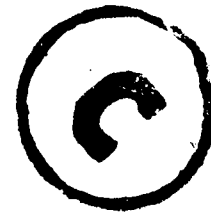
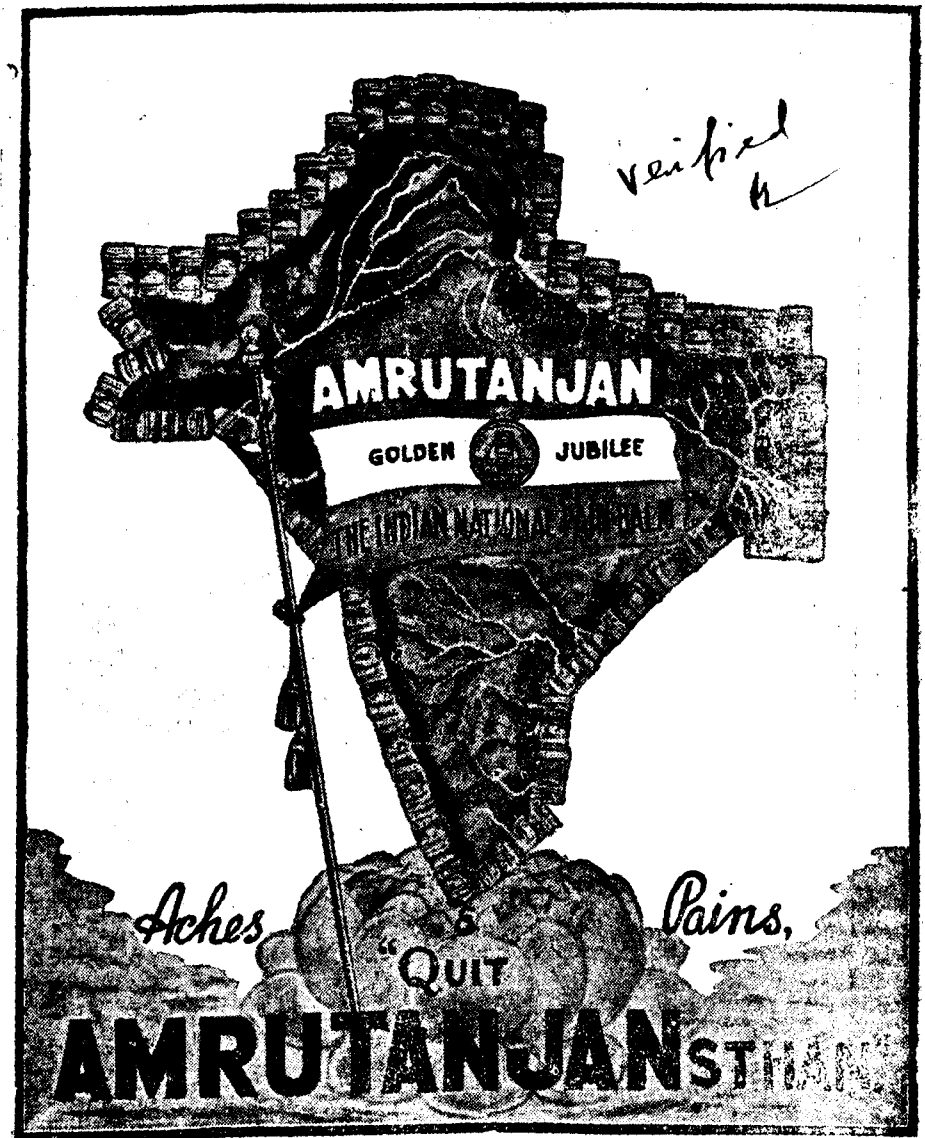


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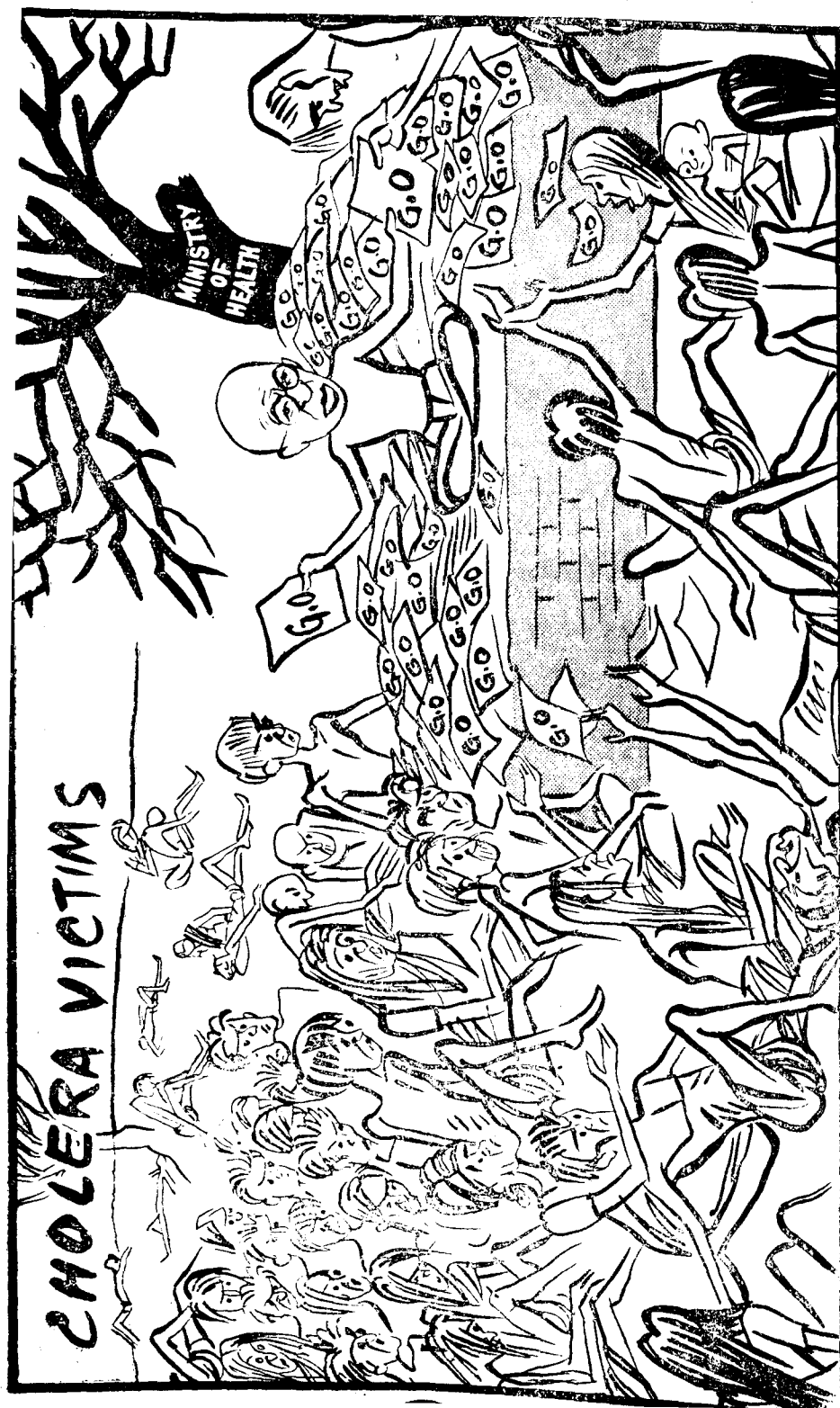


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SWATANTRA

VOL V
No 48

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PRICE OF PEACE

THE Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference now in session in London will not accomplish much unless the effects of past blundering in international affairs are faced squarely and undone through the removal of their causes. Can this be done in any conference of statesmen on which the U.S.A. is unrepresented? MacArthur is blamed by many for the mishaps that have come upon the U. N. forces in Korea, but there are not wanting knowledgeable critics, like Vernon Bartlett for instance, who hold that if American forces had been landed in Korea only a few days later "the United Nations would have been turned out of the country altogether three months ago." Under the impact of such a defeat, the United Nations, it is argued, "would surely have disintegrated, and America would already be involved in the war which every Western statesman is now trying so desperately to avoid." Churchill has traced all the miseries of the present international crisis to two huge blunders committed by the Western powers in 1945. One was to demobilise while Russia had not done likewise. The other was to weaken Germany and Japan far in excess of the extent needed to make them non-aggressive, with the result that they have become incapacitated for self-defence and for "playing their proper part in the world balance of power." These two mistakes pointed out by Mr. Churchill are now admitted to have unhinged the world.

An even graver blunder was the contribution of American policy to Chinese discontent and resentment in

Asia, with Europe in the West in such a state of disequilibrium. The refusal of the United Nations, led by America, to recognise the effective Government of China and the continued American recognition of the discredited Chiang Kai-shek regime disowned even by most of his former supporters, could only be interpreted in China as hostile acts charged with sinister intentions. Formosa was lost to China fifty-six years ago, and at Cairo and Potsdam, Formosa had been promised to the Chinese. The Chinese have come to look upon the island as their own territory pledged to be restored to them after temporary dispossession. MacArthur's interdict on the restoration of Formosa to China, has roused the whole nation's feeling against America, and thrown it into convulsive passion over prospects of the Kuomintang's come-back with American aid. With recollections of the Japanese pattern of conquest still fresh—first Korea, then Manchuria and then North China—the war in Korea has been advertised by the Peking Press and Radio as an effort calling for the service of patriots in defence of their homes and motherland against American designs of aggression.

The American dilemma lies in the impossibility of bringing the war in Korea to any quick conclusion, now that China has begun to throw her man-power into the fight. Even if, by bombing Manchuria, the industries of the country could be destroyed, it would not prevent China's millions of trained foot soldiers from continuing to fight their own kind of

war owing little to heavy industries. American involvement in a war with China would promote just the thing sought to be prevented by American and U. N. tacticians and militarists—it would throw China into the arms of Russia and expose the whole of Asia to a dreadful Russo-Chinese Communist imperialism. There would be no power capable of engaging Russia successfully in Europe while a war with China goes on in Asia.

It is for the Commonwealth Premiers to take stock of these realities and save the world for peace with a resolute assertion of commonsense and sanity. The unfairness of the exclusion of the People's Government of China from the U. N. will have to be first corrected if international affairs are to be taken out of the present turmoil and chaos, and restored to a level of reasonable discussion. Nehru has ever been an advocate of this course. If it finds favour now in London, he will take his rank as the world's foremost peace-maker.

The City's Slums

THERE are some 229 slums in the city of Madras. Sometime ago a committee of the Corporation went into the question of slum clearance and arrived at the conclusion that a complete clearance of all the slums was totally beyond the resources of the Corporation. The committee recommended the more modest programme of improving the slums instead of eliminating them entirely. It would appear that even for this modest programme the Corporation has not enough funds. The Madras Government have therefore, departing from tradition, permitted the Corporation to go to the open market directly to raise the necessary funds. Whether the Corporation will succeed in raising money in this way is problematical. The Government themselves have been none too successful lately in persuading the public to subscribe to their loans. In

democratic countries where the people are behind the Government, there is popular enthusiasm for official welfare undertakings as well as trust in the capacity of the concerned executive bodies to discharge their duties efficiently. The result is a spontaneous flow of people's savings into Government's coffers through loans and the like in support of officially sponsored social undertakings. Unfortunately in India no such public trust has been won by the Government since the advent of independence. The people are unwilling to put their savings at the disposal of Government because they are not sure the money subscribed will be administered competently by capable experts without the wastage of corruption and nepotism. We hear that banks and insurance companies have been approached to lend their support generously to the proposed Corporation loan. Banks and insurance companies are always approached by would-be borrowers, but neither importunity nor vigour of appeal has anything to do with the results obtained. It would be a great tribute to the credit of the Corporation executive if it succeeds, as we wish it will, in a greater measure than the Government have done, in getting the public to finance its social welfare schemes.

The Corporation has an able and energetic Commissioner who has lately returned from an intensive study of British municipal institutions. Nobody therefore can be in a better position than he to know that public health and hygiene cannot be tinkered with by means of propaganda. The slums will die a natural death in a social environment planned for healthy living. Proper housing is indispensable, but even more important than that are such things as clean food and pure water and hygienic habits. To some extent health is incompatible with poverty, and a poverty-stricken country cannot escape from slums. A State drive for comprehensive economic uplift of the

poorer classes is therefore the only sure basis for improvement of the living conditions of the people. In this field the powers of the Corporation for achieving spectacular results are limited. But it can certainly

make a beginning in rousing the public conscience to the anti-social character of some of the prevailing evil habits, notably that of converting the streets into public latrines not infrequently in broad daylight.

Sotto Voce

STRAIT-JACKETING THE PRESS



IN their anxiety to conserve newsprint the Government of India have issued an order having the force of law limiting the size of newspapers. It is done in the name of the emergency which has led the U. S. to stock-pile everything. Prices of newsprint soar; and this, added to the difficulty of getting supplies, has been responsible for many papers making do with fewer pages for some time past. The Government of India claim that, in enforcing statutory restrictions, they are merely strengthening the hands of the newspapers. Unfortunately for this claim, some of the biggest and best papers in the country have attacked the Government's interference as unwarranted and improper.

When a number of possible courses are open, our administrators show an uncanny preference for the least desirable. Newsprint difficulties have been felt in more or less severe form by every country in the world except those which produce this commodity and the United States which has an insatiable appetite for pulp, a bottomless purse and power enough to have its way in regard to most things that matter. Britain, for instance, has had to ration supplies. But it hasn't decreed that the needs of *The Times* and of the *Daily Tabloid* shall be measured by the same yardstick. While

the latter thinks circulation more important than quality, the former prefers to limit the number of copies printed rather than the size and the service it renders the reader.

It is undoubtedly important that newspapers with small resources should not be left unprotected at a time of scarcity and high prices. But profiteering is profiteering whether it is practised by the minnows or by the leviathans. No man is allowed to sell his rice rations in the black market or to get more rations than he needs. He may do these things on the sly, but if he is caught he is severely punished. But newspaper owners who, on the strength of bogus circulation figures, got far more than their fair share of newsprint supplies, merrily carried on a profitable trade in cut paper during the war, their shadow papers merely serving as a fence.

If freedom of information is to have any meaning India should be enabled to get far more newsprint and at far cheaper prices than she does. America should be told bluntly that if she does not help in securing a more rational distribution of available supplies she will be indirectly giving a tremendous fillip to Communism which thrives on popular igno-

rance and credulity. Apart from such action in the international sphere, Government intervention in this regard should be confined to fixing quotas on the basis of actual (not fabricated) figures for past consumption and provision for reasonable expansion. Every newspaper should have absolute liberty to make the best use of its own quota according to its discretion.

The rising tide of illiteracy will not be checked by putting a premium on the tabloid at the expense of quality papers. These are few enough in all conscience and even they have a long way to go before they can claim to give reasonably satisfactory service. The habit of intelligent reading is steadily on the wane. Books, apart from those of a purely utilitarian character, have little chance with a generation which lacks the power of concentration. The fact that American magazines are increasing in popularity is significant. With honourable exceptions, these, for all their technical excellence and lavish get-up, merely cater for the snippet mind.

It was said of C. P. Scott that he made righteousness readable. The ambition may strike many of our

smart newspapermen as amusingly old-fashioned. But, while by giving the public plenty of crime stories, spicy gossip and sports chatter the journalistic cheapjack may reap rich dividends, he is steadily undermining the safety of the realm. For he debases standards and renders the doped public incapable of rational judgment. No Government which claims to work for the emergence of an instructed democracy can afford to look on unconcerned. If it should actually help in the process, though of course without intending it, where shall we look for succour?

The influence of a newspaper is ultimately a matter of character. The personality an established paper has built up over long years is, like the coral reef, the work of innumerable hands. It is subdued to a design implicit in the social situation. The reader moulds his paper at least as much as the paper colours his thoughts. Such a paper evolves a style of its own, a way of doing things, which is the right way for it. Bugging interference by authority which might have the effect of forcing its individuality into a strait jacket would be a public misfortune.

VIGHNESWARA.

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The demand for additional schools which require new buildings cannot be met, and the shift system has to be adopted—as there is no money.

No scheme for providing new houses to solve the housing shortage can be undertaken, nor can anything be done towards achieving this objective—as there is no money.

Slums cannot be improved—as there is no money.

Grants to welfare centres cannot be maintained—as there is no money.

Conservancy cannot be improved and human scavenging cannot be eradicated—as there is no money.

Good water for drinking cannot be provided—as there is no money.

Disease cannot be prevented—as there is no money.

Births cannot be controlled—as there is no money.

Deaths cannot be prevented—as there is no money.

More money cannot be obtained—as there is no money.

But who has the money? The Finance Minister. And what does he do with it? Showing it as the surplus in the Budget!—Sparks From The Anvil by Sleddge Hammer in People's Health.

SPROUTINGS OUT OF COLD

By S. PARTHASARATHY

A voluntary exile in a hill station in December, I find, makes one take an unreal view of life, except in the matter of food. Here I find that 6 ounces of rice and 2 ounces of non-descript grain totally inadequate to keep the cold from the door. But I presume it is the lack of sufficient warmth inside that makes the Atman seek the sunshine outside and then of course you see the world as the yogis see it—all Maya. The thought strikes one that if all men especially politicians could hibernate with the Arctic animals for at least half the year the world would be a better and a more peaceful place to live in. This brings me to the narration of the incoherent thoughts that overtook me on the New Year morning. It is needless to say they concern matters with which most of you are vitally concerned. But if you seek light in them, you will not have it. If you are amazed about them, it is just waste of steam. You have to look at them and study them as an impersonal phenomenon resulting from the mixing up of these ingredients—the human mind, its vital interests and intense cold.

Congressmen: Formerly men belonging to a political party under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, who had a plaque made in mud of the party's motto 'Service before Self' and had it hung in his room in Birla house. During the confusion that followed his assassination, the plaque fell down and broke to pieces. Seth Birlaji generously undertook to make it in gold. But the craftsman entrusted with the job arranged the letters 'Self before Service.' Nobody noticed the mistake but fortunately the new motto commands almost universal loyalty from the party members.

Socialists: Another political party consisting mostly of leaders. Having successfully tackled, in turn, the agrarian problem, the Goan problem, and the problem of mill workers, they

are now engaged in tackling the problem of the Himalayan peoples. It is rumoured that some members of the party want to be in power if only to feel the warmth and richness of Birla's pockets. But the leaders have stoutly denied the rumour. It is expected that they will come into power, after the collapse of the Congress party, and after the collapse of the Communist party. Provided always that there is one other political party in existence at that time.

Ministers: A deputation from Kilpauk met the ministers of India in conference and asked the question 'Can you minister to a mind diseased?' The ministers replied with another question in one voice 'Can the blind lead the blind?' Not understanding the answer the deputation went to Nehru. Nehru muttered to himself in French *au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois* and referred them to the oracle CR. CR was as usual not outwitted and gave the ready answer 'diseased mind and blind. They rhyme. What can therefore be wrong?'

Rice: At one time the staple food of the people of the Madras Province. Now poor specimens are met occasionally in small quantities. It is authoritatively stated that Sri Ram will soon make rice out of sweet potatoes, Doctor Subramanian out of topiaca, Sri Munshi out of words and Sri Roche Victoria out of nothing. It is expected that the Province will have a surplus before the first plane leaves for the moon. Nehru has already announced that he will send a gift out of that rice to the people of the moon so that they may emerge from the cold and join his Eastern bloc.

Control and decontrol are expedients adapted by the Government of India to enable poor merchants and manufacturers to make some money in these hard times. Control is imposed when goods are in abundance

thereby creating scarcity, decontrol is imposed when there is scarcity to create more scarcity. Sugar and textiles are the favourite subjects. The Madras Government have now decided to adopt the policy of the parent Government and are decontrolling rice.

Blackshirts: The appellation came to be applied because the leader of the movement did not believe in taking a bath and as a result his shirt assumed a darker hue. The followers thought it was a good idea to save on the dhoby and adopted the black shirt. The love of black has had a psychological reaction on the members' minds. They detest brahmins and North Indians because they believe they are fair in skin. They also dislike God because he is full of light. It is expected that they will be in power when the dark age comes once again to this Province.

One plus five: Is a new term in

astronomy and represents a planetary circle of great men in India. Birla is the sun. Tata, Kasturbai, Walchand, Sarabhai and Bhabha are the planets. But for the beneficial rays of the sun and the planets, India would have gone cold like the moon. But for them, there will be no rich and poor and people will die from sheer ennui and boredom. According to Sri Hanumanthayya of Mysore Birla is greater than the Government. The Government is aware of this fact and appoints these men therefore to all committees to frame important policies for them to carry out.

Swatantra: A pot-pourri of good and indifferent stuff. The Editor gets brain fever whenever he takes the pen to write the leading articles. The particular form of hallucination that haunts his fevered brain is 'Madras Ministerial Corruption.' His motto is 'Magna est jus, magna est veritas, sic Prakasam et prevalet.'

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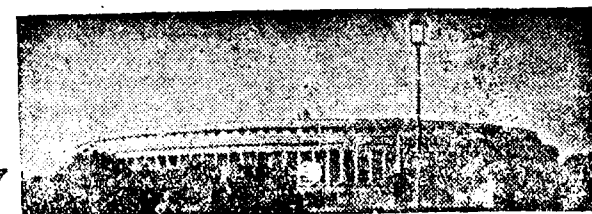


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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE new year has started with action from the man of inaction. We can wish for nothing better. If Jawaharlal Nehru's advice to Hiralal Shastri is not a mere personal whim—and it does not appear to be a personal whim—there is just a chance that the Central Government will not collapse in the next two years. This will mean, of course, that most of the present Ministries, including the Nehru Cabinet, will have to be either replaced, or overhauled and reshuffled beyond recognition.

Jainarayan Vyas will be definitely a more popular Premier of Rajasthan than Hiralal Shastri. Sardar Patel's telegram to Jainarayan Vyas in June 1949 read: "Shastri owes his premiership not to his election as leader or to a mandate of the Provincial Congress Committee but to my choice of leadership at the unanimous request of all of you." The corollary, as we pointed out at that time, is that when the unanimity ceases and when, moreover, absolute lack of confidence in the States Ministry's nominee is expressed, the question must be re-opened.

The truth is that the Congress High Command persisted in throwing out Ministries which were not amenable to the influence of capitalists and their agents, and in installing in their place Ministries which were willing to be subservient to so-called captains of industry. Intrigues were methodically encouraged by those in control of the Congress machine. B. C. Roy and Hiralal Shastri were installed by such intrigues: Prakasam and Prafulla Ghosh were manoeuvred out by the same plotters. Prakasam wrote registered letters to all the members of the Congress Working Committee asking who was responsible for moving the resolution suggesting his resignation. Each member replied

that he had not moved it. One member wrote: "I was only a silent spectator. It was others who did it." Those who sowed the wind of intrigue immediately had to reap the whirlwind of chaos. It is only in a formal sense that there is Government in this country. The Governments have hardly any control over the business community, which has informally taken over the task of running the country. The next few months will show whether the Prime Minister will let the Government collapse, or whether he will change the course of the Ship of State.

There is some sense of urgency in Nehru's broadcast, such as was not to be found when he launched on his leisurely ramblings in the United States of America. "I do not wish to escape," he says. It is a great statement when it comes from an almost born-escapist. When the Prime Minister was in the U. S., he disclosed that he had received an invitation from the Mexican Government, and that he would be visiting that country in 1951 (?) The *Times of India* had given the aptest caption to the story: "And now to Mexico!" But Nehru has realised that he should not escape, "even for a while, from the burden and the responsibility that Fate has cast upon me."

Nehru has assured the nation that he will not let his Government withdraw rationing and thus get rid of its commitments. "That would be a criminal escape from the duty and responsibility to the people," he said. He is haunted by the idea of escapism; this encourages us to think that he has at last realised that all along he has been trying to run away from the problems facing his Government. The establishment of world peace, in the ultimate analysis, must be preceded

by peace and tranquility and well-fed stomachs in every home in this vast land of ours. But he has been content to entrust some of the most important portfolios to adventurers and capitalist agents. When the chance to set things right came in December, he bungled miserably. The least competent of the Ministers has been entrusted with one of the most important portfolios. This was the man who had openly expressed his desire that Nehru should resign from the Ministry, because he and Sardar Patel had succeeded in securing the election of Purshottamdas Tandon as Congress President. Nothing will be lost, and everything may be gained, if Jawaharlal is to relieve most of the members of his Cabinet of their responsibilities and send them all home. I am, however, not in favour of the recruitment of sixty-year olds to replace the seventy-year olds. The tragedy of Jawaharlal himself is that he has become Prime Minister when he is past sixty: he would have been able to act with much less hesitation if he were Prime Minister at the age of thirty.

The recruitment of the veteran journalist, K. Rama Rao, as the Working Editor of the *Indian News Chronicle* is a great achievement for the proprietors of the journal. The larger interests of the *Chronicle* as well as of the general public can be best served by allowing Rama Rao a completely free hand in the formulation of the policies of the paper. Nothing published in the newspaper should suggest that the proprietor, Lala Deshbandhu Gupta, is an aspirant for ministerial or gubernatorial office. It will be of interest to see whether the President of the Newspaper Proprietors' Organisation, Deshbandu Gupta, will persist in printing his own name as Editor of the paper, or whether he will let Rama Rao's name appear in place of his.

As a professional news-gatherer, I would like Rama Rao and other Editors of Delhi newspapers (notably Ian Stephens) to go into the question of the desirability of sub-editors and assistant editors acting as Correspondents of outside newspapers, both Indian and Foreign. The hardest-

working journalist in the Capital is K. N. Sharma, who has many scoops to his credit. But as soon as he hands in his scoop to the *News Chronicle*, any sub-editor or assistant editor who happens to sit at the desk can file it to his paper. And everyone of the sub-editors or assistant editors who represents an outside newspaper probably does telegraph it or cable it to his paper immediately. This really means that the news-collector acts as the unpaid assistant to the sub-editors who are probably earning two or three times the remuneration of the Correspondent by merely making copies of the messages of the Correspondent and sending them to the Telegraph Office.

This practice is so common that it would be wrong to call it pilfering. This has been going on for years and years. Journalists were so badly paid that an increased income of ten or fifteen rupees in those days was not grudged. Nobody bothered about it, and the practice was not regarded as unprofessional. But now we have to consider whether such acts can be tolerated any longer. It is definitely not in accordance with the best principles of journalism, because the practice really amounts to parasitism. From the point of view of the newspapers, it would not be conducive to their best interests if other papers in other parts of the country or other parts of the world are to get the benefit of their own exclusive news-services. And if members of their staff are all the time on the look-out for hot news so that they may rush to the telegraph office—or send someone to it—their efficiency is bound to suffer.

I am not suggesting, of course, that sub-editors of newspapers in small towns and so forth should not be Correspondents of newspapers. My objection is restricted only to the use of news by those who have not themselves collected the news. In a World News Centre like Delhi, news-gathering is a 24-hour job. If a sub-editor writes an article—and if it is not a copy of an article—he should, of course, be free to sell it to whomsoever he pleases. He can write news-letters, perhaps. But if he does not collect news, he should not be entitled to use it.

THE STORY OF GRETTA AND JIM

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

A couple of years ago when the All India Women's Conference was held at Madras I stood one day amidst an exhibition of Indian paintings and works of art assembled in a large hall in one of the schools of the city. With me was a young friend who had just graduated from college. "That," I said pointing to a white-haired, benevolent-looking, formally dressed old man standing near a wood carving talking to a small group of elderly women, "is James Cousins."

She acknowledged the information with the lift of a supercilious eyebrow.

"He is an Irish poet," I said pointedly, "and one of the moving spirits in the revival of Irish drama."

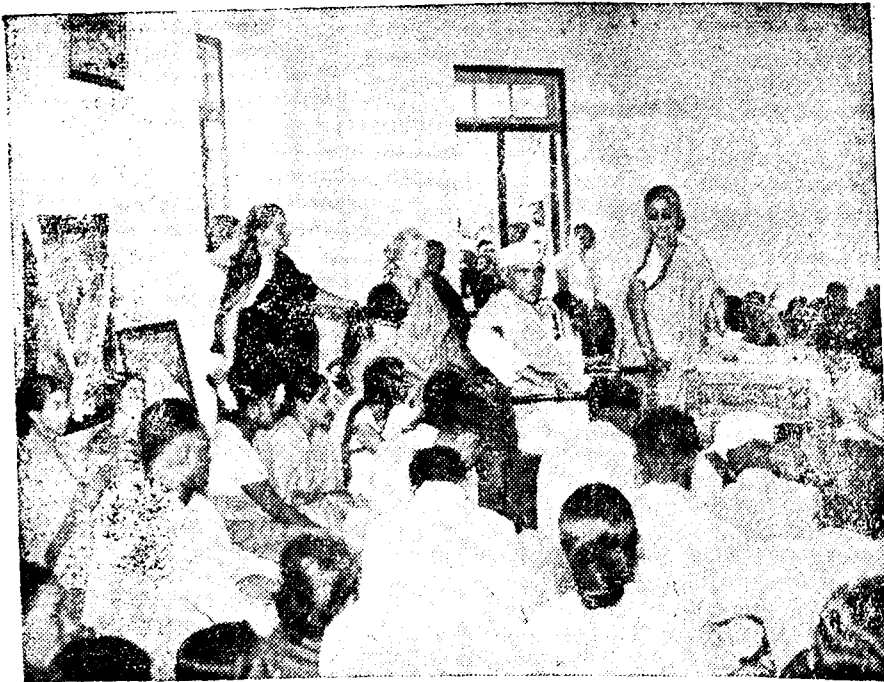
"I know," she said, "but I like AE better as a poet."

I dare say. I myself like W. B. Yeats' poetry better than I like James Cousins'. But the point is that to many of us even now achievement in any sphere of activity is measurable only by the world's yardstick. It has to be something concrete, substantial, palpable, dimensionable, something which can be seen or felt, something which does not depend to any great extent on the imagination for its visualisation. But contribution to life and humanity can be in two ways, in actual action, or in thought and understanding. The work of James Cousins, apart from the spade-work he put in for the cause of the resurrection of Irish poetry and drama, has been mainly contributory to the thought of our age. His life and personality are a shining example of the fulfilment of the inner purpose of man. Of him truly it may be said that 'his life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man' ". I have not here mentioned the vast amount of work he has done in the cause of national education and art in India or for the liberation of our country because I think to him his exertion in India was not an end in itself as the

revival of Irish drama was. It was a means to an end. As the fawn draws the hound, as the lightning the vapour, and the weak moth the taper, so Reality, in the garb in which Wordsworth saw it, drew James Cousins, and the thing that he saw beyond mere sight has made him what he is today—free, classless, tribeless and nationless, a king over himself. It took him forty years of wandering through three continents to achieve his aim. When he came to India in 1915, he had not quite shed either his Irishness or his Protestantism though the edges of both had been much trimmed by his Theosophic attitude to life and the mystic side of his exuberant imagination. Of his labours in India it may thus be said he served himself as much as he served the country. His experiences and contacts mellowed his thought and fancy and vouchsafed for him a glimpse of the symbol behind the material. The light of this realisation shines on his face today and seems to sanctify his features so that one gets an impression of subdued radiance about him. It is not just the halo that comes with the lapse of years. It goes deeper, into the very fabric of his soul and earns him the spontaneously-given love and veneration of all those who enter the charmed circle of his influence.

"Escapism," exclaim the non-believers. "Don't you see that his very running after the Reality behind things as you put it means his running away from the things themselves?"

Which raises the question, What is Reality? Is it the world of the senses? I do not know but sometimes I think there must be something behind the redness of the rose and the swiftness of the fawn. There is only one channel of perception through which it is transmitted—our instinct. What the instinct tells the heart, the imagination creates for the mind. That perhaps to a large extent explains why so many of us in our



Women's welcome to Jawaharlal Nehru in Congress House, Madras in October, 1936. Mrs. Cousins is seen in the picture in sari just behind Nehru.

old age turn to religion or philosophy for spiritual sustenance. The vision comes to most of us late in life when the senses have become faded and worn with use.

The book that James and Margaret Cousins have just brought forth is a testament of their faith, not merely a document of the versatility of their sympathies or the breadth of their capacity for human intercourse; not merely the story of a woman's fight for her sex in Ireland and India and a man's struggle in the cause of self-expression and education and art. What stands out in the book is the way the stories of two personalities first overlap and then merge till after a certain stage it becomes impossible to tell whose story it is that is being told. There is an impression of jumble as we begin to see Jim in Gretta's story and vice versa till the unhappy fact that one of them becomes physically incapacitated to write comes almost as a relief.

The first time I saw James and Margaret Cousins together I thought there was something uplifting in the very sight of these two old, old people who had lived and had reached a

stage when each inmost thought was known to the other by some impetuous divination even before it was uttered and each could read the other's face like a book. So it came with quite something of a shock when I read in their joint autobiography that Margaret Gillespie had not only not been in love with James Cousins when she married him but that in fact she had quite disliked him and had dragged herself into marriage with him impelled solely by the thought that she had some pretty younger sisters and this was probably her only chance to get married. And when I closed the book it was with the firm conviction that if ever a marriage was first made in heaven, this one certainly was, and that there was much less to falling in love than I had all along imagined. From a mere man with whom she exchanged vows at the altar, James Cousins developed in course of time to be the mainstay of Margaret's emotional life, the prop of her moral strength and the fellow creature who was as indispensable to her as the air she breathed and the water she drank. And James Cousins evolved from a

fond lover to an emotionally undemanding, self-sufficient complete human being, a loyal companion and a tender, lovable friend.

To Margaret Cousins, even from the day of her marriage, sex was abhorrent. She grew white and thin during the first year of her marriage from the shock of the discovery of the physical basis of married life. "Something in me revolted then," she says, "and has ever since protested against certain of the techniques of nature connected with sex." People like her and her husband, she affirms, will not be "satisfied, be purified and redeemed, life after life, until the evolution of form has substituted some more artistic way of continuance of the race." During his early years and youth there was nothing particularly austere about James Cousins though his conception of beauty was never limited to lip or hand or lovely cheek. He had friends among women and before he met Margaret he had indeed been engaged to a girl from Belfast with whom, however, he later broke off when he realised that "feminine companionship, if it was to outlast preliminary curiosity and novelty and subsequent familiarity, had to offer me more than the transient attractions of feature and form." But the world and his wife were born out of preliminary curiosity and to deny the body is, in a sense, to deny life itself. And as for the disgusting "techniques of the nature of sex," Mrs. Cousins, your artistic husband may be permitted to tell you God was the First Artist and long before paintings and murals and frescoes came into existence, He created the perfect mechanism that is Man. I cannot imagine where else technically He could have put sex except where He has put it. And love between man and woman completely exempt from sex is like a flower without fragrance—a barren, dead, coloured thing. In marriage sex is like the ground on which the edifice of love and companionship is built. As time goes on the house itself becomes more and more important and we renew the bricks, turn the tiles over, we hang pictures on the walls and fill the rooms with beautiful things and we quite forget the flooring. But it is there always holding the house together, in physi-

cal contact with us all the time.

The book is a trifle too long as biographies of crowded and busy lives are apt to be. The story of their sojourn in India which is the latter part of the book, seems repetitive, like a swiftly run film on a screen or like jumbled colours on a palette—I have only an overall picture of a series of art exhibitions, people, jail-goings, music performances, schools, paintings, meetings, and still more paintings, and sea voyages. The picture occasionally slows down and becomes vivid, impressive, leaving an indelible pattern in the mind. A selection of events and incidents instead of an almost chronological detailing of life, would have achieved the double purpose of condensation and clarity. Colour could have been added by fuller and more intimate and personal portraits of public figures like Rabindranath Tagore, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Sir J. C. Bose, Mira Richards, AE and the score of others with which the two authors moved so intimately.

Margaret Cousins' genius lay in her inexhaustible energy, her fearless championing of causes she felt were good or right, her indomitable courage. Precedent and custom have never weighed with her and she has never feared to run the gauntlet of public disapproval. The best in her came out when she was up and doing and her suffering in the cause of women's suffrage is proof of her intrepidity and nerve. She bore all kinds of ignominy, persecution, danger and imprisonment without a whimper or a tear, sustained by an inner fire and feeling. When she saw the women of India go to the polls for the first time on October 31, 1923 and when she heard Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, member of the Irish Free Parliament, stand up and talk to a hushed House, it was to Margaret Cousins a personal triumph. To her fearlessness of heart is added a deeply imaginative and sensitive quality of soul which found exercise in mystical wanderings through the Past and the Future without limitations of Time and Space. She tells us that she was once congratulated on a blend "of whimsy and philosophy of life" in her speeches, on an attitude to life "that held both humour and seriousness

together, and mingled earnestness with tolerance." This "Irish" humour which is more evident in the latter part of her account than the earlier, lightens up every sentence that is James Cousins' contribution to the collected work. There is a quite whimsicality and a delicate fancy and a human warmth about his narrative; hers is serious, concise, demure. She rarely digresses into a mere pleasantry, while his report is more leisurely, more graphic and full of glimpses of himself as a man. She was the doer; he the writer, the stylist. To Margaret an experience was means to an end, it had direction, it was a step in the furthering of her maturity. Often to James an experience remained a lovely memory for a long time until one day he turned it into a song when the essence of all its loveliness sank deep into his soul and sharpened his perceptions.

Chronologically, the book starts from their birth, his in Belfast on July 22, 1873 and hers in Boyle on November 7, 1878. He came from a family of "decent" Protestants and could claim a chaotic, mixed descent from Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French and English bloods in which, however, the Irish strain predominated. After a preliminary schooling he became a pawn-broker's assistant and soon graduated to secretary for Mayor. A knowledge of shorthand led him into journalism where he stumbled on to his first glimmer of the law that "truth may be a libel." She was small and plain and had brains and was a born equalitarian "not a bit interested in dolls," her great ambition during her childhood being to grow up into a "cheerful saint." After school Margaret took a four-year specialised course of study in music towards the end of which time she met James Cousins and after a courtship lasting three years married him, "I always wanted to see," she says, "over the edge or round the corner of the road, or into other people's houses or minds," a curiosity which was later sublimated into a capacity to look into her own mind and beyond it.

When the two streams of consciousness joined and became one, James lost himself in the work for the revival of Irish drama and Margaret in the suffragette movement, the two

activities keeping them busy almost up to the day of their departure for India to help Mrs. Annie Besant in her work. In the midst of her political agitations, Margaret found emotional outlet in her mystic exercises. James turned to poetry. They had a great gift and a temperamental advantage. They could be at home anywhere and they were never tired of meeting people. The Pankhursts, Mand Gonne, the friend of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poets, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Maud Mann and last but not least, Annie Besant, flit through the pages like phantoms seen in a dream. In India the life of the Cousinses opened out again absorbing people, customs and traditions indefatigably. Tagore stalked the stage for sometime. Mrs. Naidu's high-pitched sing-song voice is heard. Aurobindo appears spreading "a flavour of gentleness and wisdom." James Cousins went on trips to Japan and America slowly adding to his repertoire of knowledge of Oriental art. Europe is traversed and Indian art takes its rightful place in the world of art.

It would be impossible to give a list of the places the Cousinses visited in the course of their travels or of the people they met—the list would beat in length the catalogue of gods in *Paradise Lost*. The wanderers came to rest at last in Adyar where Margaret fell ill and James appointed himself nurse to a beloved companion who had shared his life for fifty years.

While in Japan James Cousins, addressing school children on a certain occasion, gave an outline of an ideal life. It was to be a circle, a loom, a mountain, that is, to try to see everybody as members of one vast family, to look for beauty and wisdom everywhere and to weave them out of our own lives and to rise higher in character and to grow deeper inside ourselves. James Cousins' life, it may be said, has been worked out on a similar pattern. Life has been both to Gretta and Jim a dome of many coloured glass through which they have sought to catch a glimpse of the white radiance of Eternity. Now in the evening of their lives they walk in the vineyard of God with the light of peace and faith shining over their faces, their lives a guide and a light to all thinking people.

DECLINE OF ART-DANCING II

By KRISHNA

IN order to sustain a standard of dancing that is practicable under modern conditions, though correct and severe, it is necessary to briefly refer to certain basic principles of the art from which departures are dangerous. A preliminary enumeration of contemporary defects is a mere diagnosis of the disease and not its treatment and cure. These principles have been handed down by tradition, written down in texts, and have been the stock in trade of artists within living memory. It is hardly necessary to add that the scope of these suggestions pertains largely to the type of dancing known as "Bharata Natya" and does not cover, except in passing, the full fledged dance-dramas like Kathakali, or the less sophisticated and broader types of folk dancing.

There are two distinct parts of a dance programme. One is pure dance or "Nritha" where various patterns are woven with the feet to the accompaniment of time measure combinations. It starts with a simple movement called the "Alarippu," which consists of a series of head and hand jerks not very pleasant to watch, but this muscle-relaxation is said to be an invocation to the gods. It is followed by a 'Sabda', which also has no words but only combinations of the octave. This is succeeded by a "Jatiswara", in which, to the best of one's knowledge, the only tune sung during the last thirty years and more is one in which a young thing says that she was misled about Lord Krishna's intentions and that she, being practically a child, should not be treated in that kind of way. No dance show will suffer by one or other of these pieces being left out. One does not desire to witness the entire procedure of how the artist has learnt to dance. A musician does not practice the scales on the platform. The "Varnam" is a delicate and complicated combination of dance and "abhinaya" and should form an integral part of any dance programme. According to the classical texts on the subject, the meaning should be con-

veyed by the hands, the time measure kept up by the feet and the emotions expressed by looks. The "Varna" is particularly suited for this combination and the practice of synchronising the Nritha or dance with the abhinaya is a line of development that should be encouraged. It would tend to keep down exuberance and improve concentration. The "Tillana" is a dance that is, by custom, performed after the abhinaya in the second part of the programme is almost over. This does not appear to be an aesthetically intelligent or even a convenient sequence. It should be performed as part of the earlier dance programme. The artist, poor thing, can then go and change her costume for the Abhinaya once and for all. What often happens is that in order to dance the "Tillana" later, she either continues to show the abhinaya in acrobatic tight pyjamas or she changes into an elegant saree which flounces and flutters in the wind during the Tillana.

A word about costume. There is little doubt that correct clothes are of the utmost importance. But neither flamboyance nor a motley combination of loud double tones is desirable; nor the kind of fantastic coiffures, supposedly of authentic antiquity and copied from temple gopuras; nor the type of jewellery consisting of large sized gold bars and uncut stones that flatten the biceps or hang round the neck like a mill stone. This is just like the attempt of certain 'artistic' persons to capture an oriental atmosphere by means of bronze statues, scented sticks, sarees converted into curtains, and carved furniture that hurts the occupant by the abrasion of an even surface and by the incision of pointed corners. The view that normal clothes are not adequate for dancing is born of a baroque mind with no sense of harmony, and desiring to startle rather than please. It is difficult to understand why a dancer should not dress herself for the stage as she would if she were part of the audience. The sentiments of love and sadness and wonder have

been an unalterable and undying equipment of the human mind through the ages, and fidelity to contemporary life in costumes and surroundings on the stage will enhance, and not detract from, the effect of the show.

And now about the subject matter of the abhinaya. One should ask one's self seriously whether or not there is any distinction between abhinaya and a dumb man trying to make himself understood. At the present time simple prayers as well as recitative and philosophic stanzas for the hymns of the saints are represented by closing the eyes, extending the palms, saying an imaginary rosary with the thumb and forefinger and looking up or down. The kirtanas of Thyagaraja and Dikshitar also suffer a similar fate. Long descriptions of nature are indulged in by plucking imaginary flowers, showing trees and mountains by lifting two uplifted arms higher and higher, flowing water by horizontal undulations of the hand, and water falls by similar undulations vertically. We shall at this rate soon be having abhinaya for the Prime Minister's pronouncements on foreign affairs. The abhinaya of description is fundamentally foreign to an art of the emotions. As a musician is singing the relevant song all the time the audience is fully aware of where the events took place. The point of the abhinaya is what took place and what the reactions of the concerned persons were, and not where it happened. Nor is it of any emotional or sentimental significance to know that a hunter went into a forest to hunt, or the cow came home in the evening or the Himalayas are high or water flows from a higher to a lower level. Further, though there are nine "Rasas" or emotions (Sringara (love), Vira (valour), Karuna (compassion), Adbhuta (wonder), Hasya (humour), Bhaya (fear), Bhibhatsa (disgust), Raudra (anger), and Santha (equanimity)) it is an accepted canon of the art of dancing and in any event, the sanctioned practice of centuries, that dancing is primarily concerned with the emotion of love and that the other

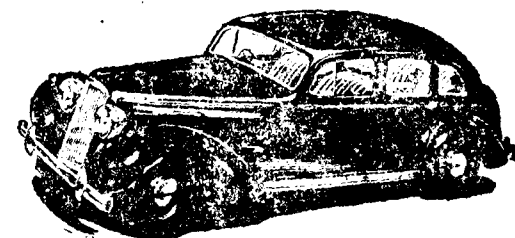
emotions are auxiliary to it. It is the lover who is angry, and not a gentleman because the food is cold; it is the beloved longing for the lover who is afraid, not a lady who is afraid of advancing old age. The entire art turns round the reactions of a Nayaka and a Nayika, i.e., a lover and his beloved. The expression of sentiments divorced from the reactions of either, is of no value for the dance. The classical texts on the dance, with their love of categories and compartments, have attempted the almost impossible task of classifying the types of lovers of both sexes. The three types of Nayakas are Swiya or one who loves in wedlock, Parakiya or one who though married loves outside wedlock, and Samanya or one who loves for lucre. These are further divided age-wise, and temperament-wise. This last is an interesting classification and enters into delicate distinctions between women who excuse infidelity straightaway on the morning after and women who quarrel in haste and repent at leisure! The classification of men as lovers has also been attempted, but more broadly, a monogamic 'Pathi' like Rama, a polygamous 'Upa Pathi' like Krishna, and a 'Vaisika' who purchases love like the adolescent heirs to easy fortunes and old 'roues' who "laugh with so little cause, and devise games out of straws," to quote Browning. It is also part of established tradition that while the beloved may be a frail mortal, the lover himself should be a god, thus introducing an element of devotion into erotics, and enabling the sanctimonious to hide behind a thin veil of Freudian sublimation. These classifications, however, are mentioned here to show that love has all along been recognised as the principal emotion portrayed in 'abhinaya'. It would be foolish to over-emphasize the value of these categories otherwise. The gamut of the emotion of love is capable of an infinitude of subtle variations, in which are mingled simultaneously conflicting feelings like pleasure and pain, laughter and tears, anger and affection, "our

sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught" (Shelley). In this medley there can be no mathematics and very little even of logic.

Confusion between the emotions portrayed in dancing or in any other kind of histrionics, and these same emotions in real life is an error of the first order. Some of these emotions like fear and disgust are unpleasant and painful in real life, but all the emotions on the stage give only pleasure. Otherwise no one will spend money and go and witness tragedies. "Verisimilitude" is the representation of reality, but not truth itself, because at the back of one's mind the understanding is always present that no one is really dying and that it is not Lord Krishna but one's friend from the next street that is pretending to

be so. Art must be deliberate and no artist can afford to forget and lose himself in a part. If he starts to imagine that even temporarily, he is the character portrayed, art will descend into life, the dross will mix with the gold, and instead of weeping with delicacy and charm, he will weep as people weep at village funerals. Hence the difference between the pleasure given by a tragedy on the stage and the pain given by a tragedy in life. The 'Rasas' on which 'abhinaya' is based should also be appreciated in the background of this distinction between life and art. Hence the beauty of a symbolism that is succinct and suggestive, and where the words inhere in tips of the fingers.—(angair antarnihita vachanaihi—Kulidasa). (To be continued).

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INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Dr. RANJEE SHAHANI

IN August, 1947 India became independent. What does that mean? Simply this: that, by agreement, Britain transferred all sovereign power to India as represented by Congress.

The dismal period of transition was over; but this did not end everything; there was still some continuity. The Viceroy became the Governor-General, and a number of British officials, advisers, and some members of the armed forces remained for a limited time at the request of the Indian Government.

Internal problems were terrific, and clamoured for solution. India's revolution had to be put in reverse gear; in fact, the creation of citizens of the State as against hot-headed revolutionaries was the most pressing need of the hour. Without some civil sense, India, it was clear, would disintegrate.

It is generally agreed, both at home and abroad, that Gandhiji was the focal point of the national will. His very life had caught the imagination of the whole country. He had won through with his ideas of a bloodless revolution the like of which the world had not seen before. It would appear that the outgoing power was just as happy at the outcome of this struggle as the Mahatma and his followers. This had the supreme advantage of preserving goodwill on both sides, and it made the transference of power a pleasant duty or necessity.

Now it was for Indian leaders to tackle the very problems that their predecessors had tackled. Law and order, alleviation of distress, consideration for the underdog, a healthy economy, a strong sense of solidarity (which India had always lacked), foreign relations, and many other questions had to be faced.

Use Of Force

Internal disturbances absorbed all the energies of the new rulers, and in fact one was presented with the odd spectacle of Satyagraha (non-violence) resorting to force in a much bigger way than the outgoing power had ever used in the course of a hun-

dred or more years. Events moved so fast that the infant Government had no option in the matter, and perhaps it could be criticised for not using what force it had more quickly in the right places. From this situation of entrenching the new State the political scene moved more swiftly. There was the problem of absorbing the Indian States. This had to come, and this was probably the right time to do it; delay might have increased the difficulties of the Indian Government.

However, the new State found itself compelled to use force, first in a small way, and then in ever-increasing doses, as, for instance, in the petty independent States in the north of the Bombay Presidency. Threats to employ force in other cases would appear to have brought into line those States that were still wavering; but Hyderabad proved a hard nut to crack. To bring the Nizam's Government and his people into the Indian Union, what was called "police action" was resorted to. This was, of course, rule by force. The results of the campaign are well known and, luckily, neither the casualties nor the damage was great.

Kashmir

Now I come to a delicate point—Kashmir. It would appear that the two new Dominions were so imbued with their new found ideas of sovereignty that they were unwisely drawn into intolerable positions from which it was extremely difficult to withdraw.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but what a glorious opportunity was missed by the two Governments of coming to some agreement, and thus laying the foundations for all time of closer collaboration! Even now, given tact and restraint and the goodwill of the late sovereign power and the United Nations, a formula could be devised that would appeal both to India and Pakistan. What is lacking is the high purpose of our late Master, Gandhiji. One is tempted to imagine what his counsel would have been if he had been alive today and how he perso-

nally would, regardless of cost to himself, have created a following which would have made a rapprochement possible.

What vital force is lacking in our new State? Have we bogged down? Courageous action is demanded, and it is the only thing that will serve us. Otherwise history will say: "Never was a new child born that so quickly lost its spirit."

Turning to purely internal affairs, which, of course, cannot be separated from external affairs, the Congress must reform itself. If it cannot others in due course will do it.

Exploiters Omnipotent

What are our real troubles? We must intensify our production of both agriculture and industry, and ensure that the lot of the common man is improved. So far, in the life of the new State, certain groups and individuals have benefitted by the change of circumstances, but for the vast majority of our people things are worse off than they have been for many a day. And take this as a warning that they are conscious that they are worse off. In fact, the Indian Government is sitting on top of dynamite and trying to light its way with matches.

The patience of our people has always been one of their great virtues, but it is doubtful if this virtue is strong enough to sustain them when there is no foreign master to contend with. The promises on which they have been fed are now proving to have had merely propaganda value. *The masses want good cheap food, good cheap clothes, and good cheap houses. For all these things they are prepared to work, but they cry out against our own unscrupulous exploiters, who could never by any stretch of imagination be called lovers of their kind or their country. These persons think only of their own satisfaction.*

In truth, it is the Baniyas and their hangers-on, always suckers of our life-blood, who are now omnipotent. They have never had such a glorious time as they are now having in Ram Rai.

This apathy on the part of our tired and ignorant people, coupled with the impotence of Government, which amounts to complicity, only

helps the disruptive forces to gather speed.

It may be only too easy to shatter our State if we do not carry with us the goodwill of the people, who in their turn must put their shoulder to the wheel. Never forget that a small highly disciplined body of zealots could, by striking at vital nerve centres, start off a set of chain reactions the terrible end of which it is impossible to foresee.

Time Running Out

Time is running out. A first step could be made on the tax evaders, the usurers, and those that take to dishonest trading. If necessary, special measures should be passed by Government, giving summary punishment to those caught in the act. Especially severe should be the punishment on those that are to be found in the ranks of the privileged and the hordes of officials who do not maintain the highest standards of integrity and service.

During the British regime there was a certain accepted system of corruption. It was recognised by all that whatever emolument an official received he could, if he wished, augment it in proportion to his status. To be fair, it must be admitted that this disease is not peculiar to India: it is to be found in other countries also; but the tragedy is that it has become more virulent since August, 1947. We Indians have actually lost ground when we were dreaming of a new dawn. A blow must be struck now. We Indians must dig our last trench. From now on we must muzzle this demon which corrupts our hearts and souls.

As already suggested, home and foreign affairs are inseparable. With the many weaknesses at home—I have mentioned only a few—what strength do we possess abroad? With what voice do we speak to the world?

The Two Blocs

Fine words and wishful thinking probably deceive no one except ourselves. I have heard it said, and said by men of consequence: "India wishes to form a third force." If true, what does it mean? It means that we have no foreign policy as yet, but are groping towards one.

At present the world is divided into

two camps. Roughly speaking, these camps are: those who have one rigid formula for man and those who make allowances for various interpretations of the human spirit. Through goodwill, law, order, social progress, the latter are determined to improve the lot of our kind. Surely there can be no hesitancy for us here.

"We are trying to play off one bloc against the other and attempting to secure advantages from both," said a high official to me. This is naive, primitive or fabulously foolish. Do we expect to hoodwink Russia or the Western Powers?

But let us not listen to politicians, publicists, and Government servants. The foreign policy of India is shaped by Nehru and the mood of our people. There is a scission here.

Nehru does not like the division of the world into hostile camps. "Why do people talk of power blocks?" he said to me. "As for ourselves, we do not wish to commit ourselves in advance; we want to decide each issue on its merits."

That is unexceptionable—theoretically. In reality, what Nehru said could only be practised by a mighty power.

"What have we got?" I said; "no navy or air force worth speaking of."

"I know, I know," said Nehru; "but don't forget that our nuisance value is very great. Little Korea has shown that it cannot be conquered easily."

Well, India will prove a hornet's nest to any intruder."

A New Kind Of Imperialism

Here Nehru expressed the secret fear of our people. They are suspicious of all imperialists, especially white imperialists. Korea, now. The Indian masses feel that America had no business to go there. As for throwing the atom bomb on the Chinese, it will never be tolerated by Asians. Indians know that if China is subdued, then they cannot count for much in the world. Once again the white man will lord it over the rest of mankind. That must never happen.

Nehru is fully aware of this. Indeed, he thinks that no country is fit to rule another; yet, seeing things as they are, he has done nothing to embarrass the British in Malaya or the French in Indo-China. His policy seems to be: first things first.

Nehru is against aggression anywhere; but he does not want peace at any price. He thinks that certain things are worth fighting for. And who can disagree with him here?

In brief, as I see the situation, Nehru—and here the bulk of the people are behind him—is for the democratic way of life as it obtains in Britain, but he will do nothing to weaken or hurt an Asian people.

It is for the West to go in for a new kind of imperialism—the imperialism of help. Then India will be with it.

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CONTROLS AND COSMETICS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN, M. A.

THE ladies that met the Minister of Commerce in deputation in Delhi created a sensation by insisting so irresistibly on the necessity of lifting the import control on cosmetics and reducing the taxes on them. When the Minister said that they were not necessary articles, they said so was the shaving blade. They gave a scathing retort to the Minister who recommended Indian products to them. But those who have carefully watched recent events would have

noticed that this certainly was not the first time that ladies have seriously insisted on cosmetics in a most serious manner.

A year or so ago, a lady, Mrs. Edna Kelly, the victorious candidate from Brooklyn, New York State, to the American Congress, made a speech to her constituents immediately after the election. Said Mrs. Edna Kelly to them: "I am going to persuade the men in Congress that it is unfair to

tax baby oils and powders, lipsticks and cosmetics, as luxuries."

But almost simultaneously with the above unusual promise of Mrs. Edna Kelly, another woman journalist in Egypt, Doria Shafiq by name, openly gloated over the resignation of Ahmad Murzi Baig. Doria Shafiq said with ill-concealed glee that though the ostensible reason of the resignation was ill-health, the real reason was the staunch opposition to the Minister's reactionary ban on lipsticks and cosmetics.

Nor is Communist Russia an exception to this cosmetic consciousness in politics. Madame Molotov, the first lady of Russia, obtained her Order of Lenin as a result of her successful work as Beauty Commissar in the State. Here is the story in the words of a correspondent, Robert Mallange:

"Early in 1931, Pauline Molotov convinced Stalin that the time had come to give her a prominent job. Stalin sacked the director of Tedjeh the cosmetic trust, which lost about £10,000,000 a year and appointed Comrade Pauline in his place as Commissar. Lipstick, rouge and mascara were looked upon by true Marxists as bourgeois and no woman dared to appear in the Red Square with make-up. Comrade Z caused a sensation when she appeared at the May Day Parade made up with lipstick and rouge.

"The task of reconciling lipstick and Leninism, mascara and Marxism, proved a huge success. One year after Pauline had become Beauty Commissar, the cosmetic industry made a profit of £20,000,000.

"There were many prominent Bolsheviks who frowned when Pauline ordered machinery for manufacturing and packaging of cosmetics from America and Britain. She spent several million roubles which had been budgeted originally for the great industrial production drive. Yet lipsticks, face powders and perfumes condemned as useless and waste of money by the early Marxians, helped

to increase the production in all factories where women worked. Stalin recognized this by awarding Pauline the Order of Lenin, the highest decoration for civilians."

Thus it is clear that both in capitalist as well as communist countries, in the occident as well as the orient, women politicians put cosmetics and the right to use them, tax-free if possible, as one of the fundamental rights of women, just as much as men consider freedom of speech, association and propaganda as the fundamental right of man. Ever since the time of Cleopatra, cosmetics have been the preoccupation of women politicians. Probably a charter of woman's rights may contain the right to use cosmetics as one of the fundamental freedoms.

But man's attitude to this fundamental woman's right has been divided. The complaint of many a disillusioned man has been that the deceptive charms of make-up lure even a wary bachelor into matrimony. There are men on the other hand like Poucher, the author of the famous manual on cosmetics, who think that cosmetics contribute to conjugal harmony.

Here is an instance of Government legislation by men belonging to the first school of thought. At one time, in puritan England, the danger of men being lured into marriage with made-up girls was so keenly felt that there was really passed in 1770 an Act of Parliament declaring such marriages as not binding on the man. The Act said summarily: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after this Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron straps, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and misdemeanour and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

SAROJA

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

WHAT YOU HAVE READ: Saroja, the daughter of a rich family, and Balu, a poor boy, grow up together in close amity. Balu finds his affection for Saroja changing into something deeper, as years go by. Saroja's mother objecting to the poverty of Balu, gets her daughter married to a rich but boorish young man. Saroja, though married to another man, still preserves the old affection for Balu and when she comes home for a short stay she looks Balu up. Balu meanwhile explains how he is expecting the results of his B. A. Examination and how he yearns to study for Law, which his financial circumstances do not permit him. Now, read on:—

II

WE saw plenty of each other during the next five or six days she stopped in that town. A week after Saroja's departure, the results were published and I had the supreme happiness to know that I had come out first in the province. Next morning I rushed home to mother with the news, and she was so overjoyed that she celebrated the occasion and prepared plenty of sweets for me to eat.

Congratulations poured in from everywhere. One from Saroja too.

Among the letters I received immediately afterwards were four offers of teacher's posts in high schools for Mathematics. One was from Madras and the rest from smaller towns. The starting salary was Rs. 80 at Madras, and after consulting mother, I accepted this one, in the hope that in a city like Madras, I would find other better openings. We took a house on rent at Triplicane, and I settled down for the present without any anxiety of any kind. Mother could even lay by a couple of rupees out of my earning for the proverbial rainy day. There was only one yearning in my heart—if only I could study Law—but I dismissed the idea as being ridiculous,

because it would mean four years of study and the burden of maintaining mother and myself.

Four uneventful years passed on. One day during the summer vacation, I received a letter with a strange, unfamiliar handwriting on the envelope. My first thought was of Saroja, though the writing was not hers. I tore the envelope open and found that it was not from Saroja. It was from a solicitor!

The letter narrated a funny story of some unheard-of distant uncle who had died recently and left a large sum of money—not to be enjoyed by me. He had willed that the interest on a large investment might be used to help me in my education! I had to call at the office of the solicitor at Madras at ten the next morning to discuss further details.

For some inexplicable reason the letter left a cold, disgusting feeling in me—the help having come after all my education had been over. I even wondered if someone was trying to pull my leg. Mother cried when I told her the news. "How much trouble this money could have saved my poor Balu," she exclaimed, "if it had come when he joined the college! Good luck comes when it is not wanted!"

"But Balu," she called me a minute later, "you said you wanted to study law. Can you not use this money for the expense?"

"I wonder, mother. These lawyers are extraordinarily clever at twisting language and they may say 'education' cannot mean studying law."

"They may equally well twist the language the other way and say that education covers law study also. Who knows? I think you had better go and find out."

"Maybe you are right, mother."

The next morning I presented myself before the solicitor, a man of

about fifty-five years, with his hair just turning grey.

"So you are Balaji Rao?" he queried looking at me over the rim of his spectacles perched on the extreme point of his none-too-straight nose.

"Yes, I am, sir."

"Now tell me something about yourself, young man. Something about your parentage particularly, and family history and connections."

He seemed satisfied with my answers and proceeded to business.

"Here is a sum of Rs. 120 per month payable to you for twelve months in the year or Rs. 150 a month payable for ten months in the year, whichever you may choose. The condition is that you should utilise it in the prosecution of your studies, as I have already indicated in my letter, and I must have vouchers for all expense you incur up to Rs. 100 every month before the next month's payment can be made to you. You will receive the money here at my office on the fifth of every month and in no other way. Do you agree?"

