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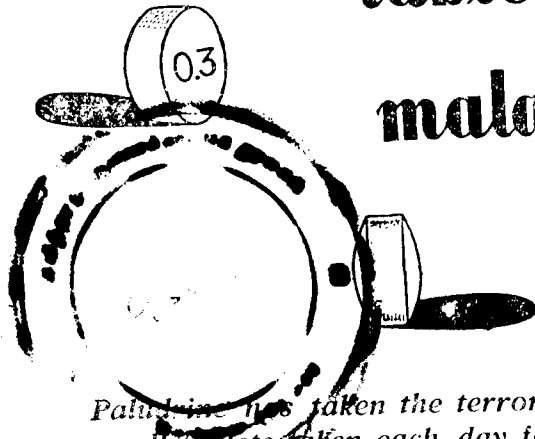
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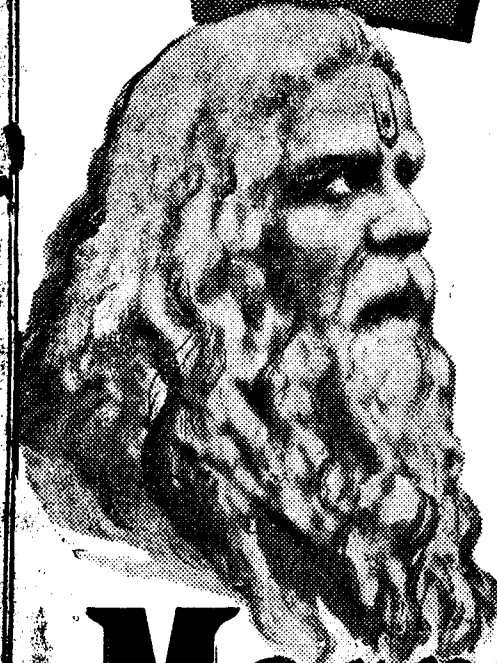
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1951.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 52

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

UMBRELLA OVER MINISTERS

MR. NEHRU is reported to have made a fighting speech at the All-India Congress Committee meeting, chastising Congressmen who seemed to have deviated from party ideals. Here are some excerpts from his speech.

"I consider communal unity as the main plank of the Congress. If any Congressman believes that it can be dispensed with, I will face him and fight it out."

"It (the Congress) is not an exclusive preserve of any people. It is not a static organisation. It is not a house where Congressmen or their close friends alone can sit and talk."

"I know the place of the Gandhi cap which most of us have been wearing for the last 30 years. I have respect for it, but I do not make a fetish of it. What is more important is not the cap, but what is beneath it. I want any day not the cap but brains. I want Khadi-cap wearers to think."

"The Congress needed today those who had respect for the organisation, who were willing to make sacrifices for it, and work zealously for building up the country."

These words of the Prime Minister leave nothing to be desired in the matter of bluntness. But they leave the situation unchanged and have to be added to other equally outspoken utterances of Mr. Nehru in the past that were theoretically admirable but proved in practice to be continually ineffective. The Prime Minister's abhorrence of communalism cannot be improved for the vigour and vehemence of its language. Yet it is a fact that many ministers quietly go on in their own way which is the very reverse of the Prime Minister's. This is particularly the case in Madras State where rampant communalism is the rule in the actual running of the administration, what-

ever may be the platform utterances of the ministers and the provisions of the Constitution. The fact that the general public know nothing of what goes on in the departments is what saves the ministers. Never before was so little respect paid to brains in the ordering of the affairs of Government as has been the case since the advent of the Congress ministers. Most of the ministers are saturated in an appalling clannishness and know no other standard. Their clannishness is the source of the bitterness and group spirit that nowadays pervade the Congress organisation. It is not enough if Mr. Nehru analyses the evils that abound in the Congress in however spirited a fashion, while he leaves things to go on as before. The present degradation of the Congress is due to ministers that are false to Congress principles in spirit and are really communalists in disguise. These ministers have reduced the Congress into an exclusive preserve for themselves and their supporters, abusing the power of office for grossly selfish ends. An unselfish Congress minister has in fact become the rarest of rare phenomena. Even if Mr. Nehru's denunciation runs into millions of words, it will not improve matters so long as debased men without scruples rule as ministers in the name of the Congress. Popular disillusionment with the Congress has become complete, but their regard for the Prime Minister continues unabated. Mr. Nehru's popularity is the umbrella shielding the unpopular Congress ministers today. All the graver, therefore, is the responsibility

of the Prime Minister to withhold the protection of his name from those who do not deserve it and have already taken a very unfair advantage of it.

Aggressor Nation Complex

WRITING in the *New York Times* Lewis Mumford observes that the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London will go down in post-war history as the first East-West meeting in which the Indian statesman (Nehru) seized leadership of the non-Communist world. The United States, on the other hand, "threw its full weight into the campaign to have the United Nations brand China as an aggressor nation", but the West "at once reacted to the peril, implicit in recent American policy, of all-out war in the Far East". In the light of these words of Mumford, the action of the Political Committee of the U. N. will mean all-out war in the Far East and loss by Nehru of the world leadership for which he made a bid in London. At one time there was talk of a rift between U. S. and U. K. over the

branding of China as aggressor, but most of Nehru's sometime allies have been won over to U. S. by the superior attractions of American aid in a world of depressing shortages. After the action of the Political Committee the next move of the U. N. will be to back the restoration of Chiang Kai-shek to power in China, and attack Stalin himself in his own stronghold. Eugene Lyons who lived long in Russia, writes in the *American Press*, thus: "Morals aside, the stance of neutrality is fatal in terms of the psychological warfare to which more and more American minds are turning. Such warfare is meaningless unless it is geared to a crusading determination, a solemn pledge, to help the subjugated peoples—including those in the U. S. S. R. to throw off their yoke. . . . The only policy goal that has any relevance for the captive populations would be a commitment to promote the destruction of Communist power and thereby the liberation of its victims." Neutrality has gone to the winds. Nehru's policy has lost us American goodwill without gaining Soviet friendship. Pakistan has done better by results.

Sotto Voce

ONE WORLD



THE report of the tragic death of a hatha yogi in *samadhi* in a Madras suburb brings out the perils of propaganda. The death may have been due to perfectly natural causes. We understand the mechanism of the human heart so little that when a man who is to all appearances perfectly healthy is snuffed out like a candle in a split second we feel no

surprise but accept it with philosophic resignation. The hatha yogi's heart may have thus stopped clicking; the self-induced *samadhi* may have had nothing to do with the 'accident.' But sceptics will say, "I told you so," and the naive believer will be disturbed.

Mistakes as well as accidents are

bound to happen. But the yogic trance is as well-established a fact as the hibernation of the polar bear. The comparison implies no disrespect; for the difference is all-important. The bear is but a passive instrument in the hands of Nature, whereas the yogi goes out exploring the self with its infinite potentialities. That a particular discipline enables him to inhibit his own breathing or live without oxygen for weeks on end may legitimately be regarded as the first milestone in that quest. But it is very far indeed from journey's end.

It is a commonplace that modern man does not know how to use the leisure, to gain which he has made so many sacrifices. Likewise the yogi, who has succeeded in shutting out the world with its distractions, may merely linger in that pleasant lobby where the mind lies drugged, taking a holiday from responsibility very much as the smoker of hashish does. For, if he were to cross the threshold into that deeper self where the intelligence takes charge there would be no resting for him, no dalliance by the wayside. He must climb resolutely the spiral of discovery and can lighten his passage only by discarding the entire load of illusions.

Apart from the probability that there are many levels of experience, the trance state itself would seem take on the insubstantiality of a dream when the yogi returns to normal consciousness. And the practice of yoga at the lower levels brings about no ethical transformation. Such *siddhis* as the aspirant may have gained may in the circumstances prove a snare to himself or a nuisance to others. In either case they must bring yoga itself into undeserved odium. It is one thing to test your own progress in the solitude of the forest or in the company of one or two sympathetic and understanding souls. It is a very different matter to collect a gaping crowd which treats the thaumaturge and the tight rope walker with the same anxious unconcern.

It may be said that public demonstrations of such extraordinary powers

have their own value for the common man who feels more and more like a rat in a hole that has been stopped; they hint a way of escape into the larger life. But all propaganda involves an over-simplification and this can be particularly harmful to the inner life. The vulgar mind is everywhere only too ready to swallow miracles, be they faked or real. And it reads nothing more than authentic experience. Science and the psychic alike confirm it in its truancy. But all the time there is at the back of that commonplace mind the dreary feeling that you cannot cheat Death.

Like the man suffering from astigmatism we see two false worlds at the same time but not the one real world of which they are broken images. We are aware of the world of the senses and we can conceive the world of the spirit. And we imagine they are connected only through the trap-door of Death. But we forget that every time we shut our eyes we die to the world of light and colour, even as the yogi risen from trance finds every time the form and pressure of waking life as insistent and exclusive as ever. Why then should we think of Death as unique and ineluctable, seeing that Life is ever chasing it round the corner?

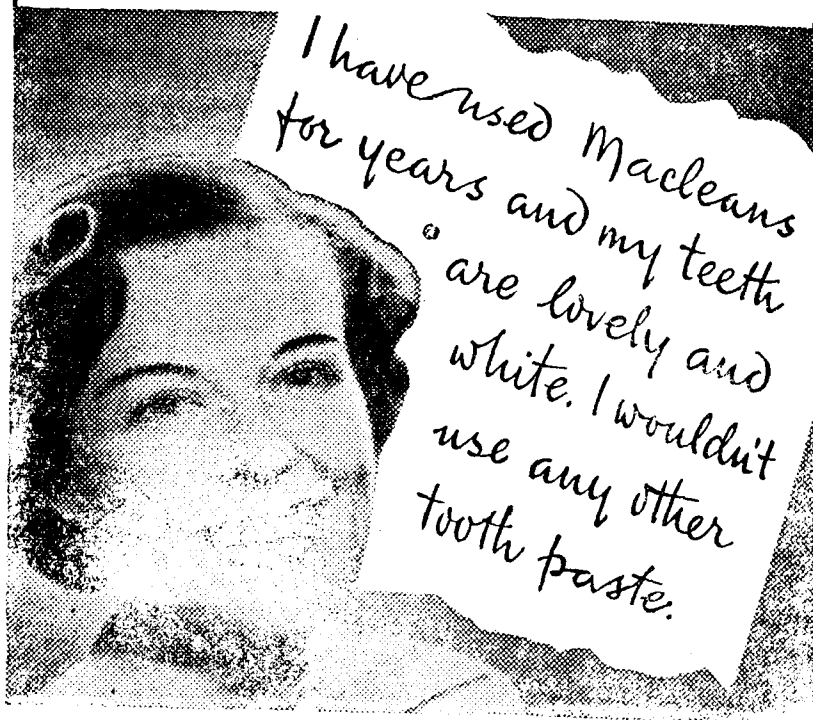
The Upanishad indulges in a pleasant fancy when it says that the eyes and the ears and the other organs of sense were on purpose made by Brahma to open outward: *Paraanchi-khaani Vyathrnathswayambhooh*. But when the inward eye is at work we abstract ourselves no less completely from external reality, though the poet who has once seen daffodils in their glory may truthfully affirm,

*They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.*

It were blasphemy to prophesy confidently of the Creative Purpose. But is it inconceivable that the refinement of the clod on which the Divine Artist is ceaselessly at work may redeem man in time from partial knowledge by the gift of universal consciousness? He will then enter upon his kingdom—the Circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere.

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

NAMING CHINA AS AGGRESSOR: RIFT BETWEEN U. K. AND U. S.

