and all the time sexy. The pattern of womanhood portrayed in films stands out compellingly for the thousands of young girls and boys in their teens and for the grown-up women too, as an example to follow.

If films were just entertainment, it would not matter much what the producer's concept of a woman was. But they are a great deal more. That's the disturbing part of it.

The film people themselves know, more than anyone else, that films have a tremendous influence on our way of life. The very fact that the motion picture is developing to be the most powerful medium of entertainment to modern masses, and that the film people are gathering the greatest collections of talent, originality and genius ever amassed by any industrial group, gives the film industry a great responsibility.

Even in America, where people are supposed to be far advanced than in eastern countries, public opinion denounces the types of women presented in their pictures. Sociologist Frank W. Hoffer, of the University of Virginia, comments: "Hollywood's ridiculous standards of value—surface pulchritude and physical perfection—make unhappy wretches out of thousands of wonderful American girls who just don't happen to be beautiful."

Another eminent American, Anna Kross, a judge of New York's Home Term Court, declares: "The true values in woman, Hollywood hasn't even begun to discover. It would spare us a good deal of delinquency and many, many broken marriages, if it set up some worthwhile goals in living."

Fredric Wertham, a famous psychiatrist, states: "The frustrations and conflicts of modern American girls are aggravated to a formidable extent by the twisted representation of the ideal woman which Hollywood gives them."

These remarks are equally applicable to Indian films, in most of which modesty is fastly being replaced by a menacing mimicry of western voluptuousness and sex appeal, in costumes, content and characterisations. The standards of life set forth, the relationship between man and woman, and the fantastic portrayal of family life, in films, have encouraged too high expectations and artificiality about life generally.

We seem to be passing through a

"bosom'era". One observes that nowadays the focal points of feminine value are the size, shape and elevation of bosoms and their morbid exhibitions. Very rarely do we see the artistic fold of the saree from the hips on to the shoulder. The function of the "dhavani" is forgotten. Posters and other publicity material produced by uncultured artists invariably placate the vulgar taste in full and even the cultured few excel in encouragement of such art. Under such conditions, modern young girls have forgotten their mammary functions and forsaken their modesty, and believe these protuberances to be instruments of seduction.

Added to these, in many pictures, the characters, the make-up, the movements, the dialogues and musical compositions, the camera angles and the like impress deeply the unrealities of life, so much so that marriage is no more considered a sacred bondage but just a matter of convenience. Morality is cheapened and chastity has lost its significance. The supreme qualities of womanhood are becoming unknown; the GREATNESS OF WOMAN IS FORGOTTEN.

It is essential that the producers should stop stripping the woman's clothes and unravel her mind and heart. It is unfair on their part to fool our youngsters into believing that sex and looks are everything. They must begin telling them the truth—that the real riches are within us. They must reveal the inner qualities of a woman—her mind, heart and spirit. What can a woman do? What does she know? What are her accomplishments? What does she want out of life? How does she react to various circumstances and various people, keeping up the dignity of her own self and her family? What can she do for her children, her husband and the country? How could she live more happily? These are much more important than the surface glamour and the contours of her body.

Can we not see women as mothers, nurses, doctors, good companions, teachers, patriots, artists, minus the coat of sex appeal?

Samuel Goldwyn, a famous producer of Hollywood, declares: "What the people want today is not pure escapism in pictures, but some reflection of their own emotional turmoil. A picture must, first of all, be entertaining; but beyond that it must have something to say. Hollywood is dry of things to say, because it has gone too far away from the average person. It's been too easy to get along on the threadbare formulas and cheap glamour." Jerry Wald of Warner Brothers portrayed in *Johnny Belinda* the life of a deaf mute. He is the same rebel of Hollywood who in *Mildred Pierce* transformed glamorous Joan Crawford into an unsophisticated woman with a heart. With the famous Ingrid Bergman in a plain role, the Italian genius Rossellini gave us the great *Stromboli*. Who can forget Frank Capra's *Lost Horizon* and the character of Margo who becomes withered in the last sequence. Fed up with the proverbial Hollywood woman, the picturegoers stormed the gates of theaters wherever these pictures were shown.

More than the films themselves, the worst harm is being done nowadays by film magazines, which instil in their readers a false adoration of feminine stars. While the stars are depicted with the greatest allure, in sexy poses, their lives are described as careers of pleasure. Their social handicaps, their latent unhappiness, their nomadic living, their moral risks, their personal feelings as against their professional obligations are rarely touched upon in these sketches. The very tools of sex appeal, so vehemently criticised by these journals in one page, as being used as cheap baits by producers for raising their revenues, are employed by themselves in cover and art plates, to raise circulations.

PEACE AND WAR

People always make war when they say they love peace.
The loud love of peace makes one quiver more than any battle-cry.
Why should one love peace? It is so obviously vile to make war.
Loud peace propaganda makes war seem imminent.

—D. H. LAWRENCE.

BEVIN'S ACHIEVEMENTS AS FOREIGN SECRETARY

By WICKHAM STEED

Former Editor of the London "Times"

THE soundest and the fairest way to begin any review of British foreign policy since the summer of 1945, when Mr. Ernest Bevin became its responsible manager, is to look back at the position that faced him as the successor of Mr. Anthony Eden at the Foreign Office. The war in Europe was over; the war in the Far East was nearing its end, though atomic bombs had not yet fallen on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

There seemed a prospect—there was certainly a hope—that Soviet Russia and the Western Allies would work in substantial agreement to establish the peace which all declared to be their supreme interest. Mr. Eden, the out-going Conservative Foreign Secretary, might well feel that he was handing over to his wartime colleague and personal friend, the stout and sturdy trade unionist and Labour leader Ernest Bevin, a task of manageable dimensions.