"Yes, of course, sir. When do I begin?"

"This very day, if you please. But what is it you are going to study?"

"Law, sir. I shall resign my present job and join the Law College. The maintenance of my mother and myself will have to be met out of this money. I hope there is no objection."

"No objection provided you produce to me the vouchers for your household expense also."

Half an hour later, after signing various papers, which I didn't care to understand, I received the first payment of Rs. 120 and went home singing all the way to a mother overjoyed to tears.

Thus started my legal career, thanks to the munificence of that unknown uncle. I didn't even bother to know his name. I must have been of course in those papers which I signed in the solicitor's office.

Mother's and my happiness knew no bounds. Here I was, a law student at last—my ambition achieved in an unforeseen way—and my income too was more than the salary I drew as a teacher!

Having been engaged in a study which was to my taste, I passed gloriously from year to year of my law

course and kept up my tradition of being the first in my college examinations.

There was one disconcerting thought now and then occurring to me. If Saroja had been some years younger, or if I had reached this social position earlier, then perhaps her mother would have let me marry Saroja!

In due course I took my degree in law and started practice with good luck. Six months later I moved into a bigger and better house, more suitable to the growing needs of my profession.

One day came a letter from Saroja, in her beautiful handwriting—the first I had ever received from her—but it was a sad one. Her husband was ill and bed-ridden and she had no help at home. She and her baby son of two years were having a tough time of it. She asked if I could spare a few days to look her up.

I read out the letter to mother and she immediately started preparations for my journey.

"Something serious must have been the matter," mother said. "Otherwise she would not have written to you instead of to her relatives."

By the very next train I left Madras for Saroja's village and reached it late the next evening after a ten-mile journey in a jolting bullock cart.

"Thank God, you have come, Balu," said Saroja the moment she saw me. She was anything but her former self. Sunken cheeks, swollen eyes and a haggard look on the face plainly indicated the terrible ordeal she must have been undergoing, and the look of the little baby in her arms showed that he had not had the motherly care he needed at that tender age.

"I have been all alone in the world, Balu, at a time when I require all the company I can get," Saroja said sobbing, "and I could not think of anyone whom I could trouble except you."

"You should have called me long ago," I replied, as I took the child from her and kissed him and gave him the sweets and the toy I had taken for him, and asked: "How and where is your husband?"

"In there," she said with a nod of her head in the direction of a room and led the way, wiping her eyes with the edge of her saree. She opened the door and we entered in noiselessly

and stood beside the cot on which lay a ghastly spectacle of what was once a man. A mere matter of skin and bones, he lay with his eyes closed, now and then tossing his head this side and that, and groaning at short intervals.

"Who is treating him and when is the doctor coming?"

She was about to answer, but the patient cried, "Saroja."

She rushed to the bedside and took that wan hand in hers and said: "Yes, I am here."

"Give me a drink, Saroja. How often have I been asking you? I will die if you don't give. I will die," shouted the sick man in a voice whose strength surprised me, and the child clung to my neck in terror.

"Give him some hot water, Saroja," I suggested.

"It is something different he is asking, Balu," sobbed Saroja, "something I must not give him—something which brought about our ruin."

I understood in a moment.

"I wish to speak to the doctor, Send someone to call him."

"If I had someone so much as to send for the doctor, I could have spared you the trouble of coming all the way from Madras, Balu," sobbed Saroja. "The doctor said he would come again at nine in the night."

"Nine in the night!" I exclaimed. "We can't wait till then. I must see him immediately. What is his name and where does he live? I shall find and bring him."

Taking her instructions about the way and a rough description of the doctor's house, I found no difficulty in spotting it. It was a low thatched hut, with a narrow verandah in front of it.

The 'doctor' was an old man of about sixty years, slightly deaf and was buried in a confused litter of bags and pills and powders strewn all around him.

He said that two or three days preceding *Amavasya* (New Moon) were bad days and so no medicine would be of any help. After that day, he said he would begin a new treatment and would make the patient stand up and walk in three months. However, if I wished, he would give me three pills to be given to the patient one by one at intervals of six hours.

I went home and told Saroja I was terribly disappointed in that doctor

and that I would go to the neighbouring town and bring better medical aid.

"Don't leave me now, Balu," cried Saroja.

"I fear I must leave you, if we can't send any reliable fellow to fetch a doctor. I shall go and try either for a messenger or a conveyance."

I succeeded in getting a man who would take a letter to the town and sent a letter to the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, requesting him either to come himself if possible or to send an able medical practitioner.

Saroja was glad that I would not leave her. The Sub-Assistant Surgeon arrived in a car about five hours later.

After a detailed examination of the patient, he drew me aside and expressed his opinion that there was not much of hope and all that medical science could do was to lessen the suffering of the patient for the couple of days he was likely to live. He prescribed some medicine for three days, after which period I had to report to him the condition of the patient.

I broke the news as gently as I could to Saroja, and she began to cry. I told her the time had come for her to muster all the courage she could and to harden her heart and be prepared for the worst. I assured her that I would never forsake her at such a time.

That night at about twelve, when the little child was asleep and when both Saroja and myself were sitting up in the patient's room, I asked her the one question that was uppermost in my mind ever since I entered Saroja's house, but which somehow I lacked the courage to ask her.

"How is it you are so wretchedly alone at such a time like this? How is it that not a single soul in the village has visited your house and enquired how he is? Have you not written to any of your relatives to come?"

Saroja began sobbing again, as she whispered: "There is one answer for all your questions, Balu. He has behaved so brutally towards all relatives, on his side as well as mine, and towards all friends and neighbours that no one would care to come to my house. The only person who would have set aside all insults and come to me passed away three years ago—my mother! No one in this village bothers to see

whether he is alive or dead. The village folk seem to care a little for me, but not enough to put up with his abuses and offensive language. He is thus left alone in the world as the result of his own making."

"Poor, poor Saroja!" was all I could say.

Early in the morning of the third day, after nearly twelve dragging hours of unbearable agony, Saroja's husband passed away. She wept and cried until her eyes were red and her voice hoarse, while I simply took charge of the bewildered child and looked on in tears without checking her. I knew it was a time when no mortal soul could say anything to console her, and all her pent-up grief must be allowed to burst itself out. It is true the husband had made her life wretched these three years since he took to excessive drinking, but it might also be true that Saroja had spent some period of supreme happiness with him, at least in the early years of their married life, and her sorrow must have its vent.

So passed Saroja into widowhood even before she had barely entered womanhood—the Saroja for whom her fond mother intended all the happiness in the world.

I was amazed to find the whole village at our door, everyone sympathising with the bereaved girl, whom they said they would worship for her goodness. Everyone came forward readily offering all help that was needed.

Twenty days later, when all the ceremonies were over, one night after supper, when the little child had been put to bed, Saroja and I had been talking together and I gently moved the subject of the future.

"You have seen, Balu, how good the village folk are to me, and so I hope to spend the rest of my life quietly here. I shall only pray to God not to make my son a drunkard like his father, and I shall not find it difficult to work and earn enough for two little stomachs," and tears rolled down her cheeks, and her ill-suppressed sob prevented further speech.

"Don't talk of working and earning, Saroja, darling. I won't let you do that as long as I am alive," I told her. "We are leaving tomorrow for Madras."

"For Madras?" she exclaimed, looking at me in surprise.

"Yes, for Madras. You and your little son are moving into my house and I am sure mother too would be mighty glad."

"It is sweet of you to say so, Balu but it can't be done. What right have I to throw my burden on anybody?"

"You certainly have no right. But in coming and living with me and my mother, you are going to your own house, and you are not a burden. Excuse me, Saroja, if I recall the past. Did we not start our lives loving each other? Did we not promise each other eternal company and affection? Of course it is not God's will that we should live as we in our younger days fondly prayed and hoped to live for all time—as husband and wife. But what of it? A sister is one of the most wonderful possessions in the world, and God has at last blessed me with one. You have never known what it is to have a brother and now you will know. Mother will be very happy to have you at home. Believe me, Saroja, we were always talking of you—almost every day—and mother was never tired of saying how sweet and good you always were and she would invariably end her words with a sigh. You can guess what that sigh meant, Saroja."

"You are the same sweet darling that you were years and years ago, Balu. But make sure that you will not regret the step you are taking now."

"Never shall there be anything to regret in future," I assured her.

We then started checking up what we had to take with us and what to leave or dispose of. I was examining the contents of Saroja's own steel trunk. There were a few jewels and silks and blouses and some clothings of the baby.

"I hope there is nothing in this box which I should not see, Saroja. Nothing confidential or private?" I asked mischievously.

"Absolutely nothing, Balu. You may see everything you find there."

An instant later, she again said: "Oh, Balu, there is a little bundle of papers tied with red string, and I wish you should not untie it."

"I won't, Saroja. I have very great respect for other peoples' love letters, and wouldn't look into them even if I am paid for it."

Saroja laughed—the first time she laughed after I came to her house.

"No fear of that, Balu. I never wrote or received love letters. The first time I attempted to write one to my husband, I was punished so badly that I made no further attempts."

"If they are not love letters, then what harm is there in my seeing them?" I asked as I picked up the bundle.

"Plenty of harm," replied Saroja, as she caught hold of it. "There are scorpions and snakes in the bundle and you will get stung."

I refused to let go my hold on the bundle and in addition closed my hands over hers and said that I was prepared for scorpion stings.

Saroja looked at me tenderly, without attempting to rescue her hands from my grip and said: "Promise not to hate me, whatever you may find in these papers, Balu, even if they are the worst abuses one could think of. Give me your word before you open the bundle, because the papers are all about you."

"About me? Then they are love letters you wrote to me and dared not post, I am sure about it."

"Silly boy! Wrong guess again. But you may see them if you are not going to get angry with me."

Saroja removed her hand and was intently watching me, while my impatience made it appear that the strings were miles and miles long.

I found it was a file of correspondence arranged chronologically. The first and a few others in between were in Saroja's own handwriting in vernacular and the rest consisted of replies to those letters and later came bills and receipts and statements of accounts.

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I finished reading the first letter—Saroja's—and I went on to the subsequent ones, and looking through my misty eyes, I found Saroja sweetly smiling at me. When I had perused the essential part of the papers and examined the bills and accounts and stamped receipts all signed by me, I took hold of both Saroja's hands in mine and sobbed: "Oh, what shall I do to express my gratitude to you, my own darling Saroja? So you are the guardian angel that posed as my dead uncle's estate and supplied me all the money for my Law course! You are the goddess that helped me to achieve my ambition in life—to be a lawyer!

You are the infinite source from which I drew all that I wanted for my two years' luxurious life as a law student in Madras! You are...."

"Oh, do stop, my Balu! I don't deserve all you say. You see, my husband began squandering all our money and when he took to drinking, he was worse. In one night he presented seven thousand rupees to a dancing girl. Neither his own future nor mine was of any concern for him. I was powerless to check him, and got all my bones broken when I attempted once or twice to dissuade him. I remembered how madly you wished you had the money to study law. Instead of letting my husband waste everything, I thought I could as well utilise the money that way. I was afraid of sending money direct to you—for two reasons. He would have killed me if he came to know of it and secondly I was afraid you might refuse it. Then the solicitor to whom I addressed the first letter used to come very often in connection with the endless court troubles my husband brought on his own head. So no suspicion could be roused in my husband's mind even if I was discovered handing him any money. So I arranged all that through him. When I first spoke to him about my plan, he agreed but insisted that I make a written request to him as 'he was afraid of getting involved in unpleasant affairs. So developed all those records. Of course, in a lump I could not get the money to deposit with him for your full law course. I had to steal in smaller sums now and then as occasion afforded itself. Only in two months in the whole period I was almost on the point of disappointing you, as I couldn't lay hands on any cash. But somehow I succeeded in raising a loan secretly, and later cleared it up. The money that would have been wasted on wine or on women, I simply sent to you, and I don't know why I should deserve any credit for virtue in that."

"How can you know how much you have done for me, my dearest darling Saroja? My heart knows it and mother will know it when I show her all these papers as soon as we reach Madras! Can I ever adequately express my gratitude to you, Saroja," I asked, brushing away my tears.

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

By L. N. GUBIL

THE tendency of modern times is towards internationalism, world unification and universal brotherhood; the levelling down of the barriers of geographical boundaries and the establishment of a world state. "The people of the world," says Owen D. Young, "can no longer be segregated into compartments, one of which shall be prosperous and the others not; one of which shall go forward and the others back. Those faces must move all together for good or ill.... I pray for sober and sensible responsibility, a spirit of gratitude for the things we have, a spirit of friendliness and helpfulness in cooperation for all, a spirit of restraint in the use of any power which has been entrusted to us, and most of all restraint in speech." We have this same spirit permeated in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, and of Bernard Shaw. But it is only in John Haynes Holmes and a few of his type that we meet with living, personified examples of the spirit. Above everything he is pre-eminently a friend of India.

Holmes began life as a typical American coming of a poor stock; he nevertheless had the benefits of education. A few years at a free public school brought him to Harvard. Meanwhile, he had devoured a great number of books which he had bought with avidity with the poor earnings he had made by selling newspapers in the evenings. This good stock of knowledge saw him a degree-holder in 1902, and two years later he passed out of the Harvard Divinity School. He then took charge of a Unitarian Church in Boston, and afterwards joined the Community Church of New York City. The distinguishing feature of Holmes during the many years of this church life was his constant endeavour for the attainment of international unity and the feeling of universal brotherhood. He made his church a combination of an adult university, a forum, an unofficial opposition in public affairs and

a criterion! Not only this. Dr. Holmes is the usual speaker at the services. He arranged many lectures by great international thinkers in the best American style. Dr. Holmes is a humble, amiable, sort of man, never given to speaking of himself. He is ready to sacrifice his time for the interest of the public and he is ever in search of more work.

Dr. Holmes is also an excellent correspondent. He attends personally to every letter that he receives—and he receives volumes—dictates answers to them, goes through them and then signs them. Dr. Holmes, after this work is over, turns to his editorial work for "Unity", a weekly magazine which is widely read and has acquired a reputation for its very original and able editorials, and reviews books for publishers. He has recently edited a collection of Scott's poems for the Oxford University Press.

Dr. Holmes is opposed to war on any ground. It was chiefly due to him that the Civil Liberties Union exerts itself against every instance of injustice "from the lynching of the Negro to the refusal to recognise the application of Dr. Mackintosh for naturalisation."

But the greatest centres of Holme's activities are Palestine and India. The Jewish people love him as their father. Differences of race and religion have been dissolved in his eagerness to serve their cause. He has published a volume on Palestine. He revered Gandhi as the greatest of men.

There is something in the simplicity of the life of Holmes, in his humbleness, in his self-effacement that calls for admiration. The man is greater than his work. Having retired from the Church and journalistic work Dr. Holmes can now look back with pride to the great work he has done in fostering peace and goodwill among nations.

THE NOSEPUNCHER IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By ANDREW ROTH

IN the midst of the tense week in which he listened with one ear to Prime Minister Attlee and with the other ear to the dirge of retreats in Korea, President Truman took time out to threaten to beat up a music critic.

This revealing incident was the aftermath of the concert of his only daughter, Margaret, at Constitution Hall, to which President Truman took Mr. Attlee. Although a group of New York music critics had advised the President three years before to dissuade his daughter from launching a concert career, the Trumans chose to ignore this advice, which they themselves had solicited. Margaret has been singing professionally since then, drawing good crowds but bad reviews.

Mr. Truman was enraged by the review given Miss Truman's Constitutional Hall performance by Paul Hume, music critic of the *Washington Post*. "She is flat a good deal of the time," the critic wrote. "There are few moments in the recital when one can relax and feel confident that she will make her goal. She still cannot sing with anything approaching professional finish."

An Enraged Father

President Truman responded immediately with a personal note which was not seen by his secretaries but has been printed in a Washington paper in part: "I have just read your lousy review buried in the back pages. You sound like a frustrated old man who never made a success, an eight-ulcer man on a four-ulcer job, and all four ulcers working. I never met you, but if I do you'll need a new nose and plenty of beefsteak and perhaps a supporter below. Westbrook Pegler, a gutter-snipe, is a gentleman compared to you. You can take that as more of an insult than as reflection of your ancestry. (Signed) H. S. T."

This could be dismissed as the ill-tempered, illogical and ungrammatical

out-burst of a warm-hearted and doting father were it not for the insight that it gives into the man who, like Marshal Stalin, has it within his power to unleash the atom bomb. And the judgment of the U. S. President has become important because a Truman error can be a world tragedy.

A bright, if somewhat narrow, spotlight has been thrown on the President by the publication of *The Truman Merry-Go-Round* and *More Merry-Go-Round* published by Mr. Allen and his then partner, Drew Pearson, in the early thirties. It leaves no 'dirt' to the imagination, no matter how distinguished the personality. The analysis of the authors is particularly noteworthy because they are clearly in sympathy with the Democratic Party, although adherents of a more liberal wing than Mr. Truman himself.

A City Of Conflict

Washington can only be understood as a city of conflict. Not merely between the two great parties but within these parties, and more especially within the loose coalition known as the Democratic Party. In Roosevelt's time Washington was an exciting place in which the late President moved his centre-left coalition forward with masterful strategy. During the Truman administration the struggle has been between the centrist Democrats under the President's leadership and the increasing aggressive Republicans and their Southern Democrat allies. The increased initiative of the Right is due partly to the enhanced strength of U. S. business after the profit-swollen World War II years. But it is due in no small part to the character of President Truman, who has jettisoned virtually the whole Left and occupied a weak centre position.

The picture of Harry S. Truman that emerges is that of a warm and very human man of only slightly above-average abilities who has had

the most exacting post in the most powerful country in the world thrust upon him. President Truman's limited concept of the world is explained by his background. He emerges from the very average small town of Independence in Missouri, a mid-Western border state which is not quite North and not quite South, either in position or in outlook, and certainly one of the less sophisticated areas in the U. S. The Baptist religion in which he was raised tends to view the world in fundamentalist terms of good and evil. He was a shy and bespectacled youth under the domination of a strong-willed mother. With only a secondary-school education he tried his hand at a number of boring and unsuccessful jobs until the heaven-sent release of World War I in which he escaped—at the age of 33—the dominating supervision of his mother for the adventure of army life overseas. He rose to the rank of battery captain and developed his lifelong admiration for generals.

Most Fabulous Accident

President Truman is in many ways the most fabulous accident in American political history—or perhaps the result of several fabulous accidents. In 1922, when he was 38 and at loose ends after the failure of his haberdashery store, he was nominated as a petty Missouri official by the unsavoury Pendergast political machine through a wartime buddy who was the nephew of the political boss, Tom Pendergast. He was a safe and reliable member of the corrupt machine who did not participate in the malodorous tricks in which it engaged. Like most Americans Truman desperately likes to be liked and he tried to be "one of the boys," playing poker and drinking bourbon like the rest.

Harry Truman's ambition in 1934 was to be nominated as a Congressman, but unexpectedly Tom Pendergast decided he wanted him in the Senate. Truman won the primary election after some ballotbox stuffing in which Ward I in Kansas City allegedly gave him 17,485 votes. Similar electoral results two years later prompted the Federal Attorney to investigate and he secured 283 convictions for vote frauds. The same Federal Attorney found Tom Pendergast himself guilty

of bribery. One of Harry Truman's first acts as President was to fire the conscientious Federal Attorney.

Suspicious Of Labour

It is one of the striking aspects of Washington life today that it is very difficult to find the very sort of idealistic and liberal young men who first gave Truman his reputation. In his first term as Senator he was almost mute, although slightly uneasy in the Democratic Party as run by President Roosevelt. His views were those common to a rural, middle-class border-state Democrat. He was against a strongly centralised government and was equally suspicious of Labour and Wall Street. He believed in legal rights, but not social equality, for Negroes. But as a loyal machine politician interested in federal patronage he voted for virtually every New Deal measure except a bill which would have established a permanent low-cost housing programme. He also voted for a cut in the relief appropriation bill. The story is told that one day, after listening to a dramatic debate on a bill to limit holding companies, Senator Truman walked away from the chamber with the late Senator Schwollenback. "Exciting debate, wasn't it?" Schwollenback remarked. "Yes, it was," Truman replied, and then added a little wistfully, "I wish I had understood it all."

Senator Truman became a national figure only after 1941 when he sponsored what became known as the Truman War Investigating Committee. He was in the enviable position of chairing a committee designed to see that the Government was getting full value for its vast wartime expenditures. Senator Truman impressed all onlookers, including the writer, with his essential decency. But the backbone of the Committee was its staff of crusading young liberals who dug up the material on which Truman acted. These activities gave his name just the liberal gloss that he needed for the Vice Presidency. By that time Henry Wallace was considered too radical a visionary by the machine politicians of the Democratic Party. James Byrnes was vetoed by the Irish political leaders because he was a convert from Catholicism. So Truman, the product of Missouri's Democratic

machine, got the vice-presidential nomination.

Insecure President

Although President Truman has always displayed a buoyant chipper attitude, this conceals a deep feeling of inadequacy. When President Roosevelt's death installed the stunned Vice-President in the most important executive post in the world, he displayed this insecurity in a number of ways. First he fired, as soon as he could, the bulk of the Roosevelt-appointed crusading liberal intellectuals in whose presence he felt uncomfortable. He surrounded himself with a set of Missouri mediocrities in what became notorious as the "government by crony." The years 1945 to 1947 saw a vast exodus from Washington of the liberal intellectuals who had been attracted there by the Rooseveltian appeal.

The main effect of his insecurity has been his abandonment of the possibility of leadership inherent in the position of President of the U. S. Instead of being the Rooseveltian master politician channelling America's complex political and economic currents in a desired direction, he became their plaything. In the American governmental system the cabinet exists to carry out the policies of the President. Under Truman the situation has been virtually reversed and the Presidential position is the result of conflicts within a cabinet which has no intellectual or ideological unity. Even under Roosevelt America probably would have moved somewhat

to the right after the war because of the war-augmented strength of big business. But Truman is especially sensitive to criticism, particularly from the predominantly rightist press. Thus it has become a hysterical stampede, with civil liberties being trampled in the dust.

Vacillating Drift

President Truman's vacillating drift to the right is as patent in foreign as in domestic policies. It was indicative in 1946 that he could applaud Winston Churchill's 'let's get tough with the Russians' speech at Fulton as well as endorse the Henry Wallace 'let's talk softly to the Russians' speech at Madison Square Garden which led to his exodus from the cabinet. After 1947 President Truman's vacillations toward the left almost disappeared.

The same wavering drift to the right has afflicted U. S. policy toward China. The character of American policy toward China was admirably summarised recently by James Reston, crack Washington reporter of the *New York Times*. "It has been a feeble compromise between what Mr. Acheson thought of Chiang Kai-shek, which wasn't much, and what General MacArthur thought of him, which was apparently quite a lot. It neither brought the Chinese Communists into power nor saw to it that they were kept out. It just made everybody mad: the Chinese Communists, the Chinese nationalists, General MacArthur, Mr. Acheson, the British, the Indians and the Russians."—Copy-right—N. P. S.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

SCONE STONE AND SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

THERE are no newspapers published in England on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Although one feels relieved on coming down for breakfast on those days to find no paper that one must read, there is a rush on the morning of December 27 to see what has been happening in the world over the Christmas holiday. The big news this week was the stealing of the Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey. I suppose that most readers of SWATANTRA will know the main facts of this theft and something of the history of the Scone Stone, the Stone which for 650 years had had its place under the Coronation Chair of British Kings. It is a symbol of Scottish and English unity. It has been assumed by most of us that the thieves are connected with the Scottish Nationalist movement. The spokesmen of this movement have said that they do not consider the removal of the Stone to be a theft. The Stone is being returned to its rightful owners, they say, for, in the 14th century Treaty of Northampton, the English King agreed to return the Stone to Scotland, but his people would not permit him to let it go. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the removal of the Stone, the incident has brought the Scottish Nationalist movement into the public eye. To many English people, this movement is organised by a set of cranks who are still believers in Bonny Prince Charlie and who would be as surprised and embarrassed as anyone should Scotland be given what they call its independence.

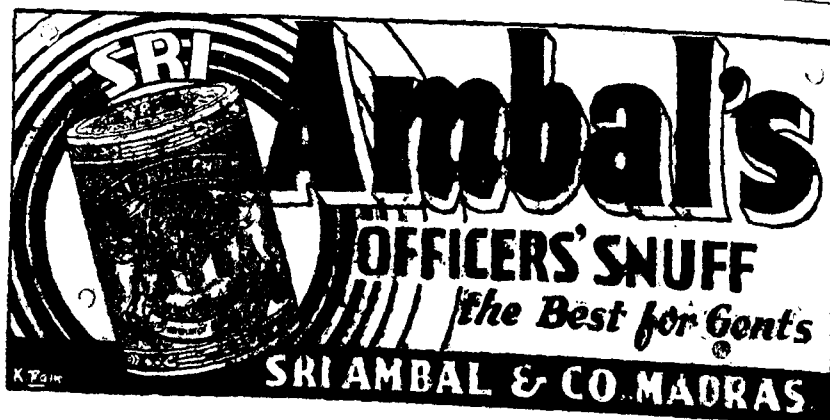
Two Movements

In fact, there are two movements among the Scots, the Nationalist, which is extremist, wanting separation from England, and the post-war movement of the Covenanters. These are much more reasonable in their demands. They do not want to leave the United Kingdom.

Their aim is set out in a covenant which, the *Manchester Guardian* says, has been signed by about one and a half million people. This covenant says, "We, the people of Scotland, who subscribe this engagement, declare our belief that reform in the Constitution of our country is necessary to secure good government in accordance with our Scottish traditions and to promote the spiritual and economic welfare of our nation. We solemnly enter into this covenant whereby we pledge ourselves, in all loyalty to the Crown and within the framework of the United Kingdom, to do everything in our power to secure for Scotland a Parliament with adequate legislative authority in Scottish affairs." The details of the covenanters' plans, which include a Scottish Parliament but continued representation at Westminster, cannot be considered here. It can be said, however, that there is more support for this movement than there has been for any other similar movement. There is a fairly widespread feeling in Scotland that the Unionist party, which is the Scottish Conservative party, and the Labour party in Scotland, are too closely tied up to the parties in England. One thing is certain and it is that the Covenanters will not relish the publicity which Scottish Independence has found in the stealing of the Stone of Destiny, the Scone Stone.

James Stephens

Many, many years ago, it seems, I was staying with some friends who kindly provided me with bedside reading and so introduced me to the *Crock of Gold* by the Irish poet and writer, James Stephens. If you have not read that book, then I recommend it to you. It is a philosophical fairy story and could only have been written by an Irish poet. About three years ago I was in Broadcasting House in London when a tiny, elderly



man came into the room where I was awaiting some friends. He picked up an old worn raincoat from a chair and I helped him on with it. I wondered what this old trampish figure was doing in Broadcasting House. There was, it should be said, an old-world courtesy about him, but I still feel that I should have noticed more than that about the man who was, as you will expect, James Stephens himself. He looked a lonely figure, but when I listened to his broadcasts I soon realised that he could not be lonely. Apart from his friends around him, he had a storehouse of memories of Yeats, James Joyce and other great Irish literary figures. His death this week takes one more individual from a world which is sadly in need of such individuality.

King's Broadcast

As usual, the King broadcast to the nation on Christmas Day. Apart from the main theme of his message, it was good to hear him refer to Pilgrim's Progress and one hopes that this reference by the King might remind some of his younger listeners of Bunyan's fine allegory. The beginning of the book is, to me, one which gives more pleasurable anticipation than almost any other that I know. You will perhaps recall the opening words, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream." Other writers have told their story as if it were a dream, but not many, I think before 1678, when Pilgrim's Progress was first published.

His Majesty also supported those who regard 1951 as the first year of the second half of the twentieth century. At the beginning of 1950, there were some who anticipated the ending of the first 50 years of this century but I expect that as the New Year begins we shall once again have surveys of the past fifty years, opinions on the next half-century and comparisons of the present time with the good or bad old days, according to one's point of view. It would be difficult to find any other fifty years in history which could show such material changes as the last fifty. It would also be difficult to find a similar period during which the majority of

the people of the world have lived under such strain, at times physical but mainly mental. In this country, there was war or fear of war for about twenty five years out of the fifty, with another thirteen years of economic worries. And the responsibility for war and economic depression has fallen on everyone in the country since the first world war. It has not been only the politicians and professional soldiers who have been concerned. Today, we all have to do the worrying and the fighting. One would like to look forward to a happy, peaceful and prosperous New Year. Individuality, that may be, but for the world one can see nothing but dangerous and dark days ahead. "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world" is not a creed for the beginning of the second half of the twentieth century.

Mass Education In The Colonies

His Majesty's Stationery Office lately published a report that would seem to be a little outside the scope of the Stationery Office. It is "The Mexican Cultural Mission Programme" and costs 2½d. As a matter of fact, this is a report prepared for Unesco by Mr. Lloyd H. Hughes and its main interest for the British Government is in relation to mass education in the colonies. Apparently, Mexico has been experimenting in the community or cultural development of the people living in the backward parts of the country since 1923 and so can be considered a pioneer country in this kind of work. From a brief outline which I have just read, it seems that there are some features of the Mexican missions that would be useful for India to at least follow as an experiment. In the first place, there is no attempt to educate a community in a few weeks. The normal "missions" spend from one to three years in a district, though there is sometimes a special mission sent which stays from three months to a year. Again, the missions do not go with the idea of just teaching the villagers to read and write. A mission would include an instructor in agriculture, building, carpentry, weaving, dyeing, shoe-making and other trades, household management, nursing and midwifery, music and recreation. Madras should be particularly interested in the recre-

ational side of the work for this receives special emphasis as being a most effective means of fighting the alcohol habit. There is the obvious difficulty of finding teachers who are prepared to do this work, for it needs people who feel the work to be their vocation. I would not say that Madras would find this a particular difficulty. The idea of social service has a firm hold amongst the educationists of Madras state.

Relative Wealth Of Towns

The Marketing Survey of the United Kingdom has published a report on the relative wealth and poverty of the 145 largest centres of population in the United Kingdom, excepting London. The South scores in this survey, for all but one of the towns which are more than 10% above the average are in the South. Sutton Coldfield, on the outskirts of Birmingham, is the exception. The wealthiest towns are the seaside resorts of Bournemouth and Hove. The assessment is made on what are called "vital" statistics, along with the number of motor cars, telephones, rateable value of property and so on. The poorest towns, with over 10% below the average wealth, are St. Helens (with 13%) Stoke, Wallsend, Warrington, Widens, Merthyr Tydfil, Rhondda and Wigan. These towns are mostly around mining areas in England and Wales and this would seem to give the lie to those who are under the impression that coal-miners are the aristocrats of present-day Britain. Still, all this prosperity and poverty is on a relative basis and I am sure that the shops in St. Helens and Wigan are as full of toys, furniture, clothes and Christmas fare as the shops in Bournemouth and Hove. Christmas fare includes turkeys, the favourite fowl for Christmas dinner. There has been a remarkable illustration of the power of concerted action by housewives in the price of turkeys this year. A few weeks ago they were about Rs. 6 or 7 a pound and housewives were advised by the Government not to pay such prices. And they followed the advice, with the result that today, three days before Christmas, the shops are filled with turkeys at under Rs. 4 a pound, and it is likely that they will be even cheaper

per tomorrow when the butchers and greengrocers see the turkeys still hanging in their windows.

National Health Service

I have had my first personal experience of the National Health Service. My son contracted measles (just in time to keep him from his Christmas parties) and I sent for the doctor, a woman who is good with children. She gave us first class personal attention, we had medicine made up at the chemists and all goes well. All we had to do was to sign a form nominating this doctor as our choice for our son. It cost us nothing more than the weekly insurance that we pay and hardly miss. It might well have been an additional expense at Christmas, a time when one has quite enough on which to spend one's money without any extras. There have been snags found in the Service, but it works.

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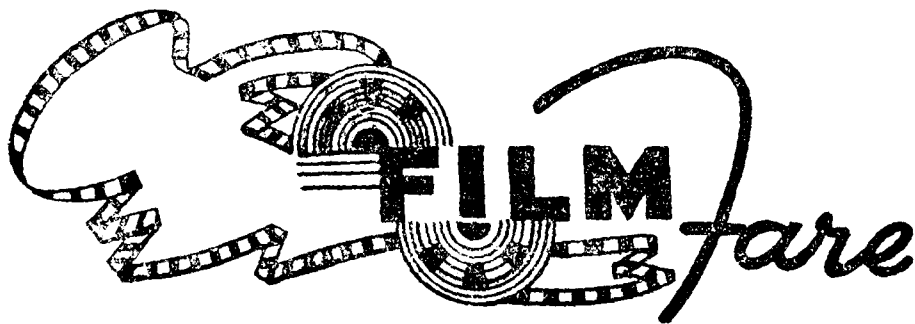
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By V. P. SATHE

THE year 1950 is over. It has been a bad year for Indian films as during this year the motion picture business has been shockingly bad. True, some of the pictures have brought fortune; but on an average the returns have been very poor. In fact, more pictures flopped this year than during any previous year; most of the producers who got only 16 per cent of the total returns have failed to balance their budgets, more so when the cost of production has gone up by 100 per cent in the same period.

As an example of the rise in the cost of production it is interesting to point out that only last week a veteran producer signed two top-notch stars at the reported price of three lakhs of rupees. At this rate the entire cost alone would go up to not less than four to four and half lakhs of rupees; and all said, the cost of production in such a case is bound to be over nine lakhs of rupees. Will any distributor pay him ten lakhs of rupees to cover the cost? And what guarantee is there that the picture would ultimately realise over half a crore of rupees at the box office? But unless it does, the picture would not recover its cost.

With almost every known formula for success failing, the producers are in a real jam. Motion picture making has always been a gamble; but the stakes were never so high as now. The task of the producers has become all the more difficult for want of finance at reasonable rates, inflated cost, shortage of theatres and the closure of the Pakistan market which fetched 20 per cent of the revenue.

The present crisis appears to be insoluble. For, unless the banks are prepared to finance production, the evil of the star system is checked, and the importance of good stories realized, there is no chance for producers faring better in the new year. Will the film industry surmount this crisis? 1951 will provide the test of the industry's calibre.

Picture Of The Week

While the picture of the future appears to be so gloomy and dismal one is happy to record one's impressions about an outstanding Indian motion picture that has just been released. This picture, we are told, has not fared well at the box-office; but if it has failed it reflects badly on the picturegoers rather than on the picture itself.

The picture is Bombay Talkies *Mashal*. It offers a brilliant synthesis of different arts—literature, poetry, music, photography, histrionics, etc. And out of this synthesis director Nitin Bose has created a motion picture which is beautiful, tender and elevating at the same time.

The story is exactly not new. The tale of a young girl denied the pleasure of marrying the youth she loved and yoked to an old rich man has been told many times before. And yet the manner in which this particular story is told is so refreshingly different that it holds your attention from beginning to end. Thanks to an engaging plot and brilliant characterizations.

For this the credit must go to Bankim Chandra Chatterji, the well known Bengalee novelist whose novel

'Rajni' provides the basis of the screenplay *Mashal*. The story begins with Samarnath Ghosh, a youth returning to his village after appearing for the Law examination; even before going home he meets his beloved Tarangini and a stage is set for their marriage. But fate intervenes when Tarangini's father decides to marry her off to an old zamindar. Shocked and enraged Samar makes a final bid to elope with his beloved by entering into her bedroom at the dead of night. Tarangini, however, fails to be bold and Samar is caught and the words 'Chor' are branded on his chest with red-hot iron.

Tarangini is married; like the true Indian woman she surrenders to her fate, and makes herself a dutiful wife and the mother of the house, loved and respected by all. Samar becomes a pleader and becomes interested in Ramratan, Tarangini's husband, when he comes to know that he is not the real heir to the estate. He takes on himself the task of finding out the real heir and his search leads him to Sarla, a blind girl eighteen years old.

Now Sarla is in love with the stepson of Tarangini. Tarangini had first arranged to marry her off to the Dewan's son, who has already one wife, but later she decided to unite the lovers. The climax comes when Sarla is kidnapped and later saved by Samar who pronounces her to be the legal heir of the zamindari and decides to marry her. The last scene between Tarangini who has been suffering frustration so silently and sublimely, and Samar who is full of spite and revenge, is a memorable one in which love triumphs over revenge and the true plight of the Indian woman's helplessness is revealed.

Only a master writer could have written such an intricate and engaging a story as *Mashal*; and though in its transcription to the screen the original story has been modified to a great extent to suit the popular formula, it has not lost its basic beauty and emotional appeal. The character of Samar portrayed superbly by Ashok Kumar dominates the screenplay and his very appearance enlivens the picture. The role of Tarangini is played with due res-

traint and dignity by Sumitra who also looks charming without being sensuous. Rumadevi has the role of her lifetime as the blind girl, Sarla; and though she acts well, somehow her plumpish personality is against her. She does not attract the sympathy she deserves.

One many go a step further and say that the character of the blind girl is not handled properly. At times, it appears as if even the director has forgotten that she is blind, especially in the songs. Then her love for the zamindar's son is not properly stressed. And the very idea of showing a blind girl visualizing her romantic association with a man whom she could never see is preposterous. Had this dream been confined to sound effects only it would have been more effective. Apart from this glaring mistake, all the scenes of the blind girl somehow drag until Samar arrives on the scene.

The supporting cast is excellent. S. Nazir, Moni Chatterji, Nalums Palsikar, Rajlakshmi and others live their parts and the atmosphere of the old Bengal is so vividly recreated that it is bound to have a nostalgic appeal. The direction by Nitin Bose is comparable only to his previous triumph *Milan*. The photography is tuned to the sombre mood of the story; the face photography is specially noteworthy. The only technical flaw is evident in the editing which is jerky and is responsible for jumps in continuity.

The other noteworthy feature of the film is its lyrics. Pradeep has again shown his mettle and given us lyrics which for their poetry and purport will be long remembered. Especially noteworthy are the songs *Upar Gagan Vishal*, *Man Hanste Hue Chal* and *Duniya ke Logo*. The songs are tuned to lilting Bengalee music by S. D. Burman and imaginatively picturized. The background music is also good; but the re-recording is not very happy.

On the whole, *Mashal* is the kind of picture which enhances the status of Indian films and makes one feel proud of the people who made it.

Star Of The Week

As I was talking about B. T.'s *Mashal* and Ashok Kumar, in the

office of Pancholi Productions, I heard Bipin Gupta remark "Now we admit that Ashok Kumar has become an artiste."

This remark is significant. For, when Ashok Kumar joined Bombay Talkies as a laboratory assistant, nobody could imagine that he would one day become a great film star. When this shy graduate of Science was suddenly assigned the leading role opposite Devika Rani in *Jeevan Naiyan* the critics felt that Himansu Rai had made a great mistake. More so since Ashok Kumar looked so goody-goody and so effeminate on the screen.

But undaunted by criticism Himansu Rai continued to cast him in almost every picture. And with his handsome face, gentle manner in the typical good-goody romantic roles he became very popular especially among the girls. Though he was married to a charming girl, many girls from distant part of the country fell for him. He was the matinee idol.

But as an artiste he made his grade only in *Naya Sansar*. The role of a journalist gave him the first opportunity to be manly and tough; moreover, after his trip to Lahore where he was mobbed by picturegoers, he had acquired self-confidence and overcome his shyness. A new Ashok was seen in *Naya Sansar* and soon in light comedy roles Ashok attained enviable proficiency as is evident from his triumph in *Kismet*, *Chal Chal Re Navjawan*, *Shikari* and *Eight Days*. But in serious roles like *Humayun*, he somehow appeared to be a misfit, though in the boom period of 1945-46 he was the highest paid male star with Motilal as his only rival.

During the last three years he has made a name for himself as a producer as well. Since he and Vaccha took over Bombay Talkies, they have produced four pictures—*Majboor*, *Ziddi*, *Mahal* and *Mashal*—and all of them are good pictures. In fact he has once again raised the standard of Bombay Talkies to its former pedestal. Incidentally in *Mahal* and *Mashal* he has also proved that in

serious emotional acting also he can rise to brilliant heights. With the maturity and mellowness that he has earned after fifteen years' experience there is no doubt that there is a polish in his acting so far not attained by any other artiste. Thus both as a producer and a star, he is in a class by himself.

Ashok is perhaps the richest male star today. He is a great believer in numerology and astrology; he does not do anything without consulting his horoscope. And his horoscope is said to predict that 1951 will be the peak year of his life. Anybody who knows about Ashok will not be surprised at this prediction.

Star Almost Drowned

The stars who charge thousands of rupees sometimes risk their lives for their work as Dilip Kumar did during the shooting of *Aan*.

The shooting required Dilip Kumar to jump in a well along with Nimmi. But Dilip did not know how to swim, not even in a studio-made eight-feet deep well; so it was arranged that a plank should be secretly placed in the well so that Dilip would not be drowned.

But when the actual shooting took place, unfortunately the plank fell down and Dilip went under the water struggling desperately to come up. He was rescued but his muscles were sprained and he was completely exhausted. In fact, he has been forced to lie down on bed for five days due to this accident.

Similarly, it is learnt that director K. Amarnath had a serious accident while directing a scene from *Sarkar*. He was showing his hero Ajit how to jump; but in doing so he fell down and was seriously injured. For the last so many days Amarnath is lying ill, because of this accident.

News Of The Week

—It is reliably learnt that the Central Board of Film Censors will start functioning by 15th January 1951.

—Madhubala and Dilip Kumar will be teamed together for the second time.

They were cast together in *Haarsingar* which is not yet completed and in Daryani's new production for which D. N. Madhok is writing the screenplay, dialogues and lyrics and Anil Biswas is giving the music.

—Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant have been teamed again together in Hira Films' maiden offering *Shole* which is being directed by B. R. Chopra.

—Madhubala donated Rs. 5001 and Suraiya donated Rs. 1000 to the Society for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children. A star-spangled show was held in aid of the society under the direction of Sohrab Modi and the stars participated included Nigar, Jaiaraj Agha, Kaushalya, Nirupa Roy and Husn Bano. Among the audience one could spot Jayashree, Shantaram, Veena, Al Nasir, Chandulal Shah and Gohar.

—After *Mahal*, the Censors are reported to have suspended the certi-

ficate granted to a Marathi picture entitled *Kalyan-Khajina*.

—Ashok Kumar, Dev Anand and Meena Kumari lead the cast of Bombay Talkies' *Mousam* which is being directed by Phani Muzumdar.

—As a result of his decision not to release *Mangala* unless the footage restriction was removed, producer S. S. Vasan has returned all the money he had received from Messrs. Maneklal Chunilal and Sons as the price of his picture for Bombay Circuit, thus relieving them of their commitment. Magnanimous as this gesture is, it is a unique instance that a producer has sacrificed several lakhs of rupees revenue for a principle.

—A son has been born to Manju, the star wife of Karan Dewan and on the new year day his christening ceremony was held with great pomp and pageantry at Karan's residence in Bombay.

—Nakshab has titled his new picture as *Nagma*.

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS

From A Correspondent

DESIGNED to become the cradle of Muslim culture and religion, the Osmania University to-day finds itself out of gear in a new situation, which its founders could hardly have visualised. The University is an autonomous body with a Royal Charter, a full-time Vice-Chancellor and a block grant of Rs. 80 lakhs a year. Yet, there is not the desired co-ordination between the policy of the Education Department and that of the University. While the former is endeavouring to follow the recommendations of the recent University Education Commission in so far as they pertain to secondary education, the latter seems to believe in maintaining the status quo, even at the expense of violating the clear directive in the Indian Constitution not to provide any religious instruction in the institutions financed by the State. The Osmania University to-day maintains a separate faculty of theology under pretext of

promoting Indian and Islamic cultures and religion.

Contrary to the report of the Indian Universities Commission of 1902, the Osmania University had, since its inception in 1919, a faculty of Theology at a cost of Rs. 50,000. In addition, there was compulsory Ethics for Hindus and *Diniyat* for Muslims, under Part III. After the Police Action, these subjects have been replaced by a language paper as well as General Science for Arts students and History of Civilization for Science students. A student could obtain his Bachelor of Arts degree with two papers in English, four papers in Theology, and two in a language and either General Science or History of Civilization. Theology is taught in Intermediate classes and provision has been made for post-graduate studies in the same subject. Before the Police Action, instruction in theology was provided only for Muslim students. Shrewd and

tactful Nawab Ali Yaver Jung, the Vice-Chancellor, renamed this faculty as Faculty of Indian Culture and Religion and introduced a course for Hindu students which covers the Gita, Indian Art and Philosophy. For Muslim students the old syllabus of Quoran continues.

"No religious instruction shall be provided in any educational institution wholly maintained out of State funds," says Article 28 of the Indian Constitution. The reasons which impelled this resolution are obvious. We have in our country followers of the Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh, Buddhist, Jain, Zoroastrian and Jewish faiths. Amplifying this point the Radhakrishnan Report on University Education says that State educational institutions cannot hope to provide religious instruction in all these faiths. In the words of Dr. Ambedkar, "to assign such a task to the State would be to ask it to do the impossible". The Constitution makes out that the State should not get mixed up with the encouragement of any particular form of religion. But the Osmania University provided courses of study in religion for Muslims only before the Police Action, and now it provides it for Hindus also. What about the other religions?

Another clause in the Constitution, Article 27, reads: "No person may be compelled to pay any taxes, the proceeds of which are specifically appropriated in payment of expenses for the promotion or maintenance of any particular religion or religious institution." Explaining this Article in the Constituent Assembly Dr. Ambedkar, one of the chief architects of the Constitution, said: "For instance, if we permitted any particular religious instruction, say if a school established by a District or Local Board gives religious instruction on the ground that the majority of the students studying in that school are Hindus, the effect would be that such action would militate against the provisions of this Article." The statement could be applied with greater force in the case of Osmania University, which is run completely with State funds.

Nobody could find fault with the University, if a critical study of all religions were made in the University. The Radhakrishnan Report recommends that in the first year of the degree course lives of the great religious leaders like Buddha, Zoroaster, Socrates, Mahomed, Sankara, Kabir, Nanak, Ramanuja and others be taught, in the second year some selections of a universalist character from the scriptures of the world be studied and in the third year, the central problems of the philosophy of religion be considered.

The plain fact is that the constitution of the Osmania University has been so drafted and the courses of study so framed as not only to give an impetus to the education of Muslims but also to reduce the Hindus to intellectual and cultural slavery. High-flown Persianised Urdu, which is not understood even by the Moulvis of the Uttar Pradesh was chosen as the medium of instruction. The same medium continues even now, with the difference that it could be written in Nagri script also. This concession was dramatically announced by the Vice-Chancellor on the occasion of the Prime Minister's visit to the University in Dec. 1948. Till recently black sherwani was the uniform for all students. "Ain," the Arabic letter being the initial of Osmanali Khan, the present Nizam, is the crest of the University, and the motto is "Ever more glory to his Crown." It is a wonder how these can continue in the free democratic Republic of India. The Muslim teaching and administrative staff, who are in a majority, dominate in the counsels of the University. The Academic Council, the University Council and the Senate are so constituted that the dominant clique has always a comfortable majority. At the time of the Police Action, the University had become a training ground for fanatically-minded Razakars. Instead of being a temple of learning and light it nurtured communalism.

The Osmania University is in dire need of drastic changes if it is to lay the foundations for a healthy growth of the young.

NEHRU AT THE SCIENCE CONGRESS

From A Special Correspondent

THE latest discovery of C. V. Raman, after having travelled all over the world is that there is no place on earth like Bangalore. So said the Chairman of the Reception Committee to the delegates of the Indian Science Congress in his welcoming address. He said Bangalore had good physical as well as Scientific environs. All this is exactly the reverse of what Ethel Mannin wrote of Mirza Ismail's model city—that it was about the worst place to be in India.

The inaugural ceremony for this annual session (38th) which took place at the Tata Institute of Scientific and Industrial Research was something entirely different from the Indian Science Congress session I attended in Madras in 1939, as a student of Science. The Indian Science Congress did not make much news then, and we were free to roam about in the Madras Medical College, where the session was held, from one committee to another. It was just like many other professional bodies meeting annually in the Christmas season. But curiously enough, there was one thing in common between that old type of noiseless session and today's ceremony on a grand scale. I heard and admired H. J. Bhabha, for the first time in that session. This time, when I heard again his inaugural address, that impression is only more confirmed.

I still remember how C. V. Raman who presided over that address of Bhabha introduced him to us, the student audience: "We ought to be thankful to Hitler" said Raman, "for having sent out Bhabha from Germany to India by declaring war against the Commonwealth." And at the end of the brilliant disquisition on Meson by Bhabha, Raman told us a story to give his impression of the lecture. It seems Raman was forced to stand in a corner to attend a lecture of Lord Rutherford on modern alchemy, one which he had already heard once. Rutherford, at the end of the lecture, noted Raman standing,

and asked him whether it was not uncomfortable. Replied Raman that he was prepared to stand there again to hear such a brilliant disquisition. Rutherford thereupon retorted "You flatterer." Raman said he was prepared to do and say the same thing about Bhabha's lecture that day in 1939.

Negatively the address was free from the two errors into which scientists of ordinary calibre fall when called upon to talk in general terms. He did not tell us all the usual silly things about peace, progress and other pious platitudes tinctured with some political flattery about the Premier in power. Nor did he treat us to dull details of scientific achievement without evaluating their significance, a sin which most scientists commit. Since, as Ritchie Calder the Science Editor of *News Chronicle* once called them, they are illiterates in popular clear expression. The story is that Baron Rutherford the Nobel Laureate had a nasty habit of telling all professional journalists writing in a popular vein of scientific discoveries, that what they wrote was nonsense since they could not understand elementary scientific terms. Once when he said the same thing to Ritchie Calder, he retorted by asking Rutherford to decipher his shorthand reporter's note book containing journalistic jargon. The Nobel Laureate took it in good spirit and had to agree that in general most professional scientists lacked the gift of clear simple expression and were technically "illiterates in expression." Bhabha, this year's President, is among the very few including Raman, who are entirely free from such a crippling defect.

Bhabha did well to omit all the dull drab nonsense on politics, peace and the atom bomb. He confined himself with persistent clarity to the nerve centre of science, namely, the attitude of taking nothing for granted and never imagining that knowledge and discovery were at an end. In a

masterly manner, he started with the dictum of Leonardo da Vinci, the versatile genius of Milan, that without precise mathematical measurement, knowledge is useless. Reviewing the laws of Newton, he then came to the discovery of the structure of the atom. Time was when scientists imagined that there were only two fundamental particles, the proton and the electron. Now the number known was eight. The frontiers of science were always expanding and no law or theory should be kept fundamental for all time without reverification in the light of new facts.

The effect of Bhabha's talk was

electric. It definitely moved Premier Nehru to make a really brilliant speech. In fact Nehru's first speech declaring the Congress open was very pedestrian. But the intellectual fare of Bhabha's talk stimulated him into a really long but thought-provoking speech. He talked on till he was late by half an hour, to emplane for Bombay.

The talk of the city however is the significant absence of K. C. Reddy, the local Premier, from all these functions due (it is stated) to ill health. I am unable however to grasp the trend of Mysore politics, which seems to be quite a complicated thing.

POINT FOUR AID TO INDIA

By M. S. P.

A new era of co-operation between the U. S. and India in India's economic development has been inaugurated with the signing of a general bilateral agreement between the two Governments in connection with the technical assistance to be made available to India under the Point Four programme. India thus becomes the third country in Asia to benefit from this plan. Though the initial allocation of 1.2 million dollars to India under this scheme is an insignificant amount compared to India's requirements of external help for a proper development of her resources, it only marks the beginning of direct U. S. interest in India's economic advancement and is to be welcomed as the indication of a new outlook which the U. S. Government have brought to bear on the problems of India.

It must be noted that the scope of the aid has been restricted to the provision of such elements of American technical knowledge and experience as are not available in India. Normally, this technical assistance would be given in the form of U. S. experts for particular projects in India, and would also include the provision of facilities in the U. S. for giving training to Indians. It may be mentioned that the Government of India have already obtained from the U. S. Government the services of some experts for agricultural projects

including one for the Central Tractor Organisation. U. S. technical assistance will be mainly for agricultural development, multi-purpose projects, communications, and education and health programmes. This is because it is expected that capital for these projects will be forthcoming from within India herself. Further the Point Four programme confines itself mainly to the provision of technical aid. That is why big industrial projects, for which external financial aid might be required are excluded from the scope of the programme. But it can be expected that the extension of Point Four aid will, besides contributing to the agricultural development of India, also help the growth of her industries by facilitating the flow of foreign capital.

An important provision in the agreement between the U. S. and Indian Governments calls for efforts to be made for the co-ordination and integration of all technical co-operation programmes (such as the Colombo Plan and the Point Four programme) to be carried on in India. Such co-ordination is to be achieved through the Economic Affairs Department of the Finance Ministry of India. The object in doing so is to enable a co-ordinated development of India's resources, instead of a haphazard growth that will result from allowing separate plans to be carried through separately.

SIDELIGHTS :

The proprietor to-day is primarily a manufacturer of newspapers, as he might be a manufacturer of match boxes or railway tickets. That some newspaper proprietors, besides their position as manufacturers of a commodity, have some personal distinction as citizens, as men of ideas and principles, and sometimes even as journalists, is a welcome accident. It is a most useful accident in an important public service and major industry. Intelligent and upright manufacturers can see that ethical industrial standards are observed in their businesses. They can also, sometimes, lend moral support of the very highest order to editors and other journalists employed by them where great public issues are concerned. The supreme role of the proprietor (and there can be few higher public services in normal times) is to achieve the rare task of finding a first-class editor, then to allot him the money to maintain a sound editorial staff, to provide the technical facilities which his staff needs for its work, and to leave him alone.

—ROBERT SINCLAIR.

THE December issue of *The South Indian Journalist* contains some unsavoury particulars from its New Delhi Correspondent about the dismissal of Sri K. Rama Rao from the editorship of Birla's Patna daily, *The Searchlight*. Sri Rama Rao had no notice of the management's intention of asking him to quit, or of the reasons that impelled them to such a step. On November 27, 1950 he received a letter dated November 23, signed by the Managing Director, which said: "It has been decided to have a new Editor for *The Searchlight*. We have therefore to part company. I have instructed the office to pay your dues including three months' salary." The dues were paid and the Editor left at once.

Here is the Correspondent's comment on the dismissal:

"It is a pity that this has not attracted even a small fraction of attention. Not long ago, Mr. Tom Hopkinson, Editor of the weekly 'Picture Post,' was sacked by his proprietor, Mr. Edward Hulton, following differences of opinion over the publication of a story on the S. Korean execution of innocent, but suspected citizens. Though it is nearly three months since

the incident happened the matter is still being kept before the public eye through the journalists' organisations and the weekly Press. The matter has been referred to even in the British Parliament. All this after the Editor and the proprietor came out with statements explaining their position. But here in our country the reasons for the dismissal of a veteran journalist from a position of responsibility have been left to be guessed."

In the absence of enlightenment from the proprietors, Sri Rama Rao himself listed the following three as the probable reasons for his dismissal: (1) His articles and political notes on Nepal. (2) His views expressed through *The Searchlight* attacking America and her policies. (3) The publicity *The Searchlight* gave to the anti-blackmarketing campaign conducted by the Government of Bihar which was found inconvenient by one particular community presumably with a pull on the proprietors of the paper. These reasons point to a great evil of our times—the transformation of the press into the lifeless product of a chain-store system of newspapers, or "a mere pawn of industrial promoters in the trustification of the press."

Rama Rao was once described by Sri Chalapathi Rau who succeeded him as Editor of *The National Herald* as an "all-rounder, with plenty of pluck and courage, who had the breath of battle in his nostrils." The description is now quite apt, but it does not apply to the Rama Rao of the twenties and thirties in the first half of his career. In those days the old well-established Anglo-Indian papers were technically far superior to their poorer and less satisfactorily equipped competitors under Indian management, who sought to make up for all professional deficiencies with the fetching power of the patriotism they affected. The reporters and sub-editors of the so-called nationalist papers were wretchedly paid. But they put on airs pretending to have souls above the allurements of wealth and comfort that collusion with the designs of the imperial ruling power

threw open to the poor fish that slaved under Anglo-Indian journalistic masters. After about a decade of service on *The Times of India* in its days of English editors, Rama Rao blossomed into a first-rate sub-editor and page-maker, the best, quickest and most skilled perhaps in the whole country. He had a flair, too, for reporting, and made in it a mark for expedition, cunning and sagacity. He seemed well set for an affluent and care-free life of uneventful excellence in the craftsmanship of the secondary stratum of journalism, when the political bug bit him, poisoned his blood with the spirit of revolt, and infected him with a virus of pride and restlessness that left him no peace, and made him a homeless wanderer in the wilderness of the commercialised press of independent India.

Newspapers have multiplied lately

with enormous rapidity, but their mortality has been as great as their fecundity. There is much talk of schools of journalism to equip the rising generation for the trials of an exacting profession. But somehow the mass production has led to a levelling down of standards, and there are scarcely enough people of adequate efficiency to staff even one good school of journalism. To teach novices the craftsmanship of newspaper-making and hammer them into serviceability for the workaday needs of the press there is none to beat Rama Rao, and every paper that he edited has been a training ground of reporters and sub-editors who spread proficiency far and wide and distinguished themselves for good work wherever they went. This is no little service to journalism in the present conditions of the press in the country.—SAKA.

DERATIONING IN RURAL AREAS

By M. G. GURUSWAMI IYER

The announcement of the derationing of food in rural areas by the Government of Madras is likely to cause consternation in the public mind, especially in districts like Ramanad which are in the grip of famine owing to the failure of the monsoon for the fourth year in succession. In abandoning rationing and making the people themselves in the deficit districts responsible for solving the food problem in their respective places, the Government have cast away their primary duty of finding food for the people at this critical juncture. They are very much like the head of a family who, smarting under criticism, runs away from home leaving the helpless members to their fate. The defect is not in the system of rationing but in the way in which it is worked in practice. In procurement the well-to-do and those who have the political pull escape, while the poorer ryots are harassed in various ways. Instructions have been issued from above directing the procurement officials to be "tactful" in their job. The result is that the bulk of the yield gets into the black market. I have no doubt that if procurement were to be effected with sufficient stiffness and impartiality, the result would have been more encouraging. I can say from intimate personal knowledge that the distribution of foodgrains through the rationing agency is rotten to the core. The prevalence of extensive corruption, the adulteration and fraudulent measurement

of foodgrains in all stages, the existence of bogus cards in large numbers, the giving of licenses to unscrupulous men and the supply of grossly inadequate quantities have all made rationing anathema to the public.

The defects detailed above can be remedied by perfecting the system of rationing and introducing into it greater efficiency and honesty. As regards defective and deficient supply, it can be rectified by importing necessary quantities of rice from Burma at least as a short-term measure regardless of cost to meet the present crisis. It is heartening to be told that the Government are seriously considering the question of allowing merchants to import rice from abroad under suitable restrictions.

If the Government as a concession to ill informed clamour desire to stick on to their declared policy of rural derationing, a threefold programme should be adopted. Firstly, after procuring the necessary quantity of food grains to discharge their obligations in the statutorily rationed areas, producers should be allowed to sell the surplus produce in the open market as has been allowed in the case of sugarcane growers. Secondly, the ban on the inter-district movement of foodgrains should be removed forthwith, or an inter-zonal movement should be allowed. Thirdly, fair price shops should be opened in important centres, under Government auspices.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

IN October last, Acharya Kripalani announced the formation of a new group inside the Congress called the Congress Democratic Front and had the support of fifty other high-ranking Congressmen. At a meeting on November 13, at Calcutta, more than a hundred dissenting Congressmen of West Bengal, including several legislators, decided to leave the Congress and form a new party under the presidentship of Dr. Suresh Chandra Banerjee with Dr. P. C. Ghosh as its secretary. Releasing a press statement on November 2, 1950, Acharya Kripalani said that at his invitation, fifty of his friends had met twice at Nasik to consider the political situation and state of affairs in the Congress and had decided to form a bloc in the Congress "to energise the organisation and rid it of the corrupting influence of power politics and make it more democratic and serviceable." The statement said that the basic policies and programme of the group were "the same as laid down at the Jaipur Congress in its resolution on fundamental rights" and declared that "as far as possible" the working of the Front would "be done in co-operation with the existing Congress committees." The resolution adopted by the Calcutta meeting on November 13 said, "Though the party would function outside the Congress, it will be the earnest endeavour of the party to be a real torch-bearer of the Congress ideals" and talking to pressmen, Dr. Ghosh expressed the hope that the new party would actively co-operate with the Socialist party, although they would not join that party.

It was in 1939, at the Tripura session of the Indian National Congress that probably the first open rift occurred. Netaji Bose was elected President of that session (he was also the President of the 1938 session at Haripura) after an unpleasant contest with Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, although the latter had enjoyed the support of

Gandhiji and the High Command. Subash Chandra Bose had to resign, however, and established his Forward Bloc. Then came the exit of the Socialists and Communists in the forties. These breaks happened, however, at a time when the Congress was supreme in its hold over the masses. People did not lay greater store by those who had the courage to differ from Gandhiji and the High Command. That explains, perhaps, why Subash Chandra Bose with all his superlative dynamism did not cut much ice in his Forward Bloc venture. Conditions today are, however, vastly different.

The Congress has failed to deliver the goods after assuming power. The people are now aware of all the misdeeds of the Congress ministries in every state. The Congress President has been reduced to a figurehead and Acharya Kripalani during his Presidential tenure found himself between the devil and the deep sea. His present frustration with the Congress is, therefore, understandable; more so, when we read his statement issued after fighting a losing battle with Babu Purushottamdas Tandon. The Acharya had been the General Secretary of the Congress for quite a long time and occupied the Presidential gadi for some time. He was one of the right-wing conservatives, a trusted lieutenant of Mahatma Gandhi and was always counted as one of the "Old Guard". He has been a zealous propagator of the Gandhian way of doing things and knows better than others, the "ins and outs" of the party. If such a person feels that the formation of a bloc within the Congress is the only proper way, it is time to realise that his Democratic Front and the Bengal rise-up owe their rise to causes quite different from those that led to the formation of the Forward Bloc and the Socialist Party.