THE apparent rift between America and Britain over Korea and China is likely to be closed before very long. In Britain there has perhaps been too much weight put upon that part of the American resolution to the United Nations which calls for action of some kind after naming China as an aggressor. In America it has perhaps not been realised that Britain is fully agreed that China should be named an aggressor. In reading American press comment, I see no signs that America is not prepared to hold back from any demands for action, so long as China is named as an aggressor. And what else is China in Korea but an aggressor? Look at it from the American point of view. The great majority of the United Nations gave the name of aggressor to North Korea. India joined in this condemnation. The United States have borne the brunt of the fighting in Korea and now see China acting in a way similar to that of North Korea. A cease fire at the 38th Parallel was offered, but China has not accepted it. If China is not named as the aggressor, then the United States might well ask what they are doing in Korea on behalf of the United Nations. And there is the feeling that some sections of the United Nations were ready to nominate a small country aggressor but will not do the same when a large power is the offender. Even if the United Nations agree to withdraw their forces from Korea, as two-thirds of American public opinion seems to wish, there should be no hesitation in saying that China is in the wrong. If China is not, then the United Nations must be! And they must have been in the initial resistance which they offered against the North Koreans.

In considering the proposals submitted by China for a settlement of

the problem, and of other Far Eastern issues, one point should, I think, be noticed. China is suggesting a seven-power conference. But look at the seven powers nominated. They are Soviet Russia, China, Egypt and India, all of whom, on present indications, would vote the same way as China on Far Eastern issues, such as Formosa and the recognition of the new China in the United Nations. The other three are the United States, France and Great Britain. The Chinese are making sure of a majority in these discussions before they begin.

One other point should be mentioned on the Korean situation. There is some comment on Britain's attitude, likening it to the days of Munich in 1938. There is one great difference between Britain's attitude today and her Munich attitude. In 1938 we had not realised, at least most of us had not, the full dangers of appeasement. Today we do, and it is not in any sense of appeasement that Britain would exercise caution in dealing with China. Rather is it a question of strategy. The issue is very largely one of deciding whether the best way to contain Communism is by concentrating on the East or the West. The world today cannot be that of the Kipling theme, "East is East and West is West." Both East and West must realise that we are living in Wendell Wilkie's One World and that when America or Britain is concerned with what happens in the East, it is not because they are interfering with the Eastern countries, but because the defence of the world outside the Iron Curtain might be from the East as well as the West. It is strange that the democracies are sometimes condemned for what is called their interference in Eastern affairs. Yet Soviet Russia seems to escape that condemnation. Britain is criticised for Colonialism.

yet what about Russia? In five years since the war ended, the Russians have added 179,954 square miles and 21,762,684 inhabitants to their empire and exerted direct control over five sovereign European States. This leaves out Eastern Germany and China.

These figures are quoted from an important new book, "Policy for the West," by Barbara Ward, one of Britain's outstanding minds. The book is published in the Penguin series and gives both a clear analysis of Soviet Russia's likely aims and the means the West must use to keep peace. Very briefly, and without doing full credit to this remarkable book, Miss Ward suggests that Communism will take full advantage of any crisis or weakness amongst the democracies, to expand her influence. On the other hand, following Marxian theory, Russia is also likely to be against waging war, as this might lead to that destruction of both Communist and democratic society which Marx forecast as a possible danger. So the strength of the democracies lies in their unity and in their demonstrating that they have the will and strength to resist any attempt on the part of Russia to force the issue by armed strength.

There is a lesson in this for all democratic countries. Whilst there can be divisions within the group on essentials, there must always be a fundamental unity of purpose. It is not enough for this to be known to the democracies themselves; it must be clear to all outside their circle, so that there can be no misunderstanding.

The lighter side of the United Nations' news this week has been the consideration of the venue of the next meeting-place of the Assembly. Paris and Geneva appear to have said that they do not want the meeting to be

held in those cities, full of traditions of international assemblies though they be. So the spotlight has turned on to a British alternative, the mill-workers' paradise, Blackpool. London will be over-full with visitors to the Festival of Britain, but Blackpool has said that she can and would accommodate the United Nations' Assembly if required. The outstanding difficulty, at least, the one which has been made public, is Blackpool's shortage of bathrooms! The United Nations' delegates will require at least 500 rooms with private bathrooms, and Blackpool hotel and boarding-house keepers are not used to providing such luxuries to their weekly visitors from the North of England. You see, there is still the tradition in the North that one bath a week is plenty, and Friday night is still bath night. There is no doubt that Blackpool could supply the necessary rooms for meetings and sleeping, if not for daily ablutions, but there is also a doubt as to whether delegates who are used to the refined menus of New York or Paris or Geneva, will be satisfied with the more homely, but none the less nutritious, potato pie, hot-pot and fish and chips. As one who is on the spot, I think that it is very unlikely that the next meeting of the Assembly will be at Blackpool. It would mean closing a number of the leading places of entertainment in July, the height of Blackpool's holiday season, and I doubt if the possibility of losing her regular holiday visitors would be compensated by even the million pounds which, it is estimated, the meeting of the Assembly would mean to Blackpool. Although, as has been said elsewhere, it might do the United Nations' delegates some good to come down to earth, or, as Blackpoolians would put it, down to the sands!

Telephones in service in the world reached a record level of 70,300,000 at the beginning of 1950. This was an increase of 4,000,000 over the number in use at the start of 1949, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company reports. The United States, with a total of 40,709,398, has the greatest number. The United Kingdom is second with 5,177,370 telephones.—USIS.

SECRETS OF RED CHINA—III

MEN AROUND MAO

By EMILY HAHN

HERO-WORSHIPPERS will disagree with me; but in my opinion the key question to ask about a leader, any leader, is: "Who are his advisers?"

Mao Tse-tung has not risen from being a farmer's son to being the ruler of China simply by astuteness, and ruthlessness, and self-confidence and ability to inspire confidence in other people—though he has all those qualities in abundance. His rise has been made possible, and his present enjoyment of power is maintained, by two remarkable collaborators.

They are as important to Mao as Goering and Goebbels were to Hitler.

One of them is named CHU TEH (which is pronounced Joe Duh). He is Mao's Commander-in-chief—a military expert who has even earned an occasional compliment from other military experts.

The other is CHOU EN LAI (which is pronounced Joe Un Lie). He is a military man, too; but his real skill is in personal relations. He is what Americans would call the "smoothie" of the Chinese Communist Party.

Both these men have been friends of Mao since 1924. They have been through bloodshed and starvation together; they have engaged together in the giant gamble of Chinese revolutionary politics, where no man lives to miscalculate twice. Each of them deserves the closest scrutiny. Next to Mao himself, these two men hold the secret of Red China's future.

Chu Teh is possibly ten years older than Mao, certainly eight; this would make him 65 at least. His father was a rich landowner in Szechuan, a province in the far west of China. Until the Chinese Nationalists moved their capital west to Chungking, Szechuan was an area that was considered remote and mysterious even by sea-coast Chinese themselves.

Szechuan is a backward part of the world. Opium was grown there openly, in spite of the law, and many of the inhabitants smoked it regularly.

Chu Teh was a lively boy with a taste for army life. So his family sent him to Yunnan Military Academy, in the province just south of Szechuan. From the academy he went into the army as a professional soldier.

The Chinese have no caste system; their aristocracy is founded, as in America, on wealth. But a rich young man like Chu Teh was as much superior to a coolie as any Brahmin. When he had reached the rank of brigadier-general he was given a soft job as Provincial Commissioner of Finance in Yunnan.

'Bigamist'

When he relates the story of his life in those days, Chu Teh is very like any other convert; he dilates on the wicked dissipations in which he used to indulge. According to him, he was a speculator, a bigamist and, of course, a smoker of opium.

Mind you, in all these he was nothing out of the ordinary in Yunnan. To dip into the public funds was average behaviour. To own more than one wife was common enough, too (I cannot believe that every Chinese Communist, even to-day, is a passionate monogamist). As for opium-smoking—well, the habit is certainly not conducive to initiative but it is far easier to break than habitual drinking. So that while we may award Chu Teh full marks for having given up all these un-English habits, he was not perhaps quite such an abandoned sinner as he to-day paints himself.

What made him change? There may have been some sharp personal reason; but he himself says that it was because he began to read. This

was about the time of the 1911 Revolution, which brought down the Chinese Empire and let loose a flood of new ideas in China.

These new ideas brought Chu Teh to a momentous decision. He left his wives and concubines, he gave up his job as Finance Commissioner, he went to Shanghai, and he stopped smoking opium. (It takes a month or six weeks to get over the craving for opium if you cut it off sharp).

In Germany

Instead of opium he took up Socialism. He went to Germany, as a professional soldier might. Later he lived for a while in France. Then he went to Russia (by this time 1917 was past, and the Communists were in power). In Moscow he became a student at the Eastern Workers' University.

And then he came back to China. He was a trained Communist; he was a member of the Party; he was a dedicated man.

On his return he blended his Communism and his military knowledge to found a Communist community of his own—by refusing to pay taxes, by seizing land and redistributing it, by employing force against any who threatened it. He built up a private army of his own.

Then, in 1928, he joined up with Mao. From that date onwards it has been Chu Teh who has been in military control of Mao's forces, a fact worth remembering.

Chu Teh's stubby-featured face has an air of benevolence about it; but there is nothing particularly benevolent about him. As an austere Communist he now has one wife only. However, he is still attractive to women. Perhaps generals always are.

The Agitator

Now turn to the third man in the Mao triangle—Chou En Lai.

Chou is about the same age as Mao—57. He was born in North China, and educated at Nankai, a missionary university in Tientsin. At the university he was that familiar type the

student agitator. It is not a type that Chinese governments regard with any particular tolerance; and Chou, while still a student, collected a prison sentence of 12 months for taking part in a riot.

When he came out of prison he was sent to study in France. He joined in Marxist activities there, too; and when the French Communist Party was created in 1920, Chou was there at the foundation meeting. He did not return to China until 1924 (the year before Chu Teh returned from Moscow).

In 1924, the Chinese Communist Party was still allied to Chiang's Kuomintang and the Communist International was orchestrating both of them. Chou's first job when he got home was as the secretary of the Soviet-sponsored Military Academy at Whampoa. From here he was given military rank in the National army.

He has been a leading Communist functionary all the time since 1924. His association with Mao began in that year, and it has grown closer and closer.

Chou is by far the easiest of the Mao triangle for a Westerner to deal with. To begin with, he is a mission-school boy and a mission-university man. He speaks perfect English and perfect French. When you talk to him you get the impression that he understands what you are saying as clearly as an Englishman would.

Wife In Jail

It is because of this that Mao and Chu Teh tend to use Chou as their intermediary whenever they have to deal with Englishmen or Americans. He is an unofficial ambassador, and a good one. He is calm, quick-witted with easy, westernised manners.

His wife is no beauty. She was a Tientsin mission-student like her husband; and she was arrested in the same riot as he was. Like him, she went to jail for it. She has another claim to Communist celebrity; for she took part in the Long March.—*Copy-right Lens.*

GOOD-BYE, MR. MERCHANT

By S. KRISHNIAH

BELIEVE me, Chepauk holds the world record. Never in the annals of cricket test matches—official or unofficial—has the captain of the home side been so systematically and persistently barracked and boo-ed as was Vijay Merchant on the fourth day's play against the Commonwealth team in the match recently concluded. The newspapers tacitly attributed these recurrent plangent ululations to the captain's refusal of a rose garland and gave occasion for Merchant to moralize on the aesthetics of spectators conferring their accolades on deserving players right in the adytum betwixt stumps. A small boy, much younger than Mark Antony, ran into the ground with a garland which, Caesar-like, Merchant did thrice refuse... wisely. For how can he accept this signal token of irony and allow himself to be bloom-cinctured? Since when has cricket in India sunk to such depths of degradation that a No. 1 batsman has to be garlanded for scoring a meagre fifty? The garland was the last straw that touched off the irate thirty-thousand and made it belch its fierce resentment against this anointed leader of Indian cricket who had shown the sporting Madras crowd his dearth of vision and paucity of enterprise so clearly that the galleries were able to forecast that the tame conclusion of the match would sully the fair record of the ground. No wonder raucous shouts of 'Bowled,' 'Have-you-seen-Amarnath,' 'Get-out-Merchant' soared deliriously to the skies in maddening volume making the feline Frankie contort with an uncontrollable laughter which almost prevented him from bowling.