The nearness of these two men—so different from each other by social origin, education and experience—in their appraisal of the international outlook was aptly suggested by a witty exclamation of the late Mr. Oliver Stanley, then one of the most promising of the younger Conservatives. Pretending to have fallen asleep while Mr. Bevin was speaking in the House of Commons, Oliver Stanley roused himself and rubbing his eyes whispered very audibly to his neighbour: "How stout Anthony has grown of late."

If the overwhelming defeat of the Conservative Party in the General Election of 1945 had not placed the Labour Party in power, it is possible that the experienced skill of Mr. Eden might have handled a number of matters more readily and perhaps more tactfully than his successor could do.

Valuable Service
With France holding an uneasy

balance between two extremes; with an Italy crushed and divided, yet determined to essay the momentous change from a monarchical to a republican form of government; with a defeated Germany divided into four Zones of Allied Occupation; and with the U.S.A. tending to drift away from Europe and to cut short the "Lend-Lease" system of wartime help, it is conceivable that Mr. Eden's tact and prestige might have accomplished more than the somewhat blunter methods of Mr. Ernest Bevin.

Yet there is one service of immeasurable value to Britain and the Western world which Mr. Eden, a Conservative, could never have rendered in the same measure or as decisively as Mr. Bevin did. This service was to convince the bulk of the Labour Party and the great majority of British trade unions that the policy of Soviet Russia is not a policy of improving the lot of wage earners by democratic means, but is a policy of Russian imperialist aggrandisement at the cost of bringing misery and police domination to the free countries of the West.

Mr. Bevin did not voice his conviction or spread it among the supporters of the British Labour Party by abstract reasoning of any kind. He was driven to it by his experience of Russian behaviour in successive four-Power conferences. He had hoped to work with Russia for the restoration of Europe on a basis of assured peace. The slightest sign of co-operative goodwill on the part of the Kremlin would have gained his eager support and would have been welcomed by British opinion beyond the frontiers of the Labour Party. It was not to be. For him, as for others, Russian policy remained an enigma until its true purpose was revealed in regard to Germany.

Communists' Behaviour

Nothing that the British Foreign Secretary or his Western colleagues

could do altered Russian determination to bind Germany so closely to Russia with massive chains of irredeemable debt that the economic misery and political servitude of the German people would be steadily increased. The behaviour of the Communist Parties in Italy, France and even Britain showed that this policy was not being pursued in Germany alone but was tending everywhere to reduce standards of living and to cause social upheavals and distress.

Against this policy Mr. Bevin, whose whole life had been given to the improvement of the standard of life of wage earners, revolted, and caused the British trades unions and the Labour Party to revolt.

The outlook seemed bleak until one morning in 1947 Mr. Bevin heard on the radio the speech of the U. S. Secretary of State, Mr. Marshall, in favour of large-scale American aid to the whole of Europe so as to hasten European economic recovery. In a flash he saw the meaning of this far-sighted generosity and felt that it might make the difference between a hopeless struggle to put the European countries on their feet again, and reasonable certainty of success in that struggle, if the Marshall offer were promptly and properly supported in Europe.

Thanks to his quick and firm grasp upon the essentials of the situation, the Marshall Plan achieved its purpose. This was his outstanding achievement.

Many within and without the British Labour Party who had doubted whether the British Foreign Secretary had rightly gauged Russian aims ceased to doubt when they saw the Kremlin angrily reject Marshall Aid and compel Poland and Czechoslovakia, who wished to accept it, to reject it likewise. No further proof was needed that the Marshall Plan ran directly counter to the Russian plan of Communising Europe by means of economic dislocation and distress. Mr. Bevin was vindicated.

Firm Support

Then came the Berlin "air lift", which he encouraged and sustained. Then in swift succession the Brussels Treaty, the "Benelux" organisation,

the Atlantic Treaty, and the present organisation of European defence under General Eisenhower.

Without claiming that Mr. Bevin played the decisive part in all these developments, it may fairly be said that if he had opposed or belittled them, they would hardly have come to pass. And behind the firm support he gave them lay his comprehension of Russian policy and his conviction that it must be withstood at all costs.

Mr. Bevin's vision, insight and firmness of character in dealing with the aims of Soviet Russia form his abiding title to fame. Nor is there reason to fear that his successor, Mr. Herbert Morrison, will prove inferior to him. In the Cabinet Mr. Morrison will still have the benefit of Mr. Bevin's experience, and may be strengthened by his support. Though Mr. Oliver Stanley is no longer there to comment wittily upon the physical differences, I imagine that Mr. Anthony Eden will spare neither encouragement nor help to Mr. Bevin's successor.

SWARAJ BUDGETS FOR THREE YEARS

(1948-49, 1949-50, 1950-51)

BY

S. K. SARMA, B.A., B.L.

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THE HOUR OF MAN

By HAROLD MAINE

RECENTLY, in a great mental hospital, I sat with a team of scientists who were selecting patients for lobotomy—a drastic surgical procedure that sometimes desensitizes the afflicted to his affliction by damaging the brain tissue. Before each patient appeared his or her case history was read. Here were stories of broken homes, of jealousy, of natural fear of an economic or social consequence, of people kept ignorant of sex, and, finally, of people subjected to the terror of war. None of these people had organically damaged brains, none was suffering from physical illness. The cleavage between the life their birth had promised them and the life we as society had inflicted upon them had been too great for their emotional resources.

Oddly enough, one of the criterions of selection for lobotomy was that the patient be able to return to a better environment than the one he or she had come from. Only when this was assured would the surgeon ply the knife. That night I saw one man plead with tears in his eyes for an operation that would leave him forever somehow dulled. He wanted his sensitivity diminished until he could stand the world in which he had to live. Better environment, indeed!