The Congress stands discredited today in the eyes of the people and it

has to thank itself for this sorry state of affairs. It is not certain, therefore, that it will be victorious in the elections that are due to take place at the end of 1951 as envisaged in the Constitution. Other parties have been only too quick to make capital out of this confused atmosphere, and many political parties have come into existence within a span of seven or eight months. The refugee problem of the two Bengals has made matters worse for the Congress and it appears that Hindu Mahasabha will find it somewhat easy to extend its sphere of influence in West Bengal. Socialists are making much headway in Bombay State. In this state of affairs, it is difficult to understand how the Acharya has satisfied himself that it would be possible for him and his Democratic Front to work in co-ordination with the Congress, without making the masses bewildered. The official reaction of the Congress has been equally confusing. The present General Secretary, Kala Venkata Rao, dilated at some length on the constitutional issues involved in the formation of the Democratic Front and Mr. Hare Krishna Mahtab took some pains to remind the public of his "soldiership" in the Congress army. The Congress President himself has not been as clear as is to be expected. Addressing a meeting of Congress workers in Bombay on December 10, he said, "I disapprove of any kind of factions, groups or fronts in the Congress organisation. I do not want the Congress to be weakened by groups and have asked the members of the newly formed Democratic Front to place their grievances before the Congress." He indicated that he was in correspondence with Acharya Kripalani on the propriety of forming the Democratic Front. The Congress President had, however, a different tale to tell the very next day when, addressing pressmen, he said, "So much importance need not be placed on the interpretation of the Constitution in relation to the formation of the new Democratic Front. The formation of groups within the Congress, it appears to me, is comparatively a minor matter." It is high time that the Congress High Command decided

the whole issue one way or the other.

The most important point, however, is whether the formation of a group inside the Congress is permissible or desirable. It may be pertinent to recall in this connection what Acharya Kripalani's views were in 1946. Writing in his "Indian National Congress" (First Edition, April 1946) he told us:—

"Whenever there is any fundamental conflict between the organisation as a whole and a party in it, the members of the latter must give up either the organisation or leave the party. The first loyalty of every member in an organisation must be to the organisation and not to a party in it.

"The Congress is something more than the parties in it. It is not exhausted as a popular front is exhausted by the defection of parties. The overwhelming majority of Congressmen belong to no group or party whatsoever but are merely Congressmen.

"The greatest danger often is not when a patient is suffering from a disease but when he has successfully resisted it and is convalescing. The Congress may succeed in the near future to capture power because of its inherent strength and a combination of international circumstances, but it will fail to deliver the goods in terms of a new order after freedom is achieved. We will soon fall into warring groups and the common good will be forgotten in petty sectional squabbles."

There is now a fundamental conflict between the parent Congress organisation and the Democratic Front. In accordance with his own declared views, it is only proper that Acharya Kripalani should either quit the Congress or endeavour to work for "purity in public life and administration" from within. In the former case, it is just possible that if he is able to present a 1951-model Congress constitution, he will receive substantial support from many in the opposition camps who sympathise with the Congress ideals but would not like to identify themselves with the Congress organisation. Acharya Kripalani should realise that the public should be spared a situation in which they will be simply faced with an army of political salesmen seeking to make them get lost in clouded issues, when they are called upon to vote.

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Letters To The Editor

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

Oriental Manuscripts Library

As regards the communication of Sri R. Parthasarathy, Director of Information and Publicity, published in SWATANTRA dated 9th December 1950, I desire, to offer the following explanation.

What I have stated regarding the condition of the Oriental Manuscripts Library was nothing but facts and they are facts based on my own personal knowledge of men and matters. As the head of a big publishing firm of nearly one hundred years' standing, I know whether the manuscripts selected are previously printed or not. I also know if the manuscripts are worthy of printing. The Curator of the Library says that some of the manuscripts "are rare and have not seen the light of day." These are available elsewhere and some of them are already printed and no mention is made about this fact by the General Editor of the Government Oriental Library Series. As regards the charges, I am informed by the copyists that they are not revised so as to fetch them Rs. 2 or Rs. 2-8-0 a day. I am of the opinion that all the affairs of the library are managed by a single individual and he is not responsible to any one, though there is a committee for each language. The General Editor acts according to his will and pleasure. He does not consult the committee by placing before it the important matters like the appointment and selection of editors, for each publication. In some committee meetings the members are ignorant as to who the editors are and whether they are qualified to do the editing work entrusted to them. In all cases the General Editor must be directed to consult the expert committee, for he does not know all the languages. The General Editor should not act independently but such a thing is happening.

The supervising body selected from the expert committee should have power to deal with questions of importance such as the purchasing of paper, choosing the printing press and devising means for the popularisation of the publications of the library. As matters stand at present, the finances of the library are hopeless. The Government has spent already a lakh of rupees and it is going to spend more. Unless things are looked into properly, it is possible there will be more waste of money. I am bringing the affairs of the library to public notice with the sole object of improving the state of

affairs in the Oriental Manuscripts Library in the public interest.
V. VENKATESWARA SASTRULU
Tondiarpet.

Efficiency Of Officers After Independence

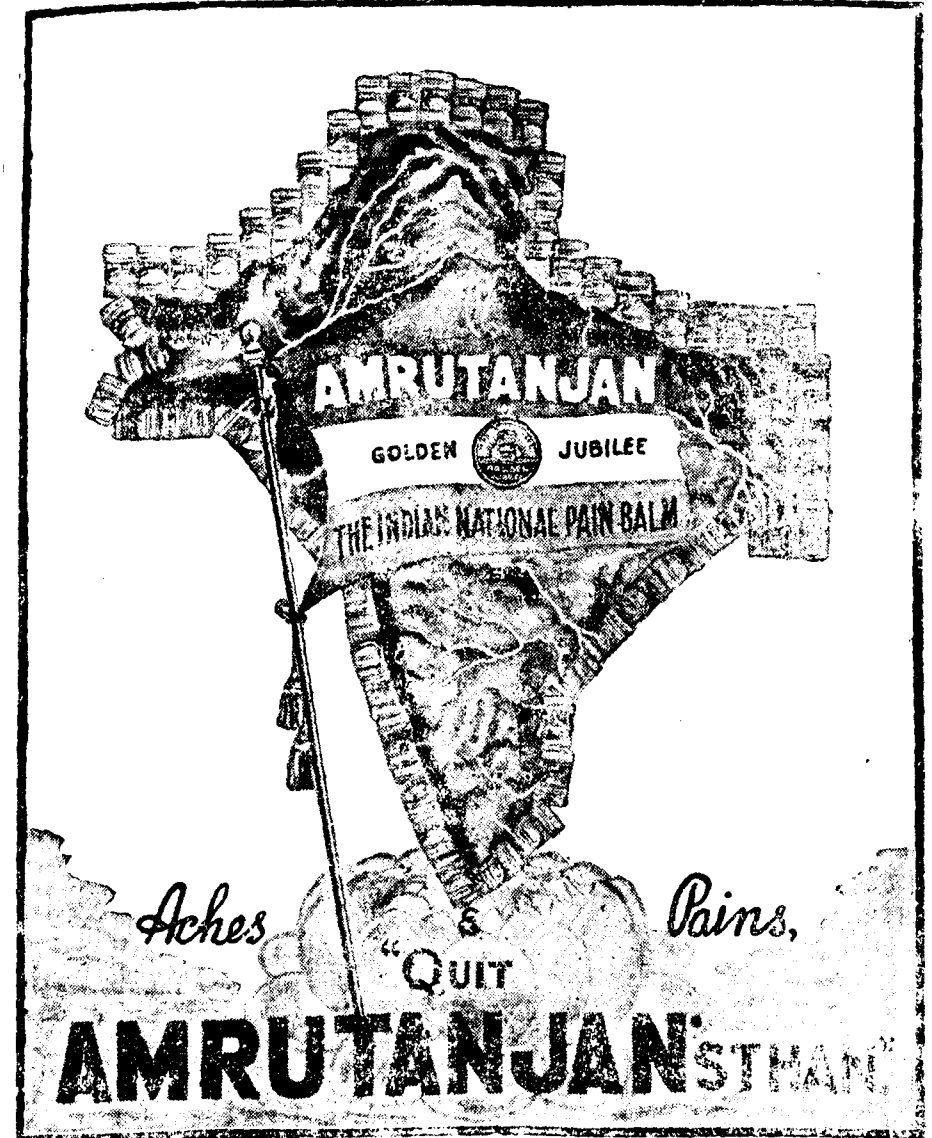
It is with regret that as the wife of an Indian Officer I read recently in your valued weekly that after the war we are having more officers to deal with more work. Kindly permit me to give figures of the biggest Government Department—the Railways—excluding the Military. The Railways are, I may say, bigger than all the other Civil Departments put together.

In 1938-39 we had 1784 class I and II officers on Indian Government Railways. In 1948-49 we had 1752. The number of other staff in the charge of these largely Indian officers had increased from 639 thousands to 848 thousands in the meanwhile. The money spent on these officers has increased, despite the enormous increase in living costs, from only 3.06 to 3.23 crores between these two years as against the increase in the cost of the staff from 32.03 to 104.13 crores. Between these two years the Railways have increased their volume of work, carrying 98 crores of passengers as against 36 crores and 70 million tons of goods against 65.

In the same editorial adverse comment is seen of the rejection at the Service Commission interviews of a large number of South Indians who have done well in the written tests. As a South Indian I wish to say that in the last analysis in a mixed selection board the South Indian candidate can stand or fall only on his ability to satisfy a mixed board. We can no more suggest reservations here than condone reservations according to communities in selections to South Indian colleges. If our colleges, besides training boys in cramming, do adequately by way of developing personality and leadership, a little self-analysis would be useful here. In that great national body, the Congress of pre-Independence days, South India could boast of only a Shankaran Nair, an Ananthachari, a Vijaya Raghavachari and a Srinivasa Iyengar as Congress Presidents chosen by the nation. If South Indians with their diligence and intelligence are to produce leaders in the India of tomorrow in the services and outside, I believe we must consciously develop in our boys ideas of idealism and leadership, courage and endurance, and not least of all, a feeling of oneness with the rest of India with a right to fight if need be and lead the whole of India with no thought of South or North.

New Delhi.

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New Delhi.

A SOUTH INDIAN.



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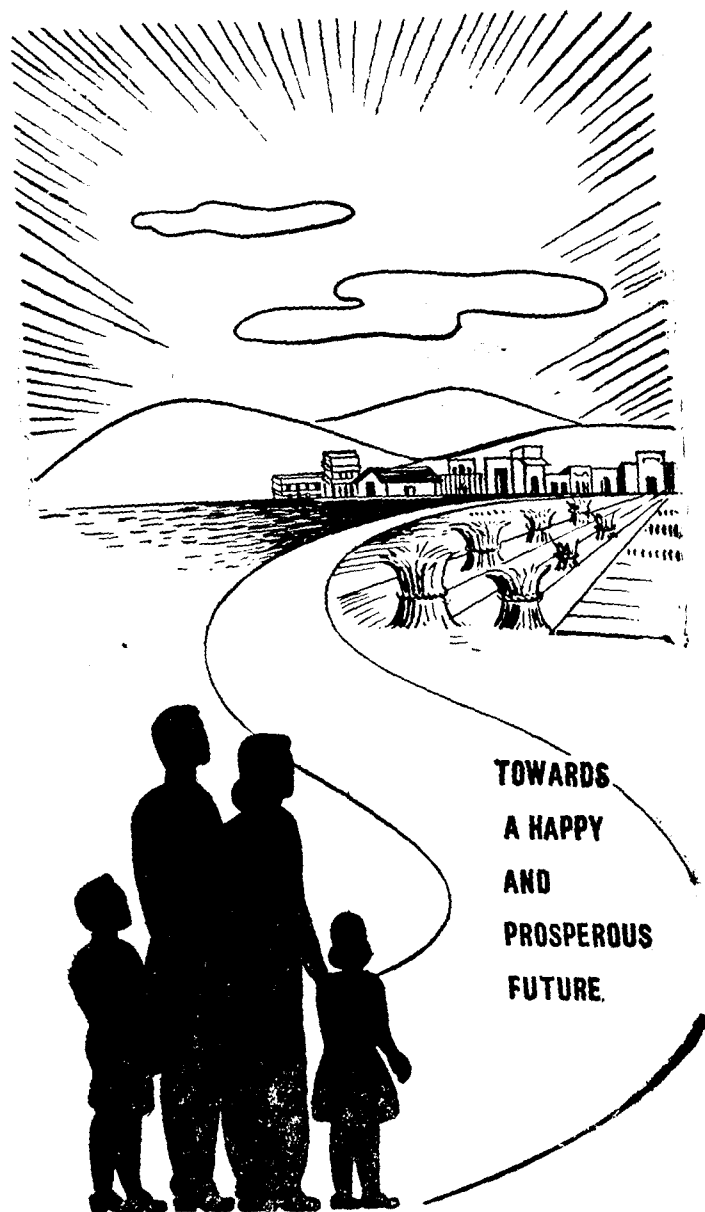
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TREND TOWARDS ISOLATIONISM

THE American bloodshed in Korea has shocked several important American leaders into an attack on the Truman-Acheson policy of resisting Communism by giving economic and military aid to every nation prepared to oppose Communism. The most distinguished of these is Herbert Hoover, a former President of the United States. He is ably supported by Joseph Kennedy, U. S. Ambassador in Britain during the war, Senator Kenneth Wherry, Republican floor leader, and Senator Taft. In a broadcast to the nation three weeks ago, Mr. Hoover urged that the Government of the U. S. A. should concentrate on the Western Hemisphere making it a sort of gigantic Gibraltar. "The foundations of our national policies," he added, "must be to preserve for the world this Western Hemisphere Gibraltar of Western Civilization. We can, without any measure of doubt, with our own air and naval forces, hold the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans with one frontier on Britain, if she wishes to co-operate; the other, on Japan, Formosa and the Philippines." Mr. Kennedy held that Western Europe lacked the will to resist Communism. "We cannot," he said, "sacrifice ourselves to save those who do not seem to wish to save themselves." Senator Wherry was even more sternly admonitory. He said: "Napoleon tried to whip Russia with ground forces. He failed. Hitler tried it with 250 land divisions. He failed. Russia's vastness, her dependable ally of extreme winters, and her reckless disregard for human life... make the ground approach tragic to contemplate." Senator Taft pleaded, "The defense plan should

not be one in which, in an effort to protect Europe, we would destroy the economic life of this country."

It is reported that public reaction was strongly in favour of these criticisms of the Administration's policy. One rough gauge of American opinion, according to the *New York Times*, is the mail received by Congressmen from their constituencies. A correspondent of that paper reported that "even Congressmen from the East, so-called seat of internationalism, find their mail running from 40-to-1 to 90-to-1 and even greater in support of the Hoover programme." The Truman-Acheson forces have apparently been thrown into a panic by this near-unanimity of public opinion against the Administration's policies. Heroic efforts are being made to turn the swing of sentiment the other way. Rushing to the support of Government, Mr. Dulles, the foreign affairs expert of the State Department said: "Any nation which at a moment of extreme danger sheds those of its allies which are most endangered, and to whom it is bound by solemn treaty, elects a dangerous course, for solitary defense is never impregnable. A United States which could be an inactive spectator while the barbarians overran and desecrated the cradle of our Christian civilization would not be the kind of United States which could defend itself." So, while the Commonwealth Prime Ministers confabulate in London, a battle-royal rages in American politics that may have a very profound effect on the whole course of world history in the days immediately ahead. Among the most fervid of Mr. Hoover's supporters are women who doubtless have

husbands or sons in the fighting forces and feel there has been enough bloodshed of their kindred on foreign soils. If the anti-Administration party is to triumph, and there is to be a withdrawal from the present Truman frontier to the proposed Hoover

frontier, the whole of the international position in the East and in Europe will change overnight. Many nations now banking on American protection will then have very real cause to fear for their safety and future.

Sotto Voce

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE



"BOTTLE-FEEDING predisposes babies to disorders that may produce deaf-mutism." If this conclusion of Lindenov's, to which Dr. S. S. Sarkar referred in his remarkable address to the Zoology Section of the Indian Science Congress, were widely known and acted upon, one shudders to think of the consequences for the highly profitable patent food industries. But there is little danger of such a revolution happening so long as fashion and physical disability combine to dry up mother's milk. The higher the social status, the greater the pretensions to culture, the more wretched is the privation of the newborn babe. No wonder that the life thus begun should, for most of them, be an empty shadow-show.

Our girls, says Dr. Sarkar, are becoming mothers too late. The emotional starvation which we so zealously impose upon them in the pride of our new-found enlightenment is as murderous as the sacrifice those wolfish kings exacted of Jephtha's daughter. Married people, especially women, live longer than unmarried ones. Conversely, the spinster is more prone to such dread diseases as cancer and heart-trouble. Those who seek via contraceptives the rose without the thorn may be supercilious towards the finding that "normally

reproducing women are comparatively free from disease." But ignorance is no plea in nature any more than in law.

The age of puberty is progressively going down everywhere, according to the scientists. But in India the legal age of marriage is progressively going up! For the doctrinaires who rule us are still hag-ridden by the hardy superstitions of Victorian Europe. Pitt-Rivers holds there is no evidence for the assumption that "child-marriages common among Oriental peoples must necessarily be held responsible for serious physical damage to the women, and adversely, their future fertility." He considers the clamour of our reformers as unreasonable as "the demand so passionately advocated in England by sexually dissatisfied women and sexually starved men" for raising the female age of consent in that country.

Science is ever on our lips, but no attempt is made to base social legislation on reasonably accurate data. Thus, the Age of Consent Committee in its report (1929) made itself responsible for the statement that "the age of puberty does not differ in different communities." Dr. Sarkar shows this is not true. Girls of higher social status mature earlier. And yet

we make one rule for everybody, for Brahmana and Panchama, for those who work in the fields and those who are dandled in the lap of luxury. It is a matter of common knowledge that urban life and sophistication are the forcing-house of adolescence. And yet fond parents, who allow their darlings to "burn" in the language of St. Paul, would be dismayed if accused of heartlessness.

Those who denounce the old-world idea of marrying for children know nothing of the excoriating passion which the woman who is too old to bear a child knows and often shamefacedly smothers in her breast. After all the flowering-time of humanity is tragically short; did not Sri Ramachandra break down on the shore of the dividing sea thinking of Sita's youth that was remorselessly running out? There may be late fruit on a tree that has missed its first spring. But if there is anything in Penrose's theory that children born at the higher ages of the mother are likely to be either twins or mentally affected or malformed, late marriages may be a crime against society.

Cosmetics are a poor substitute for connubial bliss. Dr. Sarkar observes that "a woman is most beautiful during the first few months of pregnancy

as all the endocrines of the body begin to function at this time." Kallidasa knew nothing of endocrines and, if he had known, might have made glorious fun of them. But how joyously he vouches for this natural phenomenon in that Third Sarga of the *Raghuvamsa* which old-fashioned teachers considered not fit reading for the young, though teen-agers of today have little to learn from Stopes or Ellis! Sudakshina, says the poet, after the first few weeks of discomfort incidental to her condition "bурgeoned into a fresh loveliness like the creeper that has shed its old leaves only to bud anew."

Aping the mental motions of the West our economists preach family limitation from the house-tops. But biologists who should know think that the steady growth of population in the Western countries is the unusual thing, "while fluctuations in growth as in India are far more usual in the experience of mankind." However that may be, the rule of life that makes for individual happiness cannot possibly result in race suicide. "All things in their season," whispers Nature all about us. In surrender to the rhythm of life is the secret of success.

VIGHNESWARA.

STORY OF A DELHI POSTER

NEW DELHI: The news of Sardar Patel's death was marked by a journalistic "incident" in the capital which deserves to be mentioned.

A leading daily of New Delhi "scooped" the news. It was ahead of the doctors in declaring the Sardar dead. Even before 8 that morning the paper ran a poster saying "Sardar Patel Dead." (He actually died at 9.37 a.m.)

It seems that somebody from the New Delhi residence of Sardar Patel rang up the paper's Managing Editor early that morning and mumbled in a sobbing tone that Patel was dead or nearly dead. The news was hot. The Managing Editor cut the line, arranged for the poster to be put up, ordered his second line of bosses to go ahead with preparations for a supplement and emplaned to Bombay.

The men in charge came in only to see that Patel's condition was causing anxiety. Anyhow they proceeded with their work, but were relieved, surely in a professional sense, only by about 10 a.m. when the news came through. Before an hour was gone the paper's supplement was on the streets.

Two other newspapers also came out with supplements, but were naturally late in the field.

If it had been any of us, a working journalist remarked to me, he would have been sacked on the spot without even an enquiry. Perhaps this is how the Managing Editors will cover news if they are given any assignments, he satisfied himself.—K. S. in *The South Indian Journalist*.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THERE is something tragic about ex-Communists. "There," you say to yourself, "but for such and such, goes the Ruler of Ruritania!" Criticism of the Communists, politically as well as philosophically, is to be welcomed, appreciated, and at least partly accepted by the Communists. Joseph Stalin himself recently deprecated dogmatism in discussion. "Comrade Kholopov," says Stalin, "does not realise that both formulae can be correct, each for its period. This is always the case with dogmatists and Talmudists who, without delving into the essence of the problem, and quoting formally, irrespective of the historical conditions of which the quotations treat, invariably find themselves in a hopeless situation."

The Cultural Conference, being organised by *Thought*, has to guard against being converted into an instrument of anti-Soviet propaganda. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. The sponsors of the Conference include quite a few ex-Communists of international reputation. But only one of them has the capacity to discuss Russia without going mad about it.

Stalin *uvacha*: "The dogmatists and Talmudists regard Marxism and separate conclusions and formulae of Marxism as a collection of dogmas, which *never* change, despite changes in the conditions of the development of society. They think that if they learn these conclusions and formulae by heart and begin to cite them without rhyme or reason, they will be able to solve all problems, reckoning that the memorised conclusions and formulae will serve them for every period and country, for every possible contingency. But this can be the conviction only of people who see the

letter of Marxism, but not its essence, who learn by rote the texts of conclusions and formulae of Marxism, but do not understand their context. Marxism does not recognize invariable conclusions and formulae, obligatory for all epochs and periods. Marxism is the enemy of all dogmatism."

We saw a good deal of our Burmese friends during the last week. Their Independence Day Celebrations were in the grand manner. The first thing that strikes you when you see the important people in Burmese life is their youth. They don't seem to care much for the ripe wisdom of the over-seventy class. Many of the ills of the present-day world are traceable to the fact that most of our rulers are over sixty. A man of sixty thinks nothing of sending young men of twenty and thirty to be slaughtered on the field of battle.

In the Diplomatic Corps, too, older men are apt to discover arrogance and insults in the most innocent gestures of other diplomats or of Foreign Office officials. Tensions sometimes are created thus. Younger diplomats—which are the rule in Burma, like U Tin Maung Gyi, U Nyun and Khin Myat—can handle the most provocative situations with a sense of humour, and without a false sense of prestige. (U Nyun protests that he is really not so young as he looks. He looks 25, but is about 35). Ambassador Maung Gye is an exception which proves the rule—like Haji Agou Salim of Indonesia. The Ambassador displayed a remarkable sense of humour in his after-dinner speech at the Burma Dinner organised by the Friends of Burma Society. The Ambassador and Lady Maung Gye, and their two charming daughters, are extremely popular in the Capital. It is a mea-

sure of the esteem in which they are held even outside the Burmese community that nationals from many countries in South-East Asia—including Mr. Keating of the Australian High Commission—were present at the function. There was a human story connected with the Independence Day Celebrations, apart from the Ambassador's Reception in the evening and the Flag Hoisting Ceremony in the morning. Little Mar Mar Ye (Baby Maung Gyi, daughter of the First Secretary), was born on Independence Day. She gave a towel to each of those present at the Flag Hoisting Ceremony.

Producer Pudovkin and Cine-Actor Cherkasov came to Delhi last week via Bombay. Bombay had a warm weather; so they came in the plane without wearing winter-clothes. Soon after they came to Delhi, they fell ill. Pudovkin is one of the world's best directors of films. In Soviet Russia, Eisenstein is the only other Director of equal eminence.

Cherkasov is the best actor of the Soviet Union. He started as a clown and gradually developed into a character-actor. The Russians do not have the "Star System," glamourising the personality of the Actor or the Actress, with an eye always on the box-office receipts. Cherkasov is a member of the Supreme Soviet. The modern menace of Advertisements in newspapers hardly exists in that country. They do not even make, according to Catherine de la Roche, pictures involving "sensationalisation of crime and sex, egotistical intrigue, etc.," because everything entertaining is not necessarily art. An American student, who recently attended a cinematographic school in Paris, told me that he considered *Storm over Asia* and *Thunder over Mexico*, films made by the Russians, never surpassed by anybody else. I am hoping that Pudovkin and Cherkasov will show us these two films when they recover from their illness in the course of this week.

Cecil B. De Mille's *Samson and Delilah* does no credit to Hollywood. Victor Mature appears as a Samson

without his locks even before Hedy Lamarr applies the scissors. Victor Mature appears burly all right, thanks to the cameramen of Hollywood; but Johnny Weismuller or Buster Crabbe could have been even better. Samson had a fiery way about him which Victor Mature can never hope to portray. Samson was a job that could be handled successfully only by a Paul Muni or a Spencer Tracy. The American friend said that Victor Mature could not say a line intelligently. I thought he was exaggerating; but after seeing *Samson and Delilah*, I find myself in agreement to a considerable extent.

The fight with the lion and the breaking of the temple were spectacular and magnificent. But Cecil B. De Mille, for all his researches, has not been able to produce the B. C. atmosphere for the show. You feel that the story related to a period five hundred years ago at the most.

The Durand Football Final showed the great love which the Bengalis have for the game. More than half the spectators were Bengalis, all of whom seemed to understand the game completely. The non-Bengali spectators included some who did not know till the end which side was which. An impartial Bengali friend, seeing that only Mohun Bagan was being cheered, whispered to me that more people from Madras should have come to shout a word of encouragement to Hyderabad Police. I whispered back that only the game of chess could hope to arouse the enthusiasm of the sporting public in Madras. As for football, our attitude is expressed in the following Telugu song:

*Footbalu atalaku
Kalluchethulu virugutaku
Asupathri mandulaku
Ram, Ram, Ram!*

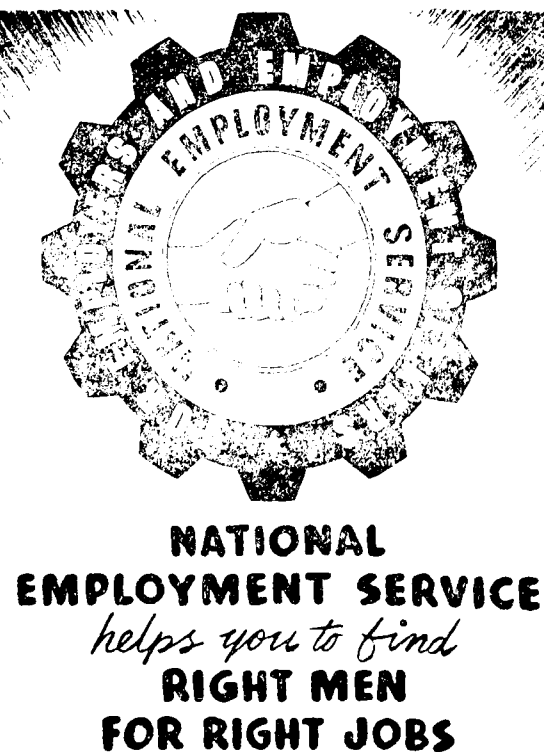
(The game of football
The breaking of hands and feet
The bandaging and the dressing in
the hospital
Ram, Ram, Ram!)

I am not surprised that Pro Na Bi (Promoth Nath Bise), a master of satire in modern Bengali, has chosen a football as the symbol at an elec-

tion, and made football the main issue of the election in his "Mouchake Dhill" (a film-version of which was shown in Delhi a couple of years back). Sitting just behind us were a Bengali family, and they would rise from their seats and shout "Nondi! Nondi!", or "Das-Gupto! Das-Gupto!", in encouragement. If a Bengali player failed to come up to their expectations, they would exclaim, "Chhi, chhi, chhi! Sorbo Nash!" The little boy in the family seemed to be able to identify all the eleven players and shout their names without any difficulty. He liked Manna best.

A few patriots from Hyderabad urged their team to "lathi charge" in the playing field, and to "tear-gas" the Mohun Bagan team, but their voices were so feeble that they provided merriment only to the spectators in the immediate vicinity and never reached the players. The Mohun Bagans seemed to have developed

"fouling" into a fine art, whereas the Hyderabadis seemed to have systematised the technique of falling to the ground at the least provocation. Hyderabad does possess outstanding players like Doraiswamy and Errayya (goalie), but it has a lot to learn from the excellent team-work of Mohun Bagan. Mohun Bagan, as is common with most Bengali teams, lose heart at any reverse and play a poor game altogether. Encouragement makes them regain their form, whereas a little shouting renders them dispirited. The Andhra team, on the other hand, seems to thrive on discouragement and hostility of the spectators. Delhi did witness some of the finest football during the Durand Tournament, and it was just by chance that Hyderabad was able to score the solitary goal during the extra-time of the replay of the final. Even if Mohun Bagan had scored a goal it would have been a mere chance. The teams were so evenly matched.



THE HINDU RELIGIOUS ENDOWMENTS BILL

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THE Congress Raj has given me more headaches than it has given aerial flights and discoveries to Pandit Nehru. How I wish that Pandit Nehru forgets the star-crossed, ill-fated selfish and predatory western world and devotes his entire time, historical knowledge great talents and integrity and sincerity of purpose to a correct solution on Gandhian lines of our many tangled home problems before aspiring to solve world problems, made more complicated by his hasty acceptance of the Partition as the Price of Freedom and Power. Till Pandit Nehru, it is my humble view, learns to forget for five years at least, U. N. and Korea, there is no luck for India, no safe future for her, no hope of preserving our glorious neutrality so essential for the development of the infant Republic of India. U. S. A. and U. K. covet the vast man-power and manganese of India even as U.S.S.R. covets China. We have not yet acquired the strength for active or effective international participation without peril in world politics. The Prime Minister is really a Home Minister in mufti especially in an agricultural country like ours and it is the most ruinous combination to unite in one Minister, however gifted, both the Prime Ministership and Foreign Affairs. This frank reverie mood of mine, reclining in the rural solitude on the sand-dunes of my home village, oppressed by the foodless condition of a large percentage of real producers even in a surplus district, was heightened to intense agony and the above reflections on Pandit Nehru whom I admire no less than his best friends, when I read recently that the chaotic H. R. E. Bill was passed by the Madras Legislature.

Culture and religion are in peril when they are sought to be made the hand-maid of party politics. The H. R. E. Bill as passed by the Madras Legislature has given me the severest head-ache shooting down the spinal

column. It is a deliberate device to marshall the vast resources of our religious charities in favour of the perpetuation of a political party in power. India is a secular State under our new Constitution!

The selfish and predatory conception of political sovereignty of the West which gives a comprehensive jurisdiction to the State over every sector of an individual's life including the cultural and religious,—this is the basic cause for the birth of Communism—is the primary reason for the two global wars of the first half of the century and the active preparation for the third in the second half. Congress Raj in ecstasy in spite of Gandhiji's noble words of warning, is blindly following this pattern, ignoring our traditions of sovereignty based on *dharma* fortified by *dhrti* and *niyama*. When will our real emergence be from this confusion and chaos, and the allurements of headlines in flimsy newsprint? God's grace?

Of all our institutions, our temples will go the earliest to complete ruin under any form of centralised administration, much more under the pickaxe of politics especially party politics. Temples and mutts are the key institutions for our rural welfare and prosperity and the noble symbols of a decentralised and full life, the primary bases of the world peace. The correct solution is to group our villages into rural units with an efficient rural administration under a rural officer with a proper Panchayat Act and hand over our temples to this local body, dissolving the H. R. E. Board with a clap of hands.

The H. R. E. Bill, as it is, in my humble view, is opposed to the Fundamental Rights of a secular State as guaranteed by our new Constitution and I trust and pray that our enlightened President will withhold his approval.

DECLINE OF ART-DANCING III

By KRISHNA

THERE are two kinds of love, the one that is felt during separation, and the one that is felt in communion. When one longs for the unattained, the mind exaggerates the qualities of the beloved, and sentiment softens the heart; the alchemy of absence transmutes into gold the biological raw material of love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou finest among women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the choicest among ten thousand.

His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet as flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold rings set with beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.—(The Holy Bible, Song of Solomon).

A picture of this kind is full of the overtones developed by indiscriminating but glorious affection, and is more easily conjured up by the mind than seen by the eye. So also in the recollection of what has been loved and lost, memory selects and idealizes, till beauty becomes pain and thought the point of a sword. It is this love of separation that is suitable for the dance drama. The love of communion has not been completely excluded, but it has been relegated to a place of no importance. The classification of Nayikas refers to several predicaments in separation like that of one who has made the necessary preparations to receive her lover

(*Vasakasajjika*), one who gets impatient and suspicious because he has not arrived (*Virahothkantitha*), one who does not find the lover at the place of assignation (*Vipralabdha*), one who bemoans the absence of a lover who has gone on a journey (*Proshita Bhartrika*), one who, overcome by love, tries to arrange a meeting (*Abhisarika*)—but refers to the circumstances of actual fulfilment only in a meagre way. So also there are detailed descriptions of the states of mind in separation like *smarana* or constant remembrance, *guna kirtana* or singing the lover's praises, *arati* or the pangs of separation, *lajjathyaga* or the abandonment of shame, *gamana* or proceeding to meet the lover, and the like. Almost all the songs that speak of love are soliloquies of suffering and longing, anticipation and recollection, and not the satisfaction of present enjoyment. This is but proper, for art deals with what is beautiful, and alas, there is no beauty in the consummation of love even in art, but only a gross sensualism compounded of Lady Chatterley's Lover, Marie Stopes and Vatsyayana. Hence it is that the 'padas' of Kshetrajna deal with the longing of the Gopis for Krishna, picturing him in a thousand situations and devising in their minds a thousand more as yet to come; hence the song pictures of maidens waiting with betel leaves and sandal paste and adjusting the flowers in their hair in a fever of anticipation, and of women glancing through half open doors for the arrival of their lotus-eyed lover. This tradition of emphasizing the love of separation should be kept up rigorously if the art of *abhinaya* is to retain its true character as pertaining only to the beauty of love.

A subject of connected interest is the difference between the love of the man for the woman and of the woman for the man. The songs of *abhinaya* deal almost exclusively with the love of the woman for the man. This is based on a profound understanding of psychology and aesthetics. Man takes love in his stride. He is a politician who wants to rest his vocal

chords. He is a stock-broker who has no more shares to palm off. He is an administrator who is tired after suggesting difficulties for solutions. He is a banker who is haunted by visions of bouncing checks. He is a judge who wants to forget the soporific monotone of a five hour argument. So love, as between Louis XV and Madame Pampadour, is a relaxation and a forgetfulness, an interlude between the compelling duties of a difficult existence. Not so with women. Woman lives and dies for love. She fulfils herself in a continuous drama of surrender and sacrifice.

*"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth
and height,
My soul can reach, when feeling out
of sight,
For the ends of being and ideal
grace.
I love thee to the level of every
day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle
light,
I love thee freely as men strive for
right
I love thee purely as they turn
from praise
I love thee with the passion put to
use
In my old griefs, and with my
childhood's faith
I love thee with a love I seemed to
lose
With my lost saints—I love thee
with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life—and if
God choose
I shall but love thee better after
death."*

It is not possible to mutilate this matchless poem; it expresses a surrender both noble and complete, and a satisfaction which can neither be exceeded nor limited. It may not be given to all women to love like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but if the opportunity were there many of them will. This cannot be said of any man. Even those who give up kingdoms for love do so with a sense of making the better choice. And it is more in accordance with the nature of man to speak of the body, like Ravana: "Whatever limb of thine I see, O moon-faced one, mine eyes are rivetted there". The tradition of

largely confining love songs to the reactions of the feminine mind is based on an understanding of the subtle as against the gross, the complete as against the partial, and the vital as against the incidental.

Not only should the songs for *abhinaya* deal with the separation of lovers and from the woman's angle, they should also be so chosen as to afford scope for elaboration, or in technical language, for *Pada vinyasa* which may be compared to the *alapa* of a raga by a musician. One listens with a feeling of frustration to songs which may be erotic in their theme, but are so full of words that the artist has to run and pant after the meaning. There are other songs that refer to the dancing of Siva and therefore considered fit for *abhinaya* though they merely catalogue, with suitable astrological detail, when and where He danced. As a refreshing contrast one should watch Sri Bala-saraswati elaborating the two words 'Jagadodharaka, Krishna' through the entire episode of the snatching of Draupadi's saree and of the ten incarnations of Vishnu. The songs for *abhinaya* should be rich in emotional content but sparing of words, and the dancer should take up the song and exploit its possibilities, instead of catching up with the words here and there like an animated doll that has jumped out of a palanquin decoration.

The present analysis has attempted nothing more than highlighting the more serious defects of the dance performances of today, and of suggesting a few changes and fidelity to an honoured tradition so as to ensure a more satisfactory future for that art. Much can be written about the full length dance-dramas like *Kathakali*, the attempt of certain discerning enthusiasts to dramatise Kalidasa, the various popular dances in the costumes of different parts of India and the pure improvisations of the film world. An excursion into these fields will be interesting, but while *Kathakali* has departed very little from tradition and is anyhow the art of a leisurely age, the other forms have yet to stand the test of time and need not be subjected to a scorching analysis.—(Concluded).

DECLINE OF ART-DANCING III

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dirt. Panning this mud yielded \$70,000 in two weeks.

In 1889, in Queensland, a prospector by name Mackay stooped to pick a wild orchid to send to his sweetheart and while in the act observed gold in the rock at his feet. That accident started off the gold-mining in the region.

A Peruvian gentleman by name Eulogio E. Fernandinini received persistent complaints from a Llama-herd in his employ. This person had been burning some local black material to make a fire for warming himself but the stuff would give very little heat. The employer out of curiosity, had the material assayed, and it turned out to be a new mineral Patronite—a sulphide of vanadium—mixed with some asphaltic material. Vanadium is used in making some special steel-alloys, and the rich deposit yielded several million dollars to Fernandinini.

Apart from showing that drunken sailors, disbelieving miners, dreamy lovers and persistent grumblers have their good points, all the stories emphasise the element of chance in the finding of ore.

The larger the number of people taking an intelligent interest in minerals, the greater is the likelihood of chance discoveries being made. A

wide diffusion of even a very rudimentary knowledge of minerals will be of great help in combing the country for mineral deposits. A start could be made in schools. They should try to build up small mineral collections of their own. The services of any qualified geologist that might happen to visit their locality could be utilised in identifying the specimens. The different student and youth organisations should encourage the hobby of mineral collection among their members. People collect all sorts of things—stamps, match-box labels, old coins, etc. Mineral collection could be just as interesting and is certainly a lot more significant to the development of our natural resources. It is a hobby that would encourage healthy open air habits and excite a lively scientific curiosity which might lead to the discovery of valuable mineral deposits. But those who take to this, however, in the hope of making quick fabulous fortunes will not stick at it for long. Gold nuggets are not as plentiful as river pebbles. One must catch something of the spirit of the genuine prospector of whom the poet has sung:

*"It isn't need, it isn't greed that sends us faring forth
It's the fever, it's the glory of the game."*

POLITICS AND SCIENCE IN BANGALORE

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THREE days' stay in Bangalore, and visits to the sessions of the Indian Science Congress, taught me many things. As I passed on from one subsection of the Science Congress to another, understanding pretty little of the technicalities discussed, I made a flattering discovery that many of my friends who were research scholars and professional scientists were little better, except with regard to their special fields. Very early in this century, Professor Haldane called the attention of scientists to this disturbing factor, namely that the advancement of science was so rapid, that specialists in each subject could not

have even an elementary idea of the advances in another subject. But this lack of contact did great harm even to specialization, since very difficult problems in one branch of science could be solved in a jiffy with an elementary knowledge of another branch of science. It was possible once for a biologist like De Vries, to acquaint his colleague Vant Hoff with the disturbing behaviour of the plant cells he dealt with and have it explained on the basis of physical chemistry, quite early, incidentally giving birth to a new subject in physical chemistry, osmotic pressure. But such direct contacts have become increasingly

THE NEED FOR FRANK CRITICISM IN MUSIC

impossible among scientists. Haldane put forward a tangible scheme of general education for scientists, but it never received adequate attention. In India, such problems have not even been scratched, thanks to the repelling nature of a scientific career as such for young men. Most students of science, even at the end of successful research, prefer official careers and desk work, while even top-ranking scientists hunt for positions of power. In this connection, the proposal put forward by the Congress for popularising science is significant. It seeks the help of the Editors' Conference to get through for publication articles on science from popular scientific journals. The result however would be another unholy alliance between some intriguers at top-levels in science and newspaper proprietors to boost each other, at the expense of the working journalist and the hard working research student. The problem offered is not so simple of solution. The popular explanation of scientific subjects is a special gift, and just as managing ability has been now recognised by capitalists as well as communists to be as important as capital and labour, so also this special gift must be recognized and valued as such.

Nehru had another serious problem in Bangalore, when the local Congress M.L.A's gathered and got ready a no-confidence motion against the Premier, K. C. Reddy. He told them that they were free to choose their leader but asked them to be patient. On the day he left, the wizard of the States Ministry V. P. Menon came to Bangalore, but there were no tangible results. News came on the same day from Rajasthan that since no stable ministry could be formed, the Rajpramukh had taken over the Government.

What I gathered from my talks with people was that K. C. Reddy was not personally corrupt, but he was timid and incapable of saying No to sinecure-seekers. All people were unanimous in saying that the present ministry as a whole was bad but there was no guarantee that the succeeding ministry would be any better. The reserve fund built up over years by Mirza Ismail has been exhausted, and the treasury was nearly empty. The succeeding ministry could not do worse, that seems to be the consolation of the people. But as in Madras, the unpopularity of the Congress is evident in the elaborate police protection given to ministers.

Nehru administered his usual advice to people for discipline, forbearance and so on in the presence of dangers. This drew a spirited editorial in Pothan Joseph's *Deccan Herald*, that it was time that Nehru stopped giving this insulting advice. It is a sad commentary on Nehru's administration that on the very eve of his departure to London, the failure of his home policy was made evident in Bangalore by the Congressmen's discontent. Pothan Joseph holds that the only sane course left for us after independence was to have settled down to the dull drudgery of day-to-day administration. We instead expanded in all expensive ways in foreign embassies and other adventures. Already we have got into such a mess, said Joseph, that we have hardly a year before we may begin to disintegrate. Even now it is not too late for the Congress Governments to take good advice and settle down to hard work. But if what happens in Madras is any indication, it is already too late.

Probably India alone can offer to Asia at this moment the kind of liberal leadership and promise of a democratic alternative to Communism that Britain was able to offer to Europe in the last century.

It is important therefore that it should be recognised that India can speak in this crisis with a voice no Western nation can emulate. What she has to say may sometimes seem inexpedient to the West. It must not for that reason be dismissed. For it may offer our only chance to overcome not only this crisis but the whole vast challenge of Communism in the East.—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

DECEMBER has traditionally been signalised by music 'festivals' and usually the fare provided resembles the rice given to us by a kind Government; it is hard to digest. How is it then that musicians and *sabhas* get away with it each time? The answer is simple. Absence of really frank musical criticism has encouraged blunderers among songsters and plunderers among societies that vend such music. This is an age of publicity and eulogies can cover up a lot of faults; persistent praise has achieved for some, more than their voices ever did. Artificial haloes surround many 'popular' songsters who fearlessly flat their notes and murder their tunes. Like a Government without an effective Opposition, Carnatic music, in its present state of uncriticised liberty, is taking a turn for the worse and once the present set of heroes disappear we shall be left with a few men of very limited ability and very raw reputations.

The man in Dickens knew only of two types of boys—the mealy and the beef-faced. We here, can think of only two types of musicians—the gun-throats and the acrobats. The former have yet to learn that one cannot become a howling success by merely howling. The latter substitute gyrations for *laya* and confound ventriloquism with *gana*. Even such ungifted souls soon get convinced of their own talents when they hear their long and unlovely names blazoned forth to the world, as the very abodes of the Art.

The fear of the "controversial pen, the holy strife of disputatious men" has always had the better of honest opinion, and an objective outlook has given place to a party spirit; a villifier of a particular artiste, if not exactly in the pay of another, is at

least an unreasonably staunch supporter of an equally obnoxious rival. The world of musicians is divided into groups and there is not so much appreciation for the music as applause for the musician.

It would perhaps be relevant to mention the immense importance that is attached to a musical review in the West, which puts the musician constantly on guard. The recent instance of an American reviewer who invoked the President's wrath by criticising Miss Margaret Truman's music, goes to show that the words of reviewers are not winked at. Reputations are made or destroyed by critics, and the presence of a capable reviewer will work wonders with the musicians' 'form.' We in India need to build up a healthy body of well-informed columnists on music, unvitiated by prejudice. It is also well to remember that the law is very clear on the subject of criticism: "One who goes upon the stage to exhibit himself to the public, or gives any kind of performance to which the public is invited, may be freely criticised. Such criticism is not actionable, however severe, unjust or incorrect it may be so long as it is the honest expression of the critic's real views..." Thus the scope for fair comment is almost unlimited, and we need more and more fair minded, though frank and forthright critics, who will not mince musical matters. Hence it is that a critic like "Natasha" who makes his bow to readers of *SWATANTRA* this week, with a real review, radiating sincerity, of some recent performances, is to be cordially welcomed. "Natasha" might very well say of himself, after the fashion of Brutus: "Not that I loved the musicians less, but that I loved Music more!"—V. P. R.

Music is an art which strengthens the bonds of civilized society, humanises and softens the feelings and dispositions of man, produces a refined pleasure in the mind, and tends to raise up in the soul emotions of an exalted nature.—BROUGHAM.

MUSIC HO!

By 'NATASHA'

ANOTHER annual session of the Madras Music Academy with its unbroken bout of music, near-music and so-called music, has come and gone. There was the usual crowd present at the festival; there was the familiar figure of the prosy pundit, scanning the horizon with gleaming eye for solecisms; there was also the parvenu bedecked and desperately wishing to be seen.

I do not propose to deal with the proceedings of the Experts' Committee, which have now achieved a measure of justly earned notoriety. Truth and rectitude are very shy virtues and can hardly be expected to flourish in a bear-garden of warring egotisms. The wise man stays away from these deliberations. There are exceptional days, I admit. This year, for instance, Mr. Venkataswami Naidu gave a beautifully expressive rendering of *Raga Mayamalavagowla*, whose fugitive spirit is so difficult to catch.

It is also impossible to review all the concerts; I have only put down certain strongly marked impressions.

First, on the list is Srimathi D. K. Pattammal who has always been a master of the utterly obvious. This year the old platitudes were all there in the same old clothes and with certainly no disguises. The enemy of life is not death but boredom and Srimathi Pattammal's was, I must concede, an extremely good effort at playing dangerously with the enemy.

It was very refreshing after this to attend the performance of Sri T. N. Swaminatha Pillai, whose flute recital was one of the highlights of this session. I have often wondered what it was that placed Sri Swaminatha Pillai's *Raga Alapanas* in the highest reaches of art. It is assuredly difficult to analyse a thing of beauty and it would be an unpoetic task as well. But the answer must be found and the answer to my mind is that there are two elements in his music that are so rarely found together—sensuousness and symmetry. 'Symmetry' is perhaps an inadequate word, more what Maugham calls "the gaunt beauty of

a syllogism". There is indeed a perfect balance of expression and design. This is a rare mixture, for a love of symmetry tends to make an artiste pedantic and soulless. This delectable blend was no more in evidence than in the exposition of *Mohanam* and *Udayaravichandrika* that day. Four notes stressed just correctly and there was *Mohanam* dancing before your eyes; this was followed by one of the most lyrical presentations of the *raga* that I have heard. *Udayaravichandrika* is a *raga* that does not normally lend itself to elaboration, at least not in lesser hands. It has a wistful tenderness that can prove most elusive. Mr. Swaminatha Pillai handled the *raga* in a masterly way. There was infinite beauty and surprisingly, infinite geometrical precision. Sri Swaminatha Pillai is the one artiste whom we have reason to be proud of; who, in present company, possesses his gifts?

24th December witnessed a scene of peculiar violence. Sri Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer was at it again. What an onslaught! The fury of the Hun and Goth is scarcely any comparison. Sri Semmangudi took the little notes firmly in hand, punched them, boxed their ears, tweaked their noses, pulled them apart, threw them down, danced on their remains, first with bare feet, then in hobnailed boots in hot-jazz rhythm. Poor, poor little notes, poor little flowers! I could see the Muse retreat from view and believe me, she had a black eye. I have often wondered how a totally deaf person would react to one of Sri Semmangudi's violent efforts. He would see a self-assured man going through the motions of hectoring, gesticulating, whimpering, gibbering, chattering and generally baring his teeth in militant fashion. The effect would be such as to strike terror. I am fully aware that Sri Semmangudi has a large following of fanatic supporters. This, I believe to be a manifestation of atavism in our times. The primitive love for the gladiator dies hard.

I hate having to hurt lesser fry—it is not done. I cannot, however, resist

putting down my impressions of Sri K. S. Narayanaswami Iyer's Veena recital. As in other things, this is an age of decadence as far as the Veena is concerned. We once had the divinity that was Dhanamma; we now have the callisthenics that is Karai-kudi Sambasiva Iyer. Sri Narayanaswami Iyer does not irritate as Sri Sambasiva Iyer does; he merely succeeds in being ineffectual. His performance was a succession of toneless and maddening reiterations to the accompaniment of several bird-like nods. It was more like a bird playing the Veena and—just as good.

Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar gave us his inevitable competent performance. It was a balanced, orderly presentation, marred perhaps by a certain over-indulgence in the *Tara Sthayi* passages. It is an interesting question whether Sri Ariyakudi ever gave a performance that thrilled his listeners. I doubt it and believe that Sri Ariyakudi is destined to go down in history as a musician whose art (or perhaps mechanics) had always a touch of the self-complacent about it. I don't think he has ever had a doubt.

I imagine that it would be a great day indeed in musical circles when Sri G. N. Balasubramaniam achieves perfect concord with his *Thambura*. What a "penchant," what an uncanny knack he has of traversing the No-Man's land between *Shadja* and *Suddha Rishaba*! I admit that nearly all our musicians have a surprising difficulty in adhering to the 'Sruti'; but there is no more consistent defaulter in South India than Sri Balasubramaniam. His performance at the Academy was very much on the usual lines. Associated with Sri T. Chowdiah, whose taste is not perhaps impeccable, he contrived successfully to bring music down a notch or two from its high pedestal and he rambled at will intriguingly in that forgotten margin between *Shadja* and *Suddha*

Rishaba. Adherence to *Sruti* is after all a rule in the game; the rules presumably do not bind a "genius."

It is with feelings of relief that I put down my impressions of Mr. Ali Akbar Khan and Pundit Ravi Shanker. Here surely was perfection. In South India, we have at present very little of the contemplative in music. It is a fact that the music of this generation is distressingly exhibitionistic and that the present atmosphere is hardly conducive to the maintenance of values and standards. The pseudo-intellectual frippery of the *katcheri* hall may titillate grosser appetites, but it is not music. We have lost the art of chamber music. The artiste of the present day resembles the small child that stands on a wall, shouts to the crowd below, "Look at me, look at me" and proceeds to indulge in little tricks to hold the attention. What a relief it was to listen to Ali Akbar and Ravi Shankar after this! One felt mutely humble in the face of such greatness. Here was music, intimate, dreamy, inward, contemplative. Here was beauty of tone and design, purity of melodic line and clarity of thought. Here were flights of fancy, light and contrary as a gentle breeze, supreme ease and fluency. Here were contrasting moods—the music of morning sunshine, of sheer effervescence of spirits, giving place to thunderclaps and forked lightning of infinite malevolence. And all this on two smallish, stringed instruments! I find it hard to name the *Raga Alap* that moved me most; but I am not likely to forget the haunting strains of *Madhuvanti* with its suggestion of the placid calm of a fathomless lake in a deep valley and trees, tall, dark and slender, standing passionless against a lambent sky. I plead guilty to the charge of romanticising but what else can one do when little man ceases to be a mortal and becomes a creator?

THE LAWS OF MUSIC

Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music; he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly; all he brings out is discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school, and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that because he is clever he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently.—CANON KINGSLEY.

EVELYN WAUGH THE SATIRIST

By J. A. RODRIGUES

THE satirist is, by definition, dissatisfied with the framework of the society in which he lives. His rebel conscience must flay its imperfections mercilessly, referring its incongruities at all times to the Utopia conceived in his (the satirist's) imagination, even as Swift sought to contrast the monstrous lunacy of Laputa with the supposedly perfect society of an animal Golden Age. Evelyn Waugh, as skilled a satirist as any who wrote in the English language, would seem to be a case in point. The qualification is important, for when Waugh began his systematic explosion of the myths that had infected a whole generation in England during the inter-war period, he had not accepted any ideal conception of society as such, against which his sardonic portrait of a decadent civilization might have been effectively contrasted.

The world of his early novels, 'Decline and Fall' and 'Vile Bodies,' is but an imaginative projection of the world in which Waugh himself grew up, the bourgeois middle-class world of the England of the early twentieth century. And in this preliminary period, Evelyn Waugh seems almost completely identified with the 'Bright Young People' he sketched so brilliantly. Securely anchored within the gay and glittering anarchy of this society, Waugh brought his instinctive gift for satiric portraiture to bear on every type of character around him. Thus in 'Decline and Fall'—a devastating attack on the English educational system—university dons are punished in the persons of Posthelwaite and Sniggs, the new rich are lampooned in the Clutterbucks, and aspirants to public honours typified by Sir Humphrey Maltravers are subjected to harsh exposure. And in 'Vile Bodies,' the 'Bright Young People' are brought more sharply into focus;

the general pointlessness and futility of their existence is symbolized in the tragic death of Agatha Runcible, while the heartless gaiety of May Fair between the wars is ever in the background.

But while the subtle sarcasm of Waugh's satire, at once playful and lethal, drew a very clever picture of the inter-war period and its way of life, one could not fail to notice that the protagonists in his early novels were almost sub-human in their unlimited capacity for aimless dissipation. They seemed to be denied some vital dimension of existence and were but cardboard characters in a world that was paper-thin. Beneath Waugh's cynical silence in the face of the nihilism he described, there was discernible, too, a deep distaste for these obvious crudities of the European social scene, and a longing for escape.

And it is perhaps this desire that provides the underlying motive for Waugh's incessant travelling in the thirties. One hoped to trace in the mystic and awe-inspiring wilderness of timeless Africa or in the primitive rituals of Ethiopian jungles, the process by which 'centuries of cerebration had brought mankind only to unhappiness and perils of extinction.' But, when in nineteen thirty-nine, Waugh returned to England after travelling across Africa, Abyssinia and Mexico, he was convinced of the impossibility of finding 'the good society' on this earth. Already he had begun to detest all that was implied by the ultra-sophisticated civilization he had come to know so well, and the primaeval barbarism of life on the fringes of this civilization only accentuated his deep-seated nostalgia for the past. The hierarchic tradition of the Middle Ages, wherein every man was allotted a rung on the social ladder in accordance with his position

and prestige as a member of society, while daily life itself was subject to the unchanging and immutable dictates of an all-embracing Christendom, attracted Waugh by the stability it offered. He turned to Roman Catholicism for the historical universality it professed as a creed, and saw in the Catholic faith an unbroken continuity of ritual and rite that was rooted in an ancient tradition. Since then, his Catholicism has become an integral part of his art, for it has provided him with a formulation of the ideal society, that he lacked before, and against which he might hold up the disintegration and chaos of the modern age, with added effect.

Thus in 'Brideshead Revisited', Waugh's most substantial novel to date, the old world (and all that it means in terms of stately mansions, accepted aristocratic conventions, and a strong religious tradition) is sought to be contrasted with the horrors of the present, by means of a poetic evocation of the past. The Flytes of Brideshead, living in their ancient ancestral home, are a Catholic family, but they are Catholics in an alien society, and their Catholicism does not save them from various misfortunes which ruin their lives, one by one. But though the family is thus doomed, the house of Brideshead continues to live. For when the artist-narrator of the story, Charles Ryder, returns to Brideshead during World War II, he finds the Catholic chapel of the mansion open, and this episode is woven by Waugh into the symbolism of the story to represent an ageless and deathless link with the past. The book has all the charm of the historical novel that skilfully resurrects times long gone by, and in it Waugh clearly makes known his preference for the aristocratic values of the Flytes in an era which pays little heed to them.

And in 'The Loved One' Waugh is concerned once again to show how radically the values of the classical order differ from those of a civilization which, though superficially advanced, has allowed the phenomenal development of science and technology to interfere with the correct

appraisal of man's mission on earth. Using the famous Forest Lawn cemetery of Hollywood, as a background, Waugh builds his satire around the burial racket in the fabulous city of filmdom. Burials in Forest Lawn might cost a thousand dollars each, and corpses are subjected to various glamour routines before being laid to their rest in beautiful tombs. Waugh sees the prosperous trade that thus grows around death as the logical culmination of the desire of the wealthy to prettify death, and hence evade its impact. And although the book concerns itself particularly with America, this new paganism is, for Waugh, characteristic of the diverse illusions of modernity in general, unconcerned as it is with the spiritual plane of human existence. A whole tradition would seem to have been rejected in favour of the resurrected Procrustean myth of materialism, and it is the pitiful attempt of the new infidels to escape their natural and supernatural obligations that provokes Waugh's satire, and even rage.

At times, this sardonic and biting irony can be merciless, and more than one critic has seen in Waugh's 'lack of compassion' his major defect as a creative writer. The era of the flapper and the bath-tub gin addict, the gay young blood and the scheming debutante comes alive in his pages, drawn as it is with an irresistible humour, but Waugh's wit is scathing and hard. One looks in vain for sympathy beneath the vitriol of his prose, and this uncompromising attitude must be considered a vital limitation of his art. Even so, in the world of contemporary English letters, Evelyn Waugh is an institution and a legend in himself. The basically religious motivation of 'Brideshead Revisited' is certainly a long way from the heedless gaiety of 'Decline and Fall' and 'Vile Bodies.' Yet Waugh's literary evolution is characteristic of the disillusionment of many English intellectuals of his times, for like him, they too have come to realize that the revival of the spirit is essential for the salvation of mankind.

REFLECTIONS ON ECONOMIC POLICY

By G. ISAAC & M. ABEL

THE criterion chosen for economic policy is obviously of crucial significance. Of late, there has been agreement that the exchange situation does not provide a sufficient matrix for the evolution of a national economic policy. The main responsibility of the National Government is towards increased production and employment and social security.

In the years that followed World War II the British Government began the task of creating in their war-torn island a welfare state. British economic policy aimed at maintaining a higher level of employment by means of compulsory direction of labour to essential industries, the nationalisation of transport and important key industries, the gearing of the tax system to equalise income and large Government expenditure directed towards social services. Expanding national production was geared to a rational distribution of goods and services designed to meet legitimate need wherever it existed. The cumulative effect of these operations produced a powerful upward pressure on British prices, and a progressively widening gap in the foreign exchange.

The foreign exchange situation is very much more important to Britain which is almost completely dependent on foreign trade, than it is to a nation like ours to which foreign trade constitutes only a small proportion of the total value of transactions. Nevertheless Britain decided to sacrifice the exchange rate to the exigencies of national development. In September 1949 the pound sterling was devalued.

The Indian rupee along with other coins followed the downward movement. The Indian Government announced rather sadly that the action of the United Kingdom in devaluing her currency followed by other countries had created a situation in which it became impossible for India to avoid similar action without detriment to her fallen exchanges.

And then followed the most unfortunate reaction. Indian Government expenditure was to be drastically curtailed, prices to be controlled and even forced lower, work on various multipurpose river projects and other capital ventures to be slowed down or abandoned. The demand for economy and balanced budgets came from the Centre and was supported by our most distinguished economists.

We have just completed a year of this deflationary policy and against a background of semi-depression the Finance Minister's latest demand seems to promise no immediate relief from ascetic economic policy. It is interesting to bring out the contrast. Great Britain sacrificed the pound sterling on the foreign exchanges to maintain the welfare state it created. In India the order of values was precisely reversed. National development was bludgeoned to meet the exigencies of the foreign exchanges.

The policy of the Government of India is directed to maintaining the existing level of prices, a policy which is sacrificing employment, demoralising the labour market, and paralysing production. It is a policy of defeat. A doomed attempt to maintain the status quo.

In a free economy the only incentive to increase production is profits, and in its absence it is impossible to increase production or employment. The Government has failed to see that the post-war rise in wages has progressed to an extent where, in the absence of higher prices, production has ceased to be profitable.

A higher price in textiles would raise profits and stimulate production in that industry. Rising prices and profits represent a situation in which managements are most willing to consider wage increases. A suitable price policy by the Government of India could have created a more lenient attitude on the part of textile ownership towards workers and pre-

vented the disastrous Bombay strike.

India's second largest industry, the sugar industry, has been complaining of uneconomic prices and threatens to curtail production unless the ceiling on sugar prices is raised. The same opinion is reiterated by our rubber producers. While it is possible that production will increase prices, it is quite impossible that increased production will take place at the existing price level.

So far, the complaints of industry have been answered by threats of nationalisation. Unfortunately India does not possess a sufficient cadre of administrative personnel to undertake such grandiose enterprise. It is hard to understand the complaints of the Government of India at the absence of response on the part of foreign capital to its blandishments. No foreigner would be silly enough to invest in India after watching the writhings of Indian industrial capital between militant labour and fixed prices, or after reading the complaints of the leaders of the Indian sugar industry. There are far greener economic pastures elsewhere.

Perhaps the root of the matter is that a correct evaluation of the nature of inflation has not been made. It is patent that in a backward economy like India's, increased expenditure reacts slowly on an undeveloped productive system and results largely in higher prices. While this is true, it is not a sufficient argument for an ascetic economic programme, for high prices are an indication of increased employment and a more equitably distributed national product.