Merchant's comeback has been nothing but an overdose of provincialism injected intravenously into Indian cricket. His narrow parochial spirit has gone so far that it has nauseated even players supposedly under his tutelage. I have on good authority the fact that the rumour

that Hazare and Phadkar were not to play the Madras 'test' was not baseless. Thanks to the Machiavellian diplomacy of Anthony De Mello we were able to see these stalwarts again in action. What has happened to Adhikari's shoulder trouble while scoring a century in the Ranji Trophy match?

In this mean-spirited, lean-witted morass of cricket politics was drowned Alva. I hold no brief for Alva. I do not think by any stretch of imagination Alva can be called a bowler or batsman of international standard; but one must bear in mind that geniuses like C. K., Amarsingh and Amarnath are rare. Alva is young and he might one day attain international standard; or he might not. But the least that he deserves is a fair trial. In Bombay he took the wickets of three good batsmen in spite of having been sadly under-bowled in short spells. In Madras while Mushtaq, who never had aspirations in the art of hurling the leather, was given a spell of three overs, Alva was expected to work miracles in twelve balls during each of the three times he came to the firing line. Was Merchant afraid Alva might capture a wicket? Would that depraved genius, Amarnath, have handled a new bowler like that? Wouldn't he have talked to him, set his field for him, rearranged it after some time, given a few tips after every over, in short made the bowler give of his very best?

To put it mildly, Merchant's captaincy was peurile, his tactics defeatist and strategy as if dictated by a leproine wisdom. He had neither confidence in himself nor confidence in his players. All the time he was at sea, nervous, restless, lugubrious and attempting to do desperate things when the situation called for normal offensive tactics. Never during the five days did he attempt to take the game in his own hands and force the

issue except during the last few minutes of the last day when his all-out assault appeared clownish.

Many in Madras would remember the field set by Amarnath when the record-breaking wonder-batsman from the Carribean, Everton Weekes, strolled casually down the pavilion steps and ambled to the pitch. The West Indies were right on top; but Amarnath, like a true captain, was endeavouring to wrest the initiative and had a ring of seven close-in fieldsmen while Choudhry attacked. I could not believe my eyes then and I blinked trying to clear cob-webs from my cornea but there they were, seven of them, bunched round the century-maker. That was captaincy. That was cricket. That showed the will to win and the will to fight back whatever the odds.

Many a penless Neville Cardus has

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remarked that the third 'test' at Calcutta was drawn to the slow scoring of Hazare. Then why did not Merchant send C. S. or Mankad instead of Hazare when Umrigar was out in the second innings and Merchant well-set? Was it not this unfortunate adherence to the batting order that brought India defeat in the second 'test' at Bombay? When Mushtaq, Umrigar, and Hazare started the procession back to the pavilion in that match why was not C. S., the only experienced hitter of the side, sent in an attempt to stem the batting collapse? Why did the captain ratify the batting order as if it were an irrevocable document signed and sealed? A friend of mine, a man of vitriolic humour, remarked that Merchant has a bowling order too which he follows closely!

It was D. R. Jardine who remarked that although good captaincy alone never won a match yet it was the fundamental necessity for any team to win in representative cricket. And he proved it. Merchant has proved the converse of this, namely that bad captaincy invariably brings defeat. Credit redounds on Hazare, Umrigar and Phadkar for the drawn games.

At the risk of sounding unpatriotic I must say that the Commonwealth team deserved victory in Chexpauk. Not because they were the better side would I fain give them victory but because they bared their fangs and fought—and fought like one man. Players from three different countries, ten white men under the captaincy of a black man, produced a well-knit homogeneous unit that must have shamed the higher-ups in Indian cricketing circles, their narrow-minded outlook and cheap parochial intentions.

Why was C. S. Nayudu not bowled in the second innings, may I ask, on a spinner's wicket? Was it because Merchant forgot about it or was it because Bombay did not like Bengal especially when it had a southern flavour?

Good-bye, Mr. Merchant. Cricket if it produces anything produces team-spirit; but you have made cricket a culture solution for breeding the incubus of provincialism.

FREE RAILWAY PASSES FOR PARLIAMENT MEMBERS

By H. RANGACHAR

A recent news item in *The Hindu* stated that the Government of India "are considering a proposal to give every Member of Parliament a first class railway pass valid all over India throughout the year." If the Members travelled by air, they would be entitled to actual air fare for such journeys. The proposal requires a very careful consideration, in view of its financial and other implications.

It will not be without some interest to review the position in this respect in other countries abroad. In Great Britain, Members of Parliament were allowed free first class travelling facilities to and from their constituencies; since 1945, this facility has been extended to include travel to and from their homes while the House is sitting. In the U. S. A. the Members of Congress get an allowance called mileage at a fixed rate per mile for travelling expenses for one journey to and from Washington. Prior to 1887, the legislators used to get free passes from the various railroads. As observed by Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*, "the abuse on this head had grown so serious that the bestowal of passes was forbidden (on inter-state lines) by Federal statute in 1887 and is now forbidden by the constitutions of many States." In Australia, Members of the legislative Assemblies of several States receive free passes on the respective Government railways. The system of free passes for legislators obtains in some countries on the Continent of Europe such as Belgium, Denmark, Germany in pre-war days, Rumania, etc. Thus, the system prevalent in most countries is to pay travelling expenses to Members at a fixed rate while in some countries railway passes are also allowed. In India, the former system is in force and Members are allowed one and three-fifths first class railway fare. It is not known why a change in the existing system is now contemplated.

The U. S. A. is the only country

where issue of free passes for legislators is statutorily forbidden. This was due in a large measure to the dominant role the railroads played in the politics of the country and the corruption and undue influence which they were able to exercise in those days.

The proposal under contemplation is to grant a free railway pass available all over India throughout the year. The implication is that the Members will be able to travel from anywhere to anywhere, as many times as they please, whether on duty or for private purposes. The facilities proposed are far more extensive in scope and liberal than in other countries, where the passes are subject to limitations of various kinds. Thus in Great Britain, Members are given vouchers for first class travel between definite places, that is, between London and their constituencies and London and their homes when the Parliament is in session. These vouchers must not be used for any other travel. In Belgium, passes are allowed between the residence of the Member and the Capital. In Spain, years ago, the Deputies who were paid no salaries were given a railway ticket for a travel of 2480 miles. Denmark was the only country where legislators were given second class passes; first class passes are however the rule now in all countries.

Financial Implications

It is not known if the railways will be paid for the journey covered by the free passes and if so at what rate. As they are commercial concerns and should continue to work as such even after nationalisation, it is absolutely necessary that they should receive due charges for the journeys performed on them. In the case of unrestricted free passes like those contemplated, the fares due will have to be calculated on a basis similar to that on which season ticket charges are computed, though the position is complicated in the former by the jour-

neys not being limited to definite stations. In this case, therefore, the charges will have to be fixed on the basis of average distance arrived at by taking into consideration the longest and other likely journeys into account. The option to travel by air is also given. As a lump sum payment for a general pass has to be made to the railways, it will mean that for such air journeys the State will have to bear charges both by rail and air.

At present, this facility seems to be contemplated in respect of Members of the Central Legislature. The same will naturally have to be extended to Members of States' legislatures also, at least as far as the limits of the States are concerned. Some States have now nationalised their road transport and similar facilities will have to be made available on these also. The principle will have to apply to air and shipping lines as and when these become nationalised. The amount payable to railways alone will be a very "sizable" one, even taking into credit the first class fare that is being paid now. The financial implications of the proposal are far-reaching and require the most careful consideration.

There will be many difficulties in working a system of unrestricted standing free passes as now proposed. A satisfactory method of recording and accounting for each journey is difficult to enforce. If, as is likely, the passes are available only on duty, there is no satisfactory

means of ascertaining whether each journey performed is on duty or not. There is the danger that the unrestricted standing pass is capable of being abused. It is not intended to cast any reflection on our legislators. The experience of other countries has shown that the grant of unrestricted free passes is sometimes abused, as in the case in Italy years ago. Anyway, a system should be such as not to lend itself to abuse. In the system now contemplated, there is no satisfactory method of effectively preventing abuse, even if it be widespread.

There can be no objection on principle to the grant of free pass facilities to legislators for journeys on duty. The needs of democracy no doubt require close and constant contacts between the Members and their constituencies and facilities by way of free passes for such travel for which the State should pay, are justifiable. It is not necessary to have the system of unrestricted passes, as now proposed, to provide these facilities to the Members of Parliament. The objective in view can be adequately met by defining clearly the journeys permitted and supplying the Members with vouchers or mileage coupons which should be exchanged for tickets at the railway stations prior to the commencement of each journey. This system enables each journey to be recorded and accounted for and is more suited for the purposes in view than the system of unrestricted free passes.

HO-CHI-MINH, LEADER OF VIET-MINH

By DAVID INGBER

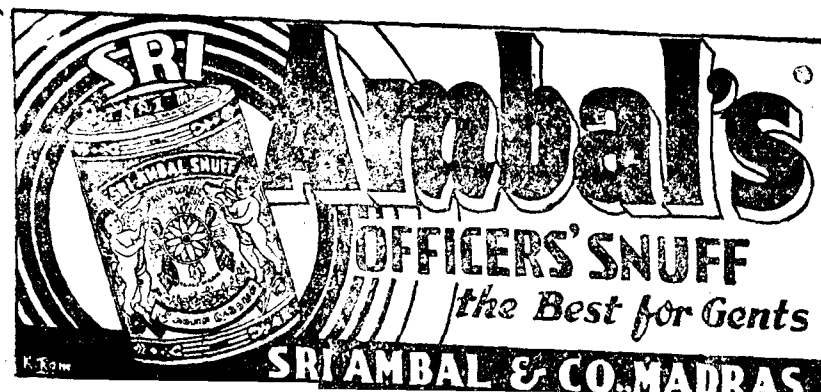
IN the past five years Viet Nam has been in and out of the news, and in recent months very much in. On January 30th, 1950, peaceless South-East Asia was further perturbed by Russia's recognition of the rebel Ho-Chi-Minh Government. Within a few days the Soviet satellites followed suit. On February 7th Britain and the United States recognised the rival Bao-Dai Government. Originally a local colonial conflict, the war in Viet Nam has blossomed into a world issue. The Vietnamese tragedy has been throughout synonymous with two men: Bao-Dai and Ho-Chi-Minh. Of these two Ho is the better equipped, the more ruthless and the more redoubtable. Time will tell which of the two protagonists will win the last round. So far time has sided with Ho. The rebel leader is a gaunt and ascetic figure, with a high domed forehead and a wisp of straggly beard. His appearance suggests the elderly scholar rather than the lifelong revolutionary. In happier times he might, perhaps, have embraced a less exciting career. The fates willed it otherwise. Thus he grew into the Ho he is: a foremost Far-Eastern firebrand and a thorn in the flesh of France.

Born January 15th 1894, in a small village of the Vinh province in North Annam, his real name was Nguyen Tat Tan, which he later changed to Nguyen Ai-Quoc and finally to Ho-Chi-Minh. At eighteen he became a sailor, spent some time in the United States and Britain, settling in France in 1919. Sailing was evidently not his calling, for he took to the more gratifying pursuit of politics. Western Europe was to him the first stage in a life-time of conspiring in exile. Ho's political career began on November 1st 1920, with his attendance of the French Socialist Party Congress in Tours as Indo-Chinese delegate. A split occurred over the motion for affiliation to the Third International. When the Left-Wing extremists seceded to form the French Commu-

nist Party Ho was among the first to join them. The student of revolutions had found his *raison d'être*.