Later I watched one of these operations, saw two plugs pulled out of the top of the skull to reveal a pulsing and healthy brain. Then I saw an instrument inserted into that brain, cutting off the center of perception from the center of reaction, as it were, so that a man could be made fit for this world of ours.

The surgeon isn't the villain of this piece. I know him for a sensitive and dedicated man, trained to treat brain injuries rather than inflict them. Society had put him in the spot he was in. He was trying to right its wrongs with his skill. No man whom I know is more careful in his personal life than this surgeon. He would suffer excruciatingly if his acts did injury to another. He knows that he

treats effects of a cause of which he is a part.

What we have to roughly call society is the villain of the piece. And while only a few hundred people are actually being lobotomized, a few million are in effect temporarily lobotomizing themselves with sedatives and alcohol. Tonight 10 million doses of sleeping medicine will be taken; this year 7.7 billion dollars or more will be spent on alcohol, most of which will be used to make the world bearable to the person who takes it. All this expenditure for a chemical release from life as it is. Apparently it takes many hundreds of thousands of drugs and endless millions of gallons of alcohol to protect us from the monstrous existence we have created for ourselves. Under this chemical sheath millions apparently wait for the miracle that will make the world a better place to live.

These people aren't, we say, facing reality. But are any of us? Like the drugged people, we all wait for the miracle that will make us suddenly comfortable in this world. A raise in wages or a cut in prices, or a cut in wages and a rise in prices, depending which side of the fence you are on, seems a solution. Or the house that is just out of reach, or the car that moves illusively out of grasp; a tax cut, or a different administration; "security" or special advantage—all of these things seem solutions. We postpone living until the solution comes; we fight for survival without really knowing what survival is or whether we value it for its innate qualities. In fact we avoid the responsibility of survival as hard as we fight for it.

Of late we have had a tendency to turn nature, both human and general, over to science. Two examples of what science has returned to us are the lobotomy and the atom or H bomb. If these have been adequate to our needs, we then can leave science in charge of our souls and the environment of our souls. There is no need to look into ourselves. The

physicians and research scientists are placed in charge by our consent, and we are along for the ride. Clinical psychologists can screen us and we will fall into our places dosed with stimulants to make us aggressive or sedatives to make us immune, as the case may be.

Avidly we read books on relaxation, on how to sleep, or how to find comfort. Sublimate, these books say, make gold of your suffering. Few of these books tell us, as I think they should, to look into our own centers for a clue to *right action*. Would we personally feel right if we followed a certain course of unapproved conduct? Are the pretenses we are all supporting worth their cost to us in personal suffering? Is society always right? Do we continue to blindly accommodate ourselves to a civilization that has gotten out of hand, or do we make it accommodate itself to our innate capacities and needs? These questions go unanswered.

Each of us feels his or her own suffering or problems to be peculiar to himself. It would be a shock to any congregation that indulges in confession, or to any group of people who visit psychiatrists, if they knew how alike their hidden woes were. A shock and then a blessing.

So far, man seems to be united only in prolonging those very things that make him suffer. He has, in fact, done everything but organize his suffering and submit it to his fellows for a solution. Submit his suffering to his psychiatrist, his pastor, or in letters to a person like me, he often does. But we can offer him little comfort. By the nature of our professions we are forced to encourage further secrecy. And by doing that we are in fact encouraging the greatest underground movement in our country.

The revolt of the nerves and spirit has indeed preceded the revolt of the masses. Right now a fifth column is marching in and out of psychiatrists' offices, taking to drugs or drink, indulging in murder and rapine, destroying the home, and draining off our national resources at a frightening rate. During the recent war the enemy with all his ingenuity could devise no weapon as potent in

destroying our manpower as the revolting nerve of our nation. Yet while we smoke out communists and fascists we hide this more dangerous mass. Each one of us is in fact harboring a subversive being—our own unexpressed self which will spread havoc among us until we bring it to light.

Does the minister know what goes on in his congregation? Does he realize that perhaps half of them are harboring recurring ideas of suicide; that a large percentage suffer from sexual guilts and odd and frightening compulsions; that many of them live constantly with fears they are afraid to speak of to their neighbour? Does he know that many of them have gotten so far from comparing their feelings with others that they mistake the physical feelings that accompany ordinary emotions for serious physical ailments; that they all think they are *different* from their fellows?

While it is easy to accuse others of bringing this condition upon us, the fact probably is that we have brought it upon ourselves. We simply will not pay for that which is not comforting in a superficial sense. But that which is comfortable must describe a different state of being than our own, and we who have sought to know ourselves end up only with the knowledge that we are alone, different and unknown to those around us. Our difference is established in our own minds. All that seems left for us is the bottle, the pills, or perhaps the surgeon's knife.

I have wandered in and out of the mental hospitals of the land, studied the mental hygiene movements, and looked to many organizations for a solution to my own problems and the prevention of an occurrence of those problems in others. In one year I interviewed 1400 alcoholics. I found many noble and dedicated men and women and a legion of sufferers but among them I have found no ready answer.

Here is what I propose we do about it. I'm going to take a tip from Alcoholics Anonymous. When a troubled person writes to me, I am going to, if he wishes, put him in touch with another troubled person. If I were

a minister, I would introduce neighbour to neighbour on the basis of their troubles and their lonely suffering. This, I would also do if I were a doctor. I propose no organization, indeed I am against one. I merely want to see people really get together as neighbours and friends. I don't want them to attempt to heal each other; merely to know each other is enough.

I want to see the radio or television turned off for an hour a week, the paper or magazine laid aside, the car locked safely in its garage, the bridge table folded, the liquor bottle corked, and the sedatives kept tightly in their packages. I want to see production and consumption forgotten for this hour. Politics must be forgotten, national or international. The hour that I propose could be called *The Hour of Man*.