The economic policy of the Government of India with its emphasis on deflation is creating semi-depression conditions. It is keeping prices down by curtailing expenditure, creating unemployment and restricting the distribution of the national product among a relatively few employed people.

There is a very strong case for an expansive attempt by the Government to maintain full employment by means of large-scale Government expenditure on nation-building schemes. Prices would admittedly rise, but they would lead, however slowly, to

increased production: their rise could be controlled to some extent by suitable taxation, and in any case these rising prices would be an indication of a more equitable distribution of a real national income on a high level of employment.

This is not an argument for indiscriminate Government expenditure. Government expenditure must be directed through a system of priorities to essential economic and social objectives. The defence and armament budget must be reduced. Indian economy will stand increased prices. What it cannot stand is a large army and exercises in vindication of national honour as in Kashmir.

The legal system must be altered to enable the incentive of higher prices to penetrate down to the agricultural producers. A reorganisation of the banking system should be effected to provide a smooth flow of existing finance into industrial development.

It is very difficult to find on purely economic grounds any justification for the existing economic policy of the Indian Government. The existing policy can only be interpreted as an attempt to demoralise the Indian labour market. While a series of broken strikes like the recent Bombay textile strike might destroy the solidity of Indian labour and while unemployment might make it more amenable to direction, this policy towards labour is charged with disaster.

The only really serious obstacle to the spread of Communism is the contentment, welfare and solidarity that full employment and social security brings to the working classes.

The way out of the existing morass is expanding Government expenditure directed to national development and social security. A really progressive policy would capture the nation's imagination and evoke the spirit of endeavour which would not be cowed down by rising prices. The present policy is one of retrenchment, unemployment, balanced budgets and stationary prices. It is economically sterile in as far as it shows no possibility of expansion of production, and it is a policy of complete hopelessness.

JUMBO

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

I had just taken the last sip of my coffee at six in the morning when an unfamiliar voice called out my name from outside my house, and though involuntarily I cried, "Yes, I am coming," I wondered who it could be, as I got up from my seat and rushed to the outer door.

"Hello, Rau! Do you still remember me?" he asked. I took a long time to recollect that old half forgotten face and then flashed like lightning the knowledge that he was Murty, my ancient schoolmate, better known by his nick name.

"Hang me if you aren't Jumbo."

"Oh, yes. You have a powerful memory, Rau," he complimented me, and approached me with his hand extended. I held it and felt as if I had got suddenly fixed in a vice and could hardly help wriggling out of his handshake, excusing myself that I had got my finger injured that morning while shaving.

"I am on my way to Calcutta and hearing that you are here in Nagpur, I just dropped in to say Hello," he said.

"Come in, come in", I exclaimed, leading him into my room. "What a happy surprise! Think of meeting Jumbo after seven long years! You have grown much leaner than before, but Jumbo, you seem to have justified your nick name in actual strength, though you have lost your claim for the size."

"Oh, yes, I have," he answered in a gruff voice which, I was afraid, would frighten my baby in the cradle out of her sleep. "Don't you know, I am now the gymnastic instructor in an A. V. school?"

"Jumbo, the elephant, a gymnastic instructor! Why, you could hardly lift yourself out of your seat in the class room during those days! What a miracle!"

"Yes, I owe it to a doctor friend of my father. One day he told my father

that I would grow bigger and bigger and burst like a balloon if my father did not take care of my body more than of my mind, and I was immediately removed from school—that was the year you passed your Matric—and I underwent four years' rigorous course to bring down my weight and size, and to increase my strength. And here I am, to prove that the human body can be shaped and reshaped out of all recognition."

"So you left the school while yet in the fourth form?"

"Oh, yes, I had to. What's the use of improving one's mind when one is likely to lose the body in which to carry it?"

"You are right, Jumbo," I said, as I asked him to get ready for his bath.

After dinner, we sat talking of olden days. And then when my guest had a nap in the afternoon, we took some delicious tiffin specially prepared that day, and then decided to go round to let my guest see the town.

"Anything interesting or exciting in this town?" Jumbo asked when we left the house.

"Well, what is the kind of amusement you would like to see? Circus, cinema, music, dancing, games or what else?"

"Well, either circus or games," he said.

Then I remembered we had that evening some sports organised in honour of some rich man receiving a big title, and we went there. On our way Jumbo asked me if he might also compete in the sports. I told him it was meant only for residents of Nagpur.

"I can beat the best of them fellows and you will like to see it, if only I could get admission," he exclaimed, clenching his fists and brandishing them in the air.

Just at that moment we heard the insistent hoot of a motor horn and I

instinctively moved towards my side of the road, but Jumbo dived right into the middle of the road and picked up something and gave me the shock of my life. The passing huge lorry, and the cloud of dust it raised, blinded me, and not seeing Jumbo, I wondered for an instant if he had been killed and swept away by the lorry, when he shouted to me across the road from the other side, "Look, what I have got."

I went over to him and said, "What a fool you are! That lorry would have run over you!"

"I would have smashed it to pieces if it had," he replied, frowning.

"But you wouldn't have been living to do it," I told him.

He stood still for a moment, thought, and then with a smile, agreed, "You are right I think. But never mind. See what I have got. A fountain pen! How lovely! I have always wanted to have a fountain pen. See if it is a good one."

He handed me a beautiful Parker Duofold pen, all covered with dust. I wiped it and found that it looked a new one, and it wrote beautifully and smoothly too. It had been engraved "K. Ghate, Excelsior High School, Nagpur" in small golden letters.

JUMBO's joy knew no bounds, as I extolled the merits of the pen and congratulated him on his luck.

"Oh, I am clever," he mused as he tried to fix the pen to his breast pocket and then followed me. We talked of various things and just as we were taking a turn near the railway station to the narrow lane leading to the open sports field across, he stopped me and said, "I have an idea. How do you like it?"

"Come out with your idea," I said. "Then I shall tell you how I like it."

"Here it is. I am going to compete in these sports. You said they were only for the residents of Nagpur. Well, I am a resident of this place." "You would find it hard to prove it."

"Here is the proof," he said, taking out the pen and holding it high in the air.

In a moment I saw his crooked plan, and said, "Suppose you are found out."

"Found out? Well, here is the way out," and he shook his clenched right fist in my face.

I knew we were in for some trouble, but it was too late to withdraw. He had more brawn than brain, and would surely stick to his idea. It did not really matter to me what happened to him, but I was known to many people in Nagpur and my reputation was at stake if they came to know that the imposter was my friend and my guest.

I told him at last, "You can't do it if I am with you. They all know me and won't admit you if you are found with me. I suggest an easy way out of the difficulty. Let us pretend that we don't know each other, just for the duration of the sports, you see. I shall be among the onlookers. When everything is over and you get your cups and medals, then you come away and we shall again meet just near this lamp post and then go home together. I shall wait for you if I come to this post earlier and you will do the same."

"My God! You are clever! You are great!" he exclaimed.

I sighed out of relief that the idea caught his fancy.

"But be always near me, and watch me do the trick", he said.

"Of course, of course."

We approached the enclosure where the sports had to be held and I was nodding greetings to some of my friends while Jumbo was searching for the man who was enlisting competitors. I was close by, watching. As every applicant approached him, he asked, "Do you belong to this place?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, he was taking down the name and address of the competitor and assigning him a number.

He asked Jumbo "Do you belong to this place?"

"Yes, of course. Else, why do I come here to compete" roared Jumbo in reply, and dramatically pulling out the fountain pen, he held it menacingly to the eyes of the man, who was startled by the gruff voice and the gesture, and immediately took down the name and address engraved on the pen, and gave Jumbo two cardboard pieces bearing No. 13 with

strings attached to them to be tied to the neck to show one in front and one on the back. Thereafter Jumbo was referred to only by his number, like all the other competitors.

The audience reared in appreciation as No. 13 began to win event after event, and they shouted that at last a man was born who took the ill luck out of the number 13. When the sports were all over, No. 13 had won first prizes in five, and second prize in one out of a total of eleven events. The winners were allotted a separate bench near the President's chair. Jumbo sat near the President, and looked in my direction and grinned. Everyone turned round towards me, and I got uneasy, and to save myself from the suspicion I too turned round and murmured loudly, "Who is No. 13's friend here?"

The President got up and made a short speech on the advantages of physical education and the fine display of skill at games and the excellent physique we had all witnessed just then, and was going on to the next item on the programme, namely, the distribution of the prizes, when the Secretary behind him touched his arm. The President turned round and after a whispered conversation with the Secretary, faced the audience again and began a discourse on the merits of sports competitions and their influence on men's morals. The Secretary was looking this side and that as if searching for somebody, and when the President appeared to be ending that part of his speech, the Secretary touched his arm again, and handed him an open big red book, pointing to a portion in it.

The President continued, "Well, gentlemen, after having witnessed such brilliant sports just now, you will like to know the world's and our own province's records in sports. The first in long jump in the world was...."

"We don't want that statistical rubbish. We have got it all in our Year Books. Out with your prize distribution," cried one in the audience.

"Yes, the prizes", yelled another in sympathy.

"We didn't come to hear these harangues", shouted another.

"Patience, patience," cried the President above the din of the disgruntled

voices and there was silence. "Just a couple of minutes, gentlemen, before I distribute the prizes, the beautiful cups and medals."

The couple of minutes dragged on and once again the Secretary whispered something in the ear of the President, who then said, "Well, if there is anyone in the audience wishing to speak a few words on sports, the Secretary will graciously permit him."

"This is not a debating society," shouted a dozen voices.

"Sit down, sit down, you don't know how to preside," came a shout from another quarter.

"If you can't distribute the prizes, I will," said another.

"We have heard your speechifications often enough in Nagpur. Give the prizes or go away."

The President's voice was lost in the noise and he stood on the table and with a supreme effort shrieked SILENCE, and in a moment all was quiet. He got down and standing by his chair as usual, he said, "Gentlemen, your patience has been sorely taxed, I know, and so I am bringing the proceedings to a close. You should pardon a little irregularity, for which the Secretary is very sorry. The fact is the goldsmith has delayed bringing the medals and cups, which he promised to do exactly at six. As there appears to be no use waiting longer, I hereby announce the prizes, which will be despatched in sealed registered post parcels to the winners promptly tomorrow."

"Shame, shame," shouted the crowd and nobody heard the list read out by the President, and pandemonium reigned, as the audience began to disperse. The prize-winners themselves left their seats, while the Secretary apologetically stopped and garlanded them.

I was the first to come to the lamp post, and Jumbo came there a little while later, in a dejected mood crumpling a garland in his hands.

"Hang it all," he said, as he took out his fountain pen and dashed it to pieces on a stone. "This is an unlucky pen. I knew it when that short fellow gave me No. 13."

THE SPEECH GENERAL WU DIDN'T MAKE

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: This is a report on the speech that General Wu Hsiu-chuan, special envoy of Communist China, did NOT make at the U. N.

The speech was prepared for delivery as far back as November 28. The text was released to the press by General Wu on December 16—but New York's newspapers gave it virtually no mention. Wu took the step because the Political Committee of the U. N. Assembly, which had first invited him to state his case, did not give him a hearing. The envoy and his eight colleagues left by air for Peking last Tuesday.

Filling 30 typewritten sheets, the speech contains a full statement of Peking's position and seeks to document specific charges against the U. S. of invading Chinese territorial waters and air space and of seeking the "encirclement" of China.

While it would be easy to dismiss it as "propaganda" and as "minted in Moscow", a close reading of the speech reveals New China's thinking on Far Eastern affairs and for this reason it is regarded as a significant document despite its often unpalatable contents.

The speech was not delivered before the 60-nation Political Committee because of a combination of circumstances but most diplomats and observers believe mainly because the U. S. definitely did not want it delivered. In fact the whole history of Ambassador Wu's stay at the U. N. discloses a systematic attempt by the U. S. delegation to "freeze out" the Chinese on the diplomatic front.

To U. N. observers the U. S. position is understandable in terms of America's fight in Korea, but the U. N.'s conduct is less understandable. As one Western diplomat put it: "The U. N. is fighting aggression in Korea but it closes its ears to Chinese charges that it is the victim of aggression. The U. N. can ill afford to show preferences in this matter."

The Political Committee began debate of the Soviet-Chinese charge of U. S. aggression against China on November 26 after inviting General Wu to take a seat at the Committee table. On November 27, Soviet Foreign Minister Vishnysky spoke at length and introduced a resolution urging the Security Council to "take the necessary steps to insure the immediate cessation of aggression against China by the U. S."

John Foster Dulles, the U. S. delegate, asked for a 24-hour adjournment to prepare a more detailed reply. However, in view of conflicting meetings of the General Assembly and the Security Council the committee did not meet again until December 7 and then it gave priority to the U. S. charge of Chinese intervention in Korea.

Those familiar with U. N. procedures know that the excuse of "conflicting" meetings is not valid since the various presidents of the committees and the Assembly usually coordinate their meetings and a session of the Political Committee could have been arranged. The priority given to the U. S. charges was challenged by the Soviet bloc as an unprecedented form of procedure. The curious thing was that the U. S. charges of intervention were also set aside in due course and a further priority was given to the cease-fire resolution.

All through this time the Chinese envoy sat at the Waldorf waiting to deliver his speech. After 17 days he decided he had been kept waiting long enough. He announced he was going home and he handed correspondents copies of his speech. The Political Committee met last Monday, when it could have invited him to speak, but instead it again postponed discussion of China's charges and the Formosa question.

The reason given this time was that any discussion might raise temperatures and prejudice cease-fire negotiations.

However, some Asian and Western

diplomats saw in this a still further attempt to freeze out Wu and to slam the committee's door on him. They pointed out that in the name of the cease-fire negotiations Peking was being rebuffed in the Political Committee as well as in the special seven-power committee which long ago was supposed to have met and ruled on Peking's demand for China's seat in the U. N.

U. N. sources say that General Wu's undelivered speech must be read against this background.

It is a belligerent speech. It announces flatly that China intends to take Taiwan (Formosa) by arms if the U. S. 7th Fleet does not leave the island's waters and abandon aid to Chiang Kai-shek.

"The Chinese people," Wu says, "are not only determined to defeat the major aggressors confronting China but are also determined to defeat all the aggressors who dare to invade China's territory."

The charges preferred by Wu are:

1. The U. S. "has actively supported and is still actively supporting the Chiang Kai-shek reactionary remnant clique in Taiwan." In this connection he charges that the U. S. and Canada sent "several hundred" planes to Chiang this year and U. S. officers are training Chiang's troops. Wu also accused U. S. secret service agencies of seeking to foment guerilla warfare in new China.

2. The U. S. "has employed every measure to prevent the representatives of the Central Peoples Government of the People's Republic of China from participating in the U. N. and the Allied Council for Japan."

3. The U. S. "is actively rearming the fascist forces in Japan."

4. "The U. S. has built up a vast network of military bases in the Pacific. Everyone can see that this network of bases forms an encirclement of the New China." In this connection Wu also charges the U. S. is seeking to retain Taiwan as "a springboard for the American imperialists to attack the Chinese mainland."

In his speech, Wu alleges that Syngman Rhee, head of South Korea, submitted in 1949 to the U. S. the draft of a "Korean-American treaty of

alliance." Wu claims that Article 7 of the proposed draft committed the U. S. to participate "if the war of liberation must be continued on the territory on Manchuria in reply to an attack of the Chinese Communist party on Korea." In return, Wu alleges, Rhee "undertakes to hand over the development of the natural resources of Manchuria and other parts of eastern China to the joint administration of the U. S. and Korea." (Rhee's archives fell into Communist hands when the North Koreans captured Seoul last summer).

On the charge of "encirclement," Wu says that Gen. MacArthur is "bitterly hated by the people of Asia" and that in leading his forces to New China's frontiers "the attack on the mainland of China has already begun."

"I have heard much empty talk in the Security Council," Wu says, "to the effect that the troops fighting in Korea at present have no intention to commit aggression against the north-eastern territory of China. Moreover it is said that the majority of members of the Security Council are ready to put such assurances into a resolution."

"This is taking the Chinese people for idiots."

"It is to be noted that those countries which wish to assure us that the U. S. troops in Korea would not violate the territory of China are precisely those which maintain that the U. S. Seventh Fleet should stay at the Taiwan Strait and continue its aggression against China."

"Suppose a detachment of the armed forces of a country hostile to the U. S. had occupied Hawaii, while another detachment of this same country was attacking the neighbour of the U. S., Mexico. Now the aggressor comes to assure the American people: 'You have nothing to fear. Our troops in Mexico will not commit any aggression against the U. S.'"

"Is it conceivable that the American people would believe in the assurances given by such an aggressor and its accomplices?"

"The U. S. Government has invaded the territory of China, Taiwan, while its armed forces threaten to approach the border of China from another

direction. But the U. S. and its accomplices are demanding that the Chinese people believe in their assurances that the armed forces which are approaching China's border would not invade China's territory. The Chinese people have had too much experience in struggle even to pay any attention to such empty words. The U. S. 7th Fleet is invading the Strait of Taiwan and the U. S. Air Force of aggression in Korea has violated the territorial air of China for more than 200 times.

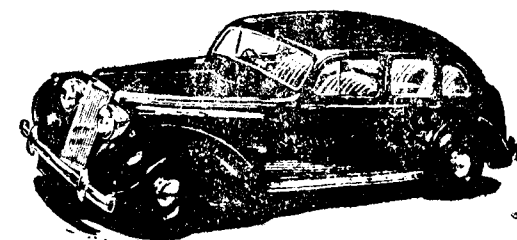
"Such actions refute any assurance that may be given by Mr. Austin or Mr. Jebb. The words of the U. S. 7th Fleet are much more powerful and eloquent than those of Mr. Austin."

Wu adds that "Mr. Austin asserted that the question of world peace or world war was to be decided by the Chinese people, as if the Chinese people wanted to bomb America and to drop the atomic bomb on the U. S."

He ends his undelivered speech by formulating a resolution condemning the U. S. "invasion and occupation of Taiwan" and calling for "severe sanctions" against the U. S."

The resolution also would have called for immediate withdrawal of U. S. forces from Taiwan and Korea leaving the people "of North and South Korea to settle the domestic affairs of Korea themselves."

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WHAT STALIN THINKS

By ELLIS M. ZACHARIAS

WHEN Harry Hopkins returned from Moscow during the critical summer days of 1941, he reported to Roosevelt: "Stalin is Russia". He added: "One has to see Stalin if one wants to know what Russia is going to do, what she has to do it with, and how she means to go about it."

I believe that Hopkins' words are as valid today as they were nine years ago. They will remain valid as long as Stalin chooses to stay at the helm of the Soviet regime.

Stalin is Russia. He has no ghost writers, no brains trust in the western meaning of these institutions. Virtually no one, not even Molotov, has a real and lasting influence on his thinking.

But Stalin himself likes to give a contrary impression. When Sir Stafford Cripps remarked that it might be difficult to wipe out memories of the Russo-German non-aggression pact, the Generalissimo pointed to Mr. Molotov and said: "Well, don't blame me. It was Molotov's idea!"

The huge Soviet Cabinet's influence on Stalin is nil. The influence of the Politburo may be considerable, but one sided. Bayanov, one of his earlier private secretaries, described him at a meeting of the Politburo in words which I am told are still accurate today: "Stalin never takes part in a discussion. He is silent and listens attentively. Then, when all have spoken, he gets up and says a few words. And his view is always adopted."

If we can succeed in reconstructing his thought processes and in establishing a coherent structure of the things which now occupy his mind, we may even solve what Mr. Churchill called a "riddle inside an enigma."

Sir Bernard Pares once wrote: "I have never met Stalin, and I judge him far less by what he says than by what he does, but I am perfectly certain that I am expressing his thoughts."

Stalin frequently confides to inti-

mates what he calls the *leitmotif* of his political philosophy: "Marxism is a doctrine which is born only once in 2,000 years. Why abandon or change it before it is given a real chance to prove its great worth?"

It is possible to summarise Stalin's current pre-occupations on five important subjects: and I now present my findings on these topics: the Marshal's health, the succession, Soviet security, world revolution or co-operation; war and peace.

1. *Stalin's Health*: The Generalissimo is 70 years old, a man of great though somewhat subdued vitality and quiet vigour which was not impaired by the fatigue of the war years. He suffers from a heart ailment which his doctors diagnose as serious but by no means certain to prove fatal.

Stalin follows the strict rules of his physicians with as much discipline and obedience as he expects Communists to follow the Party line.

2. *Stalin's Successor*: Stalin is determined to leave behind a Soviet State that is strong and well consolidated; a Communist Party that is firmly entrenched in domestic power and world leadership; and a successor or successors who will be able to continue the Stalinist programme without interruptions necessitated by fighting first for recognition and personal power.

Anxious to avoid the chaos, uncertainty and fratricidal strife that grew out of Lenin's ambiguous testament, Stalin is working on a book which he regards as his own political testament. It is a detailed guide for his successors on all matters of Party and State, domestic and foreign policies.

3. *Soviet Security*: Superimposed on personal thoughts is Stalin's major preoccupation: the safety and security of the Soviet world from Berlin to Vladivostok. He frequently uses the phrase: "I owe it to the Russian people to secure their frontiers against all comers." His idea of a *cordon sanitaire* consisting of not one but

two security belts—of which Czechoslovakia is one link—was developed in the late '30's, primarily as a defensive measure against the Nazis.

At that time he said: "History shows that when any State intends to make war against another State, even not adjacent, it begins by seeking frontiers across which it can reach the frontiers of the State it wants to attack. Usually an aggressive State finds countries willing to 'lend' her a frontier."

Stalin views the Atlantic Pact, the Marshall Plan, and the 'Truman Doctrine' as confirmation of this political philosophy, although he concedes that his own 'Stalin Doctrine'—extending the Soviet demarcation line to Central Germany in the west, and to the Kuriles and Korea's 38th Parallel in the east—predates it.

It cannot be said that Stalin did not expect a deterioration of the intimate Big Three wartime alliance such as has actually taken place. "It is not so difficult to keep unity in time of war," he remarked at Yalta, "since there is a joint aim to defeat the common enemy, which is clear to everyone. The difficult task will come after the war when diverse interests tend to divide the Allies. It is our duty to see that our relations in peace-time are as strong as they have been in war."

And again: "I think that the task is to secure our unity in the future, and, for this purpose, we must agree upon such a convenient as would best serve that purpose."

Stalin fully recognised the United Nations Charter as such a convenient, especially, its Article 27 (on voting in the Security Council). But he foresaw difficulties. "My colleagues in Moscow," he warned, "cannot forget the case which occurred in 1939 during the Russian-Finnish war, when Britain and France used the League of Nations against us and eventually expelled and isolated us."

It is characteristic of Stalin to view his relations with the West in historical terms. What happened once, he likes to say, is bound to happen again—if you don't watch out.

4. *Revolution or Cooperation*: Stalin, shrewd and suspicious by nature, is

particularly suspicious of the Western world. He fears the West at least as much as the West fears him. And he subconsciously compensates for the insecurity he feels by insisting that the West has outlived its usefulness and is doomed.

This is no mystic aberration of an otherwise practical mind. It is the pseudo-scientific conclusion of a diehard Marxist. If queried point blank, Stalin will go to any limit in denying that he aims to bring about or even accelerate the inevitable doom of the Western world. To several of his interviewers he has described the idea that he might be plotting a world revolution as 'comic, tragic, tragic-comic.'

When Mr. Eric Johnston asked him whether he wanted to change the world, Stalin answered with a mischievous smile: "Not much!" He gave the same or similar answers to others.

But when he discusses the question seriously he claims opposition to artificial or violent changes. To Mr. Walter Duranty he said that "Institutions and systems are not changed by words—they are changed by natural causes."

To Roy Howard he said: "We Marxists believe that a revolution will also take place in other countries. But it will take place only when the revolutionaries in these countries think it possible or necessary. The export of revolution is nonsense. Every country will make its own revolution if it wants to, and if it does not want to, there will be no revolution."

Stalin is disappointed with Europe, but he does not believe that the temporary failures of the Communists in the West represent mortal blows. "We ought to learn from the British the art of 'wait and see,'" he has said repeatedly in Politburo meetings. He advises his colleagues to direct their efforts towards strengthening "what we have in our hands instead of running after the bird on the roof."

5. *War and Peace*: Stalin is apprehensive of the United States today because he suspects them of aggressive intentions. But he is firmly convinced that neither Washington nor London wants a war at this time.

According to him, however, there are three categories of people who are

vitality interested in bringing on another world war. Those whom he regards as war-mongers include:

(1) Top economic leaders, the so-called 'capitalists,' who are interested in continuous expansion of production and markets, no matter by what means.

(2) Military men, who, in Stalin's view, are not so much interested in war as in continuing tension, to keep their budgets high.

(3) A whole group of discredited and exiled political leaders whose only chance for a come-back lies in another war.

He firmly believes that 'capitalism' is the chief culprit in bringing on wars: "Capitalism in its imperialist phase is a system which considers wars to be a legitimate instrument for settling international disputes, a legal method in fact if not in law."

At this point there may be serious cleavage in Stalin's attitude toward war and peace. While he does not expect the complete collapse of capitalism in

the present generation, he is convinced that one or two additional world wars could bring about its rapid decline and fall. Thus Stalin both favours and abhors war. He favours it to accelerate the downfall of capitalism, he abhors it because it imperils 'socialist consolidation.'

On the basis of the best and most reliable information I could gather on this score, I may describe Stalin's attitude toward war as follows:

He will not launch direct aggression, if only because of apprehension that the Soviet system might not survive another war—a fear he has himself frankly voiced.

If attacked, however, the Generalissimo will mobilise the whole resources of the vast sub-continent, will drive the nation ruthlessly into battle, and will never capitulate. "If we have nothing left," he once said, "no more men, no weapons, and no ammunition, our women will continue the battle, pouring hot water on the invaders.—N. N. F.

MICHURIN, FORE-RUNNER OF LYSENKO

By R. L. N. SASTRI

LYSENKO'S views, at least some of them, are not strange in themselves. For, many times in the past history of science, they were subjects of discussion at the hands of celebrated men of science like Lamarck and Darwin. But they are strange for his times. The recent strides in our knowledge of heredity and evolution have been tending to make it increasingly necessary that the old ideas should either be discarded or improved upon.

Ivan Vladimirovich Michurin is perhaps the last of a succession of men who provided much of the material and inspiration for Lysenko's theories. This significance Michurin acquired for his ideas only recently with the growing interest the world is showing in Lysenko. On the other hand he was better known for his practical achievements as a horticulturist who revolutionised fruit-growing in the Soviet Union.

Born in 1855 in a poor family, Michurin had to bid good-bye to his

education on leaving secondary school. He became in 1875 a railway employee on a petty salary. Poverty and pressure of office work could not, however, divert him from his earlier interest in gardening. He managed to rent a small plot of land in which he grew a small orchard in his leisure hours. From the returns obtained by the sale of plants, he gradually developed a commercial nursery. A stage was eventually reached when he could give up his job with the railway and devote himself entirely to horticulture.

During this period he had the opportunity of touring several places in Central Russia. He found that most of the fruit varieties grown there like apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, etc., were very poor in their yielding capacity. He was convinced that new varieties had to be produced if fruit-growing was to become a profitable industry. This led him to a good deal of experimentation. He changed from one method to another until at last he struck what he calls

an absolutely correct path. He crossed plants of different species and genera from distant habitats and obtained hybrids which could be successfully grown under the desired conditions by proper "training". He did not stop there. If the young hybrids of the first generation were not up to the needs, he grafted a twig of the hybrid on to a plant with certain desired characteristics. The result was that he came out with hundreds of new fruit varieties which spread all over the Soviet Union. Fruit-growing was placed on a new footing. During the course of his work Michurin collected all known varieties of fruit plants from all over the world and his nursery eventually became a centre of attraction for visitors both at home and from abroad. All this Michurin had to do under the most trying circumstances for many years under the Tsarist regime. He received no aid from any quarter. On the other hand the Government placed many obstacles in his way which impeded the progress of his work. But the Russia after the October Revolution became a happy place for him. Besides large grants and support in various ways, many honours were conferred upon him by the State in his later years. He was awarded the Order of Lenin—the highest honour in Russia, not to speak of many other titles and certificates. His town was renamed Michurinsk in his honour. A number of schools and research institutions were started as a mark of respect for him and were named after him. He was treated as a national asset. He died a glorious death in 1935.

N. I. Vavilov was another eminent Russian biologist whose work is no less valuable. He made a world collection of cereal crops and propounded a hypothesis on the origin of cultivated plants. His contributions to the science of genetics are outstanding and will be remembered for ever. But the Communist Government, instead of giving him encouragement, kept him under imprisonment and he is reported to have died in a Soviet concentration camp in 1945, unhonoured and unsung. Why this disparity in treatment as between the two scientists by the same Government? The reason for this will not be surprising

to those who are in the know of the general policy of the Soviet Government. Not being content with what he had done in the direction of raising new varieties of plants, Michurin began to theorise. The basic principle underlying his theories is that of Engels that "nothing is final, absolute, sacred," everything is transitory, nothing can endure before this transitoriness except the "uninterrupted process of becoming and of passing away, of endless ascendancy from the lower to the higher". To Michurin "every organ, every property, every limb, all the internal and external parts of every organism are conditioned by the environment." Only about one-tenth of what an organism is, is contributed by the parents. It is upto the plant breeder to mould the rest to suit his needs by the proper training of the plant. The rest of his ideas are only extensions of this basic principle. For the first time, he thus took over the dialectical materialism of Marx and Engels to biology. Now this philosophy is also the official philosophy of the Soviet Government. Little wonder, therefore, that Michurin received State support and even worship. He, in his turn, paid vociferous praise to Lenin and Stalin.

Vavilov, on the other hand, was a geneticist of the classical Mendelian school which is opposed to the philosophy of dialectical materialism and which was therefore vehemently criticised by Michurin and his followers who took the reins of power into their hands. He stands out as a martyr who fell a victim to his own scientific views which he could not sacrifice for personal ends. He thus preferred persecution to power.

There was once a gardener and plant breeder by name Luther Burbank in the United States who was acclaimed a wizard in producing new plant varieties. He had many queer notions about biology. Many of his plant varieties are said to have later dwindled away, and few scientists take serious notice of his ideas now-a-days. Michurin is also a wizard as a plant-breeder although his views are not acceptable outside the Soviet Union. He may be called the Burbank of Russia, although Michurin himself would not have liked it.

THE APPROACHING TEST

AMONG the devices of man at different periods for being a sociable animal and taking the road in a jovial crew, a cricket tour is modern and satisfactory, according to Blunden. This is generally true, though much conviviality is not seen in quests for the "Ashes" in Australia where great importance is attached to the results of the Tests. Cricket ceases to be a sport; it becomes an international dispute. However, the tours of Commonwealth teams in India during the last two years have been so informal that our cricketers seem to have forgotten that a Test is a Test, unofficial though it may be. The patriot prefers to imagine that it was indifference and not inability that has been keeping India from victory in the Test series of 1950-1. Fighting with backs to the wall, sometimes into the wall, has been the rule with us, and even Hazare's hundreds came usually in the second innings. The change in Eden Gardens where India obtained a first innings lead was therefore a pleasant one, and all credit goes to P. R. Umrigar for demonstrating to his colleagues that a big score is not impossible in the first knock. It is to be hoped that the same spirit will be seen in Chepauk with India making a good total before seeing Ames' men in a second time. Then alone is victory possible, even imaginable. Teams like the one touring our country now, should not be invincible. There are very obvious disadvantages for a team of shreds and patches as the members, even if individually efficient, are by no means familiar on the field together.

LESLIE AMES, the tourists' skipper is forty five years old. Ames, however, is still going, though not exactly strong. He has not been playing much during this tour.

FRANK WORRELL is young, is West Indian, and is already world-famous. There are two sorts of cricketers that reach fame early. Those who flummox the selectors with sheer figures and averages, displaying marvellous consistency, and asking to be recognised; and those who reveal sparks of genius by their methods, rare strokes, exceptional agility and so on.

Worrell is a strange blend of these two. At 25, he has already broken several records, and how he broke them! He has made many runs, and each run was a piece of art. Worrell will probably be the one cricketer who never learnt by making mistakes; how could he when he never made any?

JACK IKIN has many tales told about his sportsmanship. Merchant should ask Jack to be a sport and get out soon in Madras, for we have no bowler to keep this laughing Lancastrian from reaching the nineties!

Among the tourists, others who deserve special mention are Ridgway the Kent opening bowler, Fishlock the veteran left hander, and Dooland who has learnt how to thrash the googly, which he came specially to bowl to us. Ramadhin has the misfortune of letting his reputation precede him to India. We expected so much of him, that he has not been able to bowl up to his much advertised deadliness.

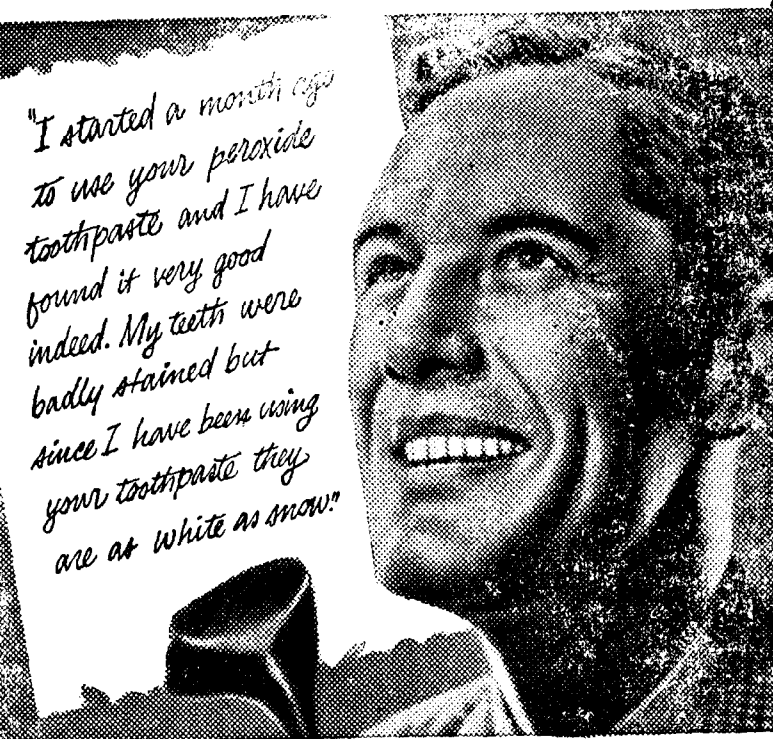
The Indian team for the Fourth Test has been selected with a view to offering the Commonwealth a hard fight; no youngsters are being played, even the comparatively new Test player, Alva, having once tasted a bitter Test this year. The strong local feeling about the non-inclusion of Gopinath is justifiable. Gopi has done miraculously well this season, and if his performance for the Combined Universities is any indication, the visiting bowlers have no terrors for him. The cricket authorities have a way of their own with young men. They either tell them "You must do much better" when the lads have done their best, or wait for two years and dismiss them saying "You were much better..." The Madras Collegian deserves at least as much consideration as the Bombay schoolboy.

Like Thomson, Merchant and his men should regale themselves for a few days before the Test, singing

*A level wicket, as the Ground allow,
A driving bat, a lively ball, and thou,
Before me bowling on the cricket*

*pitch,
O Cricket Pitch were Paradise enow!*
—LABA.

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MTX 6



By V. P. SATHE

RASH driving is becoming a common phenomena among film stars. This week came the report that Begum Para was arrested for rash driving and that her car had knocked down four or five people. Later, when she was released on bail she is reported to have affirmed that she was not driving the car and that one Shankar Singh was the driver.

But other stars before this incident have been hauled up for rash driving, notably Geeta Bali and Motilal. Both of them have been fined and warned by the court. And it has been generally observed that the stars whenever they are on the wheel, are in a terrible hurry. Speed perhaps is the watchword of our screen heroes and heroines; perhaps they believe that driving fast makes them appear more heroic in the eyes of their fans. But one hopes that in a crowded city like Bombay they show more regard for observing speed rules. Besides, the stars who are never anxious to be punctual for their shooting have no reason to be in a hurry. They must learn to take life easy, at least the driving part of it. Safety and not speed should be the motto of our stars.

Personality Of The Week

Among the young and promising directors who have made the grade during the last four years the name of Ramesh Saigal stands out. Like Kashyap he, too, started his career as a bank clerk. In fact, due to the sad demise of his father, he was forced to quit college and join the bank to support his family.

But the dull and dry atmosphere of the banks in Multan and Lahore could hardly inspire a young presentable

man who, in his college days, had made a name for himself as a producer and artiste in plays. So it was but natural that when the opportunity came his way he should quit the clerical job and join films as an assistant to Shaukat Hussain. It is interesting to note that when *Khandaan* was being made both Ramesh Saigal and S. K. Ojha were Shaukat's assistants.

Later, along with Shaukat, Ramesh migrated to Bombay. Here, too, he worked as assistant to Shaukat for some time but later joined Prithviraj who at that time was contemplating the formation of Prithvi Theatres. Ramesh became Prithvi's secretary and to an outsider it appeared as if he was a member of Prithvi's family. Wherever Prithvi went, Ramesh accompanied him; and this association continued till the staging of *Deewar* the stage-play of which was written by Ramesh Saigal.

Deewar proved a roaring hit but it also marked a parting of the ways for Ramesh Saigal and Prithviraj. As a person who knew both of them well, I thought that this was an unfortunate turn to Ramesh's life. But, now that I think of it, I believe that this disassociation from Prithvi Theatres led to the building of Ramesh's career as a director.

Since he left Prithvi Theatres he has made three pictures so far and written four or five screen stories. His *Renuka* was more of an experiment than any real motion picture; but in *Shaheed* and *Samadhi* he has proved his mettle both as a writer and director. In fact it can be said without exaggeration that he is the only director who has been able to make box-office hits out of patriotic

themes. True he had to make some compromises but in the light of the success he attained, one must admit that his approach was right. Apart from their popularity, the enterprising and imaginative direction of both these pictures has earned for him a high position among the front-rank directors.

From the way he is planning the production of his new picture *Shikwa* it seems he will go a long way. For he is very ambitious as is evident from the theme he has chosen for his new picture. The story of *Shikwa* revolves round a man who challenges God. I am not permitted to reveal more but I can say that the story of *Shikwa* written by K. A. Abbas is perhaps the most unusual subject ever attempted on the Indian screen.

A director who has selected such a subject is bound to rise high in the film world. Incidentally, on Thursday 4th January morning Ramesh Saigal launched this Filmkar's picture at Central Studios; the muhurat was performed by his "Guru" Shashadhar Mukerjee of Filmistan. The muhurat has been followed with regular shooting and there is no doubt that the discriminating picturegoers will be looking forward to the release of this picture with keen interest.

Picture Of The Week

Samson and Delilah had a record run of twelve weeks in Bombay; but I could see the picture only in the last week of its run. The record success of this picture, however, does not mean that the picture itself is great. I have never been a fan of Cecil B. de Mille; but still I think that his new Biblical opus is not even as good as his previous hits, especially *Sign of the Cross*. The choice for the principal roles itself is very poor: apart from looking like a stud bull Victor Mature seems to be utterly devoid of any talent and so does Hedy Lammar. As portrayed on the screen, Samson of the Bible is reduced just to a Hollywood hero who indulges in miracles and Hedy Lammar hardly looks like Delilah who tempted and betrayed Samson. With gaudy colour and a queer mixture of modernity and old pageantry, the picture appears to be unreal, from the beginning to the end. Then the fight between Samson and the lion appears to be phoney, so also most of the

miracles. Only the last scene is awe-inspiring.

The screenplay takes liberties with the original story and introduces many irrelevant elements which, far from strengthening the dramatic impact of the story, weakens it with slow tempo and monotonous dialogue. Yet, the very idea of Delilah mixing hate, vengeance and love in her attitude to Samson who had once spurned her hand is intriguing and as engrossing as any modern Hollywood film. It would not be wrong to say that this picture is just a costume and spectacular version of *Gilda* which itself had proved so popular in Bombay. No wonder, then, that in this age of sex-starvation, pictures like *Samson and Delilah* should appeal to even the elite among picturegoers. As a critic chidingly remarked, it is a strange sight that the gentry which poohpoohs Indian mythological pictures should go ga-ga over this American *Veer Babruwahan*!

The other foreign picture of significance to be released recently was *Macbeth* directed by Orson Welles. Considering the fact that it was shot only in twenty-one days, technically the picture is surprisingly good. The eerie atmosphere of Scotland has been beautifully created with light effects and sombre settings. In a traditional sense, there is hardly any set in this picture; the sets are mostly improvised with minimum material.

Technically brilliant, as a motion picture version of Shakespeare's drama, it is rather a disjointed and dull affair. The acting and production is too arty-arty and stylized with the result you never feel that you are watching real drama being unfolded on the screen. The picture never grips you. None of Shakespearean characters came to life; they seem to just recite Shakespeare's words. It is a pity that Orson Welles, with all his talent and originality, could not attain the standard of Laurence Olivier as an interpreter of Shakespeare on the screen.

And Nimmi Too!

Apropos the accident to Dilip Kumar reported in these columns last week, it appears that Nimmi who was also acting in the same scene, along with Dilip, suffered even more. On

Thursday last I had an occasion to visit the sets of *Aan*. Mr. Mehboob then narrated the story of the well scene. He described how for four hours on a very cold and chilly night Nimmi and Dilip Kumar had to work in ice-cold water. He also divulged that while the first shot had been perfect, the mishap occurred during the second shot and that Nimmi also was almost drowned in the water while Dilip was struggling to save her and himself.

Incidentally, Mehboob said that the kind of role Nimmi is playing is so difficult that she must fall ill every-time her scene in *Aan* is completed. On that day, along with S. Mukerjee and others, I had also the privilege of seeing one reel of *Aan* in colour blown up from 16 m.m. to 35 m.m. And I can say the results were really wonderful; when the picturegoers see the colour version of *Aan* they will be simply dazzled.

News Of The Week

—Kamini Kaushal is soon expected

to become a mother and until then there is no chance of her working in films, though it is said she may resume acting after the child-birth.

—The ban on Manek Studios' Marathi historical *Kalyan Khazina* has been removed and the picture is now being screened again.

—Apropos the ban on *Mahal* Mr. Morarji Desai said in a press conference that the ban was imposed because of unauthorised shots included in the picture and the Government is consulting legal opinion as to what action should be taken against those responsible for this breach of the Cinematograph Act.

—Apropos the ban on *Mangala Shri* Morarji Desai said that the restriction on length could be waived only in case of instructional films.

—Pudookin, the famous Russian film director has arrived in India. Most of the film people in India must have read his two books "Film Technique" and "Film Acting." In India, he hopes to study the Indian film industry and meet film directors.

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

COMMONWEALTH PREMIERS' CONFERENCE

AS I write, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers are meeting in London and discussing Far Eastern Affairs. These meetings cannot but result in greater understanding and co-operation between the countries concerned, and the absence of the Prime Minister of Pakistan from at least the first meetings this time only emphasises this. One feels that there is far too much of the schoolboy—even the nursery—attitude amongst politicians these days. "If you don't play my way, I shan't play at all," one could say as a child, but that is not the way any senior statesman should think. I am not referring only to Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan. One can see this spoiled-child attitude in European politics, American politics and, perhaps more than anywhere else, in Soviet politics. Cannot these people who have the power to create or destroy on an almost divine scale, think, speak and act in the manner of what one believes to be that of an adult, civilised person? Russia says that we must play her way or she will upset the whole table of games, Mr. Hoover says Europe must pull as hard as America or America will let go of the rope—or tie it to a stone in their own backyard and practice at tug-of-war all alone. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan says he will sit in a corner and sulk if the rest of the players won't play the game he wants. And, such is the tragedy, one cannot free any statesman or any nation from the suspicion that they might play the same game at any time. Adult diplomacy is surely not too much to ask for in these dangerous days.

Nehru's Position In The World

I have been impressed with the change that has come about in Sri Jawaharlal Nehru's position in the world, and in India, in the past few months. Where there were some doubts in certain quarters in India

about India's position in the Commonwealth, and it was being said that Pakistan had gained more than India in remaining in the Commonwealth (one more illustration of the nursery attitude—your piece of cake is bigger than mine, so I'll cry), there now seems to be general acceptance and, even more, an increasingly strong feeling that India should be more positively on the side of the democracies. That India, and to most of us, when India's foreign relations are concerned, this means the Prime Minister, has some idea of what to say to China, when the rest of us are wondering just where we go from here, is another scoring point for the country, both in the world's councils at the United Nations' meetings and in the present Commonwealth councils in London. I think that India, having been forced, perhaps, to more realism after Tibet, Nepal, and Chinese intervention in Korea, can now become the force in world affairs that some of her more far-sighted statesmen would wish. And the world knows that India stands, above all, for peace.

Korea And China

But what of Korea, and China? Since the Chinese Nationalist representative left Lake Success, and left it rudely and with what can only have been a sarcastic wish for a Happy Christmas to Americans, very little appears to have happened except the advance of the Chinese armies into Seoul and Inchon, leaving the United Nations with no alternative, apparently, but to fall back on Pusan. It is hard to see what the politicians could have done. Militarily, one cannot be happy about the present position. I do not doubt that a strong beachhead could be established and maintained at Pusan. The supply situation is not as difficult as it was last August; the United Nations must now have their supply channels well-organised. On

MINISTER'S INTEMPERATE UTTERANCES

PROTEST MEETING AT KASARAGOD

A mammoth meeting of over 2,000 people of Kasaragod Town and of the neighbouring villages was held on 26th December 1950 at Kasaragod at 5 p. m. under the chairmanship of Mr. H. H. Schammad, to consider the merits of the Government proposal to extend the Malabar Tenancy Act to 19 villages of Kasaragod taluk including the town of Kasaragod, and to protest against the irresponsible and intemperate utterances and unwarranted attacks made by the Hon. Sri K. Madhava Menon on the bonafides of the representatives of the area who obtained thousands of signatures of the people to a Memorandum presented by them to him as Chairman of the Joint Select Committee on the Malabar Tenancy Act Amendment Bill.

Sri B. S. Kakkilaya, Dr. P. N. Bhat, Sri M. Umesh Rao, Janab M. K. Mahin and Sri K. R. Karanth, M.L.A., addressed the gathering.

Explaining the provisions of the Malabar Tenancy Act Amendment Bill to the gathering Sri K. R. Karanth said:

"In a democracy we have to settle public questions by reasoned discussions and not by rousing passions. On merits there is no justification for extending the Malabar Tenancy Act to these 19 villages.

"The Congress in its Election Manifesto of 1937 and of 1946 had pledged itself to undertake State-wide tenancy reforms. Within less than two months of the formation of the Prakasam Ministry in Madras, I as the then Revenue Minister had deputed a Special Officer to investigate into and submit a detailed report on the question of tenancy reforms in the ryotwari area of the State. The existing systems of land tenures vary not only from district to district, but even from one area to another within the same district. The tenures obtaining in Palghat are different in several respects from those obtaining in Cannanore, and those obtaining in Cannanore are different from the tenures obtaining in Hosdrug. Therefore if we are to do real justice to the tenantry and to the land-owners, the different systems obtaining in the different areas have to be studied in all their details.

"While awaiting the report of the Special Officer, before I laid down office as Revenue Minister, I had prepared and signed a draft Bill for stay of eviction against tenants, in case rents were regularly paid by them, as an interim mea-

sure, until comprehensive tenancy legislation could be undertaken. It is for the present Ministry to answer why that Bill, or a similar one, has not been placed before the Legislature even after three and a half years. It is evident that the Madras Ministry did not want to undertake such legislation. The Special Officer also had by then submitted his report to the present Government. But then the plea was that they were awaiting the report of the Kumarappa Committee. Now that the report of the Kumarappa Committee is also there, they constituted the Subrahmanyam Committee with about 30 different items in their terms of reference, such as the proposal for the abolition of the Revenue Board, service conditions of village officers, and such other matters not very relevant to the question of tenancy reforms. While in Bombay tenancy legislation was undertaken as long back as 1937, we in Madras are still in the stage of appointing committees one after another so far as general tenancy legislation is concerned. Even a simple measure on the model of the Act passed in Bombay would have gone a very long way to relieve the present distress of the poor tenantry. After waiting for a considerable length of time, when ultimately I sought permission of the Congress Legislature Party for the introduction of a non-official Bill on the aforesaid lines now two years ago, no reply has yet been vouchsafed to that request.

"In the ordinary course of things it is legitimately the duty of the Revenue Minister to bring in tenancy legislation. But it is the Minister from Malabar who is piloting the Bill. It is but usual that a Minister deals with the matter relating to his portfolio as regards the whole of the State including his own district. But it is different when a Minister takes upon himself the task of legislating on a subject outside his own portfolio, and a certain amount of local bias is likely to be the result.

"In 1948 I was invited for a conference at Calicut convened to consider the Government proposals for the amendment of the Malabar Tenancy Act. I received the notice and a long questionnaire only 4 days before the date of the conference. I could not attend the meeting and I wanted time to study the various aspects of the matter. I wrote to Sri K. Madhava Menon that I would tour my constituency, elicit public opinion, and thereafter place

the other hand, they have a far larger force, and one better equipped, one would imagine, against them than they had when the North Koreans alone were advancing in the same direction as the Chinese are today. It will need more men, more arms and even better organisation to make a landing comparable to last September's landing at Inchon, even if such a plan were being considered. There could be a danger of panic-thought in the present situation in Korea, but I think such panic is useless, unnecessary and unrealistic. Suppose the worst happens and the United Nations' forces are driven out of Korea. What happens next? China will have her hands full trying to make a unified country in Korea. In any case, has China any other territorial ambitions? Her only advance can be into French Indo-China or Malaya and even if, which is not at all certain, she had some success there, she would have all the problems of a conquering power in these two trouble spots. There is no Chinese navy to lead an assault on Japan. The only result that one can see is that the United Nations' forces, more particularly the United States' forces, would be spared the embarrassment of maintaining a military organization in the Far East. In that way, one of Russia's aims in the Korean affair would have failed. Under China, there would, I suppose, also be a unified Korea and possibly the nature of the government of that country could be a matter of negotiation between China and the rest of the United Nations. That is supposing that the United Nations' forces withdraw altogether from Korea, and there is as yet no indication that this will happen. The situation is difficult, full of problems, but some solution must be found.

European Situation

One could say the same of the

European situation. Russia is supposed to have overwhelming military power at the moment. Some might say that if this is the case, and if Russia has aggressive intentions, why should she wait to attack the rest of Europe? Why not do it now instead of waiting until the rest of Europe is more prepared. There is, however, another point of view. Europe is now having to re-arm. Already in Britain we have been warned of austerities to come. There was a list in the press this week of the domestic articles which have been banned by the new restrictions on manufacturing certain metals. Even the humble metal pan-scrub is likely to be hard to find. One of Russia's aims has been to upset the economies of the democracies, and possibly she hopes that by causing this great re-armament she is laying the foundation for a political and economic victory which might satisfy her as much as a military one. But re-armament means full employment, just as much as economic recovery does, and a fully-employed population that is well paid is barren ground for the seeds of Communism.

In the meantime, the South and West of Lancashire are in the midst of an influenza epidemic. In India, when one has a temperature above normal and one feels depressed and unlike work, one is said to have a "fever." In Britain, with the same symptoms, one has "cold." The main difference between the two complaints lies in the cure. In India, one takes a drug, whilst in Britain one stays in bed, cosy and warm, and, if one is not attacked too severely, one can have three days with one's books, one's radio and all the pleasures of meals in bed and justifiable laziness. Of course, production suffers, but one cannot have it all ways!

Some people, mostly well-to-do, preach contempt of filthy lucre, and maintain that it is easy to be happy though poor. The important question, in regard to happiness, however, is not the absolute amount of one's income, but its augmentation or diminution.—**BERTRAND RUSSELL.**

my views before the Government. But to my surprise, I was almost immediately misrepresented in the press as being opposed to the proposals. But all the same I toured Hosdurg sub-taluk and thereafter placed my views before the Government. The Government later on obtained the reports from the Collector and the Revenue Board. Even in the past with reference to the extension of the Act to South Kanara, a very senior and experienced Collector Mr. M. V. Subrahmanyam, who is now the Chairman of the Committee on Tenancy, after a thorough examination of all the aspects of the question, gave weighty reasons why the Malabar Tenancy Act should not be applied to any portion of Kasaragod taluk."

After explaining various points of difference between the land tenures of Malabar and of this portion of Kasaragod taluk, Mr. Karanth proceeded to quote from the reports of the Assembly debates, Mr. Madhava Menon's statement that the only question to be considered was whether the tenures in this part of the Kasaragod taluk are the same as those in Malabar, that it is not the language spoken by the people that should decide the question but that the nature of the land tenures is the only proper criterion. In the case of Gudalur taluk of the Nil-

giris, the tenants are mostly Kannadigas but the land is owned by two big Malayalee jemmies who have introduced into that area the Malabar system of land tenures. It is on the ground of similarity of tenures that the Malabar Tenancy Act is proposed to be extended to the area, rightly ignoring the fact that the language spoken by the people is Kannada. But in the case of the 19 villages around Kasaragod, the land tenures are altogether different but then the Act is sought to be extended to those villages on the ground that the predominant language in those villages is Malayalam.

Again, Mr. Karanth said, "in certain talukas in Coimbatore district adjoining Palghat taluk of Malabar the system of land tenures is very similar to those obtaining in Palghat. But Mr. Madhava Menon will not dare to think of extending the Malabar Tenancy Act to those areas as Tamilians who are strong and powerful will not allow its extension even to an inch of land in a Tamil district. But we are small men and he evidently thinks that anything can be forced and imposed on us, irrespective of any justification. It is in the face of the resolutions of the Karnataka Congress Committee and the South Kanara District Congress Com-

mittee that 52 villages of Kasaragod taluk are being canvassed for inclusion within the scope of the Malabar Tenancy Act which was designed 20 years ago to suit the peculiar conditions obtaining in the Malabar district.

"Tenancy legislation is overdue. There is no fairness in putting off general tenancy legislation suitable for the ryotwari areas of the State and asking these villages to accept something that is totally unsuited to their conditions. The object of the tenancy legislation is to regulate the relationship between the land-owner and the cultivating tenant on just and suitable lines on the basis of fair rent and security of tenure. Let the land-owners also realise that if they resist any fair solution of this problem they will have to rue for it. Things like Communism thrive with a discontented peasantry. If things are allowed to proceed in the way they are being conducted by the present Government of Madras the result is not going to be very happy. At the Kisan Conference at Mulky, Sri K. Madhava Menon gave an assurance that an interim legislation for stay of all eviction proceedings would be immediately introduced. Though it is now several months since then, nothing has been done.

"Some of the provisions of the Amendment Bill now before the Select Committee, when examined in the light of our Constitution are clearly expropriatory. Articles 19, (f) and 31 of the Constitution guarantee to the people the right to own and dispose of property and provide for compensation before they can be dispossessed. When tenancy legislation transcends the legitimate limits of regulating the relationship between the tenants and the landlords in the matter of fixity of tenure and fixation of fair rent, it will cease to be good law."

After Sri K. R. Karanth concluded his speech the following resolutions were moved and explained to the audience by Sri B. S. Kakkilaya and were unanimously passed.

"This meeting of the public of Kasaragod and the surrounding villages strongly

disapproves of the language employed by the Hon. Sri K. Madhava Menon in his speech at Kasaragod on 24th December, 1950, and regrets that he should have indulged in intemperate utterances unbecoming of his high position against the representatives of these 19 villages, charging them with having obtained signatures of the residents of the said villages to the printed Memorandum presented to him on that day, by misleading and deceiving them, and that their action would recoil on them. This meeting records that that statement of the Minister is quite untrue, and regrets that he should have denied some of those present even an opportunity to reply to his charges then and there.

"This public meeting is emphatically of the opinion that there is no justification whatever for the inclusion of the 19 villages inclusive of Kasaragod town within the scope of the Malabar Tenancy Act, fully approves the stand taken by Messrs. K. R. Karanth and Mahin Schamnad, M. L. As., and requests the Government of Madras to exclude the said villages from the purview of the Amendment Bill.

"This meeting is of opinion that the Government of Madras have deliberately failed on one pretext or other to implement the Congress Election Manifesto of 1937 and again of 1946 in not bringing in a much needed Tenancy Bill for the entire State, guaranteeing to the masses of the tenantry security of tenure, and fixity of fair rents, and an interim measure of stay of eviction till such a measure is brought. This meeting calls upon the Ministry and the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress to carry out their repeated past pledges at least now in this matter. If the Madras Government fail to do it at least now, this meeting calls upon their representatives in the Legislature, namely Sri K. R. Karanth and Janab Mahin Schamnad, to bring in a non-official measure for stay of eviction in the coming sittings of the Madras Legislative Assembly."

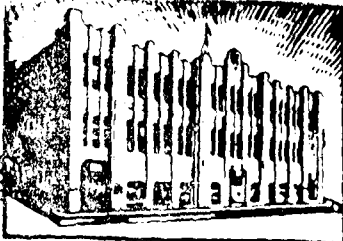
"This meeting resolves to authorise the Chairman to communicate the above resolutions to the Government of Madras and to the Congress Working Committee."

The American newspaper, *Christian Science Monitor*, in a special report from Ann Arbor in the state of Michigan, predicts that it may not be too long before polar regions such as the Antarctic are made livable by atomic-powered machines.

The *Monitor* reports: "Natural scientists are talking of the possibility of atomic machines to make polar regions livable. Climates could not be changed, but small sections of the Arctic and Antarctic could be made warm enough for the growth of crops, and for normal living.

"The idea is that atomic machines could be buried deep in the earth. Underground pipes radiating from the central heating unit would carry vast amounts of heat a foot under the surface. Lethal radiation would be kept under control by thick pads of anti-radiant material.

"This dream may not be as fantastic as it would seem at first sight, for one ounce of atomic fuel can boil 10,000 pounds of freezing water."

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SIDELIGHTS : :

Selfishness beyond a point, whether individual or national, is not wise. It may with luck succeed, but if it fails failure is terrible.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

IT is reported that a Yugoslav newspaper took a glance at a recent issue of the Soviet Communist Party's paper *Pravda*, and came out with these statistics:

In the November 17 issue, Premier Stalin's name was mentioned 101 times on the front page alone in these forms: Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, 35 times; great leader, 10 times; dear and beloved Stalin, 7 times; and great Stalin, 6 times. Other variations were: 'Stalin the genius', 'great leader of entire mankind', 'great chief of all workers', 'protagonist of our victories', 'great fighter for peace', 'Stalin the hope of fighting for peace', 'faithful fighter for the cause of peace', etc.

Pravda's adulation of Stalin is only a magnified form of the general sycophancy of the press in countries where government degenerates into a process of exerting bureaucratic pressure on the governed. This is what the Congress Government has come to in India, and one result of it is that it has become a disease with the Indian press to magnify the importance of ministers out of all proportion. Stalin is a great man with substantial achievements to his credit. This cannot be said of the generality of our ministers who are far from great in any sense of the word. In democratic countries like England, political leadership which is the passport to ministerial office, is attained as reward for great abilities or distinguished service in public causes. Except in the case of Nehru and two or three others, this is not the case in India. In Mysore the other day, Congress legislators brought up a motion of no-confidence against the Chief Minister. They have now expressed the fullest confidence in the same Chief Minister. Commonsense can only ascribe this startling change to

some transaction behind the scenes of profit in exchange for support. The history of the leadership of the Madras Legislature Congress Party since the advent of independence, is likewise packed with unsavoury developments. Emancipation, says Bertrand Russell, always has at first certain bad effects: "it leaves former superiors sore and former inferiors self-assertive." On account of their political maturity, the British who were our former rulers, saved themselves from the misery of soreness in quite a magnificent way. But the self-assertion of inferiority has been spectacular on the part of their successors to power in the country. In electing a leader the Congress legislators of this State in particular made a bid for inferiority. The idea was that with a weak leader they could have a more profitable division among themselves of the assets and perquisites of office. But when the leader chosen turned out to be a stern martinet, they had no use for him and conspired to cast him out. The next leader chosen has survived to this day over a longer period, mainly because of qualities in him that cannot even remotely be connected with any attribute of leadership.

The poor stuff of which our ministers are made has not however prevented our press from giving space to them generously for the reporting of their inanities. The piffle that ministers deal in lavishly, which is faithfully reproduced in the press, supplanting other more useful material, tends to a cheapening of the worth of newspapers, besides being a sore affliction to the public going in for them. It is unfair to other parties that the leaders of the ruling party should be given the lion's share of publicity in the press irrespective of the worthlessness of the major part of their utterances, and until a more balanced sense of responsibility comes to prevail with the conductors of newspapers, the spirit of true democracy will have very little chance of fulfilment in the State. The electors

are supposed to be the ultimate masters to whom all parties go on equal terms to secure the right to rule, but in practice the dice are loaded very heavily against all opponents of the Congress regime. There is scarcely an Opposition press in the country, since the perils of opposition are grave, what with unprincipled ministers vindictively using all the powers of their position to hurt and suppress the few journals daring to expose and comment on their misdeeds. Government's power of control over materials indispensable in newspaper-production is enormous. It is always being used to the hurt of an unfavoured section in the press and the advantage of another pampered one. Enormous, too, is the patronage at the disposal of the authorities in the form of advertisements. It is used, but for a few exceptions, in encouragement of docility and victimisation of independence of judgment. The endeavour of the ministers is to boost the sycophantic press of use to them, at the expense of inde-

pendent papers critical of their administration.

The ministers go out on tours at public expense for party consolidation purposes. The collections made for Congress funds are not limited to supporters of the party. They are in the nature of a general levy on all that could be frightened into payment, in particular industrialists and businessmen whose dependence on Government is great in these days of controls while the consequences of official disfavour can be quite disastrous. In the atmosphere of the election preparations of the Congress, there is an overdose of blackmail. Opportunities for ill-gotten gain through collections unaccounted for, are plentiful. With ministers using State power as if it were a private patrimony, the chances of fair elections are negligible, unless on the eve of the elections the ruling party's power to interfere and corrupt is by some device neutralised.—SAKA.