From that moment he devoted all his energies to the new party, inspired by a fanatical belief in the cause, augmenting his meagre income by his pen. Subsequent events revealed an imaginative mind at work. A member of the Third International, Ho played an active part in the Communist Federation of Greater Paris, contributing a series of articles to the paper *Le Libérateur*. In 1922 he founded his own journal *Le Paria*, denounced imperialism as the source of all evil, and hawked his paper on the Paris streets. In 1923 he journeyed to Russia as delegate to the Communist International Peasants' Congress. There he stayed for the next three years studying Communist ethics and the Marxist way of life. Virtue is its own reward. In 1926 a highly trained Ho appeared in Canton as assistant to Michael Borodin—Russia's "Grey Eminence" in Southern China and chief adviser to the Kuomintang. The Chinese Nationalist-Communist "honeymoon" was then at its height. In Canton Ho gave proof of an organising ability that was to take him far in the Soviet hierarchy. Ostensibly a translator at the Russian Consulate, his actual task was to create a Communist Party from among Annamites abroad. The result was the "Viet-Nam-Cach-Menh-Tham-Nelhn-Ho" or "Young Annamite Revolutionary League." For a while all went according to plan. But not for long. In 1927 the felicitous "honeymoon" ended abruptly in a "crime Passionnel". Chiang Kai-shek declared war on his Communist partners, the versatile Borodin packed up for home leaving his promising assistant to be packed off to jail.

He was not deterred by this first setback. On his release he left inhospitable Canton to carry on the good fight elsewhere. For years thereafter he became a globe-trotter, visiting



Malaya, Hong Kong, Russia and Siam. During all that time he was Nguyen Ai-Quoc (Nguyen the Patriot), an elusive mystery man, constantly engaged in plotting behind the scenes and regularly in and out of prison. The fruits of his labours were soon to be gathered. In 1931 his party—now known as the “Dong-Duong-Cong-San-Bang,” or Indo-Chinese Communist Party—caused widespread riots in Tonking. Faced with a serious challenge, French repression was swift and severe. The party was banned, its leadership dissolved, and Ho, becoming once more a fugitive, sought sanctuary in Hong Kong. There he resumed his usual machinations. But for once the British authorities were not amused. A warrant for his arrest led to a conviction for conspiracy and six months in Hong Kong gaol. Having served his term Ho retired from public life, and returning to Russia let the news of his death be spread abroad. But in 1940 a familiar figure was back in Southern China. This time it called itself Ho-Chi-Minh. This time it had come to stay.

Then came the Mikado's war and with it the awakening of Asia. Japan's aggression was more than a military cataclysm. It was also a social revolution which released the long-dormant undercurrents of a potent Nationalism. In the summer of 1945 the pre-war established order was on the way out. New forces were at work. New names made headline news: Nehru, Jinnah, Soekarno, U Aung San. In 1942 a Nationalist but Communist controlled independence movement had emerged in Viet Nam: the “Viet-Nam-Doc-Lap-Dong-Minh-Hoi” better known as “Viet Minh” (Vietnamese Front). Japan's collapse had left a political vacuum. This enabled Viet Minh to assume the reins of government in Tonking and Annam. On August 28th 1945, it proclaimed in Hue the “Democratic Republic of Viet Nam” with Ho-Chi-Minh as President. When on that day its red flag with yellow star went up it was no mere will-o'-the-wisp. It signified the end of an era. The first eight months of Ho's administration were rich in staggering developments. They afforded an object lesson in how a ruthless mi-

nority can conquer a powerless majority. When this convincing “demonstration” was over Viet Minh reigned supreme in Viet Nam. It had set up a Communist dominated dictatorship complete with arbitrary arrests, political persecution and a rubber-stamp National Assembly. In March 1946 France recognised Viet Nam as “a free State within the Indo-Chinese Federation and the French Union.” Talks were to be held for a treaty settling all outstanding problems, primarily the thorny question of Cochinchina. But Ho and his Jacobins had other plans. To them a free Viet Nam meant a “People's Republic” including Cochinchina, divorced from France and freed of all Frenchmen. It was in this spirit that two conferences took place, one at Dalat, the other at Fontainebleau. It was this spirit, too, that led ultimately to the Hanoi massacre in December 1946, to the hardships and miseries of a five-year war of which no end is yet in sight.

Meanwhile, the division of Viet Nam into two antagonistic halves resembles in many ways the partition of Korea before the outbreak of hostilities. The fearful concomitants of such a state of affairs are too obvious to require elaboration. They assume only added significance in the light of the Korean tragedy. In the global trial of strength between Communism and the free world, Indo-China may be the next on the list. The cogency of this assumption is borne out by various reports on Ho-Chi-Minh, whose person is once again shrouded in mystery. According to some Ho can now count on more active support from Mao Tze-Tung and Russia. Others suggest that he has ceased to be head of the Viet Minh Government to become leader of all Communist parties in S. E. Asia. Whether these reports are based on fact or fiction remains to be seen. But if it be true that he is Head of the Far-Eastern Cominform, it is even more true that the West is resolved to meet his challenge. The West has seen the writing on the wall. Saigon must never become a second Seoul.—Copyright N. N. F.

FOOD CRISIS IN INDIA

By Major V. KRISHNA ROW

THE food officials of all the Provinces and States in the Indian Union met at Bombay, during the second week of December. The Conference reviewed the whole food situation, which has become very acute. Since the U. N. Conference on food and agriculture met at Hotsprings in 1943, it has been repeatedly stressed that food production in the East has been steadily declining and that the situation needs careful vigilance and care on the part of the Governments. The F. A. O. has time and again stressed “that the whole Far East faces the formidable task of providing food for its growing population. And that there will be much hunger and continued pressure on the world market for rice and other grains, until a substantial increase in food production in the Orient is assured”. On behalf of the U. N. F. A. O. two roving Commissions visited India in 1946, headed by H. Hoover and Theodore Schultz. Later, Lord Boyd Orr in 1949 came on special invitation and made recommendations. But in spite of all this, our food position has been steadily growing worse, till the people have become accustomed to chronic starvation diet, in this land of agriculture.

In India, a number of committees were appointed by the Central Government to advise them on the food front, and these have submitted their reports. Among these might be mentioned the report of the Gregory Committee (1943) on foodgrains policy; Dr. Burns' special investigation and report on the technological possibilities of agricultural development in India in 1944; Butler's report on the monopoly of purchase of foodstuffs by the Government; the report of the Sir Purushothamdas Thakurdas Committee in 1947 on foodgrains policy; and the report of Mr. Tirumal Rao's committee on foodgrains in 1949-50. Apart from these there have been innumerable conferences. India has been represented in all the F. A. O. conferences. Her delegations have gone with a beggar's bowl. Our food situation became so deteriorated that at last our Prime Minister came out with

his call of self-sufficiency of food by the end of 1951.

Mahatma Gandhi in 1946 drew a 8-points food programme. This was elaborated into a 15-point food programme by the Congress Working Committee in March, 1946. Later our Prime Minister fixed 1951 as the target date, to attain self-sufficiency in food. This has been postponed to 1952, and from the latest reports, it looks that even 1952 may not see the end of our food shortage.

The Government have spent enormous sums of money on foreign delegations, food conferences, and on the unsuccessful Grow More Food campaign. According to a statement made in Parliament, the Government have paid Rs. 5.66 crores by way of food procurement bonuses, during 1949-50. And yet what is the fruit that we are reaping? In a surplus district of Madras (for instance), rice is sold in the black-market for Rs. 2-4-0. per measure to-day.

The causes of food shortage in India are many. World War II drained the agricultural man-power, reduced the food acreage, and diverted all energies and enthusiasm towards industry, forgetting that the agriculturist is the backbone of the country. During the post-war period, ex-servicemen were not willing to go back to their previous agricultural vocation. There is no attraction for them in that, in spite of the Army colonisation scheme. A food-famine was predicted in India as early as 1933, by the Public Health Commissioner with the Government of India. No heed was given to this warning by our legislators, Government and leaders. All these adopted a *laissez-faire* attitude towards the food problem, which has landed us in a quandary today. The food portfolio was in the hands of Indians, even during the pre-Independence days for a long time; but they did nothing to promote a programme of self-sufficiency in food. Latterly Indian officers and ministers have been more worried about procurement than any effective steps to increase agricultural production. It is well known that the procurement scheme has been a failure,

just like the Grow More Food campaign. We have been carrying on a hand-to-mouth policy. Politics and political activities have prevented any healthful work being carried out for the health, happiness, and well-being of the children of the soil. Man cannot live by politics alone.

It is observed from Government records that there has been a steady decline of rice acreage and rice production, since 1916. The rice acreage sown per man has decreased from 0.83 acres in 1911 to 0.67 acres in 1941. Not only this, the approximate yields of rice per acre have lessened from 992.0 lbs. in 1909-13 to 723.0 lbs. in 1939. And from a ministerial statement made on the floor of the Madras Assembly on 20-11-50, it is shown that rice production has been falling steadily from 1943 onwards, till during 1949-50, the production is only 3,811,000 tons of rice. While Burma, Siam, America, Egypt and Japan have increased their production of rice, from 1932 to 1938, India has been producing less and less of rice. This steady and serious decline in yield must make us think furiously.

The Grow More Food campaign was, as early as 1944, criticised as an improvised and unco-ordinated programme by Dr. Burns in his special report to the Government. It has proved a misfire and a failure. This campaign needs a vigorous pruning, if it is to be made a success, as large sums from the public exchequer are being ill-spent on it. We have no sound agricultural policy, and the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research and the Coonoor Nutrition Laboratories (chief advisers to the Government of India) have not helped to formulate an agricultural policy for India, to make the nation self-sufficient in food production. All these have cumulatively landed us today in food distress, to struggle for one meal a day, while the Government are at their wits' end regarding food production, procurement, and supply.

India shows not only a definite deficit in the quantity of food production in relation to population, but also a steady deterioration in the quality of foodgrains. The All India Crop reports reveal that there has been a continuous increase in the production of inferior cereals (jowar, bajra, and barley) at the expense of

the superior cereals (rich and wheat). The reasons for this state of affairs are the poverty of the agriculturist (he has latterly become rich, due to anti-social activities) the uneconomic character of the small holdings that can no longer withstand the cultivation of exhausting crops, the ryots' ignorance of improved methods of agriculture, and lastly, the laziness of the agriculturist as the inferior cereals are easier to grow with less labour and love.

Dr. Burns in his special report in 1944 asserted that there is absolutely no reason why India should not aim at an average yield of 1000 lbs. of cleaned rice per acre or a total production of 34 million tons. Platitudes have been expressed by leading publicists and experienced officials that India can become a self-sufficient nation in her food supply. But till today, this has not been translated into practice.

I venture to submit that India can, must, and will become a self-sufficient nation in her food supply, even within one year from today, if the present angle of vision and approach are changed and proper measures are actively taken up by the Central Government. My suggestions are: A sound agricultural policy must be enunciated, so that "the great wealth of food which we have or can produce will be brought within the reach of the poorest and also that the food supply is sufficient for the nation's health." In the pre-war days, Germany went so far as to insist that the dietary was to be determined by what the farmer could produce and not by what one could afford to buy or like to eat. Thus, Germany achieved 85% self-sufficiency in her food supply. England (during the war years) achieved 60% of self-sufficiency by wise agricultural policy. Why should not India succeed with all her vast resources? The measures to execute this agricultural policy could be discussed under two heads, short term and long term programmes. Under the short term programme, the rationing system should be continued for another 3 to 5 years, till we achieve self-sufficiency, with a liberal diet.