During this hour man could ask himself and his neighbour just what purpose they are serving on earth, what life is, what a man or woman can rightly ask of life as well as what they must give in return? If that man is working and struggling for what he really wants, is it worth the price he pays in personal suffering? Neighbours should learn to listen intently to neighbours. In only that way will the eye turn inward. In other peoples' souls they could see the undistorted image of their own souls. As they helped others they would help themselves.

Social agencies and the Community Chest have a reason for being, but that reason should never have allowed us to delegate our charity at the expense of our own isolation. Many people are so removed from any genuine feeling of compassion that they think they are having a heart attack when they first experience this feeling. We tell ourselves that if we don't steel ourselves from the suffering of the world, we are laying ourselves open to more woe than we can take. As we sit down to a full table while millions in the world are in a state of semi-starvation we may feel justified in cutting them out of our consciousness. But as we join in a conspiracy to do this we are also cutting ourselves from our own human center.

I tell you that Christianity was devised on no such plan as that we know, and yet we call ourselves a Christian nation. Christ, as I remember it, asked us not only to join in other peoples' suffering, but to also go the second mile with them. The ancient injunction, "Know thyself", only has meaning when you go along with others far enough to see yourself in them and learn tolerance, fortitude, and restraint.

This is the area, it seems to me, where a possibility of the prevention of most social ills lies. Our social ills are but individual ills magnified and multiplied. Since we have shown no inclination to face them alone as things outside of ourselves, we must know them as things within ourselves and our neighbours. Society isn't an editorial or slogan the individual must strain his soul to live up to; it isn't a labour union or the National Chamber of Commerce; the Church or the local free thinkers' club. It is the individual himself with his own greed, fear, deviousness, pretense, and diffuse and momentary cravings; or it is the individual himself with his deep desires, his eagerness to love and be loved, his compassion, his spiritual questing, and his love of peace. These are the two sides of man.

I ask you, "Which side of man is turned up to the light and which side is hidden, smothering, gasping for air?" It seems to me that the answer is obvious. Only when each of us stands up unashamed in our totality can there be prevention of the ills we bemoan. Only when man stands up, open to himself and to his neighbor, will he discover God. And then he will not have to search. God will pass through him as his own shadow does when the sun is at noon. And that is what I mean by an uncontaminated flow of life. *Perhaps this is the way to prevention.*

Only a very naive man could have written these words, but perhaps it is time to become a little naive. Our sophisticates are on the analyst's couch and the analysts are looking apprehensively out of the window wondering which passing plane carries the bomb.—*Manas*.

SIDELIGHTS : :

It is the nature of ambition to make men liars and cheats who hide the truth in their hearts, and like jugglers, show another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their interest, and put on a good face where there is no corresponding good will.—SALLUST.

A significant event that took place on March 18 found little mention in the daily papers. It was the presentation of a purse of some Rs. 1,600 and odd to Sri C. V. Rajagopalachari, a veteran public worker. The meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, one of the biggest halls in the city. The hall was packed to overflowing. The remarkable thing about the meeting was the participation in it of Sri E. V. Ramaswami Naicker as chairman. As the leading spirit of the Dravidian movement Sri Naicker has a considerable reputation as a fanatic hater of Brahmins, but here he was, conferring signal honour on one of them and eulogising his services in high esteem and unstinted generosity. The armour of the Dravidians is evidently not so forbidding as it seems, and it has chinks in it vulnerable to non-communal fellow-feeling. On the other hand, not a few Congress ministers and their bosses have been distinguishing themselves lately in verbal denunciations of communalism from public platforms. But their administration has in practice become steeped in the venom of communal virus to such an extent that the citizen as a human being has been disintegrated by them into a Reddi or a Kamma or a Pillai or some other clannish denomination. Sanctimonious hypocrisy is of all irritants the most disgusting. The antics of Congress administrators, pretending to be the opposite of what they are without deceiving anybody, are the cause of most of the distempers of the politics of our time, but the remedy is not official propaganda which nobody believes in and is therefore a sheer waste, but exit of the incompetent who have brought the country's affairs to a horrid mess in three years' time.



Sri C. V. Rajagopalachari.

Sri C. V. Rajagopalachari is one of those who know the Congress leaders of Madras State through and through. For years a devoted disciple of Congress stalwarts like C. R., he has been changed by continual revulsions into a renegade imbued with a bitter anti-Congress spirit. He found the chota mahatmas and the August *thyagis* of the '42 movement incarnating themselves at the first opportunity into a horde of petty-minded land-grabbers in commercial exploitation of vaunted patriotic sacrifices. He found the mechanism of popular representation perverted into a nefarious nest of corruption and nepotism. He found erstwhile national heroes turned into enthusiastic opponents of civil liberties. Sri Naicker said of him that he was one of the many who had contributed their all to build the Congress organisation, but as his loyalty to ideals was greater than his loyalty to the Congress organisation or its leaders, he was still struggling hard to maintain himself. "He is not for sacrificing his self-respect for the sake of securing creature comforts, and because of this quality in him we extend to him our sympathy, love and

respect." The vast multitude that gathered in appreciation of Sri Rajagopalachari is evidence of a new public tired of the present regime, whom not all the guile and stunts of ministerial publicity will bamboozle into tolerating it.