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THE "HINDIAN" REPUBLIC

By "DIOGENES"

WHEN a sober politician and seasoned Parliamentarian like Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari raised his voice of reason against the new danger of "linguistic imperialism" in the Constituent Assembly some time ago, it must have set quite a few thinking over the serious problem. That the danger was not imaginary can be seen from the superior and self-righteous attitude which has of late become all too common in certain quarters which seem to claim an extra quota of nationalism. Symbolic of that bellicose and pugnacious frame of mind is the quotation from a speech that appeared in the press a few days ago. "The decision of the Constituent Assembly of India to retain the English language for 15 years is a challenge thrown by the English-educated classes of India—a challenge more than 400 years old, not only to the languages of India, but to the national life as a whole." This is from the presidential address of Mr. Jayachandra Vidyalankar, (who seems to hate English much more than he loves Hindi) at the 38th session of the All-India Hindi Sahitya Sammelan recently held at Kotah. It can as well be a quotation from the daily speeches, statements and messages of our two Presidents. Rashtrapathi Rajendra Prasad of the Indian—or is it "Hindian?"—Republic, or Babu Purushottamdas Tandon of the Congress.

Much-maligned Macaulay

With these great stalwarts of Indian—or Hindu—tradition, one a sage and the other a saint, Suddha Hindi enthusiasts like Mr. Vidyalankar have little to fear. They have all they desire by way of momentum to their linguistic movement which they have raised to the status of a crusade of culture. None can quarrel with Mr. Vidyalankar when he fervently appeals to his co-linguals to enrich Hindi and make it "an embodiment of national inspiration by re-establishing the links with the roots of our ancient culture and knowledge." But, he could have done the same with equal profit to himself and less offence to the poor old "villain of the piece" Macaulay, the giver of the I. P. C.—who, according to the popular and patriotic practice, is being posthumously charged with most of the offences made punishable in his comprehensive code. Macaulay, no doubt, was like Mr. Vidyalankar and his friends, a trifle too sure of his convictions; and the supremacy of Western culture and English education was a matter of faith with him, as the confidence in the superiority of Hindi to all other languages in India and the world is with our modern Macaulays who

share his dogmatism, without the saving grace of the learning that characterised his 'school boy.' To give the devil his due, it must be admitted that Macaulay was essentially a man of letters interested in the spread of knowledge and learning, may be of the type that he valued most, among a foreign people then considered "backward, steeped in mythology and superstition," and was not much of a politician exploiting cultural and linguistic nostrums, with parochial motives. To say that he wanted to manufacture only clerks knowing English, may be good propaganda, but a little too blatant and outrageous, in the face of facts. It is as well to remember that Blimps are to be found not only in John Bull's island, but in 'Bharat,' too.

Macaulay may be dead about a century by now, but we still want scapegoats and when the old scapegoats are dead, new ones have to be discovered, and when that is not possible, they have to be invented and manufactured. Thus, when the Britishers quit, our 'leaders' were at first a little non-plussed and did not know on whom to thrust the blame for our sorry state of affairs. Not wanting in imagination, they have now found out the "English-educated" man in India—exempting themselves from this objectionable class. Mr. Vidyalankar sniffs at the 'snobbishness' of our "Macaulay model universities" and bewails the national degeneration of our young men. Our young men and our universities will not go to the dogs, if our political fanatics let them alone. Snobbery is not peculiar to Macaulay or the universities.

Mr. Vidyalankar, not obviously satisfied with the adoption of Hindi—no more Hindustani—as the State language, advocated the adoption of Devanagari script for the whole of India, as "all the current scripts in the country had been born from the same source, namely Devanagari." How far he is correct in his facile generalisation can be judged only by a study of the scripts in South India, none of which seems to have been deprived from Devanagari. Even Sanskrit is written in the Telugu script by Andhras not knowing the Devanagari script. Whether all the linguistic groups north of the Vindhyas are unanimous and equally enthusiastic over Hindi in Devanagari is revealed in a Bombay newspaper which reports that the India Government's recent directive that Devanagari should be recognised as the script for Sindhi has annoyed many Sindhi Hindus who want to retain their Arabic script. In their protest, they made it clear that the

need of the hour was refugee relief and rehabilitation and not the introduction of "undesirable reforms that might destroy their language and literature." Similar is the case with the Punjabis, many of whom in the rural parts are not acquainted with the Nagari script. The Sikh demand for a Punjabi-speaking State is a pointer to the salubrious effects of Hindi domination. The Bengalees are reputed to be the best lovers of the mother tongue and their reception to the Hindi Caesars must needs be rather lukewarm, if not unfriendly. Even in a so-called Hindi State like Bombay, where the Marathi-Gujarathi rivalries are well-known, some people have criticised the Government's abolition of the teaching of English in the lower standards of secondary schools as evincing "narrow-mindedness and prejudice against English," pointing out the problems created when a boy in Bombay goes to study in another State like Orissa or Delhi.

Hymn Of Hate

Rajen Babu and Babu Tandon are not easily deterred by the minor problems of smaller men. The former has taken it as his sacred duty in the real Sahitya Sammelan spirit, to carry on a whirlwind campaign for Shuddha Hindi and wipe out the erring foreigner, English, much before the grace period of 15 years which his Government had generously granted. Whether it be a valedictory function at the Doon School, or the Convocation address at the Delhi University, the burden of his song is the same, to recite the praises of Hindi, after a hymn of hate against English, not forgetting to reserve a few curses for those so unfortunate as to have spent their time and money on English education. Maulana Azad, the Education Minister, who was an Al Azhar scholar cannot be accused of too much tenderness for English, with which he has only a nodding acquaintance. In spite of, or perhaps because of, his great scholarship in Urdu, Arabic and Persian which has given him a savant's outlook towards national problems, he has taken a stand which cannot be called fanatical or parochial—with regard to the retention of English, in refreshing contrast to the sentimental and unrealistic attitude of Rajen Babu. This may be partly at least due to the sobering restraint of the historian Dr. Tarachand and the modernising influence of a progressive intellectual like Prof. Humayun Kabir who are luckily in the Education Ministry.

Babu Tandon is less patient and more fanatical than Rajen Babu on many questions including the all-important problem of Hindi. He swears by Hindi, though a popular columnist relates a story that he swears in Allahabad Urdu

only! With immense self-satisfaction, notwithstanding plenty of consequential dislocation of work, he ordered that the official records of the A.-I.C.C. should be kept in Hindi and perhaps correspondence also conducted in the same language. He has asked all banks and business establishments in India to transact business in Hindi, discarding English, though he did not clarify whether the numerals should be Arabic or Hindi. It must be a matter of interest to make a list of the banks and business houses that have obeyed his papal bull. Businessmen, unfortunately for sages like Tandon, are businessmen, they are business-like and cannot afford to make a fetish of scripts and numerals. The Rashtrapathi must be supremely gratified at Maj. Gen. Himmat-sinhji's indication at Nagpur that the Army's main language will hereafter be Hindi. But the Defence Ministry, probably with a philosophical realisation of the gradualness of inevitability and the inevitability of gradualness, have decided that the change-over should be gradual, with the least dislocation of work. Tandonji, who is old enough to treat his countrymen with "wise saws" and educated enough to be acquainted with "modern instances" must know that haste makes waste.

Our 'Hindian' Republic includes also Seth Govind Das who loves his car number plate in Hindi with a passionate zeal equalled only by his feeling for the sacred cow. He moved the mighty Government when a traffic constable was so stupid as to point out that his car's number plate was not in English, as required by the then law of the land. I do not know what happened to the constable, but Sethji had the law changed in a trice. He and a few of his friends are fond of making speeches in Parliament in Hindi, whether anybody follows them or not and often put questions and supplementaries, obviously with no idea of getting replies. When one M. P. put a question in Urdu or Punjabi, the Minister replied in his own mother-tongue, Malayalam. Another Minister opened his operations in Tamil, when the attacking M. P. rained his supplementary shells in Hindi. It is a tribute to our nationalism that our Parliament is used as the forum for our linguistic exhibitions. The gladiators will not be completely satisfied until they have successfully transformed it into a modern "Tower of Babel." No disrespect is meant to the House in pointing out that M. Ps. might choose other "operation theatres" to exhibit their scholarship in their mother-tongues and hostility to other people's mother-tongues, if they mean business in Parliament.

Most men, including many politicians in and out of office, may have their strong views on the subject. But, the "still,

small" voice of reason is afraid to be loud and smaller men than C. R. have been awed into acquiescent silence. C. R. must have offended quite a number of 'Hindians' by warning "Hindi-lovers" against "indecent haste" in forcing Hindi on non-Hindi-speaking people. He has used strong language which he does not usually do, unless the situation warrants it, as he is a man of patience, who takes a balanced view of things. He must have learnt many lessons from the anti-Hindi agitation during the first Congress regime in Madras under his Premiership, for he respectfully urges Hindi-lovers "not to depend upon coercion which a numerical majority of an ill-knit continental population can, at the moment, exercise", but upon "the wealth of literature, that aptitude of precise as well as rich expression and that variety, elasticity and delicacy of form which has made English so attractive to the intellectual and energetic in India." The truth of his warning and the wisdom of his advice can be realised when the Hindi enthusiasts have a clear idea of the anti-North agitation which has a vital bearing on the language problem. Languages cannot be forced down unwilling throats and 'Hindi Imperialism' can only provoke Frankenstein monsters like Dravidasthan.

Views on English similar to C. R.'s were expressed by Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Ayyangar of the Andhra University presiding over the Andhra University English Teachers' Convention last month at Guntur. He said, among other things, "English is the most virile of the modern languages and we, Indians, have considerably enriched that language. English has ceased to be alien to us; it has become part of our being and it must be a matter of pride to us, that we have mastered, at least one international language which is spoken by numerous people throughout the world." This well-informed Indo-Englishman's considered opinion may be a cry in the wilderness of linguistic obscurantism. Educationists like Dr. C. R. Reddy, who, by the way, is a better scholar in his mother-tongue than many home-spun angels who cannot be accused of much learning in their languages, and Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, along with many others hold the view that English should not be hounded out like an alien enemy. Their travels in Europe, America and other places have given them the impression that English now occupies a position of privilege sometime ago claimed by French. In international, political, diplomatic, business and cultural affairs, English, for no fault of the Englishman, seems to occupy a pre-eminent place.

The Silver Lining

On language as well as on script enlightened patriots have not toed the line with the horde of unthinking whole-

hoggers. Jawaharlal Nehru, who must have enraged many Hindi pandits by issuing invitations in Roman Hindi for his daughter's wedding, is an internationalist no less in language than in politics, though his love for his mother-tongue is not less than that of a Balakrishna Sharma or a Mohanlal Gautam. The Prime Minister, luckily for linguistic minorities, is not dogmatic, preferring the middle way in language, as well as in diplomacy. He notes in his Autobiography that when he pleaded for simplification of Hindi grammar and script, he was dismissed by the Pandits and pedants as an ignoramus who had no business to interfere. Subhas Bose, who was also a strong believer in the advantages of Roman script is in the line of leaders of men like Kemal Ataturk, who keep pace with the march of time.

After the foreigner has quit, it may be giving him too much importance to say that he should have taken back his language along with his bag and baggage. Language, unlike real property, cannot be transferred so easily as our "Hindians" seem to think. It may sound platitudinous to stress the obvious advantages of the English language, the Roman script and the Arabic numerals, in printing, telegraphy, typewriting, tele-printing and other branches of activity which have become part of our day-to-day life in the modern world. Their intrinsic value can be estimated by the place of importance given to English studies in countries like Turkey, Japan and China, which never had anything to do with British rule. If we have attained a commendable familiarity with this international vehicle of expression, we can only welcome it as a silver lining in the cloud of British Imperialism and regret it as a cultural contamination, produced by Macaulay's forbidden fruit.

Now that Hindi is to be our State language—and few could deny the need for a common language that is spoken by the majority—, the Hindi-speaking people cannot complain of any possible injustice to them on that score. This should only help to show that they can take victory with restraint and not create an impression that they are perpetually on the war path, attacking windmills in the manner of Don Quixote. With the absence of official coercion in favour of English, that language stands on its merits and the wind is taken out of the sails of those never tired of indulging in anti-English tirades. We must find an answer to the question whether Hindi is so backward that we cannot develop it without at the same time seeking to damn English and smother it out of usage.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1951

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

DETERIORATION

DISCRIMINATING foreign observers seem to be appalled at the deterioration in economic conditions that has taken place since the advent of Congress rule three years ago. Here is something to ponder over for the ministers who lately have been tremendously busy touring here and there (of course without expense to themselves or their party) delivering speeches and telling people what fine fellows and grand administrators they were. In Madras State prodigious has been the spurt of Secretariat activity in collecting information to be placed before the voters about the achievements of the present regime to persuade them to back the Congress in the coming elections. In the excitement of election propaganda that has been absorbing in an increasing measure the energies of the ministers, diminishing attention is being bestowed on the main administrative task of improving the living conditions of the people. In a report to the New York *Herald Tribune*, its New Delhi correspondent states that "it is a depressing truth that after more than three years of independence, India's living standards show no general improvement. It is more likely that they have declined and are still declining." The livelihood of millions of Indians has been thrown into jeopardy by the incessant monkeying of Government with food policies, and after dabbling vain-gloriously for a while with high-sounding projects of self-sufficiency they have now become at last desperate supplicants for foreign aid to ward off next year's looming food famine. An outright grant of 2 million tons is what our leaders now

plead for from America, or in the alternative, at least the concession of minimum prices to be paid for in deferred convenient instalments. It has to be noted that the mouths to be fed increase at the rate of 10,000 for the whole country every day.

What is likely to be the decision of the American Congress on India's food request? Truman's Point Four Programme which roused the hopes of needy people the world over, bids fair to be wrecked on the movement of cautious realism which that sagacious realist Mr. Hoover adumbrated towards the end of last month as the only cure for the sad reverses sustained by American arms since the adventure in Korea. As the forces supplied by allied powers for the campaign in Korea did not exceed 20,000, Mr. Hoover argued that they lacked the will to resist Communist aggression, and it was a waste of American manpower to attempt to defend such allies. For a while dubbed an "isolationist" for his pains, and in that way sought to be discredited, Hoover has subsequently secured with great rapidity a swelling army of admiring supporters. One of these indignantly asks, "Have his critics forgotten that Mr. Hoover conceived and successfully headed the greatest campaign ever undertaken by any country to alleviate the war sufferers in Europe?" Simultaneously with the headway made by Mr. Hoover, there has been a sudden appreciation in the American press of Mr. Nehru's viewpoint over the Korean conflict. Walter Lippmann, for instance, wrote:

"It has never at any time been possible to make a settlement in Korea or in Formosa if Red China was ignored.

This was what Nehru, who almost alone had inside knowledge of Red China, told Mr. Acheson three weeks after the Korean war started. This is the fact which we decided not to recognise then, which we refused again to recognize despite the warnings of India when we crossed the 38th Parallel and when we moved up to the Yalu River. The fact has now been demonstrated on the battlefield. We have suffered a very costly military defeat, having refused to recognize the fact that within the sphere of China's historic interests, which has always included Korea, Red China is now so strong a military power that she is able to enforce her interests."

Defeat abroad has subjected President Truman's Government to challenge, and it is doubtful if spectacular American programmes of aid to foreign countries will continue to find favour with the American Congress for long. With intuitive wisdom British leaders have cut short the period of dependence of their economy on American aid instead of being taken unawares by the compulsion of a change in American foreign policy. In India the hopes once entertained that with the withdrawal of British power, American capital would come rushing in with equipment and technical assistance, have not materialised. Ameri-

can capitalists seem to have made up their minds that they can do better in other parts of the world. British industrialists have shown themselves less daunted by the periodical nationalisation threats of the Indian Government, but what with rearmament hanging in the air, Britain's capacity to render essential aid to India's economy is extremely limited and might still further dwindle rapidly in the days to come. The projects of the Nehru Government to bring additional millions of acres of land under irrigation may come to grief with the prospective shrinkage of British and American supplies of capital and equipment, nor have the Congress leaders exhibited drive and initiative in the matter of developing domestic scientific talent for national economic achievement as the Russians did when they found themselves cut off from the rest of the world after the Revolution. Millions of people in the country face a frightful food shortage as a result both of the follies of ministers at home and military and other developments abroad. Can Congress rule survive the terrible crisis ahead with speeches, paper propaganda and lavish election spending?

Sotto Voce

LIKE TO LIKE



THERE was at school with me a Telugu boy who was neither better nor worse than most of us but different. We were Tamils in the Tamil country. Though he spoke Tamil as well as any of us he was for us "that Telugu," because one of our teachers, a senior master, who was greatly respected for his gravity and

breeding, seemed to take a perverse delight in addressing that pupil in class as "you Telugu" and we with the shallow suggestibility of the young caught the infection. We could not know what tortures the poor fellow must have suffered. Years later it came upon me with a painful certitude that his whole life had been poisoned by that silly banter.

He was rather a failure in life. If you found yourself face to face with him in tram or bus he would give no sign of recognition. But there was no mistaking his odd concentration on you. There was something so forbidding in that malignant aloofness that you would have been vastly relieved if he had broken out in open denunciation. That dull unblinking eye as of the tamed toothless cobra suggested that his whole being was concentrated in an effort not to betray the slightest flutter of the soul with its friendliness. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete repudiation of our common humanity.

When people talk learnedly of solving group tensions with the aid of modern psychology the spectre of poor Nagaraja rises up before me. There was something essentially warped about him, a streak of the Ishmaelite. Plenty of Telugus and Kannadigas lived amidst us who were not self-conscious at all, though subjected to our crude badinage. Indeed some of the most venerated elders in the neighbourhood belonged to these minorities. A man's consciousness of his own lack does not allow him to rest till he has succeeded in objectivising it. If Nagaraja had been less of a lone wolf (or our teacher been endowed with a bit more of insight) he might not have melodramatically cast himself for the role of Telugu crucified by 'Arava' arrogance.

It is the emotionally unbalanced that easily lend themselves to the manipulation of intriguers who thrive on group tensions. The crow builds its nest by clipping dead twigs from every tree; the only thing these little bits of detritus have in common is their deadness. Those who have submitted to the imposition of a stereotype must not be allowed for a moment to take their minds off it; if they did they would begin clawing each other repelled by the indifference, worse than hostility, they see in each other's eyes. But luckily for the peace of the locality they soon race away in different directions, like dogs after a melee, following their noses. There are other imposters abroad and these willing victims have caught the scent.

There are quack doctors who blame it all on capitalism. With economic equality and an economy of plenty there would be no need, they assure you, for that desperate manoeuvring for position which leads to group wranglings. Unfortunately for this pretty theory, in the land that has come nearest to achieving Socialism economic inequality is even more blatant than in Tsarist Russia. Mr. Kingsley Martin points out that while in England the rich and the poor go to different restaurants and so do not embarrass each other, in Stalinland the gilded bureaucrat and his humble factotum sit at the same table, the one calmly consuming vodka and caviare while the other dines rich on crust and water.

The milk of human kindness is not exactly likely to well up in the breast of pleb or patrician (new style) in the circumstances. If fear of the omniscient OGPU restrains open expression of rancour, be assured that it exists nevertheless; what else do those periodical purges mean? Now contrast the table manners of Europe with those of the old-time India which still survives in odd corners. We did not dine in separate restaurants for the excellent reason that there were no restaurants. But when we dined together we all ate the same victuals. We chose our table-companions but not by the length of their purse. We were not gregarious but we were companionable.

"Like to like" is the basic social law; group affinities can be no more substituted by a monolithic nation-State than by an atomised rabble. Indian sociologists long ago realised that the spontaneous urge to come together could be healthy in the socio-religious and cultural spheres in which the individual has at least as much given to him by the vital life of what is in effect an extended family as he derives from his own prospecting mind. The man who would harmoniously transcend the self must not tear himself up by the roots. It is the creeper nourished by its own bush that throws out tendrils of affection and understanding and bears the blossoms that make the world a more friendly place.

VIGNESWARA.

POETIC JUSTICE AT CHEPAUK

By V. P. RAMAN

IF betting was a part of the game, a number of us would have earned tidy sums, by predicting the result of the match between the Madras Governor's XI and the Commonwealth XI. Even the hopeful few would not have had a doubt after lunch on the second day. Ours was a side with two Test players in it: Rangachari who has left Test cricket far behind, and Alva who is just entering it. Of the others, Kannan, Kannayiram, and Gopinath alone can be called definitely first-class. Girish and Raghavan were appearing before the Chepauk tribunal for the first time. The Maharaja of Bhavnagar is a successful Governor, but even the Maharani in her dreams would not have imagined him making a century. Of Dickenson, most persons could only exclaim, as my friend did, "Who the dickens is he?" Such were the constituents of a side that suffered at the hands of a strong visiting team.

First Day's Play: Few people expected His Excellency to field for more than half an hour, and substitute Sridhar was ready to take his place any minute. But H. E. gave all of us a gubernatorial bun, and fielded all day. His Chief Minister on the field was Alva. If one day H. E. 'wanted to do some work,' Mr. Kumaraswami Raja would not immediately send him a box full of files. Alva had not that sense, and taking H. E. at his word, he gave him a fine fielding position of deep square leg (of course, extra cover for the other end)! By lunch time, the Maharaja was visibly sore in the feet, and afterwards fielded in the more royal position of slip. In the whole day, not a ball disobeyed the Governor's orders; he fielded every ball. His Excellency, like Kingsley, "is not a butter fingers, though a bad batter".

The opening attack was entrusted to Rangachari and (to our infinite dismay) Dickenson. The first half hour produced 25 runs, 17 of which Gimblett made. Rangachari at least delivered a good ball, occasionally which Gimblett safely avoided but Dickenson's bowling was frankly an

outrage on the respect which one has been taught to give a fast bowler in his opening overs. He bowled short of goodlength, wide of the off-stump, and bowled (to his own surprise, probably) outswingers. His analysis of 6 overs, 0 maidens, no wickets for 32 runs, is a compliment to his effort, and less orthodox batsmen would have pulverised such bowling with relish. Gimblett seemed to prefer Kannan, and hit him over the long on boundary without straining a nerve. There is concealed power in Harold's shots, and his way of playing a good length ball on his legs is most interesting. He watches the ball closely and at the last moment jabs into it with a bat not entirely normal to the bowler, with the result that it travels fairly fast in a direction between square leg and silly midon; he thus gets a single for a ball to which others would have fruitlessly played forward. The back lift of the bat is enough to impart speed to this profitably defensive stroke which needs no follow through. This stroke, I must not fail to mention, is also a dangerous one, as Gimblett found in trying it, off a ball from Rangachari. He nicked it, and narrowly escaped being caught.

There is something to be said for the wide belief that Englishmen are not quite as comfortable against spin, as they are against swing. Men like Ferguson or Ramadhin who could baffle the English batsmen come to India and are in constant fear of losing their reputations. An ordinary speed merchant like Shackleton finds a rich harvest in India. By an extension of this argument, one can explain Sarangapani's success. Some of his balls which would have been thrashed in local cricket, puzzled a seasoned batsman like Fishlock. I do not say this to belittle the bowler, but to point out that our valuation of slow bowling is very different from that of an Englishman. Sarangapani mixed leg breaks with balls that went straight through, (as in the case of Grieves) and broke the wicket. The two catches that Rangachari held at

silly midoff deserve as much credit as the Governor's catch later in the day. Ames made 69 runs and executed delightful strokes. A square cut off a ball from Kannayiram was a model of timing, and if a batsman is good for a 100 runs in his 45th year, you may take it, his timing must be superb. Minimum energy has to be utilised to maximum benefit; frantic sawing of the air is for younger folks. At close of play the visitors were eight wickets down for 319 runs, at which total they declared their innings closed.

Second Day's Play: The first innings of the Governor's XI was a tragedy. A bad start is to a team what an unhappy honeymoon is to a marriage. When Girish and Chakravarthi were at the wicket they inspired sympathy. They looked so small, so innocent (of how to play swing bowling) that I felt it was cruel to send them in first. However, the ordeal did not last long. While Shackleton swung both ways, Sutcliffe concentrated on the outswinger, which yielded results. Girish who "defended" his wickets by the rather unusual method of thrusting his right leg forward, pointing his bat to the heavens and looking over his shoulders as the inswinging balls missed his leg stump, finally fell to Shackleton. This infanticide gave the bowler the thirst for blood and venom entered into his bowling. Chakravarthi was killed at the other end by Sutcliffe, who was swinging hugely. He nibbled at the bait and Barlow behind the stumps is no dullard.

Gopinath was the idol of everybody. As I was talking to him before play commenced, a pretty girl came up to him and said "A century today, I suppose, Gopi." Not only she but all of us hoped he would score a 100. His fond parent told me when I met him: "After the first half an hour, Gopi sees the ball like a balloon..." But Gopi, in that innings, did not survive the half hour to see the ball 'swell visibly before his eyes.' His proclivity for the cut cost him his wicket. Sutcliffe was again the assassin and was aided by Ikin who took the catch. Alva came in when three wickets had fallen for 5 runs. It is not his fault if he found the swing bowling strangely unpredictable. Like Dean Acheson,



Fishlock and Gimblett coming out to open the Commonwealth innings.

Alva kept hoping for the best and preparing for the worst, by speculatively moving his bat in all directions. Only the presence of worse batsmen at the other end enabled him to remain not out.

The seriousness of the situation was relieved when His Excellency came out to bat. Madras has never before seen a Governor bat, and was vastly amused by his innings that was comparatively long, if unproductive. After the remaining batsmen had committed *harakiri*, Madras followed on. Girish gave us a flying start once more, by flying back to the pavilion. He played forward gingerly to Shackleton. He was probably closing his eyes and saying his prayers (he is a religious lad) for he turned abruptly on hearing the crash behind him, surveyed the wreckage objectively for a moment, and walked back, deploring kismet. His was a baleful role in this match. Chakravarthi stuck for a while before placing his legs awfully in the path of a ball from Dovey. Here commences a new chapter—The Kannan-Gopinath partnership.

I have never thought of Kannan as a batsman. He scores perhaps, but his batting is not of the highest class. This afternoon he was misjudging often, and was never able to achieve

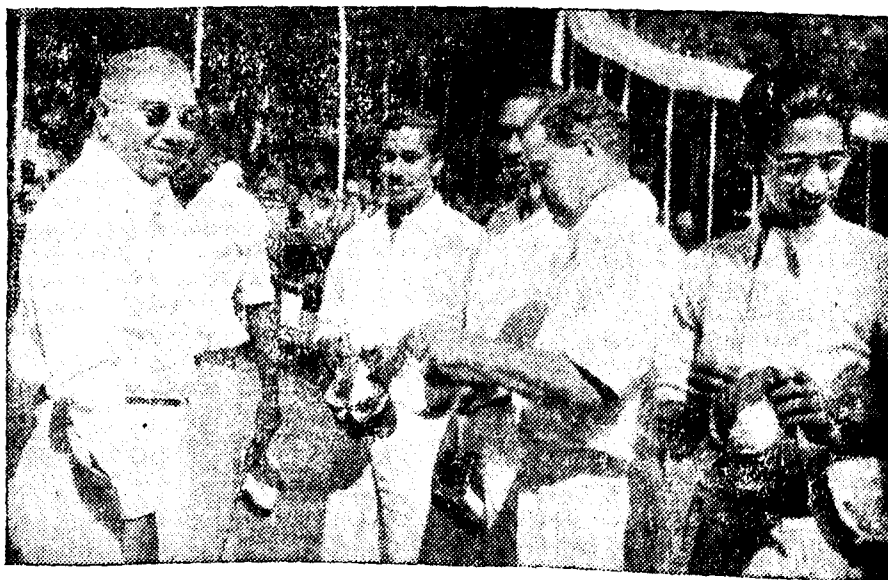
the pull stroke off Ramadhin that he tried so hard to make, but, and this is important, *he did not get out*. Gopi, on the other hand, was making strokes, and after his first 25 runs, he must have really started seeing the ball like a moon. He was the master, and coverdove Dovey with refreshing freedom. The day came to an end soon after the pair had put on the 100 of the partnership. Kannan might have made more runs, but there was more cricket in Gopi's innings—and cricket, we must remember is not all runs.

Third Day's Play: Kannan was not at his best batting form as he approached 100. He spooned nastily, and more than once foozled his drives. Gopinath batted like an inspired man. He audaciously straight drove Ramadhin, and the fielder had not a chance of stopping the speeding ball. Gopinath's game was a Poem; Kannan's was a Limerick—and both can be equally entertaining to an average mind. At 85, Gopi was beaten by a beauty from Shackleton, and was bowled. It was unfortunate; he deserved to get his century. His innings had given satisfaction to the observer. Like a Scotch breakfast, it was substantial and it had variety. Gopi has by this innings, done everything in his power to con-

vince Test selectors of his potentialities, and if he still does not get into the Test side at Kanpur, we shall not be blameworthy if we attribute motives. He is now a flower of a player. If selectorial nostrils cannot detect the perfume of a flower, they must wait till it grows into a fruit, ripens, and begins to rot.

No one has ever got a 100 at Chepauk unless he really deserved it. The deserving have sometimes been unlucky, but never has the converse happened. After Gopi got out, I feared Kannan might get his 100 and stain the record of the ground for its fairness. He got out however at 98. Kannan's was a valuable innings at the right time. If it was not pretty, yet it was useful; even an ill-looking wife can do the washing. After Kannan's exit, the side collapsed. The little slogging that followed was not batting. The Governor's XI were all out for 292 runs, leaving the Commonwealth 74 runs to win, with 85 minutes more for play. Gimblett and Emmett who opened the innings raided the bowling, and finished the match with half an hour to spare.

We had three good days of cricket, and poetic justice was done in the end to give a crowning touch to our supreme satisfaction.



The Governor presenting caps to members of his team.

DECLINE OF ART—MUSIC

By KRISHNA

INDIAN music is said to have originated from the *Sama Veda*. This statement is found in a treatise on music, written about the seventh century, by a probably pseudonymous author called *Narada*. Lord Krishna has said that among the Vedas, He is the *Sama Veda*. The great *Ravana* who, incidentally, came to a bad end, is supposed to have won the favours of Siva by reciting the *Sama Veda*. A tradition has thus grown up which traces Indian music to the *Saman* chant. It is a wise saying that one should not seek the origins of a river or a sage. The original sound which started Indian music on its long career is not a matter of great importance. One may accept the *Saman* theory, first for want of a sufficiently plausible alternative, and second because of its utter "unrelationship" to the music of the present day, whether it be the leisurely rumblings of the North Indian *ustads*, or the gnarled and tortured elaborations of the Southern 'vidwans' or the common or garden effervescence of the celluloid constellation. What one should object to, however, is the attempt of persons actuated by an undiscerning patriotic impulse, masquerading as musical faculty, to find great music in the *Sama Veda* itself. The *Saman* chants are mostly Rig Veda verses sung at the time of Soma sacrifice. While it will be flippant to suggest that the inebriating Soma juice would have been sufficient to convert a recitation into a musical chant, it would be legitimate to point out that the *Saman* chant did not always command blind reverence. *Manu* has stated (Chapter IV, Verse 124) that the *Sama Veda* has an impure sound. He has not explained whether the impurity is ceremonial or just vocal, but it would not be unreasonable to assume that he must have felt grieved by the addition of "Hoos" and "Has" to perfectly intelligible *Rik* verses. A more recent writer has observed that "the *Sama Gana* paid little attention to the grammatical structure of the sentence and the logical order of words, that the *Riks* were badly harnessed into

the service of the melody, and that the words were mutilated beyond recognition." This point of mutilation of words beyond recognition may be considered as internal evidence of *Sama Veda* being the origin of Indian music. for it is a tradition that has been faithfully followed down to the present day. In the villages of South India there did develop an iconoclastic point of view that the *Sama Veda* could best be utilised for scaring away crows, but it was mentioned only in whispering humbleness. At best, the *Sama Veda* may be said to be the seed of Indian music, not to be confused with the tree.

Even this statement requires to be qualified in view of the elaborate musical technique that appears to have developed in the South. The Tamils who are rather touchy on the subject of their independent culture, did in fact build up a school of *Iyal* or language, *Isai* or music and *Natakam* or drama, the whole constituting the 'Muthamail' of the Sangam age. One should read the late Abraham Pandithar's scholarly treatise *Karunamrita Sagaram* to realise how the principles underlying the *sruti* intervals and the basis of *raga* formation are expounded in the *Silappadhikaram*. So interesting is this treatise that one is almost tempted to believe that a great deal of the ancient Tamil literature, music and drama have been swallowed by the sea. The grammar of an art may have a single origin. The correspondence between what has been written in the *Silappadhikaram* in Tamil, and what has been written in the *Sangita Ratnakara* in Sanskrit may mean that both expounded, although at long intervals, a common system; or partisans may argue that one was copied from the other; or even that the genius of the race fell independently into a common mould. These are matters of no value except as aids to propaganda. What matters is that with the grammar being the same, form and style can differ, as one witnesses today in the contrast between the American and the English language, and that the forms and

idioms of Carnatic music must necessarily have owed a great deal to the original musical patterns of the Tamils.

It is unprofitable to wade through the mass of musical literature that has been written during several centuries. The nomenclatures given in them are not recognizable and one cannot sing in accordance with those texts but only quote them and indulge in learned disquisitions about the number of *srutis*, the transposition of scales, the disappearance of the *Gandhara Grama* and such like pun-ditry

"So with the throttling hands of
Death at strife,
Ground he at grammar
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech
were rife."

Curiously, while one speaks of tradition or *sampradaya* and the need for following it, one is apt to forget that very few of the songs current today are more than two hundred years old. The classical *dhruvad* of Upper India took shape during the Moghul period and most of the pieces sung are in a dialect of the United Provinces called *Brij Bhasha*. The less rigorous but more embellished combinations of folk song and court music, the *Kheyals*, *Thumris*, and *Thappas*, are of even more recent origin. Barring a few songs of Purandara which are simple and elementary in form almost all the *kritis* that are sung today in the South were composed by three great men who lived about one hundred years ago. The violin which is universally played as an accompaniment at concerts, is a foreign instrument. There is no one living who can interpret the music of ancient or even medieval India. All that can be said is that the *raga* tradition may have had a continuous history, though the songs themselves are not old. One has no quarrel with this view, but one desires to emphasise that in enthusing about India's musical heritage, it would be a sobering corrective to remember that the music of the present day, in the songs sung, in style, and in concert practice is a lately constructed superstructure on foundations which, at best, are buried too deep to be recognizable or felt.

And in spite of many fundamental

similarities, the cleavage between the music of the North and the South appears to maintain an unchanging *status quo* in its capacity to please its respective votaries. The later writers on classical music were mostly, if not all, from the South and yet while Carnatic music has freely borrowed *ragas* and tunes from the North, Hindustani music has held aloof from Southern influence. The North Indian is appalled at the marathon grinding of the Southern vocalists, the dull uniformity of their tempo, the triangular and sometimes pentangular combats of the platform, each more violent than the other, with tufts flying, and thunderous beatings of the hands, the divorce from the drone, and the mere manipulation of scale combinations. The South Indian is contemptuous of the merely pretty pretty superficialities of Hindustani music, fit for the playtime of princes but not for a sustained concert, the absence of notational correctness, the fanciful but ungrammatical flights, the inaesthetic typewriting of the purely instrumental music, and the absence of an adequate time measure technique. There is truth as well as mistake in both these points of view. It should, however, be stated straight-away that no one set of people are fit to judge the nature and extent of the emotional appeal of any music other than their own. The conscious and intelligent understanding of an art is different from the spontaneous reactions produced by it. This is true of all arts, but is particularly valid in respect of music, which has nothing in nature to hold the mirror up to, being a pure creation of the mind, dying and being born at every attempt. It is not possible to explain why a particular combination of sounds should evoke pathos and another combination love, like the *ragas Nilambari* and *Khamas* respectively; or why one *raga* should be pleasing early in the morning and another in the evening, like *Bhoopalam* and *Ananda Bhairavi* respectively; and this only to those who have been bred up in the land of these tunes; no more than it is possible to explain the delectable taste of the South Indian *rasam* to an even willing foreigner who starts to shed tears at its first impact. There is much that the two

schools of music have to learn from each other, but it would be wrong to condemn either for want of emotional appeal which is an aspect of aesthetics that cannot be transplanted. Hence the need for the forms of each developing in their own way, and the musical disadvantage of experts of one school trying to sing the songs of the other. The late Abdul Karim Khan, a great musician of the North, used to attempt a few *krithis*. He mutilated them and beat them out of shape. A tyro from the South could have done better. Several South Indian musicians attempt, towards the later part of the concert, a few Hindustani tunes. South Indian audiences often quote these attempts as examples of the facility with which Southern artists can master Hindustani technique. This is far from being the truth. Apart from the fact that *bhajans* and *kirtans* are not the mainstay of Hindustani music, the succinct and unadorned rendering of a piece, which to the North Indian musician is the verbal and tonal framework of a complicated elaboration, is nothing more than an earnest but mild caricature. Synthesis between the two schools should be arrived at in a more rational manner.

A word about music criticism. Music is afflicted with more critics than any other art. Persons who are silent in picture galleries, and think twice before essaying opinions on poetry or sculpture, will expound with authority what they think of a particular music concert. A common preface to such exposition is a conceited apology that they do not know much of the technique of music but that they like good music and can recognise it when they hear it. This is just another way of saying that whatever they like is good music. Another type of critic is the "jargon fiend" who uses words to conceal and not clarify an idea, and thinks that expressions like architectonics, tonal values, virtuoso, enharmonic and chromatic scales, diatonic series, transpositions, quarter tones, commas, symphonic qualities, tetrachords, fundamental tonics, and such like abracadabra are the sinews of the critic's war on an unsuspecting public. A third type of critic suffers from grammatical knowledge and talks all the time of *srutis* and of

vibration intervals in terms of fractions and equations, and is more concerned with the fact that one *gandhara* is 362/242 of its base than that it is a pleasing tone and an integral part of a *raga*. A yet more pernicious type is the "bilingual pedagogue" who indulges in sentences like "The exposition of the *Raga Kalyani* at the *Anthara Gandhara* and *Prati Madhyama* lacked *sruti suddha* but the *Tara Sthayi* alapana was characterised by a pleasing *vinyasa* in the *Samvadi swaras*, the *Vivadis* being absent, and the *Anuvadis* just coming in for *Alpa prayoga*," which means that the musician sang better in the higher notes than in the lower. Most recent of all there has come into existence the bright boys, superior, cynical, self-assured, casual, taking music criticism in their stride along with cricket, with ability to turn a phrase neatly, who think that the views of the majority are wrong and proceed to indulge in scathing attacks on accepted favourites and use hard words in order to break bones. They rush in where angels fear to tread, trample on the subject, jump on it, light a fire with it and dance round it with savage glee. The feeling that a combination of intemperate language and an unusual point of view is a sufficient substitute for experience and the humility born of knowledge is the prerogative of the adolescent mind, and as long as the public take these young men less seriously than they take themselves, not much harm will be done. The critic should be neither a frustrated artist nor a cantankerous grammarian, nor a hydrocephalic and young ignoramus, but a constructive analyst who writes plain and intelligible prose, who is proficient in the technique of the art but does not allow technicalities to obtrude and who indulges neither in needless severity nor cheap hyperbole. He should respect the art and its exponents, for the critic is, in any event, of a lesser order of being than the artist. Informed professional criticism helps art. It is also an essential branch of journalism. It is a sad feature of Indian music that it has not become socially and culturally important enough to enable such a profession to develop.—(To be continued).

MY LOST EVEREST

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

WE have lost a mountain, do you know that? Nobody seems much perturbed over it. In fact it is astonishing and sad how few people even seem to have realised it. When people get together in our club the first thing they say to each other is how far the Communists have come into Tibet. And then they try to guess what they will do next. But not one of them says: My God, we have lost Everest. I said it yesterday and everybody looked at each other as if I had made a *faux pas*.

You would think people would have a sense of proportion. Everybody made such a fuss about where the Sutlej and the Jhelum were to flow and who was to get how much water from them. There was even talk of taking the wrangle to the U. N. But nobody says a word about Everest. After all, what is a river but a lot of water. We Indians, if it comes to that, are practically surrounded by the wretched stuff. But a mountain—that is different.

How is it different, says Mr. Sivaprasad, the retired professor of economics who is seventy-two if a day and still thinks the world is a mathematical equation and that most people live by bread alone. He has no sense of proportion. The others are alright in their way. And our club is a nice club. Nothing much gets done there, it is true, but if you spend an hour or so in it of an evening you can hear all the latest news from the American position in Korea to the trouble our District Collector's daughter had during her third *accouchement*. We have a swimming pool too though nobody swims in it actually. We have a reading room with brand-new shelves full of old classics and Mr. Iyer, our secretary who is a good man if a little conservative, keeps the room locked most of the time for fear the shelves should get dusty or the glass panes broken. We have a few uppity members who kick up a row from time to time and insists on having all the doors opened and all the journals and papers kept on the table in a row. And when that is done they just glance at

the magazines and say they are three weeks old and where are the new ones. What they don't realise is that poor Mr. Iyer isn't really inefficient. He is just good and when he opens the weekly post at home and a grandson or nephew runs away with one of the magazines he just hasn't got the heart to snatch it from him and make the poor little fellow cry. To my way of thinking it is more important that a respectable club like ours should have a good man as secretary than a man who is merely efficient and can keep magazines on a table in a row. After all, there is such a thing as prestige.

As I was saying, it is not a club which ups and gets talked about in the society columns but it is just a nice club. There is a long, cool verandah at the back which is full of deep, wide arm chairs and you can take a lot of rest there if you felt like it. You can get a hot cup of coffee too if the bearer is there. Of course sometimes the bearer is not there when wanted and then you have to wait a little while he comes up and lights the oven and puts the kettle on it and then goes in search of the cow for the milk, all of which takes some time. But as I have already said it isn't one of those posh places where you order something and before you have time to wonder if there is enough money in your purse to pay for it, there it is on the table piping hot. Our club is like home. Everything takes time. But the atmosphere is restful, unlike home. Major Sastri, for instance, says he comes there in the evening to get away from his grandchildren for an hour or two. It just shows, I mean, how restful it is. There are members of course who come into the club swinging racquets and play a noisy, boisterous game of tennis and go away after drinking a lot of lemonade. No fun in it really. Old Doctor Swaminathan—he isn't old really, just turned sixty-six, a lot of us are older—says it is terrible what this new-fangled notion of drinking lemonade does to the throat. He says he gets a cold just looking at these reckless young

fellows pouring them down the companion way.

There are some smarties about town who call us the lying-about club. People will be malicious. Just because we aren't up and trying to set the world right. But you should see us when we get really worked up over something, like politics. The bearer gets aches all over his legs bringing us all the coffee we want at those times and the cow, which is a good cow and very obliging, gets milked so dry she has to lie down and take nourishment before she can do anything else.

Temperers are apt to fly off the handle too as they did yesterday for instance when the talk turned on Tibet. The trouble is people don't have a sense of proportion.

Tibet, as everybody knows, is a tableland which means it is shaped like a table, of course.

"One of its legs is on India," said Mr. Sivaprasad, "the other is on China, a third is on Mongolia...."

"Don't be absurd," I said, "there is no such country as Mongolia. They did something with it after the last war, I don't remember what. Burned it down or gave it a new name or something."

"There is no place where the fourth leg could be" reflected Major Sastri.

"The fourth," I enlightened him, "rests on Mount Everest."

What worried everybody was what the next move of the Communists was.

"Once the Communists occupy Tibet...." began Mr. Mudaliar whose son owns more clothes shops in the city than he owns clothes.

"That will take time," Mr. Sivaprasad assured him. "The ethnographic area of Tibet is about 7,00,000 sq. miles."

"What area?" said Major Sastri.

"The land area" said Mr. Sivaprasad patiently. He is always using big words and having to explain their meanings later.

"Not including the mountains," I said.

"They can have all the mountains they want," said Mr. Sivaprasad generously, "as long as they leave South-east Tibet to the Tibetans."

"Not if I have anything to say about it," I said warmly. "They can take anything but not Everest."

"What do you suppose they would want to do with Tibet once they get it?" Mr. Mudaliar wanted to know. "It is a barren, poor country. I wouldn't take it if they gave it to me on a silver plate."

"Why should they give it to you on a silver plate?" Dr. Swamy asked anxiously burying his moustache in his second cup of coffee.

"I said I wouldn't take it" explained Mr. Mudaliar, "even if they gave it to me on a silver plate."

"Who is giving you a silver plate?" asked Major Sastri absent-mindedly.

"The Tibetans," I told him.

"Why should the Tibetans give Mr. Mudaliar a silver plate?" he then wanted to know.

"They don't use silver plates there" Dr. Swamy put in. "They use mud pots and plates."

"I told you" said Mr. Mudaliar triumphantly, "It is a poor country. What can the Communists do with it, I want to know."

"The place is too cold" said Dr. Swamy. "There are going to be more deaths from pneumonia within the next few months than from bullets, you take my word for it."

"Do you know," I said, "rain pours down the Indian side of the Everest throughout the year but the Tibetan side is absolutely dry?"

"Once the Communists get Tibet," said Mr. Sivaprasad, "they will have a foothold into most of the South-East Asian countries. They can cross over into India any time they want."

"Not unless they are supermen," I pointed out. "Do you know nobody has yet climbed the Everest?"

"Tibet has nothing to give them except a little barley and wool and musk" said Mr. Mudaliar.

"You forgot to mention the Everest," I told him. "They will get Everest, twenty-nine thousand one hundred and forty-five feet and the highest mountain in the world. What is a little musk compared to the Everest?"

"You talk" said Major Sastri, "as if the Everest is your mountain."

WHO'S WHO IN EASTERN EUROPE

By ELISABETH BARKER

ONE somehow tends to think of an East European Communist leader as someone drained of colour and individuality, a rigid and inflexible automaton, blindly and unquestioningly carrying out orders. There is a certain element of truth in this conception. Most of the upper ranks of the Communist hierarchy are certainly good at carrying out orders—they have to be to stay in the hierarchy—though perhaps not always without inner questioning. And it is likely that since these orders are so often contradictory or even incomprehensible, the men and women who execute them must in some way have stunted or warped their personalities to achieve unfailing obedience. But the present generation are very far from colourless or characterless. They are mostly striking and forceful people.

Here are some of the leading Communists of Europe today.

Rumania

Ana Pauker: Rumania's Foreign Minister is perhaps the best known Rumanian Communist, and is the only woman Communist who has managed to keep top rank. Madame Pauker was born 56 years ago. She belonged to a middle-class intellectual family; her father was a rabbi in Moldavia (he is now settled in Palestine). To judge by the present, Ana Rabinsohn must have been a beautiful girl, if rather severe and alarming. She studied medicine in Hungary and Switzerland, became a school-teacher, but gave up her career for political work. She first joined the Social Democratic Party, and later, when she was 27, the newly formed Rumanian Communist Party. She spent the years between the wars either in exile, or working illegally in Rumania, or in a Rumanian gaol. She married a Swiss engineer, Marcel Pauker, who was later liquidated as a Trotskyist in the Soviet Union. She is also said to have formed close friendships with the prominent Communists, Thorez and Manuilsky. She spent the war

years in Moscow broadcasting war propaganda. She is now one of the first five Communists in Rumania; rumours that she is deviating towards nationalism have never been confirmed.

Emil Bodnaras: Rumania's Minister of Defence is a very different type from Ana Pauker, and therefore more typical of the leading Communists of Russia. He is about ten years younger than she; he is of Ukrainian peasant origin, but has acquired a great air of sophistication and worldliness and tries to exert a rather obvious and slick type of charm and good looks. Perhaps this comes from his early career as a junior officer in the Rumanian Army, from which, after joining the Rumanian Communist Party, he deserted about 18 years ago. He went to Russia, returned to Rumania, was imprisoned, escaped, and spent eight years in Moscow before coming back to Rumania in 1944. Today he controls the much-purged Rumanian armed forces, and probably also the secret political police which he formed soon after the war.

Bulgaria

Only a few months ago, Bulgaria had three internationally known Communist leaders, one outstanding economist, and one comic hero. Now the first three are dead: the veteran revolutionaries, Georgi Dimitrov and Vasil Kolarov, apparently from natural causes, Traicho Kostov hanged as a traitor. The economist, Stefanov, is serving 25 years' imprisonment. The comic hero, Debro Terpeshev, has just been expelled from the Politburo. Now the most powerful man in Bulgaria is undoubtedly Chervenkov.

Vulko Chervenkov: So far Bulgaria's Premier has been little known to the outer world, except perhaps as Dimitrov's brother-in-law. Forty-nine years old, he is obviously a highly skilled political organizer and an orthodox Stalinist theoretician. This is not surprising: after taking part at the age of 23 in the Bulgarian Communist rising of 1923, he spent most of the next 21 years in Moscow, study-

"Of course it is ours" I said. "It has belonged to us for ages. Why, we can see it from Darjeeling."

"If you stand on the Eiffel Tower" retorted the Major, "you can probably see the Alps but that doesn't make them French mountains."

"Whoever it belongs to," said Dr. Swamy, "it is of no use to anybody. It is absolutely uninhabitable."

"You don't know the Communists," I said. "Within a year they will have collective farming on the upper slopes. Within two years they will raise a statue of Stalin on the top. And the next year they will tell everybody they made Everest."

"People don't make Everests," said Major Sastry. "Everests make people."

"Communists," I said, "are not people. They are the new reformers of the world, the nucleus of the new race which is going to fill the earth in a couple of generations."

"But, my dear Sir," said Mr. Sivaprasad in an exasperated voice, "even the new rulers of the world have to eat to live."

"Who knows," I said, "what lies under the rocks of the Everest if you dig deep enough? Our saints who lived in the Himalayan caves, what did they eat?"

"They ate pure air," said he calmly. "And they lived to be amazing little old men with faces like stunned wooden dolls too cheap for expression."

"I don't think there would be any trouble about food," said Mr. Mudaliar. "The Communists could start a brisk trade with the gold, copper and iron that is in the east Tibetan forests."

"You are being unduly pessimistic," said Mr. Iyer, our secretary, who had joined us a few minutes earlier. "The Tibetans are Buddhists. And Buddhist belief in the transmigration of souls and the theory of Karma is not compatible with Communist democracy. To them the equality of all men is unthinkable."

"Communism" said the Major, "has nothing to do with religious belief. It is a social pattern of life."

"If Nepal agrees to help Tibet," suggested Mr. Sivaprasad, "and if India agrees to help Nepal, the Communists don't stand a chance. They have to run again all the way back to China."

"They will try to hide among the hills," said Dr. Swamy, "and catch pneumonia and die."

"What hills?" I said. "They can't hide on the Everest, that is certain."

"Do you own any property about the Everest, may I ask?" asked Mr. Sivaprasad pointedly.

"Oh no," I said shocked. "Nobody owns Everest. God owns it."

"Well!" said he explosively, as if the wind had suddenly been taken out of his sails, "are you a mountain climber, if I may ask?"

"Not exactly," I said modestly, "I have climbed a hill or two, of course."

"I climbed a bit of the way up the Alps," said Major Sastry, "thirty years ago."

"That is nothing," I said. "The highest Alpine peak is only half the height of the Everest."

"The Everest" said Mr. Sivaprasad, unaccountably beginning to lose his temper, "isn't heaven?"

"Have you read James Cousins' poem on how the mountains came to be?" I asked him. "A mountain is proof that the spirit of the earth burns towards heaven."

"You are mixing up volcanoes and mountains" he said unimaginatively. "A mountain," said the Major unexpectedly taking up the cudgels on my behalf, "is a lure and a challenge to the spirit of man."

"Sastry," said Mr. Sivaprasad leaning forward, "you talked exactly that way about women thirty years ago."

The Major retired discreetly behind his nth cup of coffee.

"Talking of women," said Mr. Iyer, "my wife has promised to break a coconut to Tirupati Venkateswara if the Communists don't infiltrate into India and cause fresh trouble."

"The Tirupati Hill is nothing," I said. "A child can climb it. It is all mostly steps anyway. You can hardly see the hill for the steps. But if you stand in Darjeeling, which is itself seven thousand feet high and look north, you have to look up at the Everest. That is pretty high."

"Well!" exploded Mr. Sivaprasad for the second time noisily pushing back his chair. "You would think a man would have a sense of proportion!"

Which is exactly what I said at the very beginning. You understand what I mean?

ing Marxist dialectics and teaching in the Lenin Academy. So, he has spent most of his adult life in Russia. Since he returned to Bulgaria in 1944, he has gradually but surely moved up, eliminating all possible rivals.

Anton Yugov: Although Bulgaria's Minister for Industry is nine years younger than Chervenkov, he belongs more to the older revolutionary tradition. He has a flashing smile under a flowing black moustache, flashing black eyes, is loquacious, and, though much feared as Minister of the Interior until last summer, can be very amiable. He is said to have spent two years only in Moscow, in the thirties. During the war, he took a directing part in the Bulgarian partisan movement, and in the early years of the new Bulgaria he looked a likely candidate for the highest office in Bulgaria. But Chervenkov outstripped him, and Yugov seems to have been losing ground lately. Some people think an indictment of nationalist deviation is hanging threateningly over him.

Hungary

Matyas Rakosi: Hungary's Vice-Premier clearly belongs to the revolutionary generation. He is 60 years old, and grew to manhood under the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, with all its complexities and ambiguities. He joined the Hungarian Communist Party at its birth, and quickly acquired prominence in the international Communist movement. But his Communist work brought him 15 years in a Hungarian prison, which was ended in 1940 by a Soviet-Hungarian deal in which he was exchanged for Hungarian battle-flags captured by the Russians in 1849! After directing Soviet propaganda to Hungary during the war, he returned home in triumph and took up the position of leader of the Hungarian Communist Party. Later, after successive purges of the Government coalition, he became Prime Minister, too.

Erno Gero: Hungary's Minister of State is very different—a thin, gaunt, reserved, remorseless man, with the face of a fanatic. Fifty-two years old, he spent upwards of 20 years of his adult life in Russia. He is thus thoroughly Moscow-trained, trained particularly in the technique of political and economic organization. He is extremely efficient; after the war

he directed Hungary's surprisingly rapid economic recovery. He took part in the Spanish Civil War, but this doesn't seem to be a black mark against him, as it was against Rajk. In fact, he is reputed to be the Hungarian most trusted by Moscow today.

Czechoslovakia

Rudolf Slansky: As Secretary-General of the Czechoslovak Communist Party he is probably the most powerful man in the country, except perhaps for one or two shadowy characters who seldom appear in public. Slansky is a quite, studious and retiring man. Now nearly 50, he has spent the whole of his adult life in Communist work, and is one of the relatively few Czechoslovak Communists who are thoroughly Moscow-trained. Surviving the various internal squabbles and purges inside the Party in the twenties, he achieved high rank and represented the Czechoslovak Party at the important 1935 Comintern Congress.

Poland

Jakob Berman: This powerful Polish Communist is a man of rather the same sort. He is quiet, reserved, an orthodox Communist theoretician, but has rather surprisingly been described as 'very human.' Forty-eight years old, he comes from a middle-class Jewish family of Warsaw. As a young man, he studied law and practised journalism; as a Communist he was arrested several times under the Pilsudski regime. He spent most of the war in Russia, and helped to form the Soviet-sponsored 'Union of Polish Patriots.' After the war, as a member of the Polish Politburo, he became the brains and perhaps also the driving force behind President Bierut.

Albania

Enver Hoxha: Since the break between the Cominform and Yugoslavia, Albania's 41-year-old Prime Minister holds the most exposed and isolated post of any East European Communist leader. He has no contact with Russia or the Cominform countries except by sea or air. But he is used to danger; he was the leader of the Albanian partisan movement during the war—a movement which, in relation to its size, was remarkably efficient. At that time he was Tito's disciple; now, he says ruder things about Tito than almost anyone.—NNF.

2000 A. D. AS AMERICAN EXPERTS SEE IT!

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Women will be more than six feet tall, wear size 11 shoes and have muscles like truck drivers—in the year 2000.

That's the way American authorities size up the weaker sex of the 21st century.

We'll have flying suburbs, a 30-hour week, three-dimensional colour television and fewer farmers, too, according to the prognostication.

As the world moves down the stretch of the 20th century, on the brink of a war which would be more devastating than any in history, the AP men declare:

Judging from the past and trends of the present, many millions of persons alive today will live to see a peaceful, prosperous, healthy year 2000 with a free, democratic U. S. leading the way.

Here are some of the predictions:

Although the lady of the future will have shoulders like a stevedore, she will be "perfectly proportioned." More than ever, she will be doing man's jobs.

Of course, she will find it convenient to wear slacks more often, but the dress, as we now know it, will not be abandoned.

She will go in for all kinds of sports, probably competing with men athletes in football, baseball, boxing and even wrestling. (That could pose some possibilities.)

She will be in high places in business, industry and government. Some 21st century woman may even be President.

There may be vertical cities and here's where those flying suburbs come in. Everything will be so automatic that a whisper into an anteroom may be able to open the window or start the coffee.

City dwellers will loll in the sun on individual balconies high above the treetops in apartment houses. Heat will be tapped from "the bowels of the earth" and so will refrigeration to cool the old homestead.

By 2000 women will have an 80-year life expectancy and men 75.

Passenger airplane travel will be as widely accepted as auto travel today. De Luxe flights will cruise at 1,000 miles an hour, so it will be possible to fly around the world in about a day.

Combination auto-planes will have been perfected.

Some movies may be dome-shaped, with ceiling and walls arched together like the sky. Most of the action will seem to come from above or behind you.

The one-room schoolhouse will be practically non-existent. There will be more emphasis on arithmetic and science subjects.

Television will be so realistic that it will appear that the performers are standing right next to you. Radio broadcasting will disappear because everyone will want to see what's going on.

Radio will turn into a strictly communications device.

Television telephones will be in use. Every civilian will have his own walking telephone—a gadget which will be carried around in a container no bigger than a man's wallet.

There will be 200,000,000 people in the U. S. (as compared with the present 150,000,000). Through use of better plants and animals, improved fertilizers and other scientific advances, it should be possible for farmers to produce future crop needs on less land.

There'll probably be a need for fewer farmers, too, although those who stay on the land can expect greater security than before.

History students of the year 2000 will look back on the present century as a period of blood and money, blood because of World War III, and money representing the material resources of the western world. More important, though, will be the recognition of the U. S. as a new world unifying power.

The position of the U. S. will grow out of its willingness to base its rela-

tions with other nations on a community of interests—on a base of international brotherhood and cooperation.

World War III will have grown out of the exact opposite attitude of the Soviet Union.

By 2000 "some sort" of world federation should have taken real form, with the U. S. spearheading the movement.

How will the U. S. be governed 50 years from now?

Perhaps in much the same way as today, with two parties slugging it out and the people free to choose between them. The constitution probably won't undergo any sweeping changes.

There is every reason to believe that the growth of organized labour in the first half of 1950 will continue through the following generations.

At the beginning of the 20th century organized labour was made up of small isolated groups for the most part. Its rise into a coherent social force has come about largely since 1900 and it is still growing.

In the years ahead, labour is likely to win greater support from other forces in American life.

It is safe to assume that many government plans now labelled "socialistic" will be accepted as commonplace in 2000.

And don't be surprised if there's a 30-hour week fixed by law at the turn of the next century.

TV will be a common teaching tool. A new concept of financial support for education will grow up. It will provide about 5 per cent of the national income for education, with federal support.

Vocational education will be extended and educational research for and on behalf of children will be carried out on a wide scale.

Skyscrapers will stage a comeback, but few will go over 50 stories.

Improved lightweight building materials will make replacement of homes or office buildings almost as easy as changing a partition in a building is now.

The first man-made star will be circling around the earth by the year 2000.

Its light will come from reflected sunshine—just like the light

of the moon. This little "planet" is likely to be the first of the space ships. Its practical applications will be numerous.

It could be used to reflect radio signals for scientific study.

Three of those small man-made stars, high enough and evenly spaced around the earth might become relays to serve the entire world with television. It is unlikely that they would be manned. They might get their initial power from the sun's heat.

The atomic age should really be getting under way by 2000.

Atomic energy will be useful where coal and oil are expensive and where water is not available.

Hope is very good for restricting cancer's attack before 50 more years, but not for erasing it entirely from the scene. General public health will be improved and polio probably will be stopped before the next century begins.

Surgery will make great strides.

Three shifts in population, very evident in the past decade, are expected to keep going. They are:

Movement of people from farms to town; from the center of the country to the coasts and the South; and movement of city dwellers to suburbs.

Air war—21st century style—presents a grim prospect.

Distance should have disappeared as a factor in military planning. Air speeds will hit 25,000 miles an hour or more.

"Space platforms" sent out from earth, will end mid-century's Iron Curtain era by bringing the entire world under constant scrutiny.

Guided missiles which will seek out air targets or objects on the ground will be very accurate. They will be launched from air-craft able to stay aloft as long as ships now stay at sea.

"Round One"—the first attack in air war of the future—may be the most crucial one.

Finally, the U. S. industrial and agricultural plant will be able to support 300,000,000 persons in 50 years. Dr. Harold G. Moulton, Brookings Institute president, predicts in his book, "Controlling Factors in Economic Development" that America will spend eight times more for food than it does now.

Short Story

THE PANDIT & THE DANCING GIRL

By S. HANUMANTHARAO

A deep gloom hung over the Pandit's household. The usual chanting of the Veda mantras by the pupils was conspicuously absent that morning and even the servants were not talking above whispers. The awful silence was felt unpleasant and oppressive all over the neighbourhood. Something terrible had occurred in the Pandit's house; the Pandit's son was gone. In striking contrast to the learning and orthodoxy of the father, the son had eloped with a dancing girl.

No one knew where the Pandit himself was. Some said he was weighed down with grief and did not come out of his bedroom; some asserted that he had got up very early in the morning and had gone on a long walk to vent his unbearable sorrow in solitude.