The procurement scheme must be strictly enforced and applied. The Indian Government are fully aware that an acre produces on an average

0.48 tons of rice. Madras Province contains 9.61 million acres of rice area. If we should really concentrate to get the rice (0.48 x 9.61) (46.13 million tons) Madras need not be a deficit State with a beggar's bowl, at all. The local revenue officials know this and they can be made to get this quota, by official pressure and strict orders.

No loopholes, extra bonuses, or any attractive terms must be offered to the landlords to part with their surplus rice. The more bonus the landlords get, the more they clamour or bargain for still better terms, at the expense of the Government and the poor citizen.

The Hoarding and Profiteering Act must be strictly enforced, without fear, favour, or any political influence. Appeal to the moral sentiments of landlords, hoarders, and businessmen are absolutely useless, as events have proved.

The agricultural tax must be reduced, since the landlord is handicapped by the shortage of landlabour, of cattle-stock, and of manure to enrich his soil.

Granting loans to agriculturists has helped only the rich ones and not the small land-holders. This system is either to be revised or abolished.

The ex-servicemen must be made to go back to their villages, either by compulsion or through active persuasion. The war has upset their mentality and they must be made to appreciate the advantages of back-to-land policy.

The potato is a good supplementary article of diet. It is the best insurance crop against famine. The vitamin content of potatoes is not affected by boiling. Further, unlike cereals and sugar, it prevents dental diseases and decay of teeth. The money that is now being spent on so many food conferences and the Grow More Food campaign may be profitably diverted to the growth of potatoes in particular.

It has been repeatedly brought to the notice of the Government, that the Grow More Food Campaign has been a failure. Vast sums of money are being spent on this improvised campaign, but no success has come out of this. Either this campaign is to be scrapped or reorganised and made to work on correct lines. There is a tendency to grow more cash-crops

(like sugar and cotton) than food-crops. It was astounding to read a suggestion that cotton should be grown in the deltaic areas of Tanjore (granary of South India). Such tendencies do harm to food production.

The Indian field scale ration is 22 ozs. of rice or atta. This must be definitely reduced to 16 ozs. without any detriment to the health, physical fitness, and efficiency of the Indian soldier.

There must be agricultural education, in schools and colleges. In the re-organisation of school education, some provision should be made for the practical teaching of agriculture, and horticulture on a wide scale, so that the boys and girls who will not necessarily become farmers, may have some knowledge and appreciation of this all-important problem. There must be a dig for victory campaign, instead of the Grow More Food campaign.

The Imperial Council of Agricultural Research and Coonoor Nutrition Laboratories must be re-organised and made to work in the interests of the masses, to solve the food problem.

The immediate ameliorative measures that could be given are the supply and use of manures and fertilizers on land where water-supply is already adequate; improvements in water-supply and drainage; use of improved variety of seeds (our agricultural demonstration farms need improvement and a thorough overhauling); and the control of diseases in crops and of pests in stored grains; and control of malaria.

If the nation is to become self-sufficient in food, the Central and Provincial Governments must work with a fanatic zeal.

Professor A. V. Hill has submitted a special report on long-range programmes. It has been pointed out by research workers in India that provided water is not a limiting factor, the average rice or wheat production can be increased by about 40% in many parts of India, with a good margin of profit on pre-war prices. If Jawaharlal Nehru's remark—that a man wants first his food, then his God and his religion—means anything, then our food department officials and the public must wake up to the realities of the present food distress, and do something more practical than carry on a hand-to-mouth policy of food procurement and supply.

SUICIDE OR SECOND WIND?

By K. ZILLIACUS

By its continuance of what the author describes as Tory foreign policy, the British Labour Party is heading for self-destruction, says Konni Ziliacus, former Labour Member of Parliament. The present alternatives of domination from either Moscow or Washington do not offer the only choice, he asserts; the example of Yugoslavia in defying Russian domination while at the same time refusing to accept American direction presents a policy that could be followed in Britain and by the Socialists in other countries. Such a course, says Mr. Ziliacus, offers the best chance of avoiding a third world war, by checking the tendency to divide the entire world into two opposing armed camps, each owing allegiance to the leadership of a single great Power.

THE strategy on which the British Labour Party fought the last General Election was a failure that will prove mortal unless the strategy is abandoned. The strategy of social appeasement of the middle class and international appeasement of the capitalist U. S. A. has thrown away a huge majority, put Labour on the defensive and is sapping the confidence of the workers in Labour rule.

That is why those in the Labour Party who cannot forget the causes for which Labour exists believe that the only way to win is to put up a clear-cut Socialist alternative to the Tories, so that the voters will have a real and challenging choice.

But many who hold this view still appear to believe that they can put forward a convincing alternative to the Tories in home affairs, while continuing the coalition with the Tories in foreign policy.

In 1945 the Labour leadership simply continued their coalition with the Tories in foreign affairs. The Tory foreign policy pursued ever since has landed us in the present mess and is rapidly hamstringing and paralysing the Labour Party in home affairs. Today we are engaged in a race between the Defence Budget raising the cost of living and conscription and war industries wasting manpower on the one hand; and social services, real wages and production for export and home needs on the other.

Social services, real wages, useful production and finally democracy and national independence are bound to

lose that race unless British foreign policy changes.

"Britain The Obstacle"

Britain is now the sole surviving Socialist regime (except for Norway) in all the countries enjoying the privilege of American help and American-sponsored war preparations. The rest have been undone by American policy and pressure. Voices are being raised increasingly in the American Congress and Press accusing Labour Britain of being the main obstacle to the integration of Capitalist Western Europe.

The usually well-informed Washington political correspondents, Joseph and Stewart Alsop (in the *New York Herald Tribune* of December 1) wrote that American policy in Europe revolves about the magic word "integration," which is wrongly supposed to mean that the U. S. A. are trying to create a United States of Europe overnight.

"In fact, what Acheson and Hoffman are trying to promote is nothing of the sort. The real objective, as one of the authors of the integration project put it, is 'to get back to 1910 by 1952'. What the United States wants is a Europe whose internal trading relationships are as close as possible to those which existed before the first world war."

The revived European steel cartel under American patronage looks like a further step in 1910 style "integration." This French project, sprung on Britain with U. S. connivance, might easily result in ending the

nationalisation of the British steel industry and "equalising" the wages of British workers down to nearer the all-time low of the West German and French workers. The new Atlantic Council confirms and advertises Britain's status as a U. S. satellite, purveyor of cannon fodder and war base.

Alternative Foreign Policy

It is impossible to combine the welfare state and the warfare state. Labour folk must choose which they want. It is mere self-deception to believe that a Socialist home policy can be pursued while continuing the present coalition with the Tories in foreign policy and submitting to total dependence on the Capitalist U. S. A. in world affairs.

The outlines of an alternative foreign policy are familiar: Cut defence expenditure by half and put an end to conscription; declare that Britain will not be committed to war under the Atlantic Pact failing a decision by the U. N. Security Council; refuse to have U. S. forces stationed in Britain; trade with Eastern Europe and China according to British economic needs and not subject to the dictates of U. S. cold war strategy.

Having cut our defence coat according to our economic cloth, as regards expenditure, commitments and manpower, and insisted on our right to trade according to our needs, we should put forward independent British proposals for peace. They should be based on dealing with both the Soviet Union and the United States as fellow members of the United Nations and not as allies or potential enemies in a balance of power. They should be pressed in direct negotiations in Moscow, Washington and Paris, and through the United Nations.

East-West Trade

They should cover such matters as the stepping up of East-West trade; the unification of Germany on Socialist and democratic foundations, with neutralisation, compulsory disarmament and recognition of present frontiers in East and West; Middle and Far East peace settlements with Soviet participation; regulating voting procedure in the Security Council; international supervision of atomic

energy, abolition of the atomic bomb and other weapons of mass destruction, and reduction and limitation of armaments by international agreement, with adequate provisions for inspection and the pooling of information.

So far the Labour Left has been shy of tackling the problem of peace, because something like the alternative policy outlined above is being pressed by the Communist-run Partisans of Peace Movement, as part of a campaign for accepting the Soviet Government as the leader of "all the forces of democracy, Socialism and peace" and backing the Cominform cold war on Yugoslavia because she refuses to accept that position.

Soviet Press Theme

The Soviet Press harps on the theme that "loyalty... to the cause of internationalism is determined and tested by the attitude towards the Soviet Union, which stands at the head of all the forces of democracy and Socialism." Disagreement with this claim means "betrayal of the Soviet Union; betrayal of proletarian internationalism," leading to Fascism and into the camp of Imperialism and war, as the "Tito-Rankovic gang of spies and murderers" have done (*Pravda*, Dec. 1).

The crime of the Yugoslav Communists is that they have rejected the Soviet Union's claim that they should for the sake of peace accept the Soviet's judgment and leadership on how to run their country, organise their party and conduct their foreign policy.

The stand of the Yugoslav C. P. is a challenge to both the East and the West. So far the orthodox Communist Parties have shown up very badly when confronted by this challenge. They are in fact creating confusion and division in the Left and strengthening not the Soviet bloc but the grip of the Anglo-American cold warriors on the minds of the workers in the West by their blind and dumb devotion to the Soviet claim and their malignancy and mendacity about Yugoslavia.

Challenge To West, Too

But the Yugoslav stand also challenges the West. It should make it

possible for progressive Socialist and unorthodox Communist opinion to launch a peace movement broadly based, honest and realistic enough to count. All that is necessary as a programme is to add one final point to the British declaration of independence from the U. S. A. and the British proposals for settlement outlined above: the Western Powers should offer to end all policies of anti-Communist discrimination or intervention, whether in Europe or Asia, and to start all-in negotiations for a general agreement in exchange for the Soviet Union and the Cominform States restoring normal economic and diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia and calling off their propaganda campaign against that country.

This proposal could hardly be opposed by the Soviet Government without admitting that they really do claim the right to direct the policies of other Communist Parties. It brings out into the open the whole question of what Communists mean by "proletarian internationalism." That will compel Communists in the West to choose between alienating the masses they aspire to lead by openly accepting the "Moscow stooge" view of "proletarian internationalism," or helping to revive and unite the Left in the West by explicitly repudiating that view.

Call For A Show-Down

It could not be opposed by the Western cold warriors without giving themselves away by showing that under the guise of defending democracy against Communism they are in fact conducting a policy of counter-revolutionary intervention in the internal affairs of other countries and of anti-Soviet war preparations, the logical end of which can only be Fascism and a third world war. That is in fact what Anglo-American policy is doing and has been doing all along.

Thanks to Yugoslavia we can now separate the cold war goats from the scared sheep they are leading to slaughter. Yugoslavia's challenge enables Western progressives to call for a show-down on the cold war. They can call on the Russians to show they are Socialists and on the

Americans to show they are not Fascists.

Western Labour, Socialist and Progressive opinion could give weight and substance to such a peace campaign by establishing friendly relations with the Yugoslav Communist Party, Peoples Front, Trades Unions, Cooperatives, Women's Organisations etc. They should urge the Western governments to declare publicly that they regarded Communist Parties as the internal affair of their countries and were perfectly prepared for trade, friendship and cooperation with Communist-governed States, provided only that they took their stand on the U. N. Charter in international relations, as the Yugoslavs have done. The Charter pledges Member States not to interfere in each others internal affairs and to settle all their differences by peaceful means.

Chance Of Success

There is a real chance of a peace policy on these lines succeeding, because the Western cold war is failing. The cost is becoming prohibitive. The peoples of the West are getting sick of the imbecile intransigence of their rulers. There are sharp divisions within the U. S. A. Mr. Acheson's demand for permanent cold war clashes with Mr. Churchill's view that we ought to negotiate now because we are getting relatively weaker, not stronger.