Another sign of Congress craft is the selection of Sri Sanjivi Reddi as a candidate for the Presidentship of the Andhra P.C.C. The Presidentship of the P.C.C. is a post of leadership. Sri Sanjivi Reddi is, in no sense of the word, a leader. A harmless, inoffensive, innocuous man with ambitions far over-riding talents, he was pitchforked into a ministership as a result of other persons' quarrels, and fell faithfully into the level of dead routine characterising the Madras Ministry's record when it did not deviate into policies of downright folly and worse. The dispensers of Congress affairs in this State have signalised the advent of freedom by fashioning a novel type of leader. In the rest of the world, energy, vigour and strength, implying attributes of superiority over followers, have some part to play in the choice of a leader. It is the speciality of Madras politics that the masterful keep out, thrusting to the front a weakling holding forth the least prospect of disciplinary check and control. Leadership is held to auction and the crown is put on the head considered most promising for letting the so-called followers run riot at will. When Sri Omandur refused to be a

tool and turned out to be a martinet, he was dethroned as promptly as he was installed by the same set of vote-sellers. The sale of votes to achieve the license permitted by incompetence at the top, an unforgivable degradation for politicians professing to be guardians of the public weal, is at the root of all the maladies of the present, and the ring-leaders of the bargain are our worst public enemies whether they possess the authority of legislators and administrators or pose as heirs to the mission of the Mahatma.

Stephen Spender made a great impression on all that heard him at the Journalists Federation or the British Council. It owed nothing to the gift of the gab, which he clearly did not possess. He lacks the faculty of spontaneous expression. But the deficiency carries with it a charm of improvisation from moment to moment, a certain unpredictableness in the turn of idiom and phrase, which somehow imparted to all he said an atmosphere of freshness and sincerity. Intellectually very subtle, he had the redeeming attribute of not seeming in the least clever. Hearing him, everyone felt here was a poet, philosopher and thinker who took life seriously, whom wild horses could not force to say a word he did not feel. This is the stamp of all men of power and strength, and Spender has added to it the glamour of non-materialist objectives decorated with the spirit and discipline of science.—SAKA.

Are the Barbary Apes which scramble about the windy heights of Gibraltar getting a fair deal from the Welfare State?

The question was raised in the Commons when Mr. L. D. Gammans, Conservative M.P., for Hornsey, asked the Colonial Secretary "if he is satisfied that the subsistence allowance of fourpence a day paid out of civil funds for the maintenance of each of the apes is still sufficient."

Mr. Gammans, who has recently returned from a visit to the Rock, said:

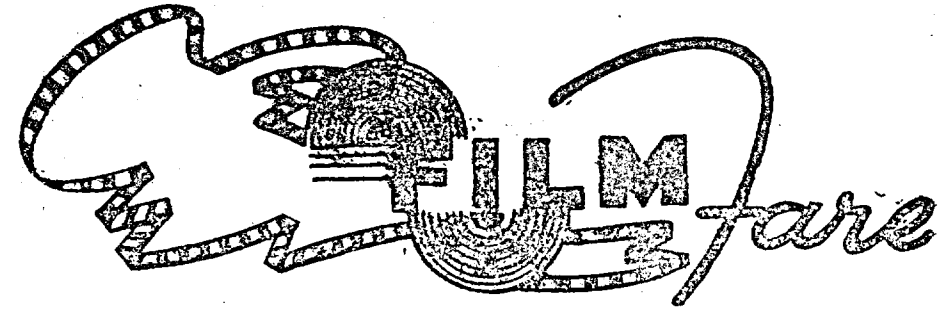
"The apes are on the garrison strength and have their own officer-in-charge. As Government subjects, I feel they should be kept in line with the rising cost of living."

It is not the first time this monkey business has reached Ministerial level.

In 1943, in the thick of war, Mr. Churchill sent an urgent directive to raise the ape population, which had dwindled to six. Tradition has it that when the apes leave Gibraltar Britain will lose control of the Rock. Two apes were immediately flown from North Africa.

The present strength of these tailless belligerent acrobats is believed to be 16 males and 13 females—roaming the crags in two gangs under the leadership of Mick and Gunner.

Today, reports Mr. Gammans, they have a noticeably sullen expression.—NEWS CHRONICLE.



By V. P. SATHE

IF any one had any doubts about the fan-following enjoyed by our top-ranking stars, the record crowd of over 50,000 which paid over a lakh of rupees to watch the stars play cricket at Brabourne Stadium, (Bombay), on Wednesday the 21st March, should dispell it. This festival cricket match in which about thirty film stars participated was indeed a unique event in the annals of films as well as cricket; and the way the common people responded to this novel idea by paying over a lakh of rupees, which are to be donated for deserving charities, showed that the people will go to any length to see their favourite stars and help the deserving cause.

The four day charity match between the Commonwealth XI and Prime Minister's XI also held at Brabourne Stadium in the first week of March with all the star cricketers proved comparatively a flop: for that matter I do not recall any charity match which has been able to collect such a huge crowd and money as this star cricket match, though many people were sceptical about its success in view of the poor show of film-people at a football match held recently.

And it was the huge crowd that inspired the stars to give really a splendid performance. Not that they played great cricket, no body expected them to do that since most of them perhaps had never wielded the willow in their life; but the way they played cricket in real sportsman and festive spirit made the match interesting and the show enjoyable. The very fact that the female stars could field for two hours, (in fact the younger stars

fielded for three hours in blazing sun) redounds to their credit and shows the stern stuff of which our glamour queens are made. Nargis and Begum Para (the latter always stood first in her school in sports) deserve special mention for the way they batted, bowled, and fielded.

And considering all odds, they did not play bad cricket. The bowling of Qamaroodin, Raj Kapoor, Abbas Ajmeri, the batting of Divecha, Motilal, Surendra, Mazhar Haq, Ajit, Premnath, Shyam showed promise, and the wicket keeping of Agha Jan was a treat to watch, in particular the way he stumped and held the catch of Ranjan; he deserved a place in the Ranji Trophy team. The fielding of Raj Kapoor's XI was better than that of an average Indian XI. That is something which even the star enthusiasts did not expect.