Murlidhar was a youth of just nineteen years, well-built and strong, and had a pleasing look and impressive personality. He was the only son of the Pandit of Jainagar. Born rather late in the life of the parents, he was brought up with great indulgence, and he was not given the sound teaching and hard discipline that had laid the foundation of the Pandit's greatness. Of course during the days when he was young enough to be under the complete control of his father, he had been taught a few Sanskrit verses, and everyone appreciated how soon he could learn them, and how clearly and faultlessly he recited them. Those few years promised a great future for the boy, and the father felt assured that the son would grow up to preserve the name and fame he himself had earned for learning. But as the boy grew older, the rod was spared and the child was spoilt. Even on those rare occasions when the Pandit was chastising the boy, the fond mother would rush in and intercede on the son's behalf. The result was that the boy could do almost anything in the house with

impunity and proved quite a terror to the Pandit's pupils and the children of the neighbourhood. As the years passed on, his youthful, unbridled inclinations led him astray; and as the culmination of his frolics, he ran away with a dancing girl.

Jainagar, though a big town, was one of those ancient conservative places of South India where the advance of civilisation had not rooted out the old institutions. There were a good many families of Deva Dasis residing in that town from time immemorial, most of whom were respectable ladies really devoted to the service of the gods, and preserving the traditions held sacred in their community, and living a nobler life than their descendants of the present day. It is true one or two girls in many of the families had taken to prostitution; but every Deva Dasi was proficient in at least one of the fine arts, while there were many girls who combined great mastery of Sanskrit, music and dancing with personal beauty; one could hardly find a single dancing girl in Jainagar who was living only by prostitution.

Sumathi was a lady belonging to the higher class of dancing girls of Jainagar. She was approaching her fortieth year; but in spite of her age she still retained the signs of her former beauty. She was known to be quite an expert exponent of dancing and music. From the day she attained her age, she was the mistress of a zamindar to whom she bore a daughter, and the story goes that even after his death she kept true to his memory and entertained no other man. She was one of two or three ladies of her caste who had the regard, if it should not be called respect, of the Jainagar public; indeed, she had the unique privilege of occasionally visiting the house of the great Pandit of Jainagar, to pay her respects to him, and take his advice on religious observances.

mon interpretation given to them and showed the arguments usually advanced in respect of them. He took up the queries one by one and began an elaborate discussion of each.

The Pandit of Jainagar listened to two or three of them; and though he remembered having tackled the very same problems, somehow he could not recollect the arguments for and against them. He felt all his learning had vanished from his brain. There appeared an absolute blank in his head, and his eyes began to swim around. He could not raise his head and look the speaker in the face. This was the day of his defeat, he thought, and he sent up a silent prayer to God to save him by some miracle. Someone hissed behind him. He wondered if he was betraying on his face his inner feelings and if the people were already mocking at him. He tried to look about him without lifting his head. He found that a number of persons were looking at a window, and turning in that direction, his eyes met the most hateful sight he could ever tolerate, in the shape of his own son sitting in the outer sill of the window. He cursed his fate that the inevitable fall that was in store for him should occur in the presence of his son. He knew it could be the work of no one else but God that his wicked son, who had run away years ago so shamefully, should return just this day to witness his ignominy. He had been completely occupied with these depressing thoughts so long that when he forced his attention on what the Lion was roaring about, he found to his dismay that the tenth and last question was in progress. He had but minutes to count.

The great Lion of Learning stopped. The audience breathed and felt at ease. There was a big applause and some confusion. The challenge had been thrown down and all wondered who would pick it up.

The Swami was about to speak and the audience resumed their silence. "We have great pleasure in expressing our supreme satisfaction at the lucid exposition we have all heard. The problems raised are of universal interest and unusual difficulty, and before we ask our *Asthana Vidwan*, the

Pandit of Jainagar, to take up the answering, we call upon any one else in this assembly who may feel inclined and able to say a few words on the subject under discussion."

There was silence again and everybody looked at everybody else. All eyes were suddenly attracted towards the doorway. Murlidhar, the great Pandit's son, was coming towards the centre of the hall. Every one made way for him. Some one asked in whispers what this fellow could have to do in a place like this, which was so foreign to his very nature. Another wanted to ask him to clear out and go to his dancing girl's house but did not feel he was big and bold enough to say it loudly in the presence of so many. Meanwhile Murlidhar had gone and prostrated before His Holiness, and getting up he begged permission to say a few words. The Swami granting it, he then turned towards his father, touched his feet, yes, touched his feet, may be for the first time in his life, and begged to be permitted a little time for a few words in praise of what the Lion had just now discussed. The father instinctively jerked back his feet, as if loth to be touched by one so hateful and something escaped from his lips which even the next man did not hear. Murlidhar took it as the permission he wanted, and stood up to speak.

"I am thankful to His Holiness and to my illustrious father for the kindness they have shown me in allowing me a little time, and I assure you that I will not misuse the privilege and tire you by my harangue. The topics touched upon by the Lion of Learning are so interesting and have been so clearly discussed that even a layman like myself feels able to grasp their significance."

All eyes were turned on Murlidhar while he spoke. Since he was last seen in Jainagar, he had grown up into a stalwart tall man, fair in complexion and robust in build of body. There was a fascinating lustre in his eyes and everyone was struck with his magnetic personality.

He took up a general survey of all the ten questions proposed by the Lion, and indicated a certain contradiction between some of them, a few of the later ones themselves offering

a negative answer to the first two. He showed how the questions could be made stronger from the point of view of the Lion himself. He then began to reply to the questions thus reinforced by his own additions. Then followed an eloquence that was rare indeed and an exposition of the principles of all the Shastras, supported by numerous quotations indicating an analytical and comparative study of a number of works and commentaries. A distinguishing feature of Murlidhar's discourse was that even the difficult problems were explained in non-technical language so easily that even the laymen understood a good part of the subjects dealt with. The ten questions were done thread bare and the fallacy in some of them exposed, so that the Lion not only got an answer for his questions but also learnt how to put the whole subject so as to be understood by those who are ordinarily not possessed of any study.

Tears of joy trickled down the eyes of the Pandit of Jainagar to witness this noble son of his, bringing him not only deliverance from the awkward plight he had been dreading for a long time past, but also the happiness of the assurance that all the fond hopes and ambition he once entertained in respect of his son had come true.

Murlidhar continued, "It is my great fortune that just at the time when I returned to my own home town, I have been blessed with the chance of meeting such a great vidwan as the Lion of Learning, the like of whom I have not seen anywhere in my tours through North India. I am sure you all agree with me when I say that he combines great scholarship and unusual powers of controversy. The honour and the praise he invariably gets wherever he goes are richly deserved. But with great respect, I wish to add one word of advice, and request the Lion to take it in the true spirit in which it is offered. When the Lion finds himself surrounded by pandits of less learning and ability, it becomes his greatness not to disgrace them all by haughty and offending words and thus wound their feelings. I know the Lion is doing it, not wilfully, taking pleasure in others' discomfiture, but only because nobody has taken it to his notice."

The Lion, completely vanquished, said a few words suited to the occasion, acknowledging in no doubtful words his defeat at the hands of Murlidhar. The Swami congratulated the Pandit of Jainagar on his being blessed with a son so learned, who saved him the trouble of fighting down the Lion. Just as the Swami concluded his speech, a woman appeared at the door of the hall and begged to be permitted to say a few words. It was Sumati herself, and the Swami allowed her to come a little nearer the centre of the hall. She submitted a bundle of account books and told her story in a few words. When she found that the attachment between Murlidhar and her daughter grew strong and that the son of the great Pandit did not pay any attention to his studies, the great reverence she had for the Pandit of Jainagar prompted her to do something in the matter. She understood that no amount of kind words and good advice could bring the youth to realise his responsibility and his duty; she determined therefore to accomplish her purpose by utilising the very force which was weaning him away from his duty. As she could not execute her plans unhampered in Jainagar, she decided to run away with her daughter and her lover. She settled down in Calcutta, rented a big building, and arranged for tutors both for Murlidhar and for the girl who had bewitched him. She made a stipulation that she would allow the pair to be together once a week, only on condition that the respective teachers certified that their pupils had thoroughly studied the assignments of their lessons for the week, so that even if one of the two failed, it would take them a week more to enjoy each other's company. As the girl reciprocated the love of Murlidhar with equal fervour, Sumati was enabled to achieve her purpose. The books, she said, contained a detailed account of every pie and every bit of silver and gold that Murlidhar had presented to her daughter; and an inspection would show further that she had to spend, in addition, all that she could boast of as her own property. As an example, she mentioned that the single item of money paid to the Brahmin cook all those years itself

came to a big amount. The result of her endeavours on the Pandit's son the audience had witnessed, and if the Swami would allow her, she wished to show the effect of her work on the other party. The Swami permitting her, they all witnessed one of the rarest exhibitions of dancing and

music by Sumati's daughter, who was also seen to possess a good knowledge of Sanskrit. It was indeed a red letter day for that ancient place, and the residents of Jainagar even to this day narrate with enthusiastic pleasure the story of the Pandit and the Dancing Girl.

CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT

By S. R. VENKATARAMAN

IN Western countries the co-operative movement is not limited to the economic life of its members alone. It has permeated into their social culture and education as well. In England the co-operative societies are giving liberal financial aid from out of their common good fund for hospitals, convalescent homes, to poor students in the shape of scholarships, for other benevolent institutions engaged in ameliorative work. The life in small industrial towns is enlivened and made bright by the help given by the local co-operative societies to cultural clubs, for concerts and the organisation of gala days. There are societies in England which arrange for holiday-making for their members and provides recreation clubs, libraries, funeral services etc. Co-operative societies in England spend in a year £200,000 or Rs. 30 lakhs.

In America the developments in the co-operative field are still more interesting. The American co-operatives provide health services, medical aid, book clubs, recreational facilities and funeral services for their members. It is said that the co-operative institutions in America are putting the soul into the economic system, by placing "service first and profits second."

In Belgium the co-operative societies provide pension for their members assessed on the volume of their purchases. Free grant of bread to unemployed and sick members. Comprehensive medical help in a well equipped hospital, payment of maternity and death benefits are some of the other services rendered by the Belgian co-operative societies. "It is a shining example of what co-operation can contribute to the various causes of

the workers in terms of emancipation."

Danish co-operation has many outstanding features which are worth knowing and emulating. "The profits of the co-operative institutions, once made, are not distributed merely for the private benefit of the members, but for a variety of praise-worthy social purposes," like the promotion of education, running of a co-operative theatre. In the province of Saskatchewan in Canada, co-operative community halls have been organised.

The examples of the Western countries mentioned above have opened the eyes of our own Governments and co-operators. The Reserve Bank of India in its review of the co-operative movement in India for the last two years stressed the necessity for broadening the basis of the co-operative societies in India and converting all credit societies, wherever possible, into what are called multi-purpose societies. The Madras Government have taken up this suggestion and have converted several rural credit societies into multi-purpose societies. The Registrar in his review of the co-operative societies for the year 1948-49 says that 1271 village credit societies purchased and sold agricultural and domestic requirements of agriculturists to the tune of 188 lakhs. Some of these societies supply agricultural requisites, collect and sell milk, and promote social and recreational activities. The cautious way in which the Co-operative Department is proceeding with the starting of multi-cooperative societies brings out prominently to light, the absence of the necessary conditions in the villages to make the multi-purpose societies a

success. The members of the society in the first instance must have deep faith in and loyalty for their society. They would not, some of them, sell their produce to the society, but to some others for immediate cash or for a higher price. Nor would they, as a matter of religious duty, purchase articles from the society, because they get articles on credit from other shops in the village. Besides, the society must have in stock all articles in sufficient quantity which members require, to choose from. For this a society must be able to command the necessary resources, and this is not possible unless the panchayatdars take the responsibility. But it is a matter for gratification that the Madras Government is keen on starting such societies so that 50 per cent of the villages and 30 per cent of the rural population may be benefitted by such multi-purpose societies.

Just as the village panchayat is the unit of our civic political and administrative organisation, the multi-purpose co-operative society is the unit for our social and economic organisation in villages. Generally a multi-purpose society is expected to deal with the following:

Procuring, grading and storing the village produce.

Processing the articles, such as husking, boiling, etc.

Balanced distribution of the village produce and the imported articles according to the needs of each villager.

Stocking and supplying of agricultural implements and other implements needed by village artisans for carrying on their occupations.

Stocking and supplying of raw materials like cotton, wool, yarn, metal, etc., for local industries.

The Marketing of finished products.

Arranging for the sale or exchange of the surplus village produce for other necessary material goods from outside.

Organisation of important village industries as inter-related co-operative units, so that as far as possible profits and benefits are equitably

shared by the village community as a whole.

Providing-up-to-date technicians with artistic training to village artisans to help and improve their work. (The cost of such instruction and supervision should be borne by Government).

Such multi-purpose societies have been functioning in Uttara Pradesh since April 1947. The results achieved by the U. P. multi-purpose societies are interesting. As a rule no society was registered unless about 70 to 80 per cent of the families in the village joined the society. "During 1947-48 there were 15,894 multi-purpose societies in the U. P. with a membership of 3.85 lakhs and a working capital of Rs. 1.67 crores." The Reserve Bank of India in its review of the co-operative movement in India for the year 1946-48, observes that "the working of these societies shows general improvement in most directions and indicates the shifting of emphasis from the credit to the non-credit side."

The object of the multi-purpose society, is that it must touch every aspect of the villager's life and be in a position to undertake the functions which co-operative societies in Western countries are discharging. Health and medical co-operatives may be started to serve the needs of the middle classes in urban areas and the villagers in rural areas. In Ceylon such co-operative societies have been functioning for the past fourteen years. Here is a field which is virgin and can be exploited by social workers in towns and villages. Again we have to fall back more and more upon the co-operative method for all our social welfare activities such as housing, which is a vital problem so far as the health of the people in towns and villages is concerned. The State Governments, industrialists and individuals can all work in this co-operative field for the creation of a new social order. Those who shoulder the responsibility of building up a new countryside will have the satisfaction that they have done a noble and lasting piece of social work.

OUR UN-INDIAN INDIAN PRESS

By N. V. ESWAR

SPEAKING at the Hyderabad Journalists Conference last year Mr. K. Rama Rao, the veteran Editor, had to sorrowfully complain of Indian papers that "they printed more about foreign sports than about Indian and that they published more news about other countries than their own." There has been a general feeling that Indian papers were becoming foreign in India itself.

The evolution of the Indian press turning into the foreign press in its own land of birth started immediately after World War II began. We then started learning more about what was happening in foreign countries than about what was happening right under our nose here.

We were given lessons in how to kill flies and mosquitoes and how to use disinfectants the foreign way by foreign masters! How Betty Grable's or Esther Williams' legs looked! If an Indian writer had taken the trouble of writing learnedly on these subjects the Indian way, it was treated as trash and thrown into the waste paper basket.

Gradually, the foreign experts came on the scene. Their gibberings were repeated in all the papers and journals as copyright material. Such copyright materials appeared simultaneously in two and more papers of the same town. At times they were even published one week by one paper and repeated the next week by another paper of the same town.

Then came the various Information Services. They supplied and are supplying, quite free, vast quantities of articles and news features covering every aspect of life in their own respective countries. Materials from these sources cover a large part of the reading space in the Indian press.

Apart from this, not a few newspapers and journals lifted articles and

features from foreign publications. Sometimes, there were acknowledgements of the source. Mostly there was no acknowledgement whatsoever. If the Indian press considers this literary pilferage and piracy as a noble nation-building activity, I must say the nation would be better off without the press. This literary piracy would destroy the nation rather than build it up.

Since the cessation of hostilities in Europe, the coverage accorded to foreign material in the Indian press has grown greater in volume. Except for a small quantity of space, the Indian press has turned absolutely foreign in spirit and content. Sometimes a few paragraphs from Government hand-outs do appear in our press giving some scanty details about how certain Government departments are working.

We are interested to know what new crop the Indian farmer is raising; what the Indian social worker and the scientific research worker do and plan to do; what they can do to bring about further progress in the standard of living in the country. We are interested to know the various experiments being conducted both by experts and laymen in the political and social fields. We should know what progress our artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, scholars, actors, etc., have achieved and set before themselves to achieve in the artistic, literary and cultural renaissance of the nation. But the Indian press does not tell us all these.

We do not lack in writers who could keep the nation informed fully on all the aspects of its development. We do have writers who can not only impart information to the layman, but actually inspire him to do things for himself in a grand way. Indeed, but for the inspired writings of such

writers, India would not have lifted herself from the Slough of Despond. But our press does not want these to be heard. They are being relegated to the background.

There are writers today in India whose works epitomise wisdom rarely come across elsewhere. Think of Mr. K. Rama Rao himself. The gallery can be filled with a number of other luminaries. Karaka, Abbas, Kamala Devi, Lohia, Kripalani, Harindranath, Pothan Joseph, Bhat-tacharya, Radhakamal and Radha Kumud Mukerjee are some of the names.

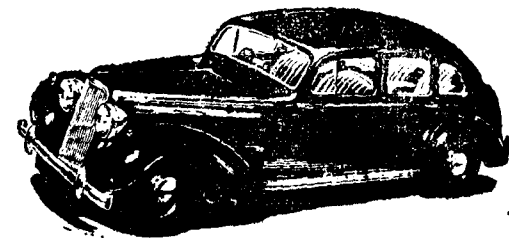
There must be more writers of the above kind to educate and guide the growing Indian generations. But how could they, if the Indian press does not offer encouragement to Indian

writers? How could toddlers stand up if the Indian press does not lend a hand?

Under foreign domination, for 150 years, we were completely shut off from ourselves. By giving importance to foreign news, features and articles covering foreign life by foreign writers, our Indian press is taking us back to the days of foreign rule.

If the Indian press does not stop the process of making us all foreigners in our own country, I do not know where we would be as a nation a decade hence. If newspapers are owned and operated by foreigners in India, we can at least be wary of their subtleties and guard ourselves. With the Indian press completely foreign in spirit and content, there is no way to guard ourselves against its subtlety.

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THE COMMONWEALTH'S FRACTURED KEYSTONE

By ANDREW ROTH

THE British press and radio have for weeks headlined news about the missing Stone of Scone. But it is the condition of another "stone" which seriously threatens to weaken still further Britain's deteriorating world position. It is the broken and half-loose position of the area long known as the "keystone of the Empire": the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent.

The Pakistan Premier's dramatic hesitation act in coming to the Commonwealth Conference has had the effect of spotlighting the fatal weakness in the Commonwealth structure resulting from the uncemented breach between India and Pakistan over Kashmir and other outstanding issues. As Premier Liaqat Ali Khan cabled Mr. Attlee, his country has been spending 78% of its budget on what it considers necessary military expenditures vis-a-vis India and Afghanistan. This makes pipe dreams of the plans of British strategists that Moslem Pakistan would take over British military commitments in the Moslem Middle East. Likewise India cannot afford even the half of its budget expended on defence because of the greater need to finance food purchases for its famine-threatened people.

An even more important structural weakness has emerged in the course of the Conference's first days of surveying the international scene: while the rest of the Commonwealth is being pulled increasingly into the American camp, India is refusing to follow. Australia and New Zealand, under Conservative Governments, have moved in that direction most willingly. Britain, with more reluctance, but under stronger economic compulsion, has followed suit. The result is that the Indian portion of the fractured Indo-Pakistan keystone is threatening—on the diplomatic side at least—to come loose altogether.

The striking contrast between

Pandit Nehru and the other Commonwealth Premiers has emerged most clearly over the question of China. The Conference opened against a background of U. S. pressure to secure support for labelling Communist China as an "aggressor" in the United Nations and to tighten further the economic blockade which the U. S. has successively tightened around China for the last year or more.

In the closed sessions, Pandit Nehru lashed out against the whole American policy vis-a-vis Communist China as unrealistic and unnecessarily provocative. He did not dispute that China might, technically, be considered an aggressor. He agreed that China was a full-blown ally of the U.S.S.R., but disputed that it was a "satellite". But he emphasised, above all, that the emergence of a unified and powerful China under Communist leadership is a revolution in the world's affairs that cannot be suppressed by force any more than the American, French or Russian revolutions. He said that anyone who attempted to intervene militarily in China might be bogged down for decades and even centuries. He repeated with considerable emphasis the Indian position that one of the important preconditions for ending China's military actions is to discuss all Peking's outstanding grievances, including Formosa and the U. N. seat.

Pandit Nehru also distinguished himself from his colleagues by suggesting that the U. S. S. R. has no aggressive intentions for the immediate future. He recommended that the Commonwealth take the initiative for peace and reducing tensions instead of accepting the inevitability of war. He pointed out that India has reduced its arms expenditure and suggested that the diversion of those funds to social betterment would be a constructive method of limiting Communist expansion.

The warmest defence of American policy has come from Messrs. Holland and Menzies, the New Zealand and Australian Premiers. They, while looking askance at the more extreme examples of MacArthurism, have warned that the greatest danger to the non-Communist world is to give even the impression that it is divided. It was even suggested that someone go to Washington from the Commonwealth Conference as a gesture of non-Communist unity. Both the "down under" Dominions have demonstrated that under their Conservative Governments they are moving even more rapidly into the American fold than increased American investments and their dependence for defence on the American fleet would warrant.

Mr. Attlee's talents as a reasonable-sounding conciliator have had their most serious trial at this Conference. In the early stages of the Conference he played a rather silent role after his introductory survey. In this survey he told somewhat more about his Washington visit—including the agreement on a "strategic withdrawal under minimum pressure" from Korea.

Mr. Attlee's difficulties are enhanced by the fact that he has little to offer and much to ask. Although Britain has relinquished Marshall Aid, this is because the "overseas sterling area" (the sterling Dominions represented at the Conference plus Malaya and West Africa) has, in effect, lent Britain about £375 million in 1950. This is the amount of hard currencies earned for the sterling pool less the repayment by Britain in manufactured goods and services.

Britain will be even less able, in 1951, to satisfy the Dominions' import demands than it was in 1950. During the last year even the 9% increase in British productivity was unable to keep pace with the increased export earnings of the Dominions and Colonies. During the coming year British productivity—already hit by the raw material shortages—will slow its accelerations and be increasingly diverted to war production. Therefore the Commonwealth is going to be asked to accept from Britain the consumers' goods it can produce in surplus instead of the machines which they want.

Under these conditions the projected aid to underdeveloped South Asia envisaged in the Colombo Plan is being overtaken by Britain's need for aid from the rest of the Commonwealth. *The Economist* has already suggested that the Dominions foot at least part of the bill for Britain's rearmament effort, preferably in the form of grants. This may be feasible for Australia and New Zealand which are prosperous and have ethnic ties with Britain and have shown an interest in standardising all Commonwealth arms on British models—which would demand a considerable increase in British production. But any attempt to impose any additional burdens on the archaic and over strained economies of India and Pakistan might pulverise that already cracked and half-dislodged keystone.—*Copyright N. P. S.*

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YEAR-END ART FESTIVALS

By E. KRISHNA IYER

THE City art season had come and gone. The last year-end week had more art festivals to its credit than previous years. We had as many as six of them in music and dance. These are but indications of the widespread nature of public enthusiasm and patronage for art nowadays.

If the Music Academy at Mylapore and the Tamil Isai Sangam at St. Mary's Hall had more of music concerts, the Kalakshetra at Adyar, the Indian Institute of Fine Arts at Egmore and the Fine Arts Society at Gokhale Hall put up more of dance shows, the Nataka Kazhagam at Triplicane specialised in dramas and one other Sabha at Thyagaroyanagar had a mixture of all these. In the result the City was drowned in a flood of music, dance and drama that surged for ten days from December 22 to the New Year day. In music and dance we had as many as 60 performances of which 16 were dance shows.

Withal, how far the quality of music was found improved, may be open to doubt. Those which went by the name of major performances, were all given by the routine set of present day top guns of the profession, who have been dominating the platform year after year with little variation in their programmes and modes. There was little evidence of new talent or new styles. It is not as if there is a complete dearth of such highly deserving artistes. It is due to the lack of care and effort on the part of present day organisers of art festivals in general to seek them out and give them a chance. Obsessed as they are, more with pecuniary returns than anything else in the choice of artistes, they hope to realise their expectations only through the routine set of well known musicians and fear loss by bringing in new but highly qualified artistes.

But, as a matter of fact they were disappointed this time in that matter, as those days of luck and boom for the favourite few are gone for good. It is hoped that this at least will open their eyes for the need to tap and bring up new and deserving

talent. However, it was good of the Music Academy at least to have given a chance in its afternoon programmes for a number of talented junior musicians.

Whether there was appreciable improvement in the quality of art or not, there were not wanting prolific advices for it, in the plethora of speeches that poured out from the lips of distinguished persons, who either opened or presided over most of these festivals. That the standard of our music is going down, time-honoured traditions are being given up, the tastes of the public are being vitiated by cheap and hybrid art and so on, were the almost uniform burden and cry of these speeches. But who is to take them seriously or who is to act up to them is the question. There is not much purpose in shoving the whole blame on the music loving masses, whose low tastes are supposed to bring down standards in art. As is the leader so will be the following. If only our platform artistes would reform themselves and keep unflinchingly to high standards, with strength and courage and without stooping down to cater to mixed or lower tastes, and give out only good and enjoyable music, the crowds of *rasikas* also will willingly follow them.

But if only dry and lifeless technique goes in the name of *gnanabhava*, how can the people at large be expected to enjoy it? If exposition of ragas, that form the foundation and glory of Carnatic music, is given decreasing importance for the sake of inordinate *swara* and *tala* displays in galloping tempos, how can our art improve? How can time-honoured and desirable traditions be preserved, if all kritis are converted into *pallavis* and *pallavi* proper is dismissed with scant courtesy?

However, some of the discussions in the Music Academy Conference were interesting. In particular, the lecture and demonstrations of Pandit Rathanjankar relating to raga formation in Hindustani music was of great significance and value. The enjoyable nature, quality and shapeli-

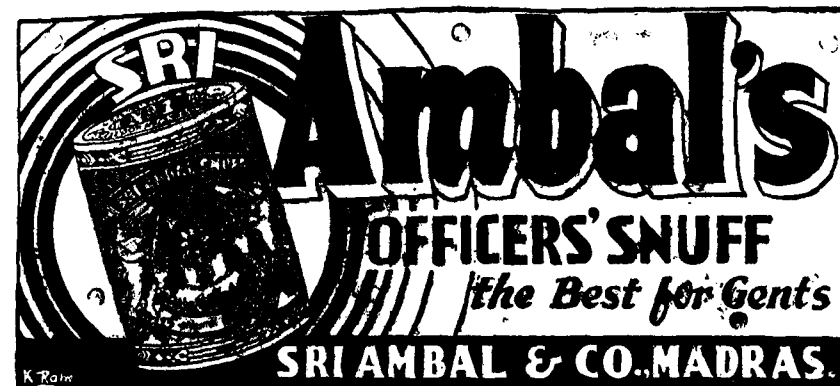
ness of ragas depended, not so much on the scales of their *mela* or *varjya-avarjya*, as on their special ragangas made up of choice groupings of notes and musical phrases and also mode of practice with melodic grace.

The last season was however noteworthy for a desirable turn for the better in the dance field more than in music. Hence it was, that the comparatively smaller number of dance shows overshadowed the large number of music concerts. The former drew also more crowds and gate collections than the latter. It is no use saying that the craze for dance has adversely affected interest in music. As a matter of fact there is not much of sustained and enjoyable art or heart-touching feeling in the music of the present day concert platform, notwithstanding stray exceptions. Dance happens to be a feast for the eyes and ears, mind and heart. Even in these days of declining quality in *abhinaya*, there is something like *bhava* in dance which touches the heart. That why dances are greatly sought after and enjoyed by ever increasing crowds. Moreover, this time, the craze for all sorts of solo *sadir-nautch* of the Devadasi type was found to have subsided, giving rise to a love for ballets or dance-dramas based on the technique of Bharata Natya and Kathakali. It seems to have been realised at last, that Bharata Natya is not exhausted by the hackneyed type of solo *sadir nautch* and that it can have more than one form with dramatic interest also. That was the most noteworthy gain of this season.

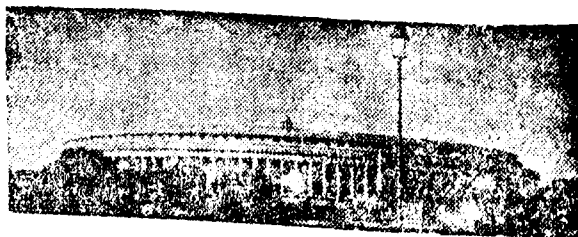
There were five ballets in Bharata

Natya and two in Kathakali. Of all these, the "Kumara Sambhava" of Adyar Kalakshetra was not only the best dance show but also the crowning art event of the season. Even the few solo *sadir-nautch* concerts that were found, were given by well trained experts and held up the art to great advantage. That Kumari Kamala's Bharata Natya was admired by all classes of art lovers including the critical ones of the Music Academy Conference, was proof enough for what has been said above. Balasaraswathy's classically rich *abhinaya* provided yet another proof for it.

Not much purpose can be served by attempting to measure the comparative worth of the various music performances and ranking them as first, second and so on. For one thing, in these days, vidwans with a combination of all the best aspects of real high class music are very rare. Perhaps there are only two such amidst us and both of them are instrumentalists. Of these two, even the one who used to take part in the annual festivals, was not available for the last season. The absence of his art was hence a distinct loss. The art of each of the available musicians of note was appreciable for one or two of its special aspects. In these circumstances, just like a bee, going from flower to flower gathers honey of various qualities, knowing connoisseurs have to be satisfied with the appreciable aspect of each musician's art. We need not go into details about it here, as such comments have already appeared in the day-to-day reviews of the season performances in the daily press.



NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Commonwealth Prime Ministers were certainly not hatching plots to let slip the dogs of war. There is no country in the world which will suffer more by a war than Britain. We in this country have been traditional haters of war. Bevin and Nehru therefore found themselves championing the school of thought which emphasised peace. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are geographically so placed that they are constantly preoccupied with the thought of how not to offend the U. S. A.

When the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers' Conference was held in Colombo exactly a year ago, the U. S. Government wished to participate in the proceedings. Mr. Bevin was terribly indignant at this request, and is believed to have asked whether the U. S. A. wished to join the Commonwealth. I don't blame the U. S. State Department, because they were under the impression that he who pays the piper can call the tune. The Americans thereafter wished to be present at the Conference, or at least wanted to have a detailed account of the proceedings of the Foreign Ministers' Conference every evening. Our Foreign Ministers agreed to none of these suggestions.

The economic position of Britain has greatly improved during the past year; the Commonwealth is therefore much less amenable to American influence now. There are only three entities in this world who want war: (1) Chiang Kai-shek, (2) MacArthur, and (3) a few Republicans. None of these is likely to succeed in prevailing upon the British to enter a war. The conception of the Commonwealth is both great and beautiful—although, of course, some of us still hold that India should have kept out of the Commonwealth. As it is, Nehru has

made a great impression on fellow Prime Ministers, and we smell the perfume of his flowery language in the resolutions emanating from London.

Rajaji has proved to be an ideal opener of Conferences and maker of speeches of thanks. He realises that brevity is the soul of wit. He fills his ten-minute speech with words of wisdom. He does not let his mind wander about while making his speech, because he has at last cultivated the habit of writing out what he wants to say. May Rajaji prove to be an elder statesman in this respect! And may all other Ministers follow his example!

Although he is the author of a Tamil text-book of Physics, Rajaji modestly disclaims knowledge of Dynamics for the sake of a joke. His study of Statics, he said, was more thorough than his study of Dynamics. "That is why I suppose even now I strike dynamic politicians as rather static in my make-up." Our dynamic politician is Jawaharlal Nehru. "Fame and a niche in the temple of history," says C. R., "must come as shadow behind the substance." What some of our engineers of the C. P. W. D. want is a niche in a temple of stone. In order to ensure the niche, they want to build the temple themselves. If an Englishman's home is his castle, the Indian's home is his temple. That is how we explain the fabulous houses built for themselves by some of the C. P. W. D. engineers and their principals who are contractors. Corruption in the Central Public Works Department is staggering in its proportions. They build temples to atone for their sins. A niche in the temple of history is for them a cliché.

The olive sapling from the garden

of Socrates in Greece led Rajaji to reflect that Socrates and Gandhi were almost twin figures. Their love of truth and the manner of their death are common points. But Socrates was essentially a man of reason, while Mahatma Gandhi was a man of faith. Socrates, according to both Xenophon and Plato, was constantly thinking of the problem of Government, of the problem of ensuring that the fittest persons were given positions of power. Mahatma Gandhi never seemed to bother about the abilities of his lieutenants. He only wanted to know whether their hearts were in the right place. They all assured him that they were; and the Mahatma was satisfied. Socrates was a critic of the Government; Mahatma Gandhi during his last days was a justifier of all unpopular Governmental actions. Any man of faith is up against the same kind of trouble. In his last days, the Mahatma seemed to indicate that his faith was misplaced. Another point of difference is that while the Mahatma was a teetotaler, Socrates has hardly ever been surpassed in his capacity to drink.

Retrenchment in Government Departments is causing anxiety to employees in the Secretariat. There will be terrible hardship for a large number of them. It is quite true that the work of the Government can be much more efficiently done by a fifty per cent reduction of staff. But the Government should not chuck them out unceremoniously. Each one of the retrenched staff should be given an alternative job, which may be more useful and more productive. If Government are really serious about fighting illiteracy, they could do no better than send these retrenched employees as teachers in the villages of India. They can also be employed in schemes for the cultivation of food-crops.

The International Children's Art Exhibition organised by SHANKAR'S Weekly is without parallel. Shankar, the modest, shy and kindly personality that he is, wanted a prize to be given to every entry in the Exhibition.

Indira Gandhi therefore said in an elegant little speech that it was a job to persuade Shankar to limit the number of prizes. She was one of the judges, and it must be acknowledged that the judges this time have not given me an opportunity of saying that they were not fair.

Czechoslovakian children sent in a large number of good paintings; and so have children from Soviet Russia, U. S. A., Finland, China, Japan and Britain. I was surprised to find that the quality of the work of Indian children compared favourably with the best work of the children of any other country. There were as many as six thousand entries. Of these about two thousand were exhibited, because the walls of the Exhibition Hall had no place for more.

It is surprising the amount of co-operation which foreign Embassies have extended to Shankar. But nearer home, it is a different story. Shankar wanted an advertisement of the Special Children's Number to be carried in the *Hindustan Times*. The Management turned down the advertisement and returned the cheque! Shankar ranks with Low in the world of cartoons. This Children's Exhibition should be carried to all the important cities in India. I understand that there are already some requests from abroad for holding the Exhibition in different countries. Children's Art is invariably of a much higher order than the work of most artists of average merit. The child has a keener sense of perception than the adult. Children are more imaginative and are greater experimentalists. Samar Sen, the ten-year old son of Abani Sen, is undoubtedly a boy possessing artistic genius. His portraits stand out prominently in the Exhibition.

There are also a number of cartoons and caricatures of the national leaders, mostly from the South. They reveal a remarkable sense of humour and an astoundingly good appreciation of the political and economic situation in the country. There is one sketch which shows Rajaji as Narada and another which depicts Panditji as climbing a tree. These youthful cartoonists will soon reach the heights of Shankar and Kutty.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Provincial Censor Boards ceased to function from 15th January. Instead, the Central Censor Board will grant certificates to motion pictures which will be valid throughout India. This is a welcome reform for which the film industry has been clamouring for so many years.

But is this reform only in theory or will it be useful in practice? This question arises because of certain doubts prevalent among the people connected with the industry. It is said by a well-known critic, that the State Government still can ban any picture if deemed wholly or partly objectionable in that particular State. And while formerly the producer could get the ban removed easily through the provincial board by deleting the objectionable scene, the new process, it is feared, would cause delay. The critics even go to the length of ascertaining that the action of the new Censor Board would not have the sanction of the law. Besides there is a great hue and cry against the proposed fee of Rs. 40 per thousand feet to be paid for censoring. From these points, it seems the formation of the new board has not been received enthusiastically by the industry.

The utterances of Mr. Clifford Agarwala, the Chairman of the Central Censor Board, however, are re-assuring. He avers that the formation of the new Board is perfectly constitutional and the ex-Judge of Patna High Court should know what is legal and constitutional. He has also refuted the charge that the Central Board will be dictated by any particular Minister; in his opinion it will hold the same position as the High Court in its relation to the executive.

For the present the Censor Board will be guided by the codes prevalent in Bombay, Delhi and Madras; but in due course it will evolve its own code. The assurance that drinking scenes, if they are incidental to the theme, would not be barred, is most welcome. Mr. Agarwala's defence for the enhanced fee is that it will secure for producers an All-India certificate and will include charges which might be incurred on an appeal, inspection by an appellate authority, etc.

While the justification offered for the raised fee is not so convincing on the whole the film industry has a right to expect more liberal and reasonable treatment from the Central Censor Board which happily includes no puritan or moralist, with a prejudice against films. The inclusion of two journalists on the Central Board and four journalists on the Bombay Advisory Board, the representation given to the film industry and women are healthy portents assuring greater freedom for filmic expression. That is the hope with which one looks forward to the new censorship rules.

Picture Of The Week

Producer P. N. Arora is one of those independent producers who maintain consistency in their product, which is never particularly bad nor extraordinarily good. Ever since he started making pictures on his own, Arora's every picture has met with average success at the box office and his latest effort *Pardes* is no exception to the rule.

With a story as old as the hills, Arora and Sadiq have been able to evolve a comparatively palatable screen fare served in form of racy

dialogue, catchy songs, tantalizing dances and slapstick humour. And that is why, though as a work of film art *Pardes* will leave no impression behind, it will be acceptable as a good pastime for two hours.

It all starts with two friends going about on a bicycle. They come across a gypsy camp and watch Cuckoo and party sing and dance to the tune of *Mere Gungharwala Bal* which is incidentally the most catchy tune of the entire lot. Now, of the two friends played by Karan Dewan and Rehman, Karan is rich and Rehman is poor. When Karan's father humiliates him for his poverty Rehman leaves his friend and goes away in search of job and adventure.

In another town (or is it village?) he finds his way to the house of Ranasaheb and secures a job as a tutor for Ranasaheb's son and a place in the heart of Ranasaheb's impish daughter. But just when he is going to ask for Ranasaheb's daughter's hand, he realizes that he has no place in Ranasaheb's outfit and deserts his beloved almost for good. Roaming endlessly he meets his father's friend and his charming daughter who naturally falls for him.

And one day while working in a factory he comes to know that the owner of the factory is none else but his dear friend Karan and that his wife is none else but his beloved Madhubala. Shocked, he feels guilty for touching a married woman but instead of cutting his own hand, if such a sacrifice was at all called for, he pretends to be a thief so that his friend would cut his hand! Not only that, he is captured as a thief and released only when his father's friend confesses that he was stealing ornaments to save his daughter from being married to his creditor on the one hand and to collect funds for her "Dahez." In fact, after he is caught, his daughter is almost married to an old money-lender—by what law only Azm Bazidpuri knows?—though at the last minute Rehman's conscience is roused by Madhubala and he agrees to marry Shakuntala.

From this outline, one can have an idea of the plot of *Pardes* which is considerably enlivened, as said at the outset, by songs and dances, delight-

ful comedy pranks of actor Abbas (not to be confused with author Abbas) who seems to be modelling himself on Charlie. With a poignant performance by Jagdish Sethi and slick direction by Sadiq who manages to keep a lively tempo Madhubala who should have been the principal attraction has not much of a scope to display her talent, though she dances and acts with gay abandon. Rehman had the best role, but he has spoiled it by playing it with mock seriousness. Apparently he did not believe in what he was doing. Shakuntala is impressive and has a bright future before her. Karan Dewan is his usual self. The comedy of Mukri and Chanchal is, however, revolting; it is so dull that it fails even to entertain.

In short *Pardes* is a typical specimen of average film entertainment which our audiences appreciate.

Star Of The Week

On 18th January, Minerva's *Jhansi Ki Rani* goes on sets. General Cariappa, the Commander-in-chief of the Indian Army, is specially flying to Bombay to perform the muhurat. This day will also mark the return of Mehtab to the silver screen in a picture in which she will be co-starred for the first time with her husband Sohrab Modi.

Mehtab is a veteran star and she (coming from the princely family of a Nawab) made her debut on the screen about twenty years ago in a silent picture. As in those days the stunt thrillers were the order of the day, Mehtab had little or no chance to show off her acting talent. In the talkie era, she made her debut rather late; her first important talkie picture, as far as I can recall is *Miss 1933* in which she was co-starred with Gohar, E. Bilimoria and Yakub. She was also the heroine of the first picture Jaddanbai produced and directed, *Moti Ka Har*, in which Nargis appeared as a small kid. Later, due to some reason she bade good-bye to the screen and remained in oblivion for some years. During those days she was married and had a son.

The marriage, however, proved a flop, and Mehtab who had migrated to Calcutta, staged a come-back in *Chitralekha* directed by Kidar Sharma. She followed this success

by several hits but the best performance she gave was that of a mother in *Kabir*. Kidar brought her to Bombay and she scored another triumph in *Sharada*, in which Suraiya gave play-back voice to Mehtab.

While acting in different films, she came in contact with Sohrab Modi who starred her in *Parakh*, *Ek Din Ka Sultan* and *Shama* and elevated her to the status of a producer. As a producer she made *Sathi* for Central Studios. This close association with Sohrab Modi led to a quiet romance ending in a marriage. In the beginning the orthodox Parsi community and Modi's relations were opposed to this match, but later they reconciled themselves to it, especially after a son was born.

But while welcoming this match, Mehtab's fans thought that once again marriage had forced Mehtab to retire from acting. And her absence from the screen for the last three years almost confirmed their fear.

Thanks to her decision to stage a come-back, the fear has proved to be wrong. To prepare herself for this role Mehtab has undergone a slimming course, and learnt riding and fencing. She is looking young and fresh again and with her mature talent there is hardly any doubt that she will try to do justice to a role which every Indian star has always aspired to play.

News Of The Week

—The Central Board of Censors will include Mrs. Leelavati Munshi, Mr. S. K. Patil, Mr. C. R. Srinivasan, Editor of *Swadesamitran*, Mr. T. K. Ghosh,

Editor of *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Dr. Amarnath Jha and Mr. B. N. Sarkar, Chief of New Theatres.

—The members of the Bombay Regional Advisory Panel are Prof. M. R. Palande, Mrs. D. R. Bhakle, Mrs. J. Kallock, Shrimati J. P. Bhatt, Mr. B. R. Dhurandhar, Mr. H. G. Mudgal, Mr. P. V. Gadgil and Mr. Raj Bahadur Singh.

—As expected Mr. Vasan has filed a petition in the Bombay High Court against the State of Bombay praying for the issue of a writ of mandamus to rescind a Government notification of September 1, 1949 restricting the total length of a film for exhibition to 11,000 feet and for an order on the Commissioner of Police directing him to permit exhibition of *Mangala*. The petition has been admitted and will be heard on February 2, 1951.

—The muhurat of *Jhanst-ki-Rani* was performed on Thursday 18th January. While Sohrab Modi is producing and directing the picture the cast will include Mehtab, Sohrab Modi, Ullhas, K. N. Singh, Amarnath and Mubarak.

—On Sunday 14th January, the muhurat of Daryani's *Tarana* was performed at Shree Sound Studios. While Madhok has written the songs and dialogues and Anil Bishwas has given the music. *Tarana* stars Madhubala, Dilip Kumar, Shyama, Kumar, Gulab, Jeevan and Gope.

—Bimal Roy has finally shifted to Bombay for good. His first assignment will be to direct a picture for Bombay Talkies. Incidentally Bombay Talkies have signed with India Film Exchange for four pictures.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S RIBALD LETTER TO MUSIC CRITIC

NEW YORK: Paul Hume has "the letter" in an inside pocket and for the time being it is going to stay there.

The Washington music critic, whose appraisal of Margaret Truman's singing evoked a ribald letter from the President, now valued at \$30,000, said yesterday he has no intention of selling the famous document.

What does he plan to do with it? That hasn't been decided, "But right now I'm keeping it," he said.

The facts about Mr. Hume in no way bear out the President's contention that he is aged, ulcerated, frustrated and "off the beam."

Hume discounts the theory that the President dashed off the note after too many bourbons. "I think he wrote it early in the morning right after reading the paper," he said. "I feel sure he was sober."

In a candid summing-up of Miss Truman's musical ability, Mr. Hume said, "She does not have a great natural voice. But it is possible that she might become a fine artist by using what she has. I don't believe that she has been taught. That prevents her from realising her full potential."

SINCLAIR LEWIS

SINCLAIR Lewis, one of the best known and most controversial American literary figures during the last three decades, died in Rome on January 10 at the age of 65.



Sinclair Lewis

Described as "the greatest photographer in fiction" produced by the United States, he has established himself in the American public mind as the foremost portrayer of small-town and midwestern life in America by a number of popular books, notably "Main Street" (1920), "Babbitt" (1922), "Arrowsmith" (1925) and "Elmer Gantry" (1927). He was particularly appreciated for his use of gross and somewhat pathetic characters, types that helped make the period fabulous.

It was in recognition of his novel "Babbitt" that the Nobel Prize in Literature was awarded to him in 1930, making him the first American so honoured. So widely was the prize-winning book read and talked about that the word Babbitt became part of the English language.

Lewis was a most uneven writer, turning out trivial and superficial books in between his important novels, and had the habit of working intensively for months on a book, then wandering for a year or so until he was ready to start the next one. When he was at work, he lived like a hermit, cut away from all.

Sinclair Lewis was born on February 7, 1885, at Sauk Center, Minnesota,

of a physician father and a mother of Canadian extraction. From his early years, he was something of an eccentric and a nonconformist. He entered Yale University in 1903, which he left after three years to join Helicon Hall, the Socialist colony founded in New Jersey by Upton Sinclair. There, his official position was that of janitor. From New Jersey, he went to New York to try his luck at editorial and free lance work, then returned to Yale to graduate in 1908.

He drifted from job to job until 1916, when he became a free-lance writer again. His first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn", was published in 1914. From then on till 1920, he published a number of novels, but was just a run-of-the-mill story teller. Then came "Main Street", which established him for all time as a writer.

Lewis had been married and divorced twice. His second marriage was to Dorothy Thompson, well-known American newspaper correspondent and columnist. His works include over 20 novels and numerous plays. His last novels were "Cass Timberlane" (1945), "Kingsblood Royal" (1947) and "God-Seeker", a historical novel of his home state of 100 years ago, published in 1949.

Sinclair Lewis has at all times believed that hard work and constant effort were the only short-cut to literary success. The American author Vincent Sheean once said of him:

"He was the only writer I have ever known who knew exactly what every word meant before he used it. Whether it was classical English or slang of the Middle West, he was sure of it before he put it down—and being sure of a word does not mean, of course, the mere ability to define it.... His ruthlessness with his own work was a part of the phenomenon; he thought nothing of throwing away a hundred thousand words, cutting out more than he had left in, or abandoning a novel altogether when it did not please him.... He was, of course, a man of genius; but no amount of genius could have created the world of his rich, solid, and various novels."—USIS.

MAO

毛澤東

MAO TSE TUNG

By EMILY HAHN

This week we begin a series of five articles on Red China.

The author of this series is Emily Hahn, a writer with universal knowledge of the Chinese leaders and the Chinese scene.

Emily Hahn spent nine years in China—living as a Chinese in a Chinese household, possessing a Chinese passport, reading, writing and speaking Chinese, editing a Chinese magazine. She has travelled throughout China; she knows its cities and its countryside, its politicians, its capitalists, its peasants, its workers.

Mao was once a journalist and Emily Hahn was his editor.

FIFTEEN years ago I was running a magazine in Shanghai called Free Speech.

A Chinese girl who was among my contributors asked me one day whether I could find her somewhere to live. I happened to have an empty room in my house, and I gave it to her.

She used to talk to me about Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist leader. A lot of people were talking about him at that time. For he had just led the Long March—that legendary trek of his followers across thousands of miles of China to the frontier wilderness of Yen-an, where they had set up a Communist State out of reach of Chiang Kai-shek.

Presently she brought me three articles written by Mao himself, and asked me to publish them.

His Jargon

I looked at the articles, which were written in Chinese; and they did not seem to me particularly remarkable. They were all about what Mao was doing in Yen-an to build Communism there; there was a good deal about collective farming, and so on. They were written in the Marxist jargon that is the same in Chinese as it is in English or in any other language.

However, Mao was very much in the news: so I printed the articles.

I was (I think) more than Mao's editor. For the story had a sequel.

When my girl lodger moved out in 1938 she asked me to let the room to a young couple she knew. They would be no trouble, she said.

I said, All right, and they moved in. They left the house only after dark, and during the day they sent out for all their meals. What they did was not quite clear. They wore the plain blue cotton clothes of working people, but they did not seem to be working people.

Presently they asked me whether I would let them set up a radio transmitter in the house. They were Chinese patriots, they said. As Shanghai had by now been cut off from the rest of China by the Japanese, they wanted some means of communication with Chiang Kai-shek's government in Chungking.

This sounded reasonable enough to me, and I agreed. Of course, it was against the law to have a private radio transmitter; but like most other foreigners in Shanghai I did not like the Japanese, and so I cheerfully broke the law.

That transmitter was worked very hard for some weeks. Sometimes I got nervous because it made such a noise. Then one morning when I woke up it was gone. So were my quiet young lodgers.

Later on, when I got to Chungking, I tried to find out about that transmitter. But nobody in the Government there knew anything about it.

I have an idea that by allowing the transmitter I was unwittingly helping my old contributor Mao Tse-tung.

The 'Chairman'

Mao has travelled a long way since 1935. Then he was the ruler of an inaccessible corner of China only—the ruler because it was inaccessible. To-day he is one of the most powerful men on this planet.

He governs three million square miles and four hundred and fifty millions of human beings. In his grubby, wrinkled, middle-aged hands there is authority on a scale so huge that it can hardly be paralleled in human history. He is the greatest Asiatic since Genghis Khan.

What does he look like, this man whose name is now international—and is usually pronounced incorrectly? ("Mow Dz Doong" is what it ought to sound like, the "Mow" rhyming with plough.) The name itself, by the way, is not translatable. Some Chinese names have a meaning, a simple central idea, but Mao's hasn't any so far as I know. His own followers always call him Mao Chu-Hsi—Chairman Mao.

Farmer's Son

Mao is 57 years old. He is stocky, muscular, of middle height, with a good digestion and a good nervous system. He eats heartily when there is food about, and goes without when there is not—as happened to him a good many times in his life. He has a craving for pepper, and he is a heavy smoker.

Chinese faces usually all look alike to a westerner's eye. But Mao's face is distinctive. He has a prominent nose with a high bridge and conspicuous cheekbones.

He was born in Hunan—a prosperous area in middle China, where the rich soil makes it easy to get a living from the land. His father was a farmer—an independent cultivator of the kind the Russians call a Kulak.

By Western standards Mao's father was a poor man. But by the standards of his village he was rich.

Parents' Clash

He had ability and some property. Mao was his elder son. There was a second son and no sisters. Each of the boys was put to work on his father's farm from the age of six, as happens in China.



Mao Tse-tung

Mao's father was a down-to-earth farmer, with no patience for any highfalutin ideas about education for his sons. He wanted them to work, not waste their time in schools.

But Mao's mother disagreed. She wanted her sons to be educated not because she came from a social level any higher than her husband's, but because she approved of book-learning.

The psychologist may find in this clash between the parents the key to a good deal of Mao's personality. For Mao sided with his mother against his father. His childhood and his adolescence were marked by continual clashes with his father. Several times he ran away from home. But he was a Chinese boy and Chinese children do not easily forget their filial obligations. He always came back.

Married At 14

According to Chinese custom, he was married off to a neighbour's daughter when he was 14 years old. But he refused, then and later, to claim his bride; and this first marriage dropped out of sight, so to say. When he was a man he married again. This second wife was killed in warfare by one of Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers. Mao has since married a third time, and this wife is still with him.

Spurred on by his mother, Mao struggled hard for education—in spite of his father's opposition. Because of that opposition there was no hope for him of a university in Europe or the United States. But he did manage to make his way for a time to the university of Peking.

He read widely and eagerly. He knows something about a great many subjects. His mind is quick: he gives an impression of culture. He has a respect for education.

But he speaks and reads no language but Chinese. Apart from a visit to Moscow he has never been outside China. He is curiously ignorant of the Western world.

Revolution

It was through the student politics of Peking that Mao entered the Marxist movement. This is the doorway through which generations of revolutionaries have passed, from Marx himself down to Lenin.

Marxism has been propagated in China for at least as long as in Europe. The reasons are easy to see:

Four hundred and fifty millions of people live in a land where they press with tremendous force upon the means of subsistence. Year by year a birthrate so high as to be a demographic miracle increases the pressure. Something has to give way.

A generation ago the old Chinese Empire gave way. On its ruins Sun Yat-Sen came into power, followed by his bright young disciple Chiang Kai-shek (himself a student revolutionary).

For a long time (it is necessary, and rather odd now to recall) Chiang looked as if he might walk the Communist road. Not until 1927 did he break with Moscow.

Up to that time Mao had been associated with Chiang. When Chiang

turned against Communism that was the end of their association.

But Mao, too, was not prepared in those days to accept the guidance of Moscow wholeheartedly. From 1927 until 1935 Mao and his fellow-Communists pursued their own policy.

Chiang made war upon them. The war culminated in the Long March—now as much part of the Communist legend as the March on Rome was to Fascism.

A Year On Foot

It took a year. Mao, says the legend, went every step of the way on foot (except for a time when he was ill and had to be carried on a litter). Throughout that year, says the legend, not one ungallant act was committed by the Red armies. Not one grain of rice was grabbed, not a chicken, not an egg. Not one girl was trifled with.

The legend goes on to say that peasants, overwhelmed by this saintly behaviour from the soldiery, gave all the food and help they could—willingly and unasked. Also, says the legend, they usually became converted on the spot to Communism.

Well, that is the legend. I must say that there are other versions of it current in China. But right or wrong the legend has become a tremendous force in building up the personality of Mao.

By the Long March he evaded Chiang. Now he has overthrown Chiang. He has started on an even longer march.—Copyright.—Lens.

The American House lobbying committee has reported that 152 corporations spent more than \$32,000,000 in the last three years on what the committee Chairman Buchanan called activities "relating to attempts to influence legislation."

The figures were contained in a 520-page compilation of replies of 173 corporations to a questionnaire sent out by the committee last May.

The committee's analysis of replies showed 65 corporations reported spending over \$2,000,000 for pamphlets and books dealing with public issues. Thirty-one corporations reported spending an additional \$2,600,000 on advertising dealing with public issues.

The largest type of expenditure reported was close to \$27,000,000 by 125 corporations for contributions to groups and foundations of various kinds. The committee said these contributions were deducted as business expenses before taxes.

Chairman Buchanan pointed out that the figures cover only 173 of the 500,000 corporations in the country and asserted:

"I firmly believe that the business of influencing legislation is a billion-dollar industry.

"Congress and the people have a right to know who is behind the gigantic campaign to influence Congress either directly or indirectly.

"The replies to our letters show very clearly that American business is spending millions of dollars to flood the country with pamphlets, leaflets, and books dealing with public issues."

SIDELIGHTS :

Man is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this.

—ADAM SMITH.

WHAT is the proper relationship between newspapers and Governments in a free country? Francis Williams devotes a whole chapter to answering this question in his book *Press, Parliament and People*. His conclusions are worth noting:

A great dependence by newspapers upon official sources of information is, in his opinion, always against the public interest. "A close alliance between newspapers and the Government is antagonistic to the essential responsibilities by which newspapers should be guided. Newspapers should always be on their guard against attempts by Governments to influence them."

Giving reasons for his view he states: "Governments cannot, by their nature, follow perfectionist policies. They are opportunist and practical. They may have to enter into dubious bargains with particular interests or other Governments which may or may not be justified by the results. It is frequently the case, especially in foreign affairs, that they may have to do business of a kind they do not much like with people of whom they disapprove. From their point of view the public disclosure of facts which they find it expedient to ignore, or would prefer should not be taken into account, may be inconvenient and irritating." Newspapers, says Francis Williams, should not be governed by this point of view.

The same question was discussed in a leading article by *The Times* nearly a century ago when Delane, one of the greatest of journalists was the Editor, under the provocation of an attack on it by Lord Derby, then Prime Minister. The principles expressed by *The Times* have not been improved upon since. They have passed into the literature of journalism as a classic of worldwide and universal validity. The relevant passages are worth repetition though regular

readers of *SWATANTRA* are familiar with them already. *The Times* said:

"The dignity and the freedom of the Press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. To perform its duties with entire independence and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the Press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day.

"The statesman collects his information secretly and by secret means, he keeps back even the current intelligence of the day with ludicrous precautions, until diplomacy is beaten in the race with publicity. The Press lives by disclosures; whatever passes into its keeping becomes a part of the knowledge and the history of our times.

"The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out the truth, above all things, and to present to his readers not such things as statecraft would wish them to know but the truth as near as he can attain it."

Then again,

"Undertaking not so much the investigation of political problems as the conduct of political affairs, they (the statesmen) are necessarily not so much seekers of truth as after expediency. The Press on the other hand has no practical function; it works out the end it has in view by argument and discussion alone, and being perfectly unconnected with administrative or executive duties may, and must, roam at free will over topics which men of political action dare not touch."

These principles so admirably enunciated by *The Times* so long ago contain in them the ideal of the higher type of journalism. They are now grossly violated by the formation of a Foreign Affairs Committee as an adjunct of the All India Newspaper Editors Conference. There is no parallel to this body anywhere else in the world of journalism. Not only is its creation unsound in principle, its personnel is thoroughly unsatisfactory. It does not contain the one name that

comes uppermost to the mind of every working journalist in the country as the most competent student of foreign affairs, and the best informed. It contains another responsible for having brought down the practice of journalism to the lowest mark of integrity it ever reached in the country within the memory of the present generation. The inclusion of one or two honoured names is no excuse for the infliction of this unwanted monstrosity on the Press and the public.

The Madras Film Censor Board is another outrageous creation of the week. The value of committees and boards depends on the competence of their members for the job to be done. A film censor board should consist of persons well known for attainments having some bearing on the evaluation of films. It is a mystery on what principles the authorities concerned have pitched upon their regional officer. Sri Stalin Srinivasan has never been known for any lively interest exhibited by him in pictures. The initial puritanism of Gandhism resulted in his case in a lugubrious cynicism that has squeezed dry the springs of joy and humour. He is as little qualified for any censorial mission connected with the exhibition of films as Sri M. Satyanarayana for membership of the Film Enquiry Committee. Nor is the mere fact of being a factotum of Sri Kamaraj Nadar a fit title for appointment to membership of this board. Film producers with a sense of dignity cannot help feeling outraged at having to endure the inspection of their work by judges of no particular aptitude for the task.

The central point of interest in Sri S. S. Vasan's latest picture *Mangala* (Telugu) is Bhanumathi. She has a face and figure of tremendous sex appeal. With a healthy robustness she combines refinement, grace and charm. Clothes sit well on her. She carries herself superbly. She photographs excellently. These attributes by themselves make for a certain attractiveness pleasantly exciting to beholders. The agreeable impression of a winsome personality is half the secret of success on the stage and

screen. Bhanumathi possesses, in addition, a faculty indispensable to first-rate acting, that of speaking with the eyes. She can do wonders with them. The eloquence of her looks is of amazing variety, and ranges over a very wide field covering demureness, mischief, roguery and coyness, grief, anger, affection and love in all its complexities of expression from passive yearning to sacrifice and tempestuous passion. Inhibitions make havoc with naturalness in the case of self-conscious film heroines prone to be obsessed with the effect of their movements on a critical world. Bhanumathi has achieved an abandon that has freed her from the awkwardness of conventional pulling strings. The result of all this is a perfection of craftsmanship spreading delight over the whole picture. Ranjan is not so good in *Mangala* as in *Strange Brothers*. Ramachandran has accomplished the masterly feat of looking dwarfed to suit the character. There are certain physical impossibilities and lascivious displays in the picture that offend a too punctilious artistic sense. Perhaps they are part of the technique of spreading enjoyment among the largest possible mass of the population. Sri Vasan has no qualms on the score of theories of perfection and regards it as his mission to purvey entertainment on the widest scale, taking stock of the condition of people as they are. In this he has succeeded. —SAKA.

WE TWO TOGETHER

By

DR. JAMES H. COUSINS

AND

MRS. MARGARET COUSINS

(Reviewed in SWATANTRA of 6th January 1951 by SANTHA RUNGACHARY under the title The Story of Gretta & Jim)

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

NO HOLIDAY FOR PRIME MINISTERS

THE Commonwealth Prime Ministers are still meeting as I write and are working constructively on the most pressing issue of the moment, world peace. The Prime Ministers certainly have no holiday when they attend these London conferences. Apart from their meetings together, they make full use of their stay in London to meet as many of their own countrymen as possible and also to do all they can for the welfare of their country. Only yesterday, I saw the Indian Prime Minister going along Piccadilly to lunch, though in fact the lunch was obviously going to be more than just a relaxation in the midst of all his other duties, for Mr. Nehru had invited Mr. Shinwell and Major General S. Singh Sokhi, as well as Mrs. Pandit and the Indian High Commissioner in London. Later in the day the Prime Minister opened the New India Club, founded by the India League to further Anglo-Indian friendship. He dined with Mr. Attlee, and also broadcast to Britain at 9-15 p.m. And I suppose the other Prime Ministers are equally busy amongst their own people. I know that one Prime Minister's wife is, for I saw Mrs. Liaquat Ali Khan, with her daughter, arriving to attend a women's meeting at Overseas House yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Liaquat Ali Khan is quite a favourite with British women.

After the Premiers' Conference, it is reported that the Indian Prime Minister will be going to Paris to meet all his country's European envoys. There is some speculation as to whether this means a re-shuffling of the appointments. It is being suggested that if Mr. Krishna Menon is ready to leave London, then Mrs. Pandit would be a very welcome successor.