On the other hand the Soviet Union wants and needs peace and has again and again asked for negotiations and compromise. The Yugoslav stand has set up a real ferment in Communist Parties and the working class everywhere. War preparations and Soviet claims are producing internal strains and stresses in the Cominform States.

The Soviet Government would be prepared to make concessions to the other Great Powers, in exchange for counter-concessions and as part of an over-all bargain and a general agreement, that it would not be prepared to make unilaterally in a dispute with a small State.

Yugoslavia's stand may yet give European Socialism its second wind and a second chance to those who want to end the arms race and the drift to Fascism and war.

Short Story

SHEKAR'S DILEMMA

By Dr. G. S. PANCHBHAI

WHEN Shekar, the Assistant Manager of the A. B. Syndicate learnt that the Chairman, Sir A. P. Mishra was going to the Central Government as an economic advisor, he was right glad. The Manager, Deshpande was soon to retire and it was his chance now to be at the helm of the Syndicate's affairs. But Sir A. P. was prejudiced against him. It was said that he was good at clerical work but had no executive capacity. Hence he was unfit to be the Manager after Deshpande. During the last five years he tried to convince Sir A. P. of his efficiency. Even Deshpande with whom he worked shoulder to shoulder for twenty years to raise the Syndicate to its present glory, advocated his cause. But Sir A. P. had refused to be convinced.

Shekar knew the reason. Every peon in the Syndicate knew it. Sir A. P. wanted to push his candidate, Shukla, to the forefront. Shukla with his creaseless suits and an oily tongue, and a number of bogus degrees at his tail, had impressed Sir A. P. immensely. This raw young man was at once appointed as the Deputy Assistant Manager, and ever since his appointment had been doing his worst to supersede him. The deputy assistant's post, specially created for him, carried no special responsibilities, but was a sort of sinecure for the Chairman's man. All that Shukla did during five years of his entry into the Syndicate was to go about from member to member of the Managing Body and talk to them about his experience abroad, for he had a pilgrimage to England to his credit. He talked to them about his own schemes to expand the business of the Syndicate, and about the unimaginative, unenterprising assistant manager in his flowing dhoti, a long neck-cloth, a stubbed beard. Efficient, indeed, in disposing of the files, how could such a man fare at the helm of affairs? And Sir A. P.

and his Managing Body were convinced.

Shekar burnt with impotent rage at the machinations of this man. He saw him gaining influence day by day and was told that except Deshpande and one other member, others were for Shukla. It was all due to Sir A. P. that he was going to be superseded. But he would never swallow such an insult. He would step out of the Syndicate and serve anywhere on half the salary with honour rather than be humiliated here. That was what he had already decided.

And here came news that Sir A. P. was going away. Shekar was filled with deep gratitude to God. He would never see injustice done to anybody. There was a chance for him now. He and Deshpande would explain to the new Chairman the situation in the Syndicate since Shukla's entry. Yes, he would, the first thing the new Chairman assumed office. He would see Manager Deshpande that very evening and plan his defence.

At ten minutes to five Shekar left his room and went to Manager Deshpande's to make an appointment with him. But Deshpande was not in his chair.

So Shekar took his bicycle and was about to start when the Accountant Ramrao hailed him.

'Did you hear the good news?' he asked Ramrao.

'The good news?'

'Sir A. P. going to Delhi.'

Ramrao looked about him with an air of secrecy.

'So you don't know the further developments?' he asked in a whisper.

The note of alarm in his voice chilled Shekar.

'Developments?' he repeated, leaning on his bicycle.

'You see, Shekar, the Manager Deshpande has been fooling you all these years. An emergency meeting of our Managing Body is going on at the Chairman's residence just now. Deshpande will proceed on two years' leave. You know it's due. He will propose Shukla for the Manager's post himself. For this act of treachery to you the body will give him a gratuity of four thousand rupees in addition to his provident fund. Deshpande told me everything. I warned him that you'd resign. But he said the Syndicate wouldn't die if you resigned.'

Shekar bit his lip.

'You see, Shekar, tomorrow you'll find Shukla in Deshpande's chair.'

'And you will find my chair vacant,' roared Shekar.

'That's what I told Deshpande, too,' said Ramrao sympathetically.

Shekar called on the Manager Deshpande in the evening.

'Shekar,' said Deshpande, 'Sir A. P. has expressed his desire to see you. I'm really sorry for you, Shekar. But I was quite helpless. They were going to propose a compulsory retirement for me on the ground of old age and instal Shukla. They forced me to do it in spite of myself. But please do see Sir A. P.... Shekar....'

'Damn your face for your cowardice and that of Sir A. P.' Shekar shouted and walked off.

But he called on Sir A. P. next morning. The knight received him very civilly and said, 'I'm sorry for you, Shekar. But we were helpless when Deshpande himself said that you are quite incompetent as an executive officer. You see, Shekar, we had to accept the Manager's recommendation.'

'But, Sir, the Manager said you forced him to....'

Sir A. P. rose from his chair.

'Shekar,' he said sternly, 'the Manager told us you might proceed on leave as a protest or not co-operate with Shukla. If you do anything against the Syndicate's interests, we're determined to hold you responsible for its losses.'

With this Sir A. P. nodded at the peon standing in the doorway.

Fuming and fretting within himself, Shekar attended his office and tried to concentrate on his work. Shukla must be in the Manager's chair now! He remembered how he had made no secret of his hatred for this young man, calling him an upstart of no merit, a dog who indulged in licking the feet of his masters, a selfish, unscrupulous fellow who, deserved to be kicked out of the Syndicate at once. This man was his boss now!

Every minute Shekar was expecting to be called by the new Manager Shukla. He would have to stand before his junior and call him 'Sir' if he insisted. And he would insist. Shukla would humiliate him and have his revenge.

The door was pushed open and Shekar became alert in his chair. The Manager's peon, he thought. But it was only Ramrao.

'Impossible to work under him, Shekar. I say, as soon as the new Chairman assumes office we should give a month's clear notice. At any rate, I can't work under him.'

'And you think I can? Yes, a month's notice. That will be perfectly legal,' he mused.

'I've told Shukla,' said Ramrao.

'I don't want to talk to that man.'

'And do you know what he says?'

Shekar looked up with curiosity.

'He says he would win you too. If he could win people like Sir A. P., he would easily win you too. I told him it was impossible. Ramrao and Shekar would rather be starved than serve under their junior.'

Shekar laughed in contempt. A month's notice. That was perfectly legal. With him and the Accountant out of the Syndicate, Shukla would be absolutely crippled. The Syndicate would fall to pieces. The Managing Body would reap the consequences of its folly. Well, he would give his notice to the new Chairman as soon as he arrived. He was to arrive in a week.

Meanwhile Shekar did not feel very happy in his office. He was no longer the most important man. The staff knew this fact well. Even his own peon knew it. He saw the sudden difference in their behaviour. He was

no longer looked upon with respect. Everybody rather seemed to pity him!

But the young Manager, Shukla, was different from them all. He was wonderfully civil to him. He never called Shekar to his office, but himself came down to the assistant manager. He talked to Shekar with great respect and showed that Shekar was still the most important man. Rubbing salt into his wounds, Shekar thought. But Ramrao's explanation was different. He said Shukla could not afford to displease them two. What did he know of the Syndicate's affairs?

The explanation appealed to Shekar. It infuriated him still more against Shukla for his naked selfishness. Did the fellow hope to win him by his outwardly polished manners and an oily tongue?

When the new Chairman, Mr. Mehta, arrived, Shekar went to see him with the notice in his pocket. Mr. Mehta heard him very sympathetically. In the end he said, 'Why not make a representation, Mr. Shekar, before sending in this notice? Believe me, I'll do my best to see that justice is done.'

So Shekar submitted his representation to Mr. Mehta. In it he gave the whole history of Shukla's intrigues in the Syndicate, clearly but concisely, and prayed for justice.

Shekar saw that Mr. Mehta took a keen interest in the case. Files were called and sent back. Character rolls were sent for and returned. Several members of the staff and of the Managing Body were interviewed. Shukla himself was called twice. Even the ex-Manager Deshpande was interviewed and he assured Shekar that Mr. Mehta was quite convinced that Shukla's appointment was a gross instance of nepotism with which he would never put up.

Finally Shekar was called again.

'Well, Mr. Shekar, Mr. Mehta said, 'I've thoroughly understood all this nasty business and I'm determined to show this Shukla his right place. But at present the majority seems to be for him and I feel rather helpless....' Mr. Mehta thought for a while and asked, 'By the by, Mr. Shekar, what would you do if you were in my place?'

'Sir,' answered Shekar in a tremulous voice, 'I would rather resign than continue to be Chairman of such a body.'

Mr. Mehta looked penetratingly at Shekar, then gazed at the ceiling. Suddenly he became very grave and said, 'All right, Mr. Shekar, I'll do the same. You see, I've a plan. We've to raise about five hundred thousand rupees for our business. We've issued loan-bonds of varying denominations from rupees five to rupees hundred. We're all trying to sell them. I'm sure you will be able to raise more than Mr. Shukla who's quite a raw man....'

'Most certainly, Sir.'

'Everybody says that, Mr. Shekar,' he said. 'I'll take up your representation after the disposal of these loan-bonds. I know you'll prove more useful. I'll plead for you and if the body refuses to do justice to you even then, I'll resign. Goodnight now.'

The next day Shukla came to his room and said: 'It's a fight, Mr. Shekar, in which one must win and the other lose. But I hope that whatever the result, we'll forget and forgive and join hands for the good of the Syndicate.'

'If I were in your place and lost, I wouldn't step into the Syndicate again,' he answered spiritedly.

'You aren't a sportsman, then.'

'I'm not quite so shameless,' snapped Shekar. 'That's all I mean, Sir.'

That was Saturday. Next morning Shekar started on his campaign of selling loan-bonds. He came first to Rao Bahadur Dhond, the Settlement Commissioner, who was his co-student and an intimate friend. It was eight in the morning. Rao Bahadur and his family were taking tea. They received Shekar very cordially at their table.

Shekar explained to them the object of his visit and the whole politics of the Syndicate.

'It's of vital importance to me, Rao Bahadur. I hope you'll buy some loan-bonds and induce your friends at the Club to buy them too,' he concluded.

Rao Bahadur made a wry face.

"You only see my two thousand per month, Shekar. But I'm more miserable than you. One of my sons is in England and my daughter is in Medical College at Bombay. Besides, I'm expecting orders for reversion." He lit a cigar and began puffing hard at it. "All right. Come after the first. I'll purchase some loan-bonds for you."

Shekar was about to start when he heard the purr of a car in the porch. Rao Bahadur left him abruptly leaving him with Mrs. Dhond.

"Good morning, Rao Bahadur," he heard. He recognised the voice of Mr. Mehta and turning to Mrs. Dhond in surprise said, "It's our Chairman, Mr. Mehta."

"He comes to us often," she said.

More good news for him! Shekar listened carefully to the talk outside.

"Congrats, Rao Bahadur. I'm just coming from the Premier. He told me you are confirmed as Settlement Commissioner...."

"Thanks, Mr. Mehta."

"Now I want you to buy about ten-thousand rupees worth of our loan-bonds."

"That's too much, Mr. Mehta."

"All right, I'll make it five. It's a matter of transferring the amount from the Imperial Bank to the Syndicate for five years and I assure you it's quite safe. You see, Rao Bahadur, I'm a bit superstitious. You're the first man I'm approaching and I don't want to hear a 'no' from you."

Shekar saw Rao Bahadur coming into the room. He opened a drawer and returned with the cheque book.

"Thanks", he heard. "I'll come to your Club this evening."

"Oh, do, Mr. Mehta."

Shekar looked ruefully at Mrs. Dhond, excused himself and left by the back door before Rao Bahadur returned.

Shekar now decided to seek the help of his friends who were poor like himself. He came to a Mr. Kale, who was a school master in a secondary school. Mr. Kale heard him sympathetically and went into the ante-room.