All the stars who participated in this show deserve kudos; they included almost all the top notchers, viz. Raj Kapoor, Nargis, Shyam, Dev Anand, Nimmi, Suresh, Nalini Jaywant, Motilal, Begum Para, Ranjan, Premnath, Ajit, Jairaj, Surendra, Vanmala, Leela Chitnis, Sulochana (Ruby Myers), Mridula, Shekhar, Arjun, Om Prakash, Agha Jhan, Kumar, Badri Prasad, Trilok Kapoor, Randhir, Arif (Mazhar Haq), Sohrab Modi, Prithviraj and Suraiya. It is a pity that Ashok Kumar, Dilip Kumar, Naseem and Madhubala did not participate in this event; whatever their reason for not associating with such a gallant cause, one must say that they missed a great treat.

After the unique success of this festival match which incidentally has been filmed and will be soon shown

all over India, it is felt that it should become an annual event in Bombay. No small amount of credit for the success of this match goes to David who enlivened the proceedings with his racy commentary.

Star Of The Week

In Poona a ten day drama festival was held from 16th March to celebrate the 60th birthday of Keshavrao Date the celebrated stage and screen star. Reputed stars like Durga Khote, Snehprabha, Vanmala, Leela Chitnis, took part in this festival. A special function was held in his honour in which playwrights, educationists, and stars like Prithviraj eulogised his services to the stage and screen; and it is learnt that a purse is also being presented to him on this occasion. Further, it is heartening to note that Date agreed to the festival only on the condition that all the income accrued from it will go to the building of a theatre in Poona. In his speeches also Date made a fervent plea to raise the Marathi stage from its uncertain position to a high place in the cultural and social life of the people.

Date's concern for the Marathi stage is understandable; for since he was sixteen he has been working on the stage. In the earlier days he used to play female roles, but later he took to character acting. Among the many portrayals immortalized by him, his portrayal as Aurangzeb in *Agryahun Sutka* (Shivaji's escape from Agra) stands out as a gem of histrionic art.

Though he belongs to the old school, Date has always been in favour of a new and realistic stage. So in 1932-33, when a group of young intellectuals decided to present a modern stage play with women in the cast, Date joined them heartily. The play *Andhalyachi Shala* (School for Blind) which was directed by Date proved a grand success and augured a new era on the Marathi stage. But the new company could not stand the competition of the cinema and soon Date joined Prabhat. He substituted Chandramohan in Shantaram's *Amritmanthan*; and though most of the picturegoers think that it was Chandramohan's eye that dominated the picture, in reality in all close-ups,

it was Date's eye that Shantaram had used.

By the non-Marathi knowing audiences, Date will be remembered for his matchless performance as the aged husband of Shanta Apte in *Duniya Na Mane*, and without detracting from the merits of the performance of Mazhar Khan in *Padosi*, one must admit that Date played the same role even better in the Marathi version *Shejari*. His performances in Ranjit's *Tulsidas*, *Adheri Kahani* and *Dewali* also deserve mention.

When Shantaram found Raj Kamal, Date joined him and upto *Apna Desh*, Date was associated with Shantaram in more than one capacity in every picture. As a director, however, he did not make a mark; though as an artiste he shone in *Dr. Kotnis* and *Apna Desh*.

Now in his old age he has become a free-lance and is acting in different Marathi pictures. With no natural asset—like height, voice and impressive personality Date has won all this fame mainly due to his acting talent. And though Date is interested in the screen, he is still an ardent lover of the stage and loses no opportunity to serve the Marathi stage in one way or other.

At sixty, he is quite agile, full of life and leads a rather puritan life without the vices which one attaches to stage and screen people. Wishing him long life, one hopes that he will live to see the stage restored to its old glory.

News Of The Week

—Anil Bishwas, the well-known music director, had a narrow escape last week when his car dashed against a truck. The car was smashed, but fortunately Anil escaped with slight injuries, though he took some days to overcome the shock.

—Kuldip Kaur who is playing the role of an outlaw in *Baiju Bawra* also met with an accident while shooting. It appears that during the shooting she cut the fingers of both her hands with the result she could not participate in the Festival Match.

—Star Molina, music director R. C. Boral and playback singer Sandhya Rani are expected to shift to Bombay for working for one picture.

Books and Authors : : :

EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF LAW. By S. Ramaswamy Iyer. Published by The Madras Law Journal Office, Madras 4. Price Rs. 8.

Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer's *Everybody's Book of Law* is undoubtedly the book of law for everybody. It is clear and yet deep; it is concise and yet exhaustive; it is informing and yet attractive; it is selective and yet encyclopaedic. It is an admirable, and withal, a reliable guide through the maze of law for the common man and woman. After reading the book, there can be no occasion for anyone to plead ignorance of law as an excuse for doing or omitting to do anything. The rule of law surrounds and permeates our entire life as individuals or in combination as States or Union of States; and certain Fundamental Rights have been enumerated and guaranteed to all citizens in our Sovereign Democratic Republic. Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer's book may well form the basis for the essential education of everybody in citizenship.

The second chapter on the Constitution of India, the third chapter on Law-making by Parliament and State Legislatures, and the eighteenth chapter on International Law, with a summary of the Charter of the United Nations Organisation, stand apart from the rest of the book. They present a kaleidoscopic view of the existing set-up in national and international affairs and will be found of immense help in the study and understanding of current events. Chapters eight and seventeen, dealing with Defence Forces (Army, Navy and Air) and Emergency Laws, deserve careful reading in this unfortunate world of ours, with its conflicting, and often subversive, ideas and ideologies. Chapters one, four and nine may be read first, as forming a general introduction to the subject of Law, Rights and Duties, Injuries and Remedies. The rest of the book deals with the Administration of Justice and Maintenance of Law and Order by the Courts and the Executive, and the principles of civil and criminal law and procedure, and may be read chapter by chapter consecutively with great profit. Chapter fourteen will be found of special interest to all, as it gives a vivid juristic picture of the family and family relationships, which form an important integrated unit in the social life of Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Parsis.