Juvenile Delinquents

In their latest report, the Metropolitan Police claim that the post-war crime wave is ebbing. It is always difficult to assess these crime waves. One has to bear in mind that as the

police become more efficient, and have increased assistance from scientific aids, then more crime ought to be discovered. Then, again, in some branches, there is an increasing sense of responsibility which results in more cases being brought before the magistrates. This is particularly the case with what are known as juvenile delinquents. Young people are now being brought into court for offences which would not have been considered as such not many years ago. The present-day method of dealing with these youngsters would also not have been considered many years ago, except by such advanced thinkers as Elizabeth Fry. Today, there is increasing use made of the services of the professional "police court missionaries, as they used be called. Nowadays they are probation officers. These probation officers are, for the most part, trained by the Home Office. The training is both practical and theoretical. The trainee is given experience in all the different types of probation work by acting as an assistant to probation officers in town and country districts. A part, a large industrial town, a seaside holiday-place, a middle-class residential area and a country district, each has its own special problems which the would-be probation officer has to understand. In addition, he has to have the necessary legal and psychological training and he has to be picking up all the odd scraps of general information which will better fit him for his job.

After training, the probation officer is sent on probation himself, for about twelve months, at the end of which, if he is deemed satisfactory, he is recognised as a Home Office probation officer and can be appointed to any part of the country. He is paid by the Local Government Authority and by the magistrates, that is, the Home Office. His duties are many and varied. His main work seems to divide itself into two phases. In the first place, he must supply the magistrates

being is prone to possess, for he is essentially and irritatingly human. This very fact is ample testimony to prove that he is more than a KARMA YOGI.

R. MUTHUSWAMY.

Kumbakonam.

Have Railway Officers Increased Or Decreased?

In a letter published in SWATANTRA of the 6th inst, "A South Indian," the wife of an Indian Officer, New Delhi, dissents from the editorial view expressed in a previous issue that after the war, more officers are employed to deal with more work and has given statistics purporting to show that in the Railways, the biggest Civil Department of the Government, there has been a decrease in the number of Class I and II officers compared with the pre-war period. This requires some further consideration.

The number of officers on India Government Railways as given by her was 1784 in 1938-39 and 1752 in 1948-49. This is not comparing like with like, as, due to the partition of the country, the major portions of the North Western and Bengal-Assam Railway systems were transferred to Pakistan and the India Government Railways became in consequence

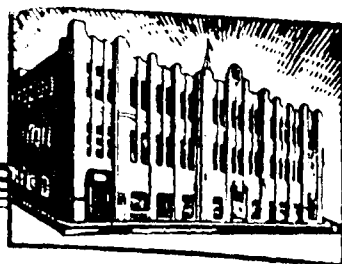
a smaller system than before. The route-mileage of the India Government managed railways decreased by nearly 6500 miles from 32,799 to 26,209 miles or nearly 20 p.c. This should naturally result in a reduction in the number of officers to the extent required for and employed on the transferred sections. A correct comparison can only be instituted by making due allowance for this.

One way of doing this will be to compare the number of officers on the Government of India Railways in the pre-war period, excluding those on the Assam Railway, Eastern Bengal Railway and the North Western Railway of those days with the number now on India Government Railways excepting the Eastern Punjab and the Assam Railways which are remnants of the above-mentioned transferred railways. The number of such officers would be about 1325 in the pre-war year against 1629 in 1948-49. On the same basis, the total number on the 31st March 1947, was 1452 against 1521 on the 31st March 1948. There has thus been no reduction but a marked increase in the number of railway officers to deal with work which has also increased.

Bangalore.

H. R.

(ESTD:



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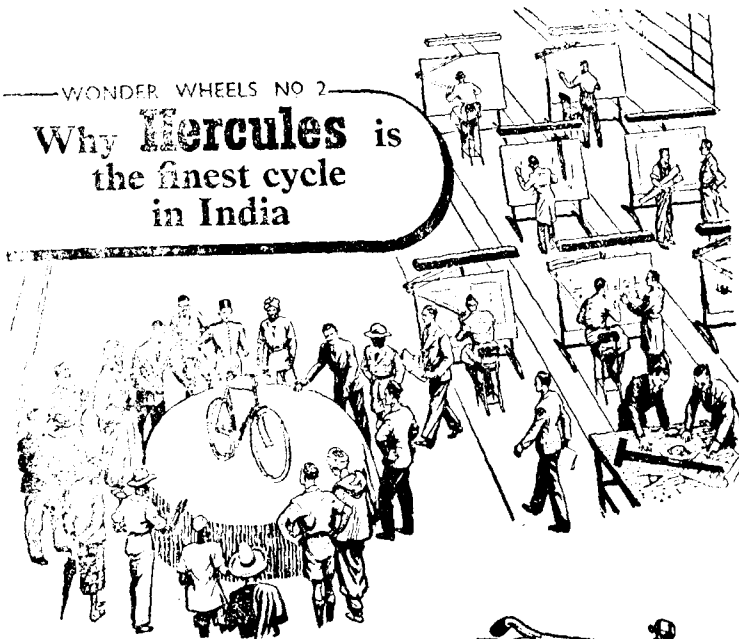
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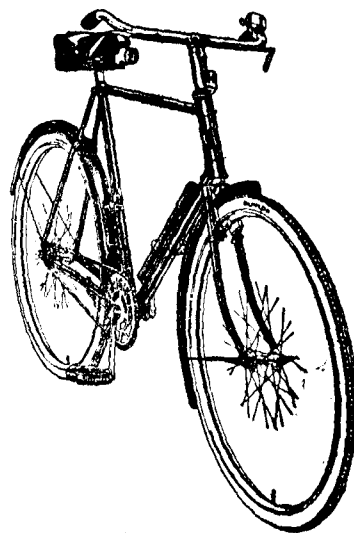
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE FOOD CRISIS

THE decision of the Government of India to reduce the food ration all over India by 25 per cent is the inevitable outcome of a food policy which had refused to recognise realities. When nearly two years ago the Prime Minister declared that India must become self-sufficient in regard to her food requirements by 1952 and announced a progressive cut in imports directed towards reducing our dependence on foreign countries, it became clear that the people at the top were living in a land of imagination where no feat was impossible. It was evident that the Central Government were attempting to achieve self-sufficiency in a rather original way by concentrating on restricting imports instead of on increasing production at home. One would have supposed that imports would fall off of their own accord as soon as internal production had become sufficient to meet our demands. Not so for our Government. They ensured the failure of their food policy at the very start, by trying to reverse natural processes.

When we turn to see whether there was any justification for the very optimistic view of our food prospects, which influenced our Government in effecting a drastic cut in imports, we fail to see any ground for it. There was never any chance of our food production increasing sufficiently to enable us to dispense with imports. No doubt during the past few years there had been an extension in the area under food crops; but this did not result in any significant permanent increase in our food output. The failure of monsoons in one part of the country or another during the last

four years and natural calamities, such as cyclones and earthquakes, have conspired to keep down production at home. Newly reclaimed lands and lands newly sown with crops proved to be marginal lands unprofitable for the cultivation of food crops. Further, the necessity for increasing the output of jute and cotton resulted in a considerable area under foodgrains being transferred to the production of these two crops, and Government themselves have been not a little responsible for this development. No change in any of these circumstances, which might have facilitated an increase in food production, could be foreseen in the immediate future, and a wise Government would have aimed at safety by importing as much foodgrains as possible. Instead, with an almost callous disregard for facts, our Government ordered a cut in imports, which consequently fell to just above one lakh tons a month lately compared to the minimum requirement of 2.5 lakh tons a month. No wonder, therefore, that the stocks with States on January 1, 1951 was 9 lakh tons less than that on January 1, 1950, and the Central Government found it necessary to arrange frantically for the import of 9.18 lakh tons during the first three months of this year. But, if the estimate that home production has fallen by 6 million tons is correct, we may have to import well over 4 million tons to tide over the present crisis.

When at first the Government of India ordered a cut in imports, the reason advanced was that the exchange resources of the country

Sotto Voce



THE MYSTIC ROSE

THE atomic physicist is the Archangel Michael of the New Paradise from which simple man is being ousted.

*High in front advance,
The brandisht Sword of God before
them blaz'd*

Fierce as a Comet:

But even while he puts you out firmly he forgets not the merciful injunction,

*If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate;*

Prof. Rosenfeld propounds the Law of Science with no less sublime certitude than Moses felt when he came down from Mount Sinai. But he forgets not to whisper in our ears, "Be humble and ye shall enter the Kingdom of Power."

"Scientific thought," says the wise man from Manchester, "does not acknowledge any philosophical principle or authority extraneous to itself." Naturally; if it were to concede the remote possibility of another world of values it might find itself dangling in mid-air like the spider whose gossamer thread would snap if for a second it lost its ruthless concentration on the task in hand. Like that industrious insect science weaves its illusions out of itself, catching little flies in the meshes. But it is as much the prisoner of its own system as are its victims.

Science is concerned solely with the moment. It may form guesses based on statistical probabilities, but in its more humble moods it is candid enough to confess that they are only guesses; a ton of theory may be blown up by a grain of fact colliding against it at any awkward turning in this blind-man's-buff. But the scientist is

as irrational as any other animal in imagining that the track which his instinct bids him follow must lead to the Land of Heart's Desire. Science, says Prof. Rosenfeld, "has enabled man to control the forces of Nature"; ergo "it will eventually give him the same control over the forces which move human society." Almost at the same moment another member of the fraternity was calculating exactly how many millions of pounds would be required to destroy the earth in detail.

Suppose we escape by a miracle, and learn that secret of human nature, which according to Prof. Rosenfeld would enable us to outmode war; will the rulers of the world want to do it? The good Professor imagines that mankind must be elated by "the thought of the power thus placed by science" at its disposal. Undoubtedly Stalin and Truman are elated at the power placed in their hands by the atom bomb; but it seems doing violence to language to suggest that mankind rejoices with them. The voice of humanity is hushed at the approaching doom as is the happy chatter of birds at the oncoming of night. Power must find a human locus. If there are no limits to the degree to which science may succeed in conditioning men, who shall condition the conditioners?

Prof. Rosenfeld, with the inconsistency of those who stake their all on reason, finds room in his closed system for selected ethical values. "You should never forget," he tells his fellow-labourers, "that the way to such power is boundless humility, open-mindedness, readiness to part with prejudices, willingness to learn the

could not stand the strain of huge food imports for an indefinite period. Government's budgetary difficulties also made necessary a cut in their financial liability by way of food subsidies. But neither can be advanced as a valid reason by a responsible Government for gambling with the food of millions of its citizens. Further, the policy of encouraging jute and cotton cultivation made the success of Government's food policy highly improbable. It could be easily seen that any attempt to achieve self-sufficiency in cotton, jute and foodgrains at the same time was doomed to failure; for, in all these India is deficient to a considerable extent, and since the land available is more or less fixed, extension in the area under one crop will involve a fall in the area under another. Consequently, food production can be increased only through intensive cultivation. This, could be assured only through the construction of irrigation projects. But even the expenditure on irrigation schemes has been cut down on the ground of financial stringency.

It is time the Government realised that any attempt to achieve self-sufficiency must be directed towards increasing production at home to a level at which imports would become unnecessary. Even then, they would be well advised to build up a stock of reserves which would be sufficient to meet any emergency. That is the only way of insuring against famines, which are only too frequent in a country like India where agriculture is dependent on the uncertain and unreliable monsoon. Government would even be well advised to drop

the idea of dispensing with food imports until agricultural production had been stabilised at a higher level through the extension of irrigation. This may mean that we will have to finance food imports for a considerable number of years, during which period irrigation projects should be completed.

There is no inherent merit in being self-sufficient in food unless it were war-time, when it should be possible for a national Government to persuade its peasant population through compulsion or otherwise to grow the food required by the country. At such a time, Government may well prohibit the cultivation of commercial crops. On the other hand, self-sufficiency should not be the object of a peacetime policy. It may be, as in fact it is in India, that the cultivation of commercial crops like jute and cotton which are also essential for our national economy, will bring the farmer a profit many times more than that obtained from the cultivation of food crops. Even to the country as a whole, increasing the production of commercial crops may be more profitable than increasing the output of food. We may be able to save more foreign exchange by importing foodgrains instead of jute and cotton from abroad. Thus the achievement of self-sufficiency in jute and cotton is more important for us, and the Government of India should try to increase the production of these crops and decide to import the required amount of foodgrains, instead of attempting to achieve self-sufficiency in everything at the same time and succeeding in none.

Women drivers in neat khaki uniforms have been piloting cars across London for the past few months. They belong to the Pilot Service of Britain's Automobile Association, and their job is to escort members of the Association who are strangers to London. Overseas drivers are often very glad of their services: they meet a car on request at the given point and take over the driving—or give directions—and do not leave the car until the traffic centres have been cleared. Sometimes the pilots help in taking over delivery of a new car, or in advice about shopping.

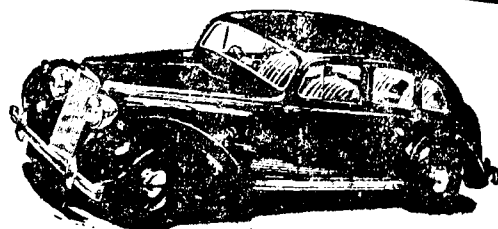
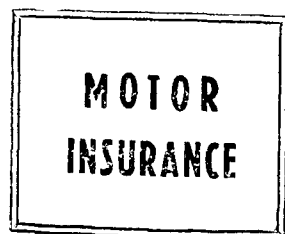
lessons of Nature." Alas for his Shangri-la, these are so many quislings calculated to corrupt the acolytes. Is not true humility the outcome of the realisation that not all the efforts of the questing mind can ever hope to plumb the depths of Nescience? It is only the light turned inward that can do this. But that light is unknown to the social activity called science.

Prajapati-akaamayata, says the *Shruti*. Does it strike you that none else has been able to think out a really new desire? We can think only in terms of our sensations, pleasurable or painful. The child that has tasted sugar can imagine a saccharine sweetness multiplied a millionfold, but not a different *kind* of sweetness. And the man who has no sense of smell can never know in his bones that he has lost a whole

world of delight. Setting out to describe the Ananda of Brahma the Upanishad is content to speak by analogies, to appeal to this arithmetical faculty of ours because we have none other.

The poet, unlike the scientist, scorns arithmetic. "We look before and after and pine for what is not," said one of the noblest. For what is, not only in the outer world of Nature but also in your thoughts, passions and fancies, is so limited, so much a part of your insufficiency, that it fails to satisfy. You have immortal longings which cannot be fobbed off with tinsel gauds; till at last you turn to that exhaustless fount of joy—*Nikhilarasamurtamurti*—which shall teach you the Love that is also Fulfilment. That is the quest of the Mystic Rose.

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

LIAQAT DISCLOSURES ON KASHMIR

HAVING written of the high standing of India's Prime Minister in Commonwealth circles at the beginning of the last meeting of the Premiers in London, it is only fair that I should now tell you that his stock had fallen considerably when the Conference finished. The reason was found in the Press Conferences held by India's and Pakistan's Prime Ministers at the conclusion of the meetings. Mr. Nehru added little to what was already known or surmised of the Premiers' deliberations. Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan, on the other hand, alleged that three proposals had been suggested for removing Indian and Pakistani troops from Kashmir, and all three proposals had been acceptable to him but had been rejected by Mr. Nehru. There has been a common reaction to this in Britain. (It should be remembered that although Mr. Nehru has expressed surprise that Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan should have divulged what should have been private discussions, there has been no denial that the proposals were put to India and Pakistan.) Well, the reaction is that although Mr. Nehru is always ready to tell France what to do in Indo-China, and America what to do in China, and Britain what to do in Malaya, and the Dutch in the East Indies, he is not prepared to listen to the proposals of others for the settlement of what is considered to be one of Asia's most pressing problems, that of Kashmir.

Reactions To Nehru's Speeches

On Kashmir, the general feeling is that whatever the initial rights and wrongs of the matter, true statesmen, as both Mr. Nehru and Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan are considered to be, should be prepared to get together with a willingness to accept something of the other's point of view. The status of Kashmir is, in my opinion, not as important as having good relations between India and Pakistan. We must all be prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of the general good and I

cannot think that either India or Pakistan should rank Kashmir of sufficient importance strategically, economically or politically that the trade, goodwill and prestige of both countries should suffer. Is it too much to ask both countries to look at the problem less subjectively? There is no room for too much pride, false or true, in relations between two countries which are as close in most matters as are India and Pakistan.

It must be difficult for people in the public eye to know what will meet with general approval. When a person has lost some prestige, if only temporarily, others are on the lookout for other signs of the fall from grace. Mr. Nehru has had a talk in Paris with Professor Joliot-Curie. The Professor was dismissed from his post as High Commissioner for Atomic Energy for publicly expressing pro-Communist views. It is now being said that Mr. Nehru is offering the Professor a post in India. Whether this be true or not, it is taken, by less responsible people, as being a further indication of the lack of reality in the foreign policy of India's Prime Minister. It shows how careful one should be—if it really is necessary, which one might well doubt, for people of the status and quality of Mr. Nehru to have to bear in mind at all times what the reaction of those opposed to him might be. I still believe that fundamentally India follows as high ideals in her foreign affairs as any other country in the world, and there is a great need for ideals these days.

Britain is once again on the side of caution (and India, I presume) in dealing with the latest proposals from China. The main criticism is that the terms are laid down as from a victorious power to the defeated, and that won't do at all. Britain is genuinely on the side of peace, but not peace at any price. I think that China could, if she went about it the right way,

SECRETS OF RED CHINA

By EMILY HAHN

This is the second of Emily Hahn's series of articles on Red China. The first appeared last week.

gain almost all the concessions she wants. But her war in Korea is against the United Nations, the organisation on which the West is depending for future permanent peace. If China wants to be part of that organisation, she must now act as though she believed in the spirit behind it. And her present "dusty answer," as the *Daily Telegraph* calls it, is not in that spirit.

Beveridge Report On B. B. C.

At home, there have been Cabinet changes and the Beveridge report on the British Broadcasting Corporation. The former have received lukewarm support from the Conservative press. The elevation of Mr. Bevan could not be expected to be popular in Opposition circles. It would seem that he has now accepted the need for rearmament, for he could not otherwise have accepted the post of Minister of Labour and National Service. Mr. Bevan is popular with the working class and might well provide the inspiring leadership needed to stimulate production in industry and in the mines.

The Beveridge report on the B. B. C. has naturally aroused discussion. There are still many people who would like to see some form of competition to the B. B. C. Such people criticise this report because it does not advocate commercial broadcasting. I think they fail to realise that the report has introduced something which might well lead to the competition required. At present, most of the programmes are produced in the London studios. Outside London there are local regions, one in the North, one in the West and one in the Midlands. In addition there is one for Wales, one

for Scotland and one for Northern Ireland. The report would give all these regions more autonomy and more broadcasting-time. In the increased use of the regions, the B. B. C. could find all the competition needed. Already there are signs that the smaller units in the regions can produce more intimate and imaginative programmes than the huge impersonal organisation in London. One reason for this is that the staff have a closer personal link in the regions. Everyone knows everybody else and when Mr. A produces a good programme he will be told so by the doorman, the junior engineers and the typists, as well as by the programme officials. Similarly, when his programme is a flop, he will know about it. The most popular programme on the B. B. C. today started as a regional programme from Manchester. It is "Have a go", a family quiz run by Wilfred Pickles. The regions in Britain have an advantage over those in India. Anyone with a reasonably good set can listen to any of the regions on the medium wave-band. If the regions can have more programme-time and more money for their programmes, then listeners will be able to choose from many more programmes and all the regions, and London, will have to keep up their standards because of the competition from the others. The B. B. C. needs to be on the watch against undue "Londonisation", a term which is becoming almost synonymous with "centralisation" to many who live outside the Metropolitan area. The British love London, but those outside it do not idolise it. London is not to Britain what Paris is to France. Rather is it what Delhi is to Madras!

2,500 INDIANS STUDYING IN BRITAIN

There are now about 2,500 Indians studying in Britain. Of the total of 2,500 students—881 were specialising in engineering and applied science, 484 of them being university students and 397 taking practical training in industry. Twenty-nine of the total were research students.

There are 384 Indian medical students in Britain, all but 35 of whom are doing post-graduate work. Of the total, 115 are sponsored by the Government of India and 43 are women. The number of medical students for specialized branches of study is small—20 for gynaecology, 12 for radiology, and six for pathology. Fourteen students are doing research in medical subjects.

ONE night in 1940 I sat in an air-raid shelter at Chungking, the out-of-the-way town that Chiang Kai-shek had made the stopgap capital of China. In the shelter with me sat Dr. Kung, Chiang's brother-in-law, who was also his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We were talking about Mao Tse-tung.

In those days Mao was still in his remote frontier area of Yen-an. He had led his Communist followers to Yen-an in the celebrated Long March across China; and he was busy setting up a model Communist State there.

In Caves

Communist propagandists were continually spreading stories about Yen-an all through China; about how Mao and his followers were living in caves and re-making the world around them in the image of Marx.

Dr. Kung was irritated. "People keep on telling me about that wonderful cave community of Mao's," he said. "Of course it's wonderful. Anybody can make a model community when he has only a small group of his own followers to deal with. But let Mao try to govern all China, and see if he can make a model community out of that."

At that time Dr. Kung would have thought the idea of Mao governing all China the extreme of fantasy. Now that the fantasy has come true it is worth looking again at what Mao did in Yen-an.

Confiscation

The nearest parallel to it seems to be the foundation of Salt Lake City by Brigham Young—that astonishing person who led the Mormons across the United States into the wilderness of Utah and there created a community with himself as the ruler. There are quite as many legends about Mao as there ever were about the Mormons. Let me put down some facts.

When Mao reached Yen-an he had about 20,000 followers with him—all that were left of the 180,000 who had started out a year before. He began by confiscating the land from the richer farmers, as well as farms whose owners were absentees. Then he distributed the land among his followers. People whose soil had been seized were allowed to retain only as much as they could work for themselves. Governing bodies, or Soviets, were set up on the basis that everyone had some sort of say in the community.

And that, substantially, was that. Nobody was shot, nobody was hanged, nobody was tortured. People who had feared and hated the advent of Communism breathed sighs of astonished relief. Mao's propagandists spread far and wide the tidings that a Communist was merely a land reformer, and that anybody who doubted it could go to Yen-an and see for himself.

Revolutionary

But to suppose that Mao will seek to do in China no more than he did in Yen-an would be pathetic credulity. His own verdict on Yen-an was that it was "a necessary but temporary democratic phase." For he is no democratic reformer; he is a revolutionary Marxist who has spent 39 years in preparing for power.

Marxism itself was born in the British Museum Library. Mao's Marxism was born in the library of the National University at Peking. As a student in his early twenties Mao worked as an assistant in that library (the chief librarian remembered him as an eager, avid young man). When the Chinese Communist Party was created at Shanghai in 1921 Mao was there. He was sent back to his home area of Hunan, in middle China, to organise the new party there.

In the 1920s the Chinese Communists, Mao among them, worked in alliance with the Kuomintang, the Nationalist movement started by Sun

Yat Sen, which had made the revolution of 1911, overthrown the Chinese Empire, and set out to unify China. The Kuomintang welcomed the Communists, and together they cooperated to destroy the independent warlords who ruled over Northern China.

It was an uneasy alliance, supervised by the Russian envoy of the Communist International, the once-celebrated Michael Borodin. Borodin managed to infuriate both the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists—notably Mao.

Mao thought that Borodin was putting far too much emphasis on organising the industrial workers of China. In Mao's view it was the peasant, not the town worker, who should be the main target for the Communists.

Land First

A peasant himself, the son of a peasant, Mao insisted that the land must come first, not the factory. The Communists labelled him a deviationist. Borodin quarrelled with him. So did many of his fellow leaders in the Chinese Communist Party. Mao went back again to his own area of Hunan.

But Mao, being Chinese, was able to quarrel without closing his mind to the possibility that one day he might make it up with his enemies. He never gave his complete trust to anyone, and he never withdrew it completely. A Chinese politician, even more than other politicians, cannot permit himself the luxury of permanent conclusions.

Finally Chinese politics blew up. The Kuomintang, led by Chiang Kai-shek, broke both with the Russians and with the Chinese Communists. Chiang ordered the Russians home and made war on the Communists.

March Hero

It was this war that enabled Mao to reinstate himself as a Communist hero by organising the Long March. The war was marked by an event of some personal importance. One of Chiang's generals (Ho Chien was his name) led an army into Mao's area of Hunan in an attempt to capture Mao. He failed. But his troops did capture Mao's wife—and killed her.

Mao had dearly loved his wife—he has an intense capacity for personal affection. I regard this killing, coming when it did, as a matter of historic interest. It made Mao a personal as well as a political enemy of Chiang.

In addition to the death of his wife, another personal event of historic importance happened to Mao in this year 1930. There came into his Communist forces in Hunan a Chinese who had been given a military training in Germany. His name was Chu Teh.

For some reason, Chu Teh has never become known outside China. I cannot understand why. For he is a Marxist militarist, a zealot with a high degree of skill as a soldier. It is a formidable combination anywhere. At that moment in China it was a combination that was to change the face of the whole country.

Chu Teh and Mao began their association in 1924. They worked well together in organising the Long March (during which Chu Teh did the generalship and the staff organisation, and handled the infinitely complex administration involved in it). They have been working well together ever since.

They collaborated in an exploit that set all China talking in 1936—when they kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek himself, and kept him for some time before they set him free, safe if somewhat damaged.

Secret Talks

What happened in those talks with Chiang has not been made public. But the sequel was an announcement that the Reds and Chiang were to sink their differences and make common cause against the Japanese.

So they did. But it is clear now, I think, that the Communists never pushed their anti-Japanese fighting to the point where it seriously endangered their military strength. They kept a great deal in hand.

It is because they did so that Mao, with Chu Teh at his elbow, has been able to push Chiang off the mainland of China altogether.—Copyright Lens.

FOLK SONGS OF ANDHRA DESA

By Srimathi VINJAMURI SITA DEVI, B.A.

THE folk-songs of Andhradesa are extremely rich in their variety. Thousands of songs expressing the entire gamut of human emotions, are sung by lakhs of people in the villages all over the land. During harvest, we hear the delightful songs by maidens, bent with their sickles, cutting the crop or tying up the sheaves, or carrying home the gathered grains. The Vasantha Ritu, heralding joy and pomp is the season of marriage and its myriad songs. Indeed, all seasons and all occasions have their own particular songs of joy and sorrow.

The extreme sweetness of the Telugu language lends an added charm to the fine folk songs which are a delight to hear. It is rightly remarked that the natural genius of the Telugu language makes it a proper instrument of song and musical expression.

In most folk songs, not more than 4 or 5 *swaras* are ever used. We rarely see in any folk-song, a fully developed raga or complicated and extensive gamakas or sancharas. A simple urge to sing and the need to sing in the hearts of these folk-authors, has given a natural, simple and direct musical form to their songs. Folk-songs being handed down from generation to generation orally, have retained their essential folk quality and remain genuine folk-songs even to-day. They have never lost their folk-touch through the ages. The supreme secret of the appeal of these folk-songs to one and all, lies in the fact that they celebrate emotions which are fundamental to human nature, and in tunes and forms most simple and yet charming.

Some of these songs are sung by the women and children of the upper classes, while many are sung by thousands of labourers of both sexes and of all ages belonging to the lower classes. Among the songs of the first division sung by women, we have those that describe incidents of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata or tales of folk-lore like Kuchela-Katha, Seetha Samartha, Lanka-

yagam or Balaraju. These songs are pretty long. Another group of songs plays round the maternal emotions and are called cradle songs of 'Lali Patalu.' They are so sweet in tune and so rich in emotion that they charm the ears of all hearers. Very often, the lullabies are about Rama the young prince or the divine cow-herd boy Krishna.

The lower classes have quite a variety of folk-songs. Many are occupational songs or 'Virithipatalu.' They are sung at times of cultivation, road-making, boat-rowing, grinding corn and so on. The largest pertain to the feeling of love in all its aspects—joy, suffering, separation, quarrel and treachery. In the songs of the poorer classes, hunger and famine are pictured frequently. While most songs are sung by individuals, there are a good number of them sung in groups, one after another or all together, walking or dancing or sitting. Apart from the folk ballads, we have, in Andhradesa, many historical songs, the most famous of them being the Bobbili song and the Palnatti Veera Charitha song. These songs are thrilling with their martial tunes. Song and music among the labouring classes are a great aid to enable them to bear the burden of labour and drudgery cheerfully.

The influence of folk-songs on modern Telugu literature is inestimable. Every poet of note has drawn inspiration from these folk-songs. The famous Enki Patalu of Nanduri Subbarao are said to be inspired by the folk-songs. Even the cinemas are trying to incorporate folk-tunes and folk-dances, not always very happily. That distinguished musician Kalapurna Doctor Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu closes his music performances not infrequently with folk-songs to the delight of one and all. It is to be hoped that the Government will give its fullest support in the direction of the collection and printing of folk-songs and their music, since no single private individual can hope to do this successfully.

HOW MUCH GOLD IS THERE IN THE SILVER SCREEN?

By S. S. VASAN

WHENEVER I read about the "huge" profits made in the picture business I cannot help smiling at the facile complacency of the people who make such flamboyant statements. They generally belong to the genus who have nothing whatever to do with pictures except as professional invitees doing their arm-chair stuff. And they are quite right, from their point of view. Have they not seen, with their own eyes, block-long queues at every cinema house that they happened to have visited? And who has not heard of "blackmarket" tickets sold at exorbitant prices? That, certainly, is one side, the "show" side, of the picture business. The purpose of this article is to take the reader for a peek behind the screen.

Let us take the case of an entrepreneur who wants to make a successful picture and a profit out of it. Let us suppose also that he does not want to venture into a grandiose historical or costume picture, in the DeMille style, but on just a modest popular hit which can be depended upon not to "flop". At a modest estimate the creation of such a picture, from the story and scenario up to the "shooting" of the negative, with the studio hire, the salaries of artistes etc., thrown in between will cost five lakhs. As the picture has to be presold to the "trade" (the distributors, exhibitors, and, may I add, the "press") and to the public, it has to be publicized, fairly loudly. This would cost another lakh.

The next item of expenditure is the cost of printing an adequate number of "copies" of the picture so that it can be shown at several places. Fifty such copies at Rs. 2,500 each, would cost a lakh and a quarter rupees.

The Time Factor

We have thus far budgeted for an expenditure of 7-1/4 lakhs of rupees which of course will have to be borrowed from somewhere at some consi-

derable interest. Now the question is for what length of time is the producer to borrow this sum, and at what rate of interest.

A good many pictures take about 2 years to produce and some 3 years more to sell themselves, making the total period of the loan about 5 years. Let us suppose that our enterprising producer completes his picture in one year and his earnings in 2 more, thus enabling him to repay his loan in 3 years.

As regards the rate of interest, let me quote from the leading article in *The Hindu* of 3rd August 1950.

"...while an established producer might get loans at from 10 to 25 per cent interest, less known persons who needed money in a hurry were asked to pay 60 per cent interest!"

Taking however the fact into consideration that the entire capital is not borrowed in one lump sum, let us grant that our producer is able to borrow at an average rate of 6 per cent per annum, for 3 years. This would amount to Rs. 1,30,500, thus making the total outlay Rs. 8,55,500.

Now, what percentage of profit is the producer entitled to in this highly risky business? According to evidence tendered to the Film Enquiry Committee some 30 or 40 per cent of pictures are never completed, owing to unforeseen causes. Even if they are completed, they are not "Government-approved" films which exhibitors can be compelled to show and pay for at standard rates. Even the "approval" of highbrow critics will not necessarily make them click at the box office. They must, in the last resort, be approved by the millions of cinegoers if they are to be kept in circulation. That is why scores of finished pictures never see the light of the arc lamps and are canned *sine die* in refrigerators. And their scrap value is a *minus* quantity, in the shape of fire insurance premia and safety vault

rentals! To quote a leading article in *The Hindu* once again:

"...but there is a special difficulty about film finance which should be admitted and recognized. This is that the film industry is by its very nature a highly speculative business.... Making films is not like making soap or textiles; film production cannot be standardized and every new film is accepted or rejected by the public for reasons which can only be guessed at. Big film companies owning studios may write off the losses sustained in many of their films against the large gains from the few which become "smash-hits" but the independent film producer is not in the same position."

Hence a person who risks 8-1/2 lakhs of borrowed money on this huge gamble should aim at at least 50 per cent profit if it is to be made into a business venture. Now let us marshal our figures in their order:—

- (1) Cost of the "creative" part of the picture Rs. 5,00,000
- (2) Publicity, announcements, etc. " 1,00,000
- (3) Cost of 50 prints at Rs. 2,500 " 1,25,000

Station	No. of days	Number of tickets	Gross value of tickets		Entertainment tax paid		Theatreman's share.	
			Rs.	a. p.	Rs.	a. p.	Rs.	a. p.
A	130	2,19,685	1,07,141	11 6	20,820	6 3	41,937	10 6
B	84	93,372	54,064	0 0	10,734	6 0	21,117	13 8
C	42	57,770	24,211	13 0	4,453	0 6	9,245	1 10
D	22	23,276	5,741	10 6	1,023	10 9	2,052	11 11
E	15	10,864	5,215	5 6	1,001	8 0	1,759	10 7
F	11	11,435	2,344	13 6	447	13 6	876	10 5
G	8	7,195	1,376	14 6	265	9 0	555	10 7
H	16	16,606	2,860	7 6	586	11 6	976	10 1
I	29	33,287	6,700	13 0	1,318	9 0	2,415	10 7
Total		4,73,489	2,09,657	9 0	40,651	10 6	80,937	10 2

The above Table can be recast and elaborated in the following way:—

	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.
A Total gates	2,09,657	9	0	..	..	..	40,651	10	6
B Entertainment tax	..	..	..	..	..	..	80,937	10	2
C Theatreman's share	..	..	..	..	..	..	1,21,589	4	8
D Total of B & C	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Amount available for producer and distributor (A—D)	..	..	..	88,068	4	4	..	..	..
F 15% of E for Distributor	..	..	..	..	..	..	13,210	3	9
G 5% of E for running publicity and administrative charges	..	..	..	..	..	..	4,403	6	7
H (F plus G)	..	..	..	..	..	..	17,613	10	4
I Net amount reaching producer (E—H)	..	..	..	..	..	..	70,454	10	0

(4) Interest charges	Rs. 1,30,500
Total Rs.	8,55,500
(5) Profit on above	" 4,27,750
(6) Income tax that will have to be paid to get the above profit	" 2,92,671
(7) Total sum to be earned	Rs. 15,75,921

"Creative Production" Cost

Thus, if the bare "creative production" cost of a picture is Rs. 5 lakhs the producer will have to get back more than Rs. 15 lakhs by its exploitation.

Now, it is not as if every rupee that goes into the box office till is transferred directly to the producer's pocket. It undergoes very drastic chiselling *en route* and it is a much mutilated coin by the time it reaches its destination. Let me explain how this trick is done by a detailed, analytical study of the actual figures with reference to one of my own pictures.

The picture was quite a success, both intrinsically, (as revealed by scores of letters of appreciation and by good press reports) and from the box office point of view. The picture was shown in the best theatre in every locality and the figures in the following Table refer only to its first run:—

INDIA BEFORE THE ADVENT OF MAN

By N. K. N. AIYENGAR

THOUGH the members of the Geological Survey of India were engaged for the last one hundred years in searching for hidden wealth, in the form of precious or useful metals, coal and gems in the interior of the earth, to increase the prosperity of this land of ours, they had not neglected the cultural aspect of their science. Their study of the rocks, and the materials contained therein, has enabled them to gather a wealth of information from which they could re-construct the history of our land and the life in it for several hundred million years. But here I would confine myself to a period covering the last two hundred million years!

The Ancient Continent

About two hundred million years ago India, Australia, Africa and much of South America and the Antarctic continent formed a part of a vast southern continent, called "Gondwanaland" since it was in the land of the Gonds in Central India, that evidence for it was first found. India formed the northern part of this continent. It was separated from another continent to the north-east, known to geologists as "Angaraland" from the Angara river in Eastern Siberia, by a complicated pattern of seas and gulfs, formerly supposed to be a continuous ocean known as the "Tethys." An arm of this sea, crossing part of the present site of the Himalayas and the northern parts of Afghanistan and Persia, reached the Black Sea and Central Europe; from Kashmir, another arm in Sind and Baluchistan overflowed parts of Rajasthan, Cutch, etc., in India, and connected across South Persia and West Persia and Eastern Arabia with the Near Eastern and Mediterranean countries on the one hand, while another gulf gradually encroached on East Africa and Madagascar, eventually breaking up the "Gondwanaland" continent when it joined the Southern Ocean near South Africa. Still another belt of sea lay east of India,

in a great curve, through Burma and Indonesia to the north-western and northern sides of South America, and probably joined the Mediterranean arm; as its deposits were folded into mountains in the course of time, its waters were displaced towards India and Australia, and also broke across Gondwanaland between them.

At this stage, when the Indian sub-continent was surrounded by seas and parts of its present area were submerged, the name *Jambu Dweep*, or Island of Jambu, found in the Hindu Scriptures, was particularly appropriate.

Origin Of The Himalayas

The earliest ranges whose relics have been included in the present Himalayas may have been as old as any of those which contributed to the building of Gondwanaland. However, in the last few million years, a series of increasingly violent movements convulsed the earth's crust, and the whole pattern of land and sea was rearranged. About sixty million years ago, about the end of what geologists call the Chalk or Cretaceous period, the Gondwana continent was finally dismembered. The Tethys seas, with many thousands of feet of deposits containing the remains of billions of animals, began to be lifted up and compressed between the fragments of Gondwanaland and the adjoining continents, forming new mountain ranges in the Himalayas and elsewhere. Since the Indian block either stood fast while Africa and Australia moved away from it, or was even pushed north-eastwards out of line with them, the Tethys was more strongly squeezed, and so built up greater ranges in the Himalayas than in Persia and Baluchistan or in Burma and Indonesia on either side. The load of mountains piled on its edge caused the northern part of India to sag into a long trough, into which ran the rivers which had formerly drained to the Tethys, and others newly formed among the Himalayan ranges.

So, we can say, roughly, that in this case, the producer netted about a third of the gross takings. If we take this as a representative ratio our model producer mentioned above will have to collect Rs. 47 lakhs at the box offices in order to earn the figure of Rs. 15,75,921 arrived at elsewhere in this article.

The point is worth repeating: If the picture is a good success (as mine was), if the producer is able, there-

fore, to drive a hard bargain with the exhibitors, if the rentals for compulsory Government films are ignored, and if the distributor is paid not more than 15 per cent., a picture "negative" costing Rs. 5 lakhs to make will have to sell Rs. 47 lakhs worth of tickets, and be seen by no less than

4,73,489

———— x 47 lakhs—1,06,00,000 people!
2,09,658

THAKKAR BAPA

HAVE you ever seen in a crowded and noisy third class compartment an old gentleman, wrinkled and grey, in a long, white Khaddar coat, Khaddar dhoti and white Khaddar cap, holding a letter, an account statement, a statistical report or some other serious reading matter *very* close to his eyes, and forgetting all the discomfort about him?

Have you seen the same gentleman, squatting in an uncovered market cart jolting through the industrial areas of Delhi, and discussing with an awe-filled companion some serious public affair?

Have you seen him, again, in the councils of wise men, pleading for the downtrodden and neglected, the Harijan and the Aboriginee, not from the head or from a patronising height or to fill a few minutes of luxurious leisure—but from the heart?

Then you have seen Shri A. V. Thakkar, a *Bapa* in spirit, to the Adivasis and the untouchables.

He is no more. And, in a sense, it is well. For he was as greedy for work as a spoilt child is for sweets or stories; he did not know to rest or retire. At such an old age as 76, he got himself operated for cataract (prematurely, I believe) with the one desire to give more of himself to his mission. When the operation proved a failure, it was a terrible blow to him. His assistants tried their best to serve him as his eye, but he could not help the impulse to snatch the material from his secretary's hand and peep

close with it with the other eye, which too was far from well.

The census report was, in the latter years, the nearest to the Bible to him. How many statistical articles he and his assistants milked out of that drab compilation. A comprehensive dictionary was also a constant companion. His pronunciation was not of the best, but he had a keen ear for errors in the reading of his *anmanuensi's*. He also looked up every new word he came across.

He was a hard taskmaster, but he was, God knows, much harder on himself. His one great personal desire was that he should die "in harness." He could have been less impatient and irascible towards his assistants and helpers—but "who is free from weaknesses," as he consoled a clerk who was in a mood of self-reproach once.

I hope his diary will be edited and published. When it is, it may be noticed that the notes jotted each day fill about the same space. He had a fancy for just filling one page (half foolscap) each day, no more and no less.

The Servants of India Society, the Harijan Sevak Sangh, the Adivasi Sevak Sangh, the Kasturiba Trust, and a number of other minor bodies will find it difficult to fill the gap created by his death. All over the country, many unknown young men and women whose lives have been made brighter and purposeful will be shedding bitter tears.—"K."

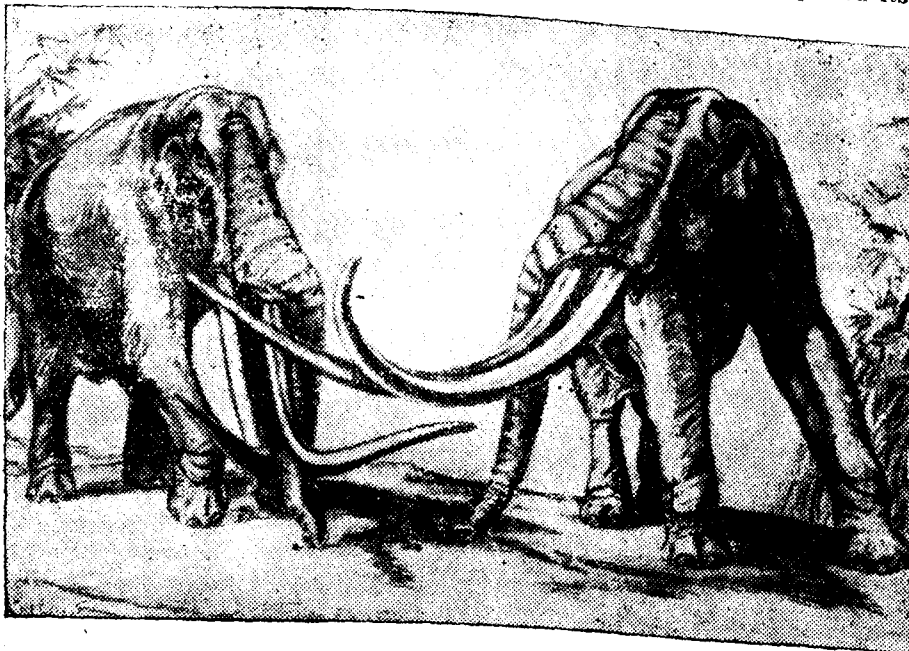
In Deccan, approximately contemporaneous with these crustal upheavals, there were volcanic eruptions on a gigantic scale. Dark lava poured through thousands of fissures which extended from Bombay, Saurashtra and Cutch on the west to as far as the east coast. These outpourings of lava were piled up into flat hills which we now call the Deccan trap. The wonderful ghat scenery we notice when we pass from Bombay to Poona or Igatpuri is the result of these ancient lavas. Blocks of these lavas form the main building stone in Bombay city.

These cataclysmic changes in India naturally brought in new geographical conditions, especially in Northern India. The shallower parts of the Tethys sea retreated, and in their place isolated salt lakes or estuarine conditions prevailed for a time, to be followed by shallow seas (which again dried up soon) around the margins of the Peninsular regions along the foot of the Himalayas, with deeper seas from Baluchistan westwards along the Persian Gulf arm of the former sea, now separated from the northern arms but connected south of India with the trough of Indonesia.

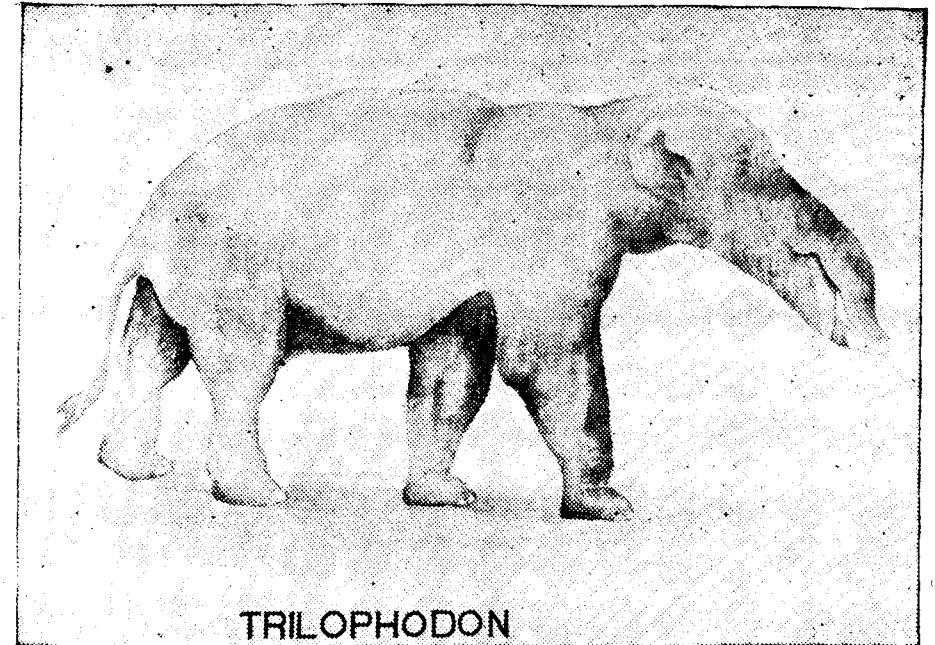
After twenty million years, (geologists speak only in millions of years!)

in the next period Miocene, the lakes in the trough at the southern base of the Himalayan range gave place, according to some eminent former geologists of the Geological Survey of India, to a long river which had its origin at the north-eastern corner of Assam where the modern Brahmaputra enters India (later work however, suggests that this idea is over-simplified). It took a westerly course along the foot of the Himalayan ranges as far as Punjab where it joined the Indus and emptied itself into the Arabian Sea in Sind. This river of geological times has been called *Indobrahm* or the Siwalik river. During that period this river seems to have received on its right, the Gandak, Bhagirathi and Jamuna in Uttar Pradesh, Saraswathi near Delhi, and the Punjab rivers including the Sindhu (Indus) as its tributaries. On its left the ancient Son, Chambal and other rivers might have joined it. (The Brahmaputra and its tributaries in the present Assam still emptied separately into the Bay of Bengal south of the Shillong Plateau, where the Teesta and Kosi probably flowed southward, as now-a-days).

This mighty Indobrahm flourished from Miocene to Pliocene for about 20 million years. During this period its



Stegodon ganesa a giant ancestor of the elephant, now extinct.



Four Tusked ancestor of the elephant which is extinct now.

basin was filled with as much as twenty thousand feet of mud, sand, gravel, boulders, logs of wood and skeletons of dead animals which inhabited its neighbourhood. I may mention here that these remains of plants and animals have served us as beacons to unravel the past history of organic remains in our land.

Origin Of The Ganges And The Brahmaputra

This state of affairs as described earlier did not last for ever. At the end of the Pliocene period, ten million years ago, during one of the major movements in the Himalayan region, the north Indian river system was disturbed. The Brahmaputra was diverted across Lower Assam, its old valley in Cachar being closed by newly uplifted ranges, to join the newly deepened depression in Bengal. In Uttar Pradesh, the Bhagirathi, after joining Alakananda, emerged as the Ganga or Ganges. This mighty river, fed by some of the former tributaries of the Indobrahm, such as the Jamuna (Yamuna) and the Gandak, flowed easterly along the depression into Bengal.

Saraswathi River

Near Delhi the Saraswathi river,

spoken of in the Vedas as the largest and the purest of the rivers, cut across the "Indobrahm" and began to flow southwards into Rajputana, making this country a fertile land, and finally emptied into the Arabian Sea. The Indus and other Punjab rivers continued to follow their old courses, towards Sind. The only remnant of the mighty Indobrahm is believed to be the Soan river of the Potwar plain in the Punjab.

Further, about three million years back, in the Pleistocene period of the geologists, during one of the major upheavals, the Himalayan range was not only raised up to its present height but also lifted up the basin of the former Indobrahm, with its enormously thick sediments, into the hills we see now around Hardwar, Dehra Dun, Kalka and Jammu. These are known as the Siwalik Hills.

In Southern India events after the volcanic eruption were not so interesting as in northern India. For about five million years these eruptions appeared at frequent intervals and eventually died out.

It would be interesting to know the geographical conditions after the first upheaval of the Himalayan

range soon after the disintegration of the Gondwana continent. The Himalayan range which was at that period not more than half of the present height, effectively stopped the rain-bearing clouds passing out northwards. India had a better rainfall. Uttar Pradesh, Rajputana and the Punjab should have enjoyed a temperate climate as these areas were studded with several lakes. But gradually the lakes dried up, and the country became somewhat drier in the Miocene period with occasional seasonal rains. This condition continued for about ten million years up to the end of the Pliocene period. However by the end of the Pliocene period due to greater rainfall and frequent further uplifts of the Himalayas, there were frequent periods of floods.

About three million years back the period of sub-tropical conditions was followed in the Pleistocene by intense cold in Northern India; glaciers descended into much lower levels than they do at present. South India experienced comparatively moderate climate. There were as many as four such glacial periods with comparative warmer intervals. Eventually the glacial period disappeared in India and warmer conditions reappeared.

About ten thousand years back, within the historic period when the Aryans had settled on the fertile banks of the Saraswathi river in Raj-



Baluchitherium a giant ancestor of Rhinoceros

putana, there should have been some minor earth movements which again disturbed the course of the Saraswathi river. The eastern head waters of this river were captured by the Jamuna, and its westerly tributaries by the Sutlej of the Punjab. Bereft of its head waters the Saraswathi river gradually died out in Rajputana creating semi desert conditions there. The only vestige of the old Saraswathi is said to be the holy Pushkar lake near Ajmer. Further sand, blown from the south, and gradual decrease of rainfall made Rajputana, a country which was once a fertile land inhabited by the flower of the Aryans, what it is today, a semi desert. It has been seen that there is some truth in the belief that at Triveni near Allahabad three rivers, Ganga, Jamuna and Saraswathi join.

Animal Life

Was there any sign of life in India during the last 120 million years? Yes, some of the smaller forms resembled those that we see today, while larger ones were different. Many of them are extinct now. In the early period when there was volcanic activity in India, there flourished in the forests such plants as cycads, conifers and some varieties of palms. Advanced types of trees such as oak, cinnamon and birch appeared, at the end of the Siwalik period in the Pleistocene times, though known very much earlier in Europe; the change of climate must have aided in their spread from cooler countries.

About one hundred million years back the seas as they are now were asylums for billions and billions of shell-covered animals. But some coiled shells called ammonites which are now worshipped by some as *salt-grams* entirely disappeared. In the beginning, the land mammals like cow, tiger and horse had not appeared. The chief inhabitants of India about one hundred million years back were various forms of reptiles and the ancestors of the frog. It is interesting to mention that about 60-70 millions of years ago Madhya Pradesh was the home of monster-like reptiles known as dinosaurs. Some of them had elephant-like body and limbs, crocodile-like tail, and crane-like neck with a very tiny head. They measured sometimes as much as 70 feet in

length, and 15 feet in height. Some of them were flying in air, others lived in water. The skeletal remains of these were discovered near Jabbalpur some years back. They are all extinct now.

The higher forms of life were not known until the Miocene times, i.e. 25 million years back. The first known mammals in India are a group of giant rhinoceros which inhabited the region near the Bugti hills of Baluchistan. Among them the giant *baluchitherium* ("the beast of Baluchistan") is of much interest. The fossil skeleton remains reveal that this animal should have out-rivalled any of the modern land animals including the elephant. Its body and limbs were like that of an elephant, with a horselike neck six feet in length, while the head resembled that of a camel. One form of *baluchitherium* was seventeen feet in height and 27 feet in length. In spite of its gigantic size it lived on the foliage of the forest which was abundant in that period. Perhaps due to changed conditions, it soon became extinct.

The next group of animals that roamed in the Siwalik plains were the giraffes. At present these animals are confined to the African continent, but in the past there were at least four varieties of these in India, such as *vishnutherium*, *sivatherium*, *bramatherium*, *indra therium* and several others. Of these the most interesting form is *sivatherium*. This animal has the characters of a giraffe and an antelope. The body and the limbs were like those of a giraffe but with a short neck while the horns were like those of an antelope.

There were varieties of horses roaming in the plains millions of years back. These ancestors of the modern horse had three toes in each limb instead of a single one as now. They are named hipparion. More interesting than the evolution of the horses is that of the elephants. The earliest representative which lived about 50 million years back was like a pig in size without a trunk or tusks. It has been called *moeritherium*. The successors of this early elephant gradually increased in size, and developed elongated skull and trunk. Some of them like *trilophodon* had tusks in



Sivatherium, an extinct ancestor of giraffe

both the jaws, while others like *dino-therium* had their lower jaws bent. But subsequent types had tusks only in the upper jaw and the trunk eventually almost reached the ground. One of the giant forms, and an immediate ancestor of the Indian elephant was *stegodon ganesa*. These are all extinct now.

There were also several varieties of cattle, pigs and hippopotamus. Coming to the higher forms, there were several varieties of tailless apes known as anthropoids. Some of them like the fossil *ramapithecus*, *sugrивapithecus* and *sivapithecus* whose fossil remains are available show several human features.

Early Man

An important question that may be pertinently asked is: What about man? Further researches by the geologists in North Western India and other places have revealed that man was present in India about one hundred thousand years ago. His handiwork in the form of crude stone implements has been found associated with the fossils of animals that lived after the second glacial period. He may have migrated northwards from the Indus and Narbada valleys where a warmer climate prevailed; for, we find the stone implements called palaeoliths in many localities in South India. These primitive men must have taken thousands of years to learn how to use metals like iron and copper before they attained the standard of civilisation that has been found in the architecture of Mohenjo Daro.

NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

By J. A. RODRIGUES

EDWIN Muir, a discerning critic of the modern novel, has said of the work of Ernest Hemingway that it is probably the most vivid description of the life of the 'natural man' in contemporary letters. The natural man is, of course, a product of our own sceptical times, in that many major creative writers of this century have refused to accept the traditional and classical concept of man as an essentially spiritual being, with both natural and supernatural obligations. The chief protagonists in the novels of writers like Celime, de Mantherlant, James Ferrell and D. H. Lawrence are typical embodiments of the new hero-villain, devoid of any loyalty, and almost incapable of rational thought and action. They are conceived and have their being on a purely natural plane, and they attain their objectives by a ruthless elimination of all that stands in their way, violating all the accepted codes and conventions in the process. The novels in which they appear might be held up as reflections of the darkness of an age which has lost its spiritual bearings. The emphasis on violence and anti-social activity in the individual is but a consequence of the collective violence of an era wherein war would seem endemic, and moral obliquity of one type or another, a routine feature of existence.

The writing of Ernest Hemingway stems from this category. In both theme and treatment it evinces a pre-occupation with violence and sudden death, with physical danger, physical courage and physical pleasure, that amounts to an obsession, and its tough masculinity derives from this dominating characteristic of chronicling the goings-on of the natural man. Morgan in 'To Have and Have Not' and Jake Barnes in 'Fiesta' are typical Hemingway characters, in that for them the doing of a job against all odds counts above everything else. The characters in these two early and sordid Hemingway stories are completely sub-human, and like the lower

animals, they follow their instincts to the end. They lust, fight and kill on the road to achievement, and often die themselves without a trace of mental or moral emotion.

With these preliminary novels, and well-known short stories, like 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro', 'The Killers', and 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber', Hemingway set himself up as one of the foremost literary innovators of his period, for like all writers who have sought to bring unexplored areas within the confines of their art, he was compelled to fashion for himself, a new technique and style. We have become familiar now with the pulsing narrative, transected by cinematic cuts, the crisp reportage and the deliberately simplified syntax, parodied as these have been by countless other up-and-coming writers. When Hemingway himself, however, began to write in this vein, it suited his purposes admirably. For, within the limitations he imposed upon himself and his characters, he could only work for sensational effects, and his stylistic methods were nothing if they were not sensational.

But to stop short with this estimate of the general nature of his work would be a critical misjudgement, for with his three later novels, 'A Farewell to Arms', 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' and 'Across the River and into the Trees', Hemingway's potentialities have developed considerably. All these novels have a European war for their background, and might in themselves constitute a gigantic trilogy, representative of Hemingway's most arduous efforts. Like many other American expatriate novelists, Hemingway matured as a writer in an environment that was essentially European, and the perpetual impact of Europe on the American mind, of the Old World on the New World, of experience on innocence, contributed in no small measure to his development. As a young man he took part in World War I, and later he acted as

a correspondent in the Spanish Civil War, undergoing with many other young writers, the hazards of that conflict to the full. His latest novel, 'Across the River and into the Trees' is a product of his experiences in World War II. It is at once the central factor and limiting characteristic of Hemingway's European interludes that they were inextricably bound up with national and international conflict. War acquired for him the symbolic meaning of 'life in the shadow of death and unmerited disaster, the epitome of the human condition', and thus invested his work with a significance it had not possessed before. But the cockpits and bridgeheads of Europe at war are hardly conducive to the propagation of European humanism, and Hemingway's continental experiences would seem to have had the effect of keeping his creative work within familiar channels.

Truly enough, Rober Jordan of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' and Colonel Richard Cantwell of 'Across the River and into the Trees' are conceived in a manner that makes them more human than the mechanical figures of the early stories. They are professional soldiers, and have come to know the meaning of loyalty as only the soldier on the field of battle can know it; devotion to a cause strengthens their character and gives point to their existence. In both the stories, the imminence of death is used for a dramatic evocation of the past, and at every stage we are presented with effective studies in contrast; the beauty of the past and the horror of the present, the bounties of Nature and the ugliness of the battleground, the love of life and the long drawn-out tension of the soldier's death. Jordan and Cantwell learn of the splendour of living under the shadow

of death, and differ in a most essential way from Barnes and Morgan. But in creating them, Hemingway has sought to rise above his former limitations, and consequently is on slippery ground. His predispositions and prejudices keep breaking through with ruinous effect. Edwin Muir has spoken of the sentimentality of violence implicit in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' wherein Utopia is conceived as a kingdom to be taken by storm, and at times, Cantwell too, is pretentious in the extreme. He proudly proclaims that he can feel sympathy only with those who had fought or been mutilated, and bitterly criticises everyone and everything from General Montgomery to his hotel-elevator, while helping himself to dry Martinis. One is left with the impression that Hemingway has attempted something beyond his reach, and more than one critic would like to hear a performance of the old Hemingway again, with the famous Hemingway stops pulled out one after another.

But one is thankful for the attempt made at progress and for the development implied therein. Life is infinite and art by comparison confined, and every effort made by the creative artist at enlarging his vision must be welcomed. Perhaps Hemingway's next novel will be free of the mushy sentiment and false bravado that has limited the scope of his last one, 'Across the River and into the Trees.' Then the bare but effective Hemingway style, with its terse precision and discoveries in dialogue will claim a value of its own. For, by itself, and shorn of every mental and moral reflection, it must remain an over-valued curiosity and for Hemingway an over-worked vein. And in the realm of letters, the less said of an over-worked vein the better!

MAHARAJAHS' UNION

The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, whose Indian state legislature in 1948 accused him of spending \$10,000,000 on a "six-week spree" in Paris, became a trade unionist last week. He organized 100 deposed rulers of India's former princely states for collective action to preserve their privileges. It had to be an unaffiliated union because the Indian National Trade Union Congress ruled: princes were not a "legitimate working-class body." But, undeterred, the maharajahs' union stated its main grievance: "Not a single former ruler has been invited to an official function since India became independent."—News Week.

A Mythological Story

CURSE OF PRIYAMVADA

By V. Subramanian, M.A.

THE hoary sage, Vaisampayana, had not even finished telling the story of Sakuntala and Dushyanta, before Janamejaya, the King, who was listening impatiently began to protest, with ill-concealed anger.

"No, venerated sage. No this cannot be. For a scion of the great Purus, to cast away a helpless girl, whom he has married! No, it is impossible" he cried, the words coming in quick succession from his twitching mouth, like a torrent.

Sage Vaisampayana smiled understandingly. He had just then told the sad and moving story of Sakuntala, the fair ashram girl, an adopted daughter of Sage Kanva; of how King Dushyanta, who went hunting into the forest fell in love with this heavenly maiden; of how they met and enjoyed each other's company in secret; and how when a month later, Sakuntala went to Dushyanta in his capital, he denied all knowledge of her. It was at this stage that Janamejaya interrupted Sage Vaisampayana so abruptly.

"This anger is understandable, Oh Janamejaya, scion of great Purus. But it was true that Dushyanta did cast off the girl he married in secret" repeated Vaisampayana with a calm smile.

Janamejaya still could not bring himself to believe a word of it. "Curses on his head, then, that soiled the fair name of Purus" roared he, his anger now turning against Dushyanta.

The sage smiled again. "It was due to a curse that Dushyanta forgot all about Sakuntala, but all that is a long and involved story; part of which will be explained by a poet called Kalidasa, in his drama Sakuntalam to be written centuries hence. But another important part of the story will never be explained at all" said Vaisampayana.

Instead of anger, curiosity now seized King Janamejaya. "Do please tell me the whole story, from the beginning to the end" asked he of the sage in suppliant tones.

The sage smiled to himself. "Listen, Oh terror of thine enemies! what follows is a secret of the Gods. It should be never revealed to any mortal, by you" he said, and began the story.

King Janamejaya pricked his ears and began to listen attentively.

"Oh, indomitable Janamejaya!" began Vaisampayana. "King Dushyanta, who came to hunt deer, saw fair Sakuntala in the ashram and fell in love with her. Her very innocence made her all the more irresistible. Sage Kanva was absent, but Sakuntala's two inseparable friends Priyamvada and Anasuya, treated their royal guest with due honour and courtesy; and the King's love for their friend gladdened their hearts. Under their fostering eyes, the lovers began to meet each other in secret, and the King married Sakuntala according to the Gandharva form of marriage. Very soon Dushyanta's royal duties called him to his capital and with heavy heart, he bade good bye to his beloved and her friends, asking them to send Sakuntala to the palace as soon as Kanva, her father, should come home."