Shekar heard a talk, low but distinct. Mrs. Kale was talking. It was the 28th of the month. They had only six rupees left. How could she buy her week's rations if five rupees were spent over a loan-board? Then he heard Mr. Kale's voice. They could buy rations after the first. He must help his friend Shekar now.

Everything swam before Shekar's eyes as he passed a receipt to Mr. Kale. He thanked the poor school-master and came out.

A storm raged within him as he stepped on the road. Would he place his poor friends in a difficulty merely for his selfish ends? Well, he would not. He would rather resign, seek another job and manage with whatever he got. He would write to Mr. Mehta accordingly. He would apply for all the leave that was due and meanwhile be in search of a job.

But as he lay in his bed that night he changed his mind again. He would not allow injustice to reign supreme. He would not allow that scoundrel Shukla to triumph. Besides, after all that he talked to Mr. Mehta, it would not be manly to retreat like that. He would go about selling loan-bonds in spite of his conscience. It was necessary to fight injustice, corruption, nepotism that were rampant in the Syndicate.

So in the morning he passed two more receipts for rupees five each and went to his office.

Today for the first time he went to Shukla's room to credit the amount he had collected but found that Shukla was not in his chair. He was about to return when his eyes fell on the receipt books on Shukla's table. What was the amount he had collected so far?

The first two receipt books were blank. In the third, the very first receipt was passed in the name of Rao Bahadur Dhond. Mr. Mehta's, he said to himself. He turned the pages. There were six more receipts passed for a total amount of fifteen thousand rupees.

Shekar was about to place the receipt books back on the table when his eyes fell on the bottom left cor-

ner of the counterfoil. Above the word 'Receiver', he saw the signature of Shukla. Breathlessly he came to the first receipt. *Even that was issued by Shukla!*

Out of the mist before his eyes, sprang the smiling figure of Shukla, the grave personality of Mr. Mehta..

He shook his head, returned to his room, cancelled the three receipts he had issued, wrote a curt resignation with a clear month's notice and sent it to Ramrao to be handed to Shukla on his arrival.

The afternoon tea which Shekar's wife brought to him tasted sickeningly insipid. As she returned with the empty cup, he saw that her old discoloured saree was overdue for being dispensed with. He had wanted to buy a new one these four months but could not spare money enough. And now his condition would be worse. The new job would not be so paying. The market rates were rising every week. His poor, uncomplaining wife, his six children who were completely at his mercy....

Somebody was knocking at the door. Must be Ramrao, he thought. Oh, he would advise the man not to resign but just to put up with Shukla for a few days until he got used to the new conditions.

Shekar opened the door and shrank back. It was Shukla calling on him.

"Good-afternoon," he said with his usual smile.

"Good-afternoon," Shekar frowned.

Shukla followed Shekar and sat in a chair by his side.

Shekar looked glumly away from his unwelcome guest. Hypocrites, all of them! Shukla, Mr. Mehta, even Rao Bahadur Dhond! The world was unfit for such as he was to live!

"Mr. Shekar," he heard the usual, sweet coaxing voice of Shukla, "Everyone is sorry for your resignation except Mr. Ramrao."

"Mr. Ramrao?" Shekar's tightly-pressed lips opened in spite of himself.

"He would be promoted to your rank if you resigned."

Shekar bit his lip savagely. Hypocrites, all of them!

"I'm not a bad man, Mr. Shekar, if you just cast off all prejudices against me and excuse me for my ambition. Was I ever rude to you?"

"Not to my face."

"I've always treated you with respect even when I have been Ag. Manager."

"I agree, Mr. Shukla."

"You see, the Managing Body wanted to advertise the post. If I hadn't got it, someone else would have."

"Yes, Mr. Shukla, perhaps."

"Excuse me, Mr. Shekar, if I say you're too simple...."

"Yes, I am. I've realised this fault of mine now, Mr. Shukla. But I wouldn't be able to conquer it now."

"Then, excuse me again, a man of your sense of justice shouldn't let others suffer for his fault, Mr. Shekar".

"Others?"

"Your wife and children who are completely at your mercy."

Shekar reflected.

"I'm not a bad man, Mr. Shekar. I know your worth. I know your failings. None will treat you with as much respect as I do. With your temperament, you won't be happy anywhere."

"You're right, Mr. Shukla."

"That's why I don't want you to leave the Syndicate. You see, you'll be designated as pro-Manager and get a lift of seventy-five rupees in your salary. I'll always treat you with the same respect as though you were the Manager. Don't you believe me, Mr. Shekar?"

"I do believe you, Mr. Shukla," he whispered dreamily.

Shukla pulled out a piece of paper from his breast-pocket and tore it to pieces.

"I have't taken my afternoon tea today, Mr. Shekar," said Shukla cheerfully.

"I've just had mine. But I'd be glad to take it again with you, Mr. Shukla."

Shekar called his wife and asked for two cups of tea to be prepared.

THE WAY TO AVOID A THIRD WORLD WAR—I

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

The shadow of atomic war hangs over us all. The division of the world into two armed camps is nearly complete. At this late hour, can anything be done to avert the final catastrophe? This article by Bertrand Russell, world-famed philosopher, mathematician, sociologist and author (who in 1950 received the Nobel Prize for Literature), suggests a way out of the present apparent impasse. The main problem, he says, is psychological: both Russia and America suspect each other's intentions, and display truculence for fear the other side should mistake peaceableness for weakness. Such a situation is historically familiar and has almost always ended in war; but now the avoidance of war is of more importance than it used to be. If a truce could be arranged on the propaganda plane, and the idea be accepted that both systems could not easily be overthrown, the first result would be a lessening of tension, leading to a state of affairs where long-term measures to prevent war could be discussed in a calmer atmosphere.

EVERYBODY is agreed that the world situation is very grave, but there is much disagreement as to the degree of gravity. Not only politicians but the best experts among men of science make quite different estimates of what will happen in the next war, if there is one. We who are not experts must rely on our judgment as to who and what to believe where there is conflict. It will be a help to consider the different kinds of bias by which even the experts are affected.

Broadly speaking, there are four kinds of bias: there are pacifists and militarists; and there are friends and enemies of Russia. Most people combine two of these sources of bias. There are pacifist pro-Russians and militarist pro-Russians; and there are pacifist anti-Russians and militarist anti-Russians. I am, myself, a more or less pacifist anti-Russian.

I hardly think it likely that, in any war occurring in the next ten or twenty years, the extreme consequences envisaged by some pessimists will occur: I think there will still be human beings at the end. But they will be human beings rendered savage by the cruelties they have inflicted and suffered. Throughout Europe, all the most civilised inhabitants will have been exterminated. The war

will end from exhaustion on both sides, not because a decision has been reached.

What Happens Then?

What will happen after it is ended? Perhaps, as after the Thirty Years War, both sides will conclude that intolerance is silly and reach agreements which could just as well have been reached beforehand without war.

Or perhaps each side will set to work feverishly preparing for another trial of strength, hoping this time to achieve a definite victory. There will be worse bombs; perhaps there will be bacteriological warfare; almost certainly, large agricultural areas will be rendered radioactively infertile.

The extermination of the human race, which I do not expect in the next war, might well be the result of the next but one.

There are some who will consider it unpatriotic to paint such a gloomy picture of what would happen in a war. They think that war is necessary and that the democracies must be coaxed into fighting by lies and concealment. I cannot take this view. I think that a sane policy is only possible on the basis of a completely unbiassed appraisal of the probabilities.

If a war is at all likely to have the sort of outcome that I have been suggesting, it is evidently the duty of every sane man to do what lies in his power to prevent war. To this, however, there are limits. Dreadful as war would be, and disastrous as its consequences would prove, I, for my part, think that it would be even more dreadful and more disastrous if the Soviet system, with all its cruelty and all its obscurantism, were to extend over the whole world.

Fundamental Reason For Dislike

At this point, I will pause to consider what are the main reasons which justify us in disliking the Soviet system.

The fundamental objection is that it places power in the hands of a minority dedicated to a dogmatic creed. There have been such dogmatic oligarchies in the past: the mediaeval Church, Calvin's government of Geneva and Cromwell's Rule of the Saints are examples. But none of these combined every form of power in the way that Communism has effected.

The Russian government has not only all the powers of former states—legislative, executive and judicial—but also all economic power. A man whom the government dislikes can be deprived of food without judicial process; he can be imprisoned or condemned to forced labour in the Arctic.

This fearful despotic authority, as might have been expected, is used to inflict appalling cruelties and to stifle all cultural freedom. Five million peasants were starved to death and many more transported in the process of collectivisation. Many millions of Russians are condemned to forced labour, which has become an integral part of Soviet economy. Composers and biologists have suffered for offending Stalin's taste in music or disagreeing with his views on genetics.

Fear of the police leads to universal suspicion; friends betray friends, children betray parents, though the betrayed suffer a slow and agonising death.

Resistance At Whatever Cost

Such a regime, if world-wide, would put an end to civilisation and to ordinary humanity. I hold, therefore,

that at whatever cost, its extension to the Western world must be resisted.

I believe that a large majority of English-speaking people agree with me in so thinking. Our problem, therefore, is to avoid war without submitting. And if that should prove impossible we must seek to be strong in defence, so as to avoid some of the worst misfortunes that war would otherwise bring.

But victory should be a secondary aim; the primary aim should be the preservation of peace.

In the long run, the only way to make peace secure is to create a single authority for the whole world, with a monopoly of all the more important weapons of war. But such an authority can only be created either at the end of a great war or at a moment when all the Powers are mutually friendly.

The opportunity was missed in 1919 and in 1945; for the present, world government can be no more than a Utopian dream.

What, then, can we do in the meantime?

II

Psychological Problem

The root of the problem is psychological. The Russians and the Americans are alike persuaded that the other side would start a war if it felt confident of victory. Each side feels it must be truculent, for fear the other side should think it weak.

The situation is familiar and it has almost always ended in war. But now the avoidance of war is more important than it used to be and it is more urgent than in the past to find a way out of the vicious circle.

The first step—and this is one which is eminently practicable—is a clear delimitation of spheres. The Russians should not give support to French or Italian Communists; we should make no official protest when Polish patriots or Hungarian Cardinals suffer, whatever we may privately feel.

Africa would have to be allotted to the West; Asia would have to be divided. It should then be solemnly agreed that any interference of either in the other's domains, whether by

arms or by propaganda, should be a legitimate *casus belli*.

The chief difficulty in this policy is as regards Germany. Germany will not acquiesce in being permanently cut in two; Russia will not consent to its being united under the West; and the West will not consent to its being united under Russia. The only solution is to give freedom to Germany, including the right to rearm. German neutrality could then be guaranteed, as that of Belgium was until 1914.

Deterrent To Aggression

German power would then become a deterrent to aggression and, if Germany were strong, it would be a very powerful deterrent, since a war between Russia and the West must involve an invasion of Germany. This is the solution which will have to be adopted if there is to be a *detente* between Russia and the West.

A frequent objection to the evacuation of Germany by both sides is that the Russians have created and trained considerable German forces which, it is thought, could be counted on by the Soviet Government. It would be necessary that all such forces should be disbanded before the evacuation of the Western Germany by the Western powers. It would also be necessary to ensure that the Germans would be free to choose their own form of government.

I think it highly probable that, in that case, the Germans would wish to be neutral and would only become belligerent if they were invaded by either side.

Another thing which might be done is to devote propaganda to the inevitable evils to both sides that would result from war. In such propaganda—in which Communists might participate—there should be rigid abstention from all speculation as to which side would suffer most. The emphasis should be on the harm that modern weapons can do, and on the certainty that even if one side were victorious, it would be worse off at the end than if there had been no war.

Acceptance Of Division

Such a procedure involves, of course, an acceptance on both sides of the

fact that the world is, for the present, divided between two very different systems, and that there is no apparent prospect of either system overcoming the other.