Perhaps an appendix containing in alphabetical order the more important Acts referred to in the book, with their numbers and dates, would have been use-

ful. A word of praise should also be said for the excellent printing and get-up of the book in such a handy and attractive form.—R. N. AINGAR.

INDIAN CRICKET. Almanack for 1949-50. Edited by S. K. Gurunathan. Published by Kasturi and Sons, Mount Road, Madras. Price Rs. 3.

This annual has clearly established itself as a record of events in Indian cricket the previous year. It has removed from the national game the reproach of anonymity. Its reputation is but the natural reward of the enthusiasm and knowledge which the editor brings to bear upon his subject. The present almanack shows numerous signs of his devoted care and attention.

The season chronicled was a memorable one, for it marked the inauguration of a unique experiment in international cricket. Mr. Duckworth, who contributes a detailed account of the first Commonwealth team's tour, does not exaggerate the difficulties of such an endeavour, demanding as it did for its success the harmonious co-operation of players from three different countries. There is every justification for his gratification that these difficulties were so well surmounted that the second Commonwealth team was as popular as its predecessor.

Mr. C. Ramaswami, the old Test player, has described his career in a reminiscent vein. Such a distinguished cricketer has every right to be heard with respect. His account of the Indian tour of England in 1936 will be read with painful astonishment and cannot fail to throw light on that obscure subject. This raises the question whether the time has not arrived for the publication of the Beaumont report, which dealt with the incidents of that ill-fated tour. The lapse of fifteen years has surely rendered it harmless.

The five cricketers of the year are Worrell, Tribe, Mushtaq Ali, Sarwate, and C. S. Nayudu. This choice will not meet with complete approval; the honour bestowed on the last-named is certainly inappropriate. However, the five sketches have been well executed.

There can be nothing but praise for the exactness and orderliness with which the statistics of the season have been marshalled. Remarkable care has been taken by the editor to ensure its accuracy. It is a favourite cliché of reviewers to state of a book that nobody should be without it. It is no more than a bare truth that no student of Indian cricket can consider his education complete without this essential annual.—N. S. R.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

TENSIONS often develop between the closest of friends. Very often they can be traced to the inability of the mind to make a minor adjustment. The simplest problem may bring about the most profound unbalance in the psychosis of the individual. Hollywood has made some outstanding films in recent years dealing with the inability of the mind to tackle these tensions. The Nehru Government asked the UNESCO "to investigate the social animosities apparent within its territory and to enlist for their appeasement the full resources of modern science." The Director-General of UNESCO, Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet said in his address to the Indian National Commission: "We are concerned not only with tensions arising in the international sphere, but also with the social tensions observable between different groups in one country, and even within such groups."

The Prime Minister, however, long ago forgot about the tensions within the country, and about the request which his own Government had made for a scientific investigation of the problem. He therefore lectured the UNESCO thus: "The UNESCO, in India and possibly elsewhere, has been carrying on investigations into what was called the problem of tensions. I wondered if it would not be a worthy exercise to study them at Lake Success. Why go far for studying them? Why not study them at headquarters? Why not study them in the various chancelleries of the world?" Pandit Nehru declaimed: "Those who sit in the Chancelleries are prepared to break and smash not a few heads but millions and billions of heads. How then are you going to stop that by studying the petty problems of the market place or some corner of the world here or there when

the major problem overshadows the world? I am placing before you in all humility these problems that trouble me."

How are the men in the Chancelleries of the world different from the men outside the Chancelleries? The Pandit hit upon the answer almost unconsciously at the very outset of his address. He said that he was addressing the National Commission not as a Prime Minister, but as a human being. "I hope," he said, "all Prime Ministers are human beings." That is the crux of the problem. Men in power are apt to be in a state of temporary insanity. To Shakespeare, for instance, a man in power appeared like an angry ape. That requires a study of the psychology of the power-mad. There is nothing in Constitution to prevent men from going mad once they assume power.

The Prime Minister obviously thought that UNESCO has undertaken the study of communal tensions between various groups in India in order to damn us. He therefore asked UNESCO to go and study at headquarters. But the study of tensions between one individual and another is just as important as the study of tensions between groups, between communities and between nations. The human body, and the human mind are a highly sensitive and delicate extra-mechanism. It is entirely wrong to think that the study of the tensions of the illiterate masses is not so important as the study of the tensions of the Chancelleries. The solution of the present crisis of the human spirit is at least as likely to be found by a study of the former as of the latter. Once you lose sight of the common human individual, you begin to think that it really does not matter if a few people die here and

there of starvation. One man is as good as another. And no man, as William Morris said, is good enough to be another man's master.

Norman Thomas, who has been running for the American Presidency on the Socialist ticket during the past thirty years, still talks sense. He spoke of the tensions in the present world in his own clerical manner, and his gestures convinced us that he must be the author of the course on "Effective Speech in Twelve Lessons." Obviously a God-fearing man, Norman Thomas frequently exclaimed, "God knows even Hitler did not want to start a world war. Nobody wants to start a world war, but it just happens." "God knows the Americans have made a lot of mistakes, but they are not trying to dominate the world." "God knows there are lots of idiots in America, but they do not represent the general American opinion."