"Innocent Sakuntala had yielded her tender heart and body to the advances of the royal lover, not knowing what misfortunes lay in store for her. It was a terrible wrench to her to part from the royal master, but he had to go home on urgent State business; and as he went away, the tender ashram girl sat on the doorsteps of her little cottage, lost in thoughts of her peerless lover.

"Then came Sage Durvasa to the ashram, but poor Sakuntala, in her self-forgetfulness saw not the sage standing before her. Angry at this

insult to him, Durvasa pronounced a terrible curse on her, namely that the very lover, thinking of whom, she forgot to worship the saintly guest would forget her. Sakuntala heard not the curse also; so deeply lost was she in her contemplation of Dushyanta.

"But Anasuya and Priyamvada heard the curse, and were struck with terror and grief. Running with the materials of worship, to the departing sage, they fell at his feet, and begged of him to forgive their poor friend. But the sage could not take back his curse. On persistent pleading, he took pity, and said that the King would remember Sakuntala again, if he saw anything given to her in token of his love. The hearts of Anasuya and Priyamvada became lighter as they heard the sage's words; for Dushyanta had given to Sakuntala his royal signet ring. So with a happy heart, they kept this secret of the sage's curse to themselves fearing that Sakuntala would not bear to hear it. Nobody in the ashram, but these two knew of it.

"But Fate in her cruelty would not leave poor Sakuntala alone. The Sage Kanva returned soon to the ashram, and heard of his dear Sakuntala's marriage with the King, and he was glad that his daughter had obtained a scion of the Purus for her husband. Very soon, arrangements were made for sending Sakuntala to her husband's home. With a suitable escort of sages, Sakuntala, decked with gold ornaments, was sent to the capital. On the way, however, Sakuntala lost the signet ring of Dushyanta, when crossing a river; it slipped off her lean long finger, and she knew it not. As they all went into the court hall, and told Dushyanta of their mission, the King was angry and sarcastic by turns; Durvasa's curse had taken effect, he had forgotten all about Sakuntala. When he asked Sakuntala to show proof of his having given a token, she discovered that the signet ring had slipped off her fingers. In utter shame she walked from the court hall, and called on high heavens to do justice to her. Then all of a sudden there came down Menaka, her heavenly mother, and took her away to her abode above.

"The sages who came with Sakuntala were struck dumb with grief at

this. Not all their self-control could keep them from anger and pain. They even thought of cursing the King but something intervened and they could not do so and Sakuntala's failure to produce the ring had left them bewildered; more so her sudden disappearance with her mother. With wary foot-steps, they trudged their way back to the ashram to tell this tale of sorrow to Kanva.

"It was evening when they reached the ashram. The waiting inmates read tidings of sorrow on the very faces of the returning sages. Slowly and with halting speech, the story was narrated to the ashram, struck dumb with grief. That night, it was deadly calm in the ashram. It was the calm of the grave. The sages had wept out their tears dry.

It was a strange, oppressive calm that night in the ashram; but in the minds of the ashramites there raged a storm. As the night progressed, weary of their sorrow, all the inmates had dropped off to sleep. But Anasuya and Priyamvada could find no sleep. It was they that had fostered the secret love between Sakuntala and the King and encouraged him to marry her in secret. They alone knew the terrible curse of Durvasa on Sakuntala's head and its terrible effect. The signet ring on which they had placed their hopes had slipped off into the river. They could not escape the pricks of their accusing conscience; for was it not their folly and pride that hid all news of Durvasa's curse from Sakuntala and Sage Kanva? Perhaps had they told him about it, he might have done something to avert the dreadful punishment that had befallen Sakuntala. Of what use was their contrition now? With thoughts like these tearing their hearts, they lay awake facing each other silently, for they dared not speak.

"Earlier in the evening, when the deadly news was first broken to the ashram, Anasuya and Priyamvada fainted immediately after they heard it. When late after nightfall they recovered, they found themselves alone. 'All kings are like this, cruel cads,' said Anasuya. 'But he did not seem to be like that' moaned Priyamvada. 'Stop your excuses for him' cried

angry Anasuya. 'It was after all you who virtually invited him and encouraged him to seduce fair Sakuntala.' 'Well, you abetted me' retorted Priyamvada. 'As if the grief and shame were not enough, are you adding to it by your quarrels? Wretches, begone from here' broke in Matron Gautami. They silently walked away to their ashram cottage.

"Not a word they exchanged. They could not. They lay in sullen silence.

"So they lay silent and brooding till long after midnight. The third quarter of the night was nearing its end.

"They heard a soft voice. It was almost inaudible but the vigilant Anasuya and Priyamvada picked up their ears to listen.

"It was Kulapathi Kanva now speaking to Gautami. 'Fate is invincible and relentlessly cruel. Look at poor Sakuntala. Left an orphan at birth, she has again been put to insufferable cruelty. God alone knows how much more suffering is in store for her. That of all the people the blameless Rajarshi Dushyanta should desert her! Strange indeed are the whims and fancies of cruel fate' said Kanva.

"Gautami burst out at once in a retort. 'No, revered Kulapathi, you still consider Dushyanta blameless. After all, kings are philanderers and Dushyanta, of all such people, is the most cruel and shameless. Let us curse him' roared she. 'Stop, Gautami, stop' cried Kanva. 'Do not in haste curse an innocent man and ruin irreparably the life of dear Sakuntala. There must be some mystery in all this. Perhaps, there is really a curse on Sakuntala or Dushyanta, who knows'. So saying he walked out towards the river for early morning ablutions since it was already the fourth quarter of the night.

"You heard it' whispered Anasuya, while Priyamvada retorted, 'Heard it as well as you,' as if telling her not to speak of it again. 'Then at least run up to the Kulapathi and tell him all about Durvasa's curse. He will do something about it at least now', said Anasuya. But Priyamvada remained unmoved; silence seemed to have seized her beyond words... But suddenly her face assumed a tense first, crying again 'Forgive me, oh

was goddess Kali in an ashram girl's garb. A strange gleam shone in her eyes. Muttering some verse in praise of Devi, she suddenly darted out of the ashram, like a flash of lightning. Anasuya, who was watching all this, was too dazed and tired to ask her any question.

"She lay there wondering what it was that made Priyamvada suddenly so tense, powerful and terrible. And as she lay there reflecting, the long withstood sleep enveloped her in its folds. Anasuya slept soundly, for how long she knew not.

"Late in the morning she was awakened by the scolding voice of Gautami. 'Wake up, you little wretch' she cried and looking about she again asked 'Where is the other wretch, Priyamvada?' Waking up with a jerk she looked about her. It was late in the morning and the sun had already risen. Where was Priyamvada?

"Now the happenings of the last night came to her mind, as parts of a dreadful dream.

"Sakuntala had gone, Priyamvada also had gone somewhere. But where could she have gone, reflected Anasuya. Then she walked to the river. It was already late for morning wash.

"There was nobody near the river as she bathed. But as she was returning, with heavy weary footsteps, she heard a voice howling out 'Oh forgive me, forgive me now.'

"She suddenly lifted her head up and a strange sight greeted her eyes.

"Priyamvada was running post haste with her hair dishevelled. At a distance Sage Durvasa was also running in hot haste behind Priyamvada, as if pursuing her with a vengeance.

"Priyamvada ran and ran and panting for breath suddenly fell at Anasuya's feet. Durvasa who was following her also came there in a few seconds and fell besides Priyamvada.

"Anasuya was utterly confused. What had this naughty girl done to make the angry sage pursue her with such haste? In her confusion she bent her head down to see what had become of her fainting friend.

"But it was Durvasa who now got up first, crying again 'Forgive me, oh holy

holy virgin! Forgive me.' As he saw the face of Anasuya, he realised his mistake, that he was not addressing Priyamvada.

"In imploring tones, he asked Anasuya 'Oh Anasuya! Your friend has placed a terrible curse upon my head. Please intervene on my behalf and save me from it.'

"The bewilderment of Anasuya increased. Was the sage mad or playing a joke? She could not decide. But then she picked up courage enough to ask him 'Oh venerable sage! I do not understand a bit of what you say. Priyamvada cursed you, the mighty sage! impossible.'

"It was Durvasa's turn to explain. 'Knowest thou not, Anasuya, that a pure virgin in righteous anger, praying to Goddess Chandi to grant her revenge, is as powerful as Kali herself? Priyamvada in righteous anger had prayed to Goddess Chandi this morning and has sought out and cursed me, and what a terrible curse! She has cursed me to become an unlettered shepherd on earth, and remain for ever a sheep among sheep. Oh, how can I escape this terrible curse without her mercy!'

"Slowly truth began to dawn upon Anasuya. Yes, Priyamvada in her rage at the fate of innocent Sakuntala had called upon Kali to give her the power to curse and then had cursed Sage Durvasa.

"With some self-possession, Anasuya asked the sage again. 'It is all well for you to ask to be saved but what becomes of our beloved Sakuntala, forsaken by her husband and suffering in silence!'

"Sage Durvasa brightened up a bit and replied, 'Do not worry about blessed Sakuntala, for very soon the signet ring she dropped into the river will be found out by a fisherman. On seeing that ring Dushyanta will remember Sakuntala. When he goes to the heavens to assist Indra against the demons, he will meet and recognise Sakuntala and take her back with redoubled love.'

"Anasuya's face now lit up with a new happiness and as Priyamvada woke up from her swoon, she took her aside and whispered to her, 'Dear Priyamvada, the sage has predicted a

happy reunion of Sakuntala and Dushyanta. It is time now that you gave him a reprieve. Please hurry up lest the worst should happen.'

"There was a smile on Priyamvada's tired countenance as she listened to her friend. The sage kept on repeating in suppliant tones, 'Please forgive me.'

"Suddenly Anasuya saw Priyamvada's face assume a strange glow. It was as if it was irradiated by a new divine power. There was the prophet's gleam in her eyes, and a heavenly ring in her clean voice as she spoke: 'Yes, I shall grant him a reprieve of my curse. The ignorant shepherd, who will stalk the earth like a sheep among sheep will very soon, by Kali's grace, become the world's greatest poet. Words with heavenly music will flow from his tongue like a torrent. He will sing in rhapsodies of the very things he once despised as an angry sage. He will enshrine in his poetry the spring and the cuckoo, the gay lovers and the chakora bird, the moonlight and the river, and the joys of love and the bridal chamber. More than all this, he will write an immortal drama, telling the story of our innocent friend Sakuntala, singing the purity of her love, greatness and glory; a drama that will immortalise for ever in peerless prose and verse the ashram girl that loved a king. Only then will he be relieved of this curse, and become again a sage after his death.'"

So concluded Vaisampayana his story of Sakuntala to the intensely attentive King Janamejaya. "Sage Durvasa," he said, "became Kalidasa, wrote his immortal play *Sakuntalam*. But he himself was unaware of the curse upon himself by Priyamvada and hence the story of Priyamvada's curse does not find a place in the *Sakuntalam* of KALIDASA."

This story I found in a rare manuscript of Mahabharata preserved by my grand-father. It is an apocryphal chapter, which should not have been revealed to any one, except with his consent. He is, however, long since dead, and the chapter is here published for the first time.

a doubtful boon, since it has been used less to diminish the burden of work than to increase the proportion of the population that can be set apart for the business of war. But if the fear of war were removed, the human race, by the help of science, could both work less and produce more. There need, in fact, no longer be any abject poverty anywhere in the world.

Science has already achieved immense triumphs in the prolongation of life and the diminution of disease. Given the better economic conditions that might come with the abolition of war, a great deal more could be done in this direction even without any improvement in medicine; and there is of course every reason to expect that improvement in medicine will continue. If, however, a lower-death-rate is not to lead to over-population, it will be necessary that the birth-rate should be low, not only in those Western countries where this is already the case, but everywhere.

At present, for nationalistic reasons, Governments desire a high-birth rate in their own countries, although a high birth-rate is a cause and incentive of war: but if the danger of war were removed we might hope that a less insane policy would prevail. It is obvious that, if war is eliminated and the death-rate from disease much diminished, only a very general low birth-rate can prevent a world-wide shortage of food. For a time, this might be prevented by the application of more science to agriculture, but in the long run, if the population of the globe continues to increase, it must become impossible to feed it. A scientific society, therefore, can only be stable if the birth-rate is so low as not to lead to any appreciable increase of population.

Given a low birth-rate and a system making large-scale war impossible, a scientific society may be stable, which it is not at present. But, though stable, it might contain little or nothing that, according to existing standards of value, would deserve to be admired. Ever since the invention of gun-powder every advance in scientific technique has increased the power of the State. Up to a point, this is an unquestionable gain: almost any Government is better than anarchy. But until recently Governments which

were very bad could be removed by revolution, and this put a limit to what was practicable in the way of tyranny. Now, as a result of scientific technique, there appears to be no such limit. *Given control of the police, and the armed forces, an oligarchy, however small, can exterminate political opponents, and by means of a monopoly of education and the Press can, within a generation persuade almost all its subjects that it is enlightened and benevolent, and has no aims except the national welfare. It can, meanwhile, devote its energies to stabilising its own power and to increasing its own wealth at the expense of the powerless. And with every increase of injustice and despotism it can enhance its popularity, since no means exist of telling truths or refuting falsehoods except when the Government so desires.*

This is not a fancy picture, it has been achieved in Russia, where the Bolsheviks, at first, were hardly one per cent of the population. If it is not to happen everywhere, democracy must be preserved and strengthened.

There must be publicity for facts that the Government wishes to conceal and for opinions that it wishes to silence. There must be constitutional means of bringing about a change of Government. The authorities must not have power to deprive people of liberty or of food except by due process of law, and the judges must be independent of the executive. Accusations brought by the authorities against political opponents—for example, that they are plotting the forcible overthrow of the Government—must be investigated carefully, impartially, and critically, and during the investigation the accused must not be exposed to torture by the police. Nor must a man's wife and children be punished for his sins.

All these are old-fashioned Liberal demands, which to many people appear out of date. Belief in benevolent despotism, which died out in the eighteenth century, has been revived in our time, partly by those who hope to be the despots, and partly from ignorant impatience with existing evils. The result is a possibility that the scientific society may be of the despotic sort. It is therefore worth while to remind ourselves of the inevitable evils of such a society.

First there are economic evils. The oligarchs are such to allot to themselves much larger incomes than they permit to the vulgar herd. Given their monopoly of power and propaganda, there is no reason why they should allow the poor more than a bare subsistence. In Russia at the present day, the percentage difference between the incomes of the rich and the poor is certainly greater than in Britain, and is estimated by competent authorities to be greater than in the United States. An oligarchic system makes such inequality nearly certain, for in the long run wealth is the result of power. In quiet times, formerly powerful may retain wealth for a while; but sooner or later it will pass to whatever class has political power. Only equality in the distribution of power can secure economic justice.

Next come cultural evils. In order that those who are deprived of power should not have a sense of injustice, they must be uneducated or mis-educated. In a scientific society, the latter has been found the better method. The poor are to attend school, and have access to reading matter, but what they are taught and what they are allowed to read is what the Government thinks good for them, and bears no relation to fact. The average inhabitant of Moscow stares with pitying incredulity at travellers who tell him that there are underground railways in Western cities.

In order to keep up a large-scale deception of this kind, there is need of very elaborate precautions against any infiltration of knowledge. This inevitably produces, sooner or later, a dull and stereotyped orthodoxy, which makes all serious intellectual innovation impossible. After some generations of such a regime, the capacity for original thought will have atrophied, and men will merely repeat authoritative phrases from the books that established the prevailing orthodoxy.

Not least of the objections to an oligarchic regime is the probable prevalence of sheer cruelty towards

underlings. As regards slavery, this is a commonplace, but it applies to many systems which do not nominally involve slavery. British industrialism was unbelievably inhuman when wage-earners had no political power. King Leopold's treatment of the natives of the Congo provoked a scandal, but was only worse in degree than much that negroes have suffered elsewhere. In Russia inhumanities not unlike those of the Congo and of early British industrialism are inflicted in the forced labour camps, which have become an integral part of the Soviet economy. Human nature is not to be trusted with irresponsible power, and where irresponsible power exists appalling cruelties are to be expected.

On such grounds, a scientific society, if it is to be such as most people in Western nations can admire, must preserve a vigorous democracy and a considerable measure of cultural freedom. I think that perhaps, even at its best, it is likely to contain less than we could wish of some good things, more particularly art. Human beings are a mixture of social and anarchic impulses, but as society grows more organic the freedom that can be allowed to the anarchic part of human nature grows less. Artistic impulses tend to be connected with anarchic elements, and to die out when life is tame and well regulated. If a scientific society is to survive, the self-assertiveness which leads to wars will have to be curbed by authority, and spontaneity will have to be restrained in many directions without diminishing it in directions that are desirable. If so, safety will have been purchased at the expense of dullness. But this is a doubtful speculation, and we may hope that it is a mistaken one.

To conclude: *Science may be a boon if war can be abolished while democracy and cultural liberty are preserved. If this cannot be done, science will precipitate evils greater than any that mankind has ever experienced—(NNF).*

Mao Tse-tung will play the role of Banquo's ghost at the Commonwealth Premiers' conference table. To Prime Minister Nehru he will doubtless be as harmless as Harvey's invisible rabbit, but to the others he will be shaking "his gory locks."—NEW YORK TIMES.

THE END OF A CHAPTER

By Capt. R. L. RAU

WHEN India became a Republic on the 25th of January last year it was decided that the King's colours of thirty-five Indian Army Regiments and one of the Indian Navy should be laid up until Government decided how they should be finally disposed of. The decision to preserve them in Dehra Dun's National Defence Academy was taken last October.

These colours have had a proud regimental history. Hallowed by British and Indian Army tradition they had come to be looked upon as symbols or emblems of great prestige. Behind these scarred and frayed standards, carried often in battle and in ceremonial displays in the past lies the story of the training of a great army which Britain had helped to build. Some day the story of that patient training will have to be told by some one. Faith in India's destiny, confidence in her ability one day to manage her own affairs, and goodwill to help her in her efforts to reach her destined goal were components of that training undertaken by Britain over a century.

The part played by the Indian Army in the last two world wars more than justified that faith and confidence. Britain will have many enduring monuments to her achievements all the world over. But the Indian Army which she helped to create and build and its goodwill is the most enduring of them all. It outshines all her other achievements in colonial administration. What the great nations like the Greeks, the Romans in the past and France, Germany and the Dutch or Portuguese in the recent present failed to achieve, Britain succeeded in achieving.

No nation helped to build an army which one day would oppose her and was likely to turn against her. But Britain took the risk. Allowing a large margin for her own interests, the fact remains that in the bold experiment of helping to build an army for India by Indians Britain stood vindicated. Whatever her sins of commission and omission in India no power on earth

today can hold her to ridicule for the attempts she made to lay the foundations of an army for India.

It is necessary to emphasise these facts because of the new interpretation that is being given these days to the word liberalisation now in common use in Soviet and Chinese diplomatic and military language. Soviet historians and commentators will do well to study closely British imperialism or colonialism, whatever name they love to give to British administration in Asia and the East. That imperialism or colonialism had undoubtedly its weak spots, badly forged links in its chain, but it had one good point at least and that was its faith in democracy and, in building up that democracy, of a people not only for the people but by the people themselves. In that role of helping a people to build up a democracy for themselves and by their own efforts, Britain stands unchallenged. Not all the sneers of the Soviet's massive array of politicians and commentators backed up by her new ally, China, will minimise the importance of that role.

Some such thoughts came to one's mind one November morning last year as one watched an event without precedent at Dehra Dun, when the King's colours of nearly forty regiments of the Indian Army and those of the Indian Navy were laid up and handed over to the National Defence Academy there for safe keeping.

Dehra Dun is a small provincial town at the foot of the Himalayan Siwaliks with Mussoorie's glistening snow tops fourteen miles away. India's biggest training centre for the future officers of her armed forces is situated here. In the oval hollow at the foot of the hills is Chetwode Hall, named after Field Marshal Chetwode, a former Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, and in which are deposited the trophies of the Indian Army and some of its proudest possessions. It is a spot which is consecrated to the honour and tradition of India's armed forces. Little did its builders dream that one day it would become the

rallying point of India's youth to dream, to dare and to do things for their motherland and look up to the National Defence Academy as the starting point of their military career in the defence of their country.

Chetwode Hall has all the qualities of a great memorial hall. Its sombre wood panelling contributed by the reserve forest woods of the India Government Forest Research Institute at Dehra Dun heightens its dignity. At one end of the hall against a large wooden plaque are these words engraved and chiselled in the hard wood of the plaque:

*"The Safety, Honour And Welfare
Of Your Country Come First,
The Honour, Welfare and Comfort
Of The Men You Command Next,
Your Own Ease, Comfort And Safety
Come Last Always, And Every time."*

There was hardly a dry eye that day, especially among the many British officers in full service dress wearing decorations and medals of the campaigns they had been in, as the King's colours were slowly marched from the bright sunlight on the parade ground to the massive oval doorway into the semi-darkness of Chetwode Hall; massed bands played *Auld Lang Syne* and as the last four colours were carried away inside, the first verse of *God Save The King*, was played officially by the bands for the last time in India.

The colours were given all the ceremonial honours due to them. Their being laid to rest in so ceremonial a manner had the pathos of a great endeavour, a great achievement and a supreme spirit of abdication. They had at one time belonged to some of the finest regiments in the world. Men of these regiments, Hindus and

Muslims, among whom were the Mahrattas, the Punjabis, the Rajputs, the Jats, the Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the Madrassis and the Dogras had given to them their best in peace and in war.

It was appropriate too that the personal representative of the British King to be present on the occasion should have been Sir Archibald Nye, a former soldier, sometime Governor of Madras, now Britain's High Commissioner in India, in New Delhi.

It was an unforgettable scene. The long rays of the northern winter sun fell aslant the floor of Chetwode Hall as Sir Archibald Nye concluded his speech at the end of the ceremonial with great emotion. For one long moment a great hush fell upon the distinguished assembly as the last act of homage was rendered to the thirty-six old regimental standards before they were wrapped up in their silken covers and laid to rest for ever in the archives of the National Defence Academy.

It was the end of a long chapter of history; of honour, of achievement, of a responsibility willingly undertaken and faithfully executed. Britain's voluntary abdication of her rule in India and her authority in that sub-continent were complete.

Suddenly a little bird perched amidst the lilac blossoms outside the windows burst into a song. Its melody brought one back to earth. One became aware of the rustle of the officers' uniforms and the swish of skirts and saris as the ladies in the Hall began to move away; the last one to leave the Hall was Major General Thimmaya, the Commandant of the Academy. The old standards became a part of India's ageless history.

Pakistan's patience appears to have reached an end and Liaquat has been facing uncontrollable political and popular pressure at home to force a discussion of the issue in London, if not a solution. India holds the portions of Kashmir that she wants and is giving every evidence of intending to consolidate her position regardless of the wishes of the inhabitants or the United Nations. In the process a tension is being created between India and Pakistan that makes Kashmir one of the most dangerous spots in the world.—NEW YORK TIMES.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM—TASK BEFORE OUR NEW REPUBLIC

By The Right Hon'ble Dr. M. R. JAYAKAR, P. C.

THE task of educational reconstruction has been long overdue in this country and our Republican State and the people must now be awakened to a lively sense of their respective responsibilities. The truth is that unless the State gives a greatly increased support to the universities and increasing monetary aid to the students, they would not be able to do anything like the range or quality of work the State or the universities desire.

The question, therefore is how best can universities help to promote plans of national education. It is obvious that any system of such education in a country like ours must possess certain characteristics before it can hope to succeed. On a little reflection, the following will appear to be some of these principal characteristics:

1. It must be based on the actual needs of the entire nation in all its stages and give an opportunity to every man, woman and child to develop personality to the utmost extent and to live a full life.

2. Its objectives, methods and standards of performance must have relation to the facts of the complete life of the people and to their economic, social and cultural needs so that it touches society in all its various sections and cross sections.

3. It must be based on a new conception of citizenship. It is obvious that the proper basis of a sound system of education must be a conception of citizenship suited to the stage at which the State has arrived and this in turn will require us to decide what kind of society we wish to have, what ideology to create, whether we shall continue the present acquisitive or competitive system where one man's loss is another man's gain or replace it by a co-operative one, which secures the common good of various classes. Let us warn ourselves that this is not a job for the politician, but for the thinkers and the educationists of the

nation connected with the universities of India. The universities must take up this work. The danger of leaving it to the politician is that, as experience has proved, he will create citizens in the sense of 'good haters and lusty flag-wavers' as somebody said recently.

4. It must aim at creating a new type of administrator fitted to work the new constitution. He must be an Indian who has made the fullest use of the opportunities at the university in the manner mentioned below and who has as a result, acquired characteristics which make him, by the breadth of his sympathies, a truly representative Indian—a man of calm judgment, infinite tolerance, inflexible impartiality, combining with these, a gift of leadership able to rise superior to excitement and quiet it in others by his toleration and readiness to appreciate the opposite point of view.

5. It must, at every stage of school and college life, inculcate the necessity of national unity and peace and adopt practical methods to bring them about. This will be the best aim and object of our system of education. Consequent on the attainment of freedom, a few forces have already been at work and it should be the business of educationists to handle them in a methodical and scientific manner.

A primary defect of our scheme of education is that, in its broad outlines, it resembles an educational ladder, commencing with the primary school, passing through the middle and secondary school and terminating in the apex of a college degree or post-graduate studies. Millions enter but few reach the top or even approach it. The intermediate stages are regarded as merely preparatory for the final stage and not as a preparation in themselves. Large masses of students who never expect even to approach the final stage and who would, by reason of their training and environments, be incapable of taking any

concerns at the top obtain from the training in the stages.

Education, which is inherent in all schemes of the primary and secondary stages are regarded as preparatory for the last, is more particularly operative in the Indian system, because of many political and social drawbacks. It is enough to observe that no system of education can be suitable for a vast and poor country like India, with its teeming millions and varying grades of culture, with different economic and industrial needs, social conceptions and religious beliefs, unless it takes note of two requisites—(1) the creation of many 'landing places' where the student may appropriately leave the main educational ladder and climb up another in a different direction and leading to a different goal; and (2) the subsidiary ladders should not be interdependent or interconnected. Each should go its own way and attempt to prepare the student in his own special interest or vocation. The pupil, being drawn into it comparatively young, the teaching is not expected to be so fundamental, far-reaching or scholarly, as that in the post-graduate school for the same branch of knowledge.

In the reconstruction of our educational system, our primary aim should, therefore, be carefully to plan out appropriate landing places, to locate them suitably in relation to the main educational ladder and to see that instruction received by the student before he came to the landing place was so devised and arranged so as to enable him to halt at that landing place and take another ladder, fully retaining the benefit of the instruction previously received. Under the present system, we push everyone up the main ladder regardless of his fitness for the ascent. Those who drop off, very often from circumstances beyond their control, have no landing places, where they can halt without complete ruin. They drop straight to the bottom, losing the benefit of the ascent they had made till they fell off.

We must keep in view the fact that the bulk of India's population lives in villages and there are about seven lakhs of villages awaiting develop-

ment. A nexus has to be created between the university and the villages. Experience has shown that village regeneration cannot proceed from uneducated and ill-educated men. It must be taken in hand by young men, whose instincts are sympathetic, training adequate and methods modern. The primary object of devising such courses will be to meet the wants of the country at large; but the incidental effect will be to relieve the pressure at the top, to weed out the unfit, to provide employment for the less ambitious and less gifted men and to establish a close affinity between town and country which is lacking at present owing to the location of universities in capital towns.

Another vital factor to be kept in view in our scheme of reconstruction is, as I stated above, the essential unity of India. We have amongst us various communities but their cultures must meet on a common platform of corporate effort. Various languages are spoken and a conflict has arisen between their claims to be the universal medium of expression. Each of these languages is an expression of culture of its people and a mere substitution of one language for another, as the general medium of expression, is not likely to succeed, but may, on the other hand, engender antipathies unforeseen at present, until a fair acquaintance with the culture behind the language is created during a university career. It will, therefore, be necessary to have at the university a faculty of study, aiming at what may be called the "Intellectual Nation Building."

I would, therefore, recommend the creation of a "Faculty of Indian Culture" as a compulsory branch of study at the university. Experience has proved that there are many points of affinity between the culture and literature of the important communities inhabiting India. The case of Muslims is an instance in point, notwithstanding the present desire of some of them to regard themselves as a different nation. We know that, though originally, the Muslim of pure descent came as an invader, he lived with the people and assimilated himself to his surroundings, which in their turn reciprocated to his contact. The course of their history in this coun-

try is replete with instances of cultural and other occupations which they laboured jointly with Hindus to pursue, perfect and perpetuate with utmost devotion. There is something very assimilative in art and culture. Such an assimilative process operated freely in ancient India and I am only making a plea for a close study of these processes as a regular subject at the university.

The important feature of our educational reconstruction should be to prepare its alumni to participate in the moral and political life of the

country. Every teacher and student must make his contribution to accomplish this task.

In our future scheme of education, the spirit of freedom and the triumph of human reason must be maintained at all cost, within the precincts of our colleges, the nurseries of future citizens. Freedom must be fully preserved to the youth to use his own reason, to think for himself and to develop on his own lines. The individual must be left untouched by any desire on the part of the State to become a nationwide school master. —I. P. S.

FORMOSA—THE BONE OF CONTENTION

By C. VIRARAGHAVAN

WITH the war in Korea threatening to develop into a world conflagration, the strategic importance of Formosa is increasing day by day. If China is not to be provoked into a major war against the West or driven into the arms of Russia for ever, and if room is to be allowed for the establishment of world peace, the Formosan issue will have to be settled in a peaceful and just a manner.

Formosa is separated from the Chinese Province of Fukien by a strait which is 80 miles wide at the narrowest point. It is within striking reach of British Hongkong on the South-West and the Philippines in the South. It commands the entrance to the Eastern Sea and the Yellow Sea. The possession of Formosa virtually means control of the life lines leading to Korea and Japan. The maritime importance of this island is immense in a future world war, if it should come.

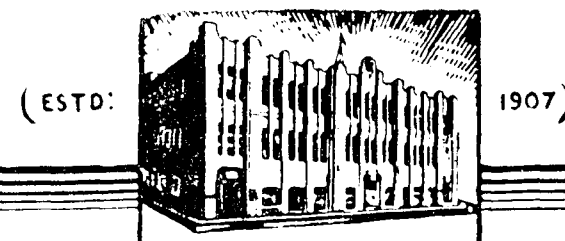
MacArthur desires to keep Formosa inside the American defensive perimeter in the Pacific. That means an inevitable encounter with China. However, prospects of an immediate clash of the West with China have been mitigated by President Truman's prompt repudiation of American designs on Formosa. The Formosan affair is as much an internal controversy between two formidable American viewpoints as it is part of the international tussle between the West

and the East. Truman would withdraw from the waters of Formosa as soon as peace is established in Korea, whereas General MacArthur believes that Formosa must remain within the control of U. S. A. more or less permanently, so that it could be used as a military base. President Truman's call to the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa and to the Chinese Nationalists to suspend all operations against the Chinese mainland, if it is the outcome of a wish to prevent direct conflict with China, is an act of wisdom; for if a Chinese attack on Formosa ends in a Sino-American war, U. S. A. will be at a very great disadvantage. General MacArthur's message to the Veterans of Foreign wars urging U. S. military occupation of Formosa, though promptly suppressed by President Truman, was a bomb-shell which had not failed to cause damage. Even when Truman met MacArthur the defiant General, the question of Formosa was not thrashed out, and left in an unhappy state of ambiguity. That the Formosan issue is an immediate challenge to world peace is proved by the importance attached to it in the recent Truman-Attlee talks and the consequent American assurance to settle it peacefully. However, the issue has been referred to the U. N. O. for a peaceful way-out, which does not mean the diminution of its explosiveness.

Formosa was part of the Manchu Empire until 1895, when by the Treaty of Shimonoseki it was ceded to Japan. The transfer of Formosa to Japan was greeted with protests by the Formosans themselves who proclaimed a republic. Japan, however forcibly took possession of the island. The gift of Formosa to Japan was characterised as having been 'stolen', in the Cairo declaration of December 1, 1943, issued in the name of U. S. A., Britain and China. When the Allies decided to accept the surrender of Japanese forces, the Chinese occupied Formosa "to take the surrender of the Japanese forces on the island." The terms laid down to the Japanese for surrender of Formosa were in accordance with the Potsdam Declaration of July 26, 1945—it was stipulated that "the terms of the Cairo Declaration shall be carried out and Japanese sovereignty shall be limited to the islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu, Shikoku and such minor islands as we (Allies) shall determine." After all this, for either U. S. A. or Britain to hold now that the original sove-

reign of Formosa is Japan and the restoration of security in the Pacific should precede the determination of the status of Formosa, is unbecoming, and indicates neither a sense of justice nor a desire for peace.

If the head of the Chinese delegation to the U. N. O. is to be believed, the Chinese do not desire war at any cost, unless it is thrust on them. It appears as though the Chinese would have been reluctant to entangle themselves in the Korean conflict, if MacArthur's troops were not blatantly threatening to over-run the Manchurian border, which is no small provocation. The Peiping Government's complaint that U. S. A. is guilty of "armed invasion of Formosa", through the presence of its naval forces in the Formosan waters, is not baseless. But for the virtual U. S. control of Formosa, the island itself would have been part of China, as it should be. Morally the claim to Formosa by China is most justifiable and the earlier the U. S. A. allows China to occupy Formosa, the better it would be for world peace.



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By V. P. SATHE

I for one feel that the establishment of the Central Board of Film Censors is a step in the right direction. Funnily, however, those who were clamouring most for it are seem to be now rather cold and even critical about the board. Why? Just because the censor fees is enhanced to Rs. 40 per thousand feet. Knowing as I do how money is wasted on stars and other things, I think the producers are just making a fetish out of this rise in fees. They should have known that the Central Board with a full-time working chairman and regional officers at Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi was bound to be a costly affair and in the present state of affairs the Government cannot incur more expenses.

That is exactly what Mr. Clifford Agarwala, the Chairman of the Censor Board, pointed out when I met him on Friday morning at his office. I had a long informal talk with him on the various problems vis-a-vis censorship and from the attitude he showed I was very favourably impressed. I think the film producers have reason to feel lucky in having such a modern, liberal, unprejudiced and educated chairman of the Central Board of Film Censors as Mr. Clifford Agarwala.

Ex-chief Justice of Patna High Court, he is genial in his manner without the stiff-neck of a bureaucrat and he seems to be very well informed about films. In his talk, he made it clear that the Central Board of Film Censors was an independent body and that there will be no Ministerial interference with its working. Normally, pictures once certified will not be re-

examined again unless the members of the Board and regional advisory panels feel it necessary or unless there is a strong demand from an influential public body.

Mr. Agarwala pointed out that already he has been receiving numerous complaints and requests for banning pictures. He particularly referred to *Ankhen* in which an objection was taken to the opening scene on the ground that it suggested bribing of a Railway official though in reality the picture showed an artiste paying Rs. 50 as a fine for pulling the chain and demanding a receipt from the Guard. Such complaints, Mr. Agarwala pointed out, would naturally be summarily dismissed.

Apropos the State Governments, he referred to the rules which clearly stated that the District Magistrate or any such official of the State Government could suspend a picture if it threatened peace. But the suspension order could last only for two months; and the suspension could not be prolonged without the sanction of the Central Government.

The Central Government was thus the final authority. If, for instance, the producer was not satisfied with the verdict of the regional panel and the Central Board he could ultimately appeal to the Central Government without any extra expenditure as the fee of Rs. 40 would cover all these appeals.

Mr. Agarwala disclosed that the boards and advisory panels were constituted with a view to giving

representation to the people from different walks of life, though no particular seats were allotted to this or that association. He also divulged that he has been receiving representation from many bodies representing the various branches of the film industry as well as other social organisations claiming representation on the Censor Board. The procedure of the censorship would be that every picture will be examined by the regional officer and two members of the advisory panel.

When asked about the pre-censorship of scripts, he said that the members of the Advisory Board would be willing to go through the scripts and advise the producer but the Censor Board would not give any guarantee about the final attitude towards the picture itself. Apparently, the script censorship would not work under the present method and the producer would have to depend upon his own judgment.

Mr. Agarwala has drafted a code for the censorship, he has circulated it to the President of the Producers' Association and he will place it before the Board when it meets for the first time on the 24th January for its approval. The code would be just an improvement upon the existing codes—and hopes for the better!

Indeed, from all this talk, I felt that the film industry can heave a sigh of relief that at last it will not have to face the vagaries of provincial censors and Ministers and that it will get liberal and rational treatment from the censor in future. But as Mr. Agarwala suggested, there would be no need for all this official censorship, if the industry agreed to self-censorship as is prevalent in Britain. But the point is, will it ever agree to any such move? As long as it does not it must submit to the official censorship in a sportsmanlike manner. I must repeat again that Mr. Clifford Agarwala is the right choice for this intricate job and that in him the film industry will find a genial friend and guide for the future.

Russian Director Arrives In Bombay

Pudovkin, the famous Russian director and author of two world-famous books 'Film Technique' and 'Film

Acting' arrived in Bombay, on Friday evening from Calcutta. At Santacruz about three hundred people had gathered to receive him and a public reception was given to him by the Soviet Cine Art Festival Committee.

Mr. Pudovkin in a short speech said that he would be only too glad to share his experiences with the Bombay film directors and acquaint them with the role the Soviet film industry is playing in the life of the people as well as the principles and methods with which it functioned. He hoped his personal contact would further strengthen the cultural relations between India and the Soviet Union. Mr. Chekrasov also made a short speech.

Mr. Pudovkin will have a busy programme in Bombay. On Saturday afternoon he is meeting the press-representatives at the Cricket Club of India. On Sunday, a reception is being held in his honour at the Excelsior and Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister who is returning to Bombay from Paris, is expected to be present at this reception. Later I. M. P. P. A. is giving a tea party in his honour and several other functions are being arranged.

Memorable Muhurat Shot!

The usual custom for the muhurat is to take a close-up of an artiste who is made to utter one or two sentences for the shot. But Sohrab Modi broke this convention by arranging one of the most intricate and elaborate shots for the muhurat of *Jhansi Ki Rani* which was attended by the biggest gathering ever witnessed at a muhurat ceremony.

What is more praiseworthy, the short selected was the most symbolic. With the camera on a crane, the shot depicted the Rani of Jhansi coming down the stairs, riding the horse, proclaiming war against the British, ordering cannon-fire followed by the actual fire which dislodges the Union Jack on the opposite fort. What a shot! But it was so perfectly timed and executed that it evoked spontaneous applause from the big gathering which perhaps for the first time had a real idea of how a film is made.

Incidentally, General Cariappa performed the muhurat and commended

the project saying that such historical subjects should be filmed.

News Of The Week

—The Film Enquiry Committee is meeting again in Bombay to formulate the final report which it is expected to be submitted to the Central Government by the middle of February.

—J. K. Nanda, the veteran director, has been signed by Maganbhai Desai to direct his maiden production. Ragini, the Pakistan star, is likely to play the lead in it.

—Kananbala's production *Mejdidi* has proved to be a great box office hit in West Bengal.

—In spite of the formation of the Central Censor Board, the Hyderabad State Government has banned five

Soviet films which were included in the Soviet Cine Art Festival to be held in Hyderabad.

—The first meeting of the new Central Censor Board will be held in Bombay on 24th January. *Afsana* was the first picture to be certified by the Central Board.

—*Hulchul* is completed at last and it is now being released in Bombay on Friday, 25th January.

—Santoshi Productions first picture *Shin Shuaki Bubladoo* is starting from 26th January. Rehana, Mukesh, Mumtaz Ali and Radha Kishan are likely to be in the cast.

—For Santoshi Productions' second picture Director Nanabhai Bhutt has been signed by writer Producer Santoshi. The picture is tentatively called *Ashiana*.

MISS ANNIE MARIE PETERSON

By JOSHUA

"MY aim is to make every Indian a Nationalist and every Nationalist a Christian". So said Miss Annie Marie Peterson in 1919 and she



Miss Peterson

through all difficulties. Because of her unconventionality she became difficult to work with not only for her missionary friends but for many others. Due to her broad Indian activities and friendship with Gandhi she got into trouble with the British Government. When the Congress volunteers started their Salt Satyagraha, Miss Annie Marie Peterson went and said a word of prayer. When she was asked why she was so stupid as to get mixed up with these political controversies, her reply was refreshing. "I am a Christian missionary", she said, "and here are a large number of young volunteers who have dedicated themselves to truth and going on a perilous enterprise and I was asked to pray. How can I refuse to commend them to God's grace and guidance?" She therefore became a bit of a problem to the Government and she knew that if she went to Denmark she would never be given a passport to India, but her faith was so great that at intervals she went home and sure enough she came back to Portonovo with a smile of triumph every furlough. Once in the British Consulate in Denmark she was refused to be sent to India. Undaunted she left for Palestine and there got the British Consul to endorse her visa and she was back in India. Naturally the British were furious, and so in 1935 when she applied for a furlough she was told firmly that she could not return even though the highest Missionary bodies supported her application. She said then that it was for God to find a way for her. The impossible happened. The first Congress Ministry in Madras was formed in 1936 and Sri C. Rajagopalachari, her old friend and the Prime Minister of the Madras Ministry then issued a special order permitting her to return. Her institution the Sevamandir was a real home for girls. There was no difference between the rich and the poor there. Miss Peterson used to say that childhood was the most precious period for building up character and so it was necessary to keep children

died in 1951 working this plan. Miss Annie Marie was born in 1887 in Denmark and like many Danes received the Christian evangelical vocation at Liselund and in 1909 came to South India as a worker in the Danish Mission. She was a born revolutionary and as such got out of the Danish Mission, returned home and started a mission of her own. Annie Marie was considered odd and even quixotic, but there was a method in her madness. She located her new mission in Portonovo, a town that was fast getting into ruins. It was the same principle that Gandhi adopted in holding the annual session of the Indian National Congress in some out of the way place bringing fresh vision and hope to the local people in despair. Gandhi and Periamma, as Miss Annie Marie was known ever since, became great friends and the Mahatma laid the memorial stone of Sevamandir or the National Christian Girls School in Portonovo in 1921. Her path was never rosy, but her faith in God, her sincerity of purpose and love for the people, particularly children, took her



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happy and free from all bitterness and misery. Periamma held that nothing was too good for children. This was not mere sentiment. When she went to the hills in summer she took all the orphan girls with her. When any girl ran away or was led astray Miss Peterson would wait and pray and finally go out and bring the lost sheep even though she was in disgrace. It is these girls that have appreciated the redeeming value of love.

Sevamandir was famous for its music. Miss Peterson sought out some of the ablest teachers in Carnatic music in South India and had her children trained to sing the South Indian lyric in the proper style. Annie Marie was particular that her institution should be free to train girls in such a way that they should build good homes and help to build up a good nation. And so she refused to have her school run on the old lines. Naturally she did not ask for Government aid. During the Second World War when Denmark was cut off from India came her great period of trial. There was no money coming from Denmark. Still she refused to seek help from the Government. To preserve the unique character of her school she even refused to get financial help from certain organised missionary funds because she feared that these Christian denominations

would tamper with her method of training of the girls. All these years of war some friends helped her and occasionally the situation in Sevamandir was rather perilous. But she never lost her spirits. When India gained her independence and when the crop-centred system of education was started, Miss Peterson got her school immediately recognised by the Government and she was the first to start a school for training women for basic education. To see her at her best was to see her with the children telling them a story, or in the garden, or in the beach or at service of worship when her face would become radiant. In the Christmas of 1950 Periamma was left alone with the orphan children. She used to present every child with a special new dress. The tailor should not make it. 'Periamma made it for me' the children used to say. Last Christmas she went through the programme as usual. It included a special dinner and party for children and a few guests. Periamma went to bed quite happy, but alas, she was 73, and this Christmas was the last Christmas for her. She died in harness working for her children to the very last. Before the end came when her condition was serious her Danish friends came to help her and she was removed to the Mission Hospital at Tirukkollur where she died on the 9th of January 1951.

AUTOMOTIVE ADVANCES

Recent developments in automotive research in the United States are leading to safer, more efficient, and more economical vehicles. Already in production are buses with high-compression engines designed to use propane, a bottled gas, instead of gasoline or Diesel fuel. Propane is a slow-burning, high-octane fuel. A by product of gasoline, it burns without smoke or odor. Propane leaves no carbon deposit and eliminates much gear-shifting. As a result, intervals between oil changes and engine overhauls are longer. Propane also costs less than conventional gasoline.

Now being developed is an automobile brake operated by a push-button on the steering wheel. A thin fluid acts as the brake's gripping agent. The fluid becomes more solid in proportion to the amount of electric current passing through it. An ordinary storage battery provides current for the mechanism. A new windshield made of tinted glass is designed to relieve eye fatigue caused by glare of the sun, snow, or road surfaces. The bluish-green glass is said to eliminate one-third of the sun's glare rays and reduce by one-half the heat in the vehicle caused by the sun. The mixing of iron oxides in the glass while it is being manufactured causes the bluish tint.

SIDELIGHTS :

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—GOETHE.

STUDENTS of the Madras Presidency College staged a mock trial of Truman and Stalin this week. Seven of them sat as members of the International Court at The Hague. Before them appeared two others,—one looking remarkably like a picture of President Truman in the newspapers, with the same portentous gravity and tight-lipped appearance of firmness—and the other decked with a ferocious moustache of the well-known Stalin brand. These two were accused of high crimes against humanity, and then defended from the accusations, by other students who posed as counsel from the various countries. Likewise there were witnesses, the list including Sri Harindranath, Madame Juliot-Curie, a German, a South African, and a cynic of no nationality in particular yclept Thomas. After speeches by the President and the Generalissimo, the Court pronounced judgment and the proceedings came to a close. There was so much of wit, wisdom, humour and profound insight into the causes of trouble and ill-will in the world, packed into this two-hour pantomime, that one felt it would have greatly advanced the cause of peace if the leading statesmen of the nations at loggerheads had been present there to profit by the show. Diplomats, particularly American diplomats, could have taken stock of the mind of the nation in the applause or the reverse of it and other moods of the student audience when key passages came to be uttered by the dramatis personae. It was a pity therefore that none of the American diplomats in the city invited, graced the occasion.

For brilliance of acting, the laurels of the performance go to Gopala Krishnan who played the part of Sri Harindranath. It was a masterpiece of mimicry. Miss Leela Rao's state-

ment in the role of Madame Juliot-Curie can take its rank in the literature of the nations as a valuable contribution to sane thinking. It was word-perfect. Miss Rosie Fernandez as Lady Gunasinghe was another star performer, gifted with the talent of making histrionic effort pass off as just natural manner—a gift of great power to move hearts when possessed by artistes endowed with the allure of beauty. The German, the Frenchman, the South African and the South Korean managed in a curious way to bring out the soul of something essential to their respective peoples through all the veil of railery. At times the amount of wisdom and truth packed into a little casual-seeming phrase or sentence was startling and breath-taking. On top of all the Chief Judge's summing up was a feat of judicial casuistry in the balancing of the trivial against the tremendous. It summed up the world phenomenon of our times by ending, after prodigious cerebration, on the note that much might be said on both sides.

Some of the boys and girls beat the stars of the silver screen in their own field, as there was not a moment of boredom, which is more than can be said of most films. Cinema producers, in quest of new finds, please note. Our colleges are real nurseries of talent and the young spirits there full of frolic and fun bubble with humour and joy and love of life. Most of all these is later on knocked out through the mess that the elders make. The public services commissions have turned out to be miserable failures in fitting talent to work. In the unspoiled freshness of the young there is a superiority which the aged practitioners of the professions cannot emulate, and our ministries, burdened with the over-seventies, have surely lost zest and balance and fallen into disequilibrium. Hoary administrators in their second childhood can learn a lot from the mouths of juveniles in the colleges.—SAKA.

THE DRAWN TEST.

By V. P. RAMAN

ON a blameless wicket, India after winning the toss, exhibited a tragical incompetency to utilise advantages. Merchant opened the Indian innings with Mushtaq Ali and made 21 careful runs before attempting the impossible; he tried a desperate sweep off the wily Tribe, and got the ball on his pads. Merchant has so much of the English in his batting, that he even gets out to a slow bowler in an English way. Merchant is master of the square cut, and his hook (if achieved) is delightful. These are strokes to be made from well within the crease. But stepping out to drive is not in his line, and immobility is fatal while playing a spin bowler. In this innings, Merchant forgot himself and drove delightfully for an hour, in an oriental way. Three ondrives of his were classical. His only hesitant stroke was his last. Mushtaq has always been confident while at the wicket; the trouble is that he does not stay there long enough. He played leisurely to an inswinger from Ridgway and returned unrepentant.

With the score at 5 for 1, the eyes of the crowd turned to the pavilion gate. Those of us who have seen Amarnath at his best, unconsciously expected him to come out, shirt unbuttoned, sleeves untucked, to take guard nonchalantly as if it were a necessary ritual, survey the legside field over his shoulders, glare viciously at a quaking extra cover, and demolish the bowling with the fierceness of an infuriated Samson. That was imagination. The batsman who actually emerged was Umrigar, recently elevated to the one-down position. Though trained in Bombay, Polly has escaped being infected by the awful fascination for heavy scoring which has made players of that State, masters in the art of sticking on—an art which the paying public hates. Umrigar does not agglutinate himself to the wicket waiting for his hundred; he goes about his task briskly and gets it. He has modelled himself on C. K., on Amar-

nath. In the nineties, even Hazare likes to go slow and thrash only a really loose ball. But Polly jumped from 90 to 102 with two strokes, powerful and lofty, off a bowler like Worrell who pegs an immaculate length. When Umrigar came to the pavilion at tea-time, C. K. got up and shook his hands admiringly; it was almost like a retiring monarch blessing the enthroned Prince of Wales.

Hazare has been confirmed as the Retriever-General of the Indian side. He took on this job in Australia four years back. Coming in when two wickets had fallen for 47 runs, he left at 223. His very presence at the wicket is an inspiration to others; it is difficult to tell whether Umrigar would have made a century with say, a man like Kishenchand at the other end. Hazare is a tower of strength and in its shade, there is hope. His 80 runs were a grand mixture of resistance and force. Any ball slightly short of length outside his off stump, he pounces upon and axes it to the boundary. This stroke of his—an amalgam of a square cut and a cover-drive—is a square drive. The end of the first day saw 257 runs on the board, with four wickets down. Phadkar and Kishenchand had not the time to attempt anything sensational.

Second Day's Play: About the rest of the Indian innings little has to be said, save a tribute to Vinoo Mankad, for playing the prettiest game in the match. He made 52 runs, and it included at least four of the best late-cuts I have ever seen. The Madras crowd had practically ceased to think of Vinoo as a batsman, and this innings of his has disillusioned it. After seeing him now, I realise why he is so fond of the fast outswinger at which he pokes dangerously. A man with a late-cut like that can scarcely brook a ball outside the stumps going past him untouched. That stroke was also his undoing, for he was held by the wicket keeper when he snicked Worrell. The tail refused to wag and

India were, all out for 361 runs, perhaps a match-winning total by itself, but having taken 450 minutes, it reduced itself to a match-drawing total.

The remaining part of the day was sicklied over with a thick mist of boredom. Gimblett after being hurt by Chowdhury's swift throw, lost his concentration and was out soon. Ikin and Emmett liked the look of the place and decided to stay. They dug themselves in. A clean stroke became a rare thing. Their bats were wooden impediments in the path of the ball. They knew how to make runs. Cricket was their business; stroke-play was a subsidiary consideration. They played as English professionals do, with a set purpose. The Indian is anyday the better man to watch, for he is essentially an amateur; he is also the less prolific scorer, for the same reason.

Third Day's Play: The morning's cricket was murky. Ikin got his century. He earned it, even if he did not deserve it. Patience is a bountiful mistress. Emmett's was a bathectic innings, and its termination at 96 was unwept. Worrell strode to the wicket with the majesty of a panther. But he did no violence. He did not hack the bowling to pieces; he sucked the blood out of it. He hypnotises on a mass scale. We look at him, and not at his deeds. He makes his runs while we are not looking. His bat can be likened only to the Ibstick of the Prince in the Comics. The bat as an instrument of brutality is short-lived, but as a magic wand it is infinitely omnipotent. Had he not been run out by Umrigar, Worrell would have gone on for ever.

The last hour's play crammed within it all the excitement for the day. Phadkar bowled as if the spirit of the Lord had entered into him. Three quick wickets fell, and India seemed to have finally brought the game round in her favour.

Fourth Day's Play: Mankad devoured the last few Commonwealth batsmen and a first innings lead of 32 runs was almost negligible. The normal thing for India to have done now,

was to go for the bowling and amass a big total as early as possible, giving the visitors a fair chance to win on the last day. Mushtaq Ali alone understood the situation and did his best. Merchant and Hazare played well but not wisely. It was not a Quaife but a Jessop that we needed. It must be admitted however that Worrell did his damndest to prevent quick scoring. He bowled unchanged, and his bowling a length with a packed off-side field fairly clipped the wings off Hazare's batting. Merchant's prods brought a few runs. When he reached 50 the northern gallery sent a young ambassador to garland the skipper. Merchant frustrated that gesture, and proceeded with his unenterprising game; the multitudinists were irate and the booing that followed was distracting, discourteous and disproportionate, but it was the frank manifestation of the mob's rightful indignation. The unusual silence when Merchant got out (only the Pavilion and the G-stand applauded) is sufficient index to the proletariat's moods. In the battle of strategy, Worrell had scored over Merchant. We had still to reach the 200 mark when stumps were drawn for the way.

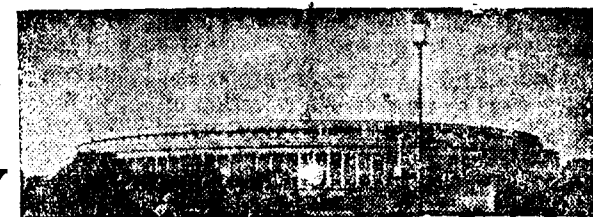
Fifth Day's Play: A draw was clearly inevitable. But none anticipated that the game would vacillate so thrillingly before relapsing into indefiniteness. For the first 45 minutes, the old ennui continued and the batsmen took a long time getting their eye in. Even afterwards Phadkar alone filled the much needed role, though for a brief period. C. S. tried the long handle and we just reached 300 at lunch time, at which total Merchant declared. The visitors had to make 272 runs in 180 minutes to win, and from the way Gimblett and Ikin began a Commonwealth victory seemed likely. But the process of hitting out involves the risk of getting out, and Gimblett returned soon. Emmett and Ikin resumed where they had left off last innings; but the tedium was absent. Yet it was Worrell's arrival and dismissal that changed the complexion of the match. We have never seen Worrell sky the ball so far. In his quest for runs he now attempted only

sixers, and the third soaring hit was held by Umrigar near the sight screen. Worrell returned, being given out by the umpire, but doubt pervaded the atmosphere, and rules were cited, curiously enough, on both sides. The point was whether Umrigar's catch was made inside or outside the boundary. The heat of the discussion died down by the end of the tea interval. More excitement was to come. Quick wickets fell, and with our bowling on top, hopes of winning entered our hearts, only to be squelched by the stout defence of Dooland. Maiden overs occurred in profusion, and the match ended on a tame note. Commenting over the air, Duckworth led us to believe that the Worrell catch meant all the difference between a Commonwealth victory and a draw. Somebody must put the lid on this technical doubt, and those who know the law and actually saw the catch

are firmly of the view that Umrigar held the ball well within the boundary. It was a great catch and it roused the feelings of every person present—except perhaps three: the two umpires and a strangely serene lady by my side.

The arrangements at Chepauk this year were much better than the previous year. Next year onwards, there should be no uncovered stands. It is a cruel institution. Equating the cost of putting up a thatched cover for those stands with the increased comfort for those who arrive at the grounds before the sun rises, and reach home after it sets, the authorities will see the economy of it. The difference in the rates ought to be based on the comparative clarity of view, and not on physical discomfort. All these problems might get solved if a new stadium is built, but that will take time. Small improvements need not wait till then.

NEW. DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MUNSHI must be sacked. He has proved to be much worse than even Jairamdas Daulatram as Food Minister. Prof. D. R. Gadgil goes to the extent of complimenting Jairamdas for certain aspects of his work as Food Minister. His certificate to Jairamdas is based on his having worked on a Committee whose Chairman was the then Food Minister. Prof. Gadgil said at the Delhi School of Economics that the defect of Jairamdas was his "overweening sense of loyalty to his leader." If the leader said something, Jairamdas had not the heart to say No to him. Once Jairamdas said at a Press Conference that they were taking steps already to build up a huge reserve of foodgrains of about a couple of million tons. I asked him where the grains were being stored. He was shocked by the absurdity of the question. He replied that there was no need to store them in that sense. There were always a few ships bringing food to India. They should be considered as the granaries until they are unloaded. As soon as they are unloaded, said Jairamdas, they cease to be the stores; but there would be other ships on the high seas, and then they would constitute the stores.

The present Food Minister is worse than his predecessor, because he thinks that he is too clever. He thinks that if he pulls a fast one on the public, it won't know. He lacks a sense of responsibility. He went on denying that there was a food crisis. He denied that there were any deaths in India due to starvation. And even now he has revealed his utter incompetence by an increase in the price of wheat and a decrease in the ration. Prof. D. R. Gadgil said in stronger language that the decision to cut down imports of foodgrains was obviously due to the inspiration of the moment (Nehru's). It could not have

been the result of any calculation. It was strange logic which sought to make the country self-sufficient by the simple process of stopping imports. Prof. Gadgil said that he did not wish to go into the esoteric plane of the Grow-More-Food Campaign. There was some talk of "elasticity" and "adjustments"—there was elasticity the learned Professor said ironically, in the consumption of tamarind seed in place of foodgrains in some areas in the South, and there was adjustment in the cut of rations by 25%.

I have heard the Professor on many occasions, and each time he is bitterer than the last. He adduced statistical proof to show that it was absurd to blame it all on earthquakes and floods. To deration in rural areas when there was a definite shortage was criminal folly. This was a case of wilfully abandoning the poor to starvation whereas the rich could wallow in food. Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, who presided over the meeting, went so far as to say that the masses "will be discontented," and hinted at the possibility of a Revolution.

The Prime Minister has done very well in the establishment of world peace. His line no longer seems confused, as it definitely was in the early days of the Korean campaign. But we were able to wriggle out of the mess we created for ourselves when the Americans re-crossed the 38th Parallel. Those who said that there was no 38th Parallel when they advanced into North Korea suddenly harped on the sanctity of the 38th Parallel and urged that the Chinese should not cross the 38th Parallel into South Korea. The demand for the withdrawal of foreign troops in Korea and elsewhere is an irresistible demand. The Americans made an awful blunder by going to Korea. Their present unpopularity in the



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936/40
whole of Asian Continent is due to their Korean campaign.

The Chinese counter-proposals, which were by no means a rejection of the proposals made in Peking, were described in a P. T. I.-Reuter message as a "rejection." All the headlines in all the newspapers described them in that manner. Few people read more than the headlines when dealing with a newspaper. (Generally that is the right way of dealing with it.) The lead given to the story at the Reuter Desk in London did the mischief. The P. T. I. should have done better. But P. T. I.-Reuter has come to mean, "Reuter! Please Tell India!" It was definitely the duty of the PTI Desk either at London or at Bombay to read the message before passing it on. A lot of mischief can be done by news agencies if they give seemingly careless intros to important news-stories breaking out in the capitals of the world. If there was a greater world crisis than exists at present, this Reuter-report would have probably been enough to start a war. And the PTI could have claimed part of the credit for starting the war.

The story of how research on new anti-malarial remedies was undertaken in America in the 1930s because of the possibility of Japanese occupation of all the quinine-producing areas in the world, was narrated by Prof. Louis F. Fieser, who is Director of the Harvard University, at one of the series of meetings arranged by the Faculty of Sciences, Delhi University. In typical professorial manner, with scientific and careful understatements, Prof. Fieser referred to the researches of Samuel C. Hooker, who conducted a series of experiments on "Lapachol," which was extracted from the South American Bethabaria wood. This was in the years 1889 to 1896. Hooker's papers were printed in *Chemistry and Industry*, the journal of the Chemical Society in London. Fieser took up experiments on "Lapachol" in the 1920s. "Lapachol" was considered as a possible anti-malarial drug fifteen years later. The first experiments which were conducted on chickens were highly successful. Hydrolapachol was both prophylactic and curative. Quinine killed the parasites in the blood but failed to kill the parasites

in the tissue-cells. Therefore quinine cured the chicken of fever, but the chicken died of malaria. Lapachol was more effective than quinine in the case of chickens. But when it was tried on humans, the results were discouraging. Further experiments were carried out so that the changes which the drug underwent in the system could be studied. This helped them to produce a compound which did not split up in the human system and thus become ineffective. Lapinone, said the Professor, was tried out so far only on seven Arabs in Lebanon. Malaria did not recur in any one of them. He therefore thought this was a preliminary indication of possible curative properties for malaria. Prof. Fieser spoiled the effect of his speech—and his honesty deserves appreciation—by announcing that they were trying to take out an import licence for Lapinone. In America almost everybody is doing some business or other. When the American imagines God, as Russell said, he thinks of Him as a Business Executive, with a tight lip and a powerful jaw.

* * *
Dr. Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar presided over Prof. Fieser's lecture. He drew pointed attention to certain misconceptions about India which prevailed even among scientists in foreign countries. Some men of science in America, for instance, thought that Indians were so non-violent that they would not even kill the malaria germs. Dr. Bhatnagar declared that barring foreigners, Indians would be prepared to kill anything. He then recalled how some years ago a missionary lady was lecturing at Hyde Park on India as a land full of snakes and wild animals. At the end of her speech, some members of the gathering pushed Dr. Bhatnagar forward and urged him to speak. He then told them that things had vastly changed in the six months that elapsed since the return of the missionary lady. On the day he himself flew to England, a snake crept out from underneath his pillow. He was frightened by the sight of it, but the snake assured him that he need have no fear. The snake said that the Christian missionary ladies had taught the snakes not to bite. The snakes therefore bit only missionary ladies. (Laughter).