Although Norman Thomas is in his seventies, his voice is one of the most resonant I have heard in any public speaker. He put in a vigorous defence of President Truman's foreign policy. He thought that it was a good thing that Roosevelt and Willkie and Benes and Masaryk have died, because they all believed that Stalin was a fine guy. And Norman Thomas was looking forward to the death of Stalin so that things may change. He complained of Stalin's influence in the world of today; he said Stalin was very popular in America for about a year after the end of World War II. He did not try to understand why Stalin is so popular in the Soviet Union and in the Communist world. No single individual in the history of mankind has achieved as much as Stalin has. It is easy to say that Stalin could have done differently, but that would be "hind-sight" and not foresight. If Roosevelt had lived, Soviet policies would have been different.

Norman Thomas suggested that America should spend ten billion dollars a year for the development of the rest of the world. That would work out much cheaper than the cost of financing wars, and in the course of a generation there would be enough contentment and happiness in the world to make wars impossible. A

United Nations Agency had computed that we possess enough knowledge to double the food production of the world. But nobody seemed to bother to get going with the project, he said.

The British Poet, Stephen Spender, seemed to be a rather confused but honest individual. (Like Thomas, Spender has come to India to attend the Congress of Cultural Freedom.) His talk on the freedom of the artist at the Delhi University was a brilliant one; but he was giving his case away when he suggested in an interview that the countries of Western Europe, in relation to America, were in the same position as Poland and Czechoslovakia in relation to Soviet Russia. He thought that it would be fatal to India if she kept neutral in the event of a war, for millions would die of starvation if she failed to obtain food from outside.

Malraux had "lectured" Spender for hours in Spain on the wrongness of writing poetry today, "because he regarded it as a form belonging to a simpler and less abstract kind of environment than our modern one. He seemed to regard poetry as a kind of cemetery for talent lost to the novel." We share Malraux's feelings. And even Spender admits that the present age is an age of minor poetry, not of major poetry. Spender's *Oliveiro Decides* is a typical example of what minor poetry can achieve. Baudelaire had long ago said in his poem on the

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Albatross that "the crime of the albatross is not in being better than the sailors, but in having wings with which he can fly, which also, when he is knocked down, prevent him from walking. The same is the poet's case."

The case for Hindi as national language became a little more weak when the foremost champion of Hindi in the South, Mr. M. Satyanarayana, declared that after the partition of Bengal, Telugu was the language spoken by the largest number of people in India. Mr. Satyanarayana, who was speaking at a reception in honour of the Telugu Poet-Laureate, Shri Sripada Krishnamurthi Sastri, said that Hindi proper was spoken only over a comparatively small area in India, although it was understood over a larger area. It is impossible to force Hindi down unwilling throats. Every language in India should have the same importance. Switzerland has been managing beautifully without a national language. At the most, we can recognise only a few languages as national languages instead of all languages. Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese, Bengali, Marathi and Hindi may all have equal status as national languages, and it should be left to the citizen to learn any one of these

languages. In Orissa and Assam, for instance, it would be more useful for the people to learn Bengali.

Sri Krishnamurthi Sastri, who is in his thirties, is a champion of the old school in Telugu literary style (*Grandhika* language). The modern trend is to use in books the language which is in current usage (*Vyavaharika* language). But the old school still clings to the difficult language of the Telugu classics of hundreds of years ago. As in other languages, so in Telugu, there has been a controversy between the users of *Grandhika* language and the users of *Vyavaharika* language. It is now generally accepted that the language that should be used is the language as it is actually spoken. Champions of the spoken language (as distinguished from the champions of archaic language) sometimes argue that *Grandhika* language of the old books was really the language as it was spoken some hundreds of years ago. Sri Krishnamurthi Sastri said at the reception that this was not the case. Indeed, it was not. The argument is a clever argument, but the facts are wrong. The conclusions, which are in favour of the spoken language, are nevertheless correct, because the other arguments are not fallacious.

MADRAS MINISTRY'S FOOD POLICY CONDEMNED

AN all party Food Conference was held at Vellore on 25th March 1951. Sri S. Ramanathan, Ex-Minister, was in the chair. Sri C. V. Rajagopalachari, Secretary of the Peoples' Civil Liberties Union, Madras, inaugurated the Conference.

The first resolution passed by the Conference dealt with the lack of realisation on the part of the Congress Government of the seriousness of the food problem and the menace of starvation deaths confronting the people of the Madras State.

The second resolution adverted to the incompetency of the Government to deal with this problem and the utter failure of their schemes. It characterised as fraud the attempt of the Congress Ministry to cover up its faults behind so-called natural cala-

mities which are not more serious at present than in previous times in the history of India.

The third resolution condemned the audacious and brutal step taken by the Government in excluding millions of helpless people who live in the villages from the benefits of the food rationing scheme and characterised this move as a cowardly attempt to appease the urban population at the expense of the suffering villagers who produce food.

The fourth resolution called upon the Government to confess before the people their party's utter failure to meet the situation and urgently form an all party Government to organise the people on a war footing.—From A Correspondent.

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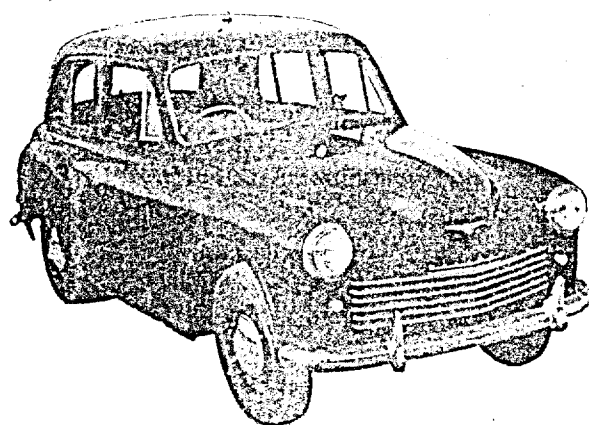
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