Americans must not be thinking: "We, with our superior resources and technique, could subdue the Russians and will do so if they continue to be aggressive."

Russians must not be thinking: "Capitalism is on its last legs, America will soon be enduring a worse depression than that of the '30s and the consequent distress will bring opinion almost everywhere to our side."

So long as such thoughts continue on either side, a real *detente* is impossible. But such thoughts are, I am convinced, illusions. Each system, the American and the Russian, shows every indication of stability. That is why the two systems must learn to tolerate each other.

I do not wish to be thought to advocate anything in the nature of appeasement. Appeasement is not a road to peace unless you are prepared for complete nonresistance. If there is any point at which you would fight rather than make further concessions, appeasement is sure to bring you to that point before long.

What is necessary is that *each* side should have an obvious interest in avoiding war. For this reason, there must be no great disparity of military strength.

Abstention From Provocation

I do not think it would promote peace if the United States were to renounce the hydrogen bomb; the only result would be that Russia would make the bomb and then make demands which the West would feel obliged to resist. What I do advocate is abstention from provocative behaviour and language, public admission that Russia could not easily be defeated, together with reminders that the United States would be even harder to defeat.

Such things are, you will object, mere makeshifts and palliatives, which do not touch the root of the

trouble. This is entirely true. But nothing fundamental can be done until mutual suspicion has grown less.

I think the bad atmosphere which exists at present is much more the fault of Russia than of the West, but that is no reason why the West should not take the initiative in trying to improve it.

I think Russia has been in a mood of conquering imperialism. This is due partly to opportunity, but partly also to the conviction that hostility between communism and capitalism is inevitable and that one or the other must go under. We must see to it that the opportunities for successful Russian expansion grow fewer, but at the same time, we must show in practical ways that we no longer hope (if we ever did) to overthrow the Russian regime on its own ground.

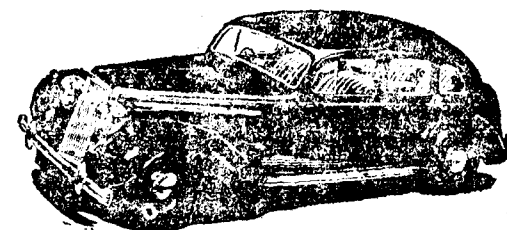
If we can do this successfully—for example, by encouraging East-West trade—Stalin may revert to what was, after all, his distinctive slogan: Socialism in one country. Only now it is more than one country.

Long-Term Possibilities

Looking further ahead, one must hope that, under the influence of success and security, the Russian regime will gradually grow more liberal. There is nothing irrational in such a hope, for tolerance is a normal effect of prosperity.

Great problems would remain if friendly relations had been established between Russia and the West. But it would then become possible to take long-term measures with a view to the prevention of war in general, not only of the war with which we are threatened at the moment.

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THE SOVIET PRESS

By JOSEF GETA

"NO one will doubt that the Press is the best mirror of public opinion." This true statement may apply to countries where free speech and free opinion have an opportunity to raise their voice, but not in States which are governed by a single party and where public opinion is not made through the Press but by the Press. The dogmatic Press with its Marxist-Leninist Stalinist principles, as we are witnessing today, was not born overnight. The political importance of a leading article in *Pravda* or *Izvestia* becomes more understandable when we go back to the revolutionary and illegal Press of the eighteenth century. It was shortly before the French Revolution when the first illegal pamphlets and newspapers were circulated in Russia. These illegal papers did not bear a political character but dealt with the religious intolerance of Catherine the Great. It was not before the middle of the nineteenth century that the political revolutionary Press came into being. In 1853 the "father" of Russian revolutionary ideas, Alexander Herzen, established in London his "Free Russian Printing Works," and it was in London where his *Appeal on the Brothers in Russia* was printed. Under the name *Kolokol* (The Bell) the first revolutionary magazine was published. First of all, 2,500 copies of this magazine were published once a month. Then it became more or less a fortnightly paper, and it is known today that the Czar was an enthusiastic reader of this illegal pamphlet. Forty years later the first issue of *Iskra* appeared, and the name "Lenin" became world known. In 1890 Lenin became the editor-in-chief of this paper, which was published under primitive circumstances. It became the voice of Marxism against Czaristic Russia, the centres of its illegal publications were Petersburg, Riga, and Kiev, and outside Russia, Berlin, London, Paris and Geneva.

On May 5th, 1912, the first issue appeared of *Pravda* which became the official paper of the Communist Party. Shortly after its appearance

Stalin declared that this paper had become the fundamental basis for the organisation of the Communist Party and was the first sign of the forthcoming world revolution. Social and economic circumstances in Tsarist Russia made it possible for all illegal revolutionary elements to find a common meeting ground in the publishing offices of the illegal Press. Men like Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky, Radek and Marx were all journalists before starting their political careers. Every one of them tried, by pen, to express their views and outlook on current developments. It is understandable, therefore, that the best brains of the various revolutionary groups were working in the editorial departments of these illegal papers.

On the day when the dictatorship of the Proletariat was declared—September 16, 1917—the illegal revolutionary Press ceased to exist, but the new Soviet Press had to undergo an evolution. From then onwards the men in the Kremlin kept very sharp eyes on it. Every measure taken by the Government had to be given a prominent space in the whole of the Soviet Press, and had to be justified by long leading articles. Over and over again the writer had to find a basis on which to bring the new measure into line with the Lenin-Stalin principles of Marxism.

After the first Five Year Plan, the Soviet Union had 250,000 worker and farmer correspondents who reported every movement in the smallest village. Large factories had their own papers, and the Press became an education instrument of the Soviets.

The development of the Soviet Press becomes impressive by the following statistics.

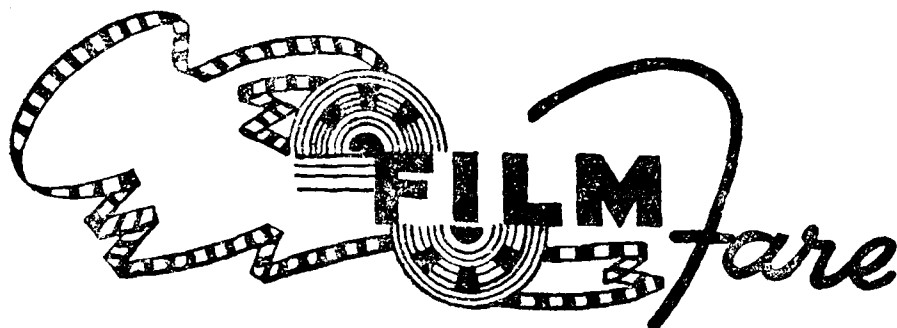
Year	No. of papers	Circulation
1913	809	1,401,000
1921	858	3,000,000
1922	803	2,661,000
1923	411	1,498,000
1926	613	7,632,000
1932	723	22,000,000
1938	8,850	37,500,000
1940	9,800	40,000,000
1947	6,300	30,000,000

The national papers of the various Soviet Republics are taking a great part inside the Soviet newspaper system. In 1938 there were 2,600 national papers published; but the Soviet Press concentrates on the main cities and the capital. In Moscow alone forty daily papers and two hundred magazines are published. The *Pravda* takes the major role inside the Soviet newspaper world; this paper publishes 3,500,000 daily copies, and its Moscow circulation reaches the figure of 2,500,000. In 1914 the paper had a circulation of 40,000 copies daily. During the first years of the Soviet regime the *Pravda* received financial support from the Communist Party. Today the same paper has a daily profit of 500,000 roubles. The paper has 2,000 employees. Two other papers and twenty magazines are published in the printing works of *Pravda*. The editorial department of *Pravda* has 430 employees, of which 25 per cent are members of the Communist Party. The Moscow edition is printed within three hours. The leading articles are sent by air or teleprinter to the provincial editions. The daily paper quota of the 4-page *Pravda* amounts to 100 tons per day. The average number of letters received from the *Pravda* readers is 15,000 per month. Next to the *Pravda* comes the *Izvestia*, which is the official voice of the People's Commissariat, and has a circulation figure of 2 million. Besides these two well-known daily papers are the weekly and monthly journals, such as *The Red Star*, which represents the Soviet Army, and *Trud*, which is the official voice of the trade unions, and also the *Komsomolskaia Pravda*, the youth paper. These are the only papers which are not directly controlled by the State. But all disputes amongst the Soviet Press are certainly based on the well-known Lenin-Stalin principles of Marxism.

The next interesting item of the Soviet Press is the daily paper itself. The average daily paper is only four pages, there is no space for the display of photographs, and even cartoons are seldom published. The first page contains the internal policy of the U. S. S. R. such as party information. The major part of the second

page deals with internal development, but here we find a leading political article. The foreign news is always represented in the form of a one-sided discussion against the pluto-democracies of the West. Foreign trade news such as we know in the British and American daily Press is not published in the U. S. S. R. but is replaced by figures of the achievements of the Five Year Plan. The accusation, made in various countries, that the Soviet Press is strongly censored is denied by them; the existence of a Press censor is justified by their argument that the censor's work is to see that no false information or accusation against the Soviet Fatherland and its leaders is published. The story of the censorship in Russia is as old as the Russian Press.

The censorship office consists of three main departments. Business cards and letter-headed paper (with name and address) are not allowed to be printed without the permission of "Glawlit", the censor department of the State. The second censorship department is the Press Department of the Communist Party, which is directed by Zhdanov. Without its permission no journalist has an opportunity of getting any of his work published. The C. P. censorship gives the various editors some information on which the leading articles should be based, and, at the same time, this department is authorised to censor all the news information from abroad before it is found on their desks by the foreign editors. The third and most dangerous censorship department is directed by the N. K. W. D., the Soviet secret police. It is their duty to control all authors and contributors of periodical magazines. The "Litchontrol" (that is the name of the censor department of the N. K. W. D.) must know of the whereabouts of the writer, how he lives, his contacts and his reaction to political current questions. In view of these three censor departments the freedom of the Soviet Press becomes very problematical. We must conclude that the power of the Press inside the U. S. S. R. is limited. It is not public opinion which we see in its columns but the opinion of the State and the Communist Party.—N. N. F.



By V. P. SATHE

ON Wednesday 24th, the Central Censor Board held its meeting at Bombay and though the Board, we are assured, will function as an independent body, Mr. Diwakar, the Minister for Information and Broadcasting, appeared to be the most prominent at least to the Press. The same afternoon, he addressed a press conference in which he traced the history of censorship from 1918, prior to which no censorship existed in India. The Cinematograph Act of 1918 gave the power to provinces to form Censor Boards, which till 1947 were controlled mostly by the police departments. Apparently, the censorship was political rather than moral.

In 1927, the Rangachari Committee recommended the formation of a Central Censor Board; but the British rulers never acted upon that recommendation. Twenty years later when the first National Government was formed at the Centre, it decided to form the Central Board. But it was only in December 1949, that the necessary amendments to the Cinematograph Act were passed by the Parliament and it was in January 1951 that the Central Board began functioning. Mr. Diwakar was asked several questions by the representatives of the Press varying from length restriction to sex in films. But the most important question was: Whether the censors would allow the films to express political views divergent from the Government and criticise and satirize the Congress party now in power. Mr. Diwakar said no Government directive was necessary to the Board on this matter as the film will have the same freedom as the Press in this matter.

But only two days after this assurance we found the latest issue of a newsreel had a 'triangle' and it is learnt that the triangle signified deletion of a few words from the speech delivered by Pudovkin, the famous Russian director on arrival in Bombay. He said "I regret very much that due to reasons beyond my control I was unable to participate in the Festival of Soviet Films..." Now it is learnt that the censors objected to the words "*due to reasons beyond my control*" and have deleted them.

These words are innocuous and it is a pity that the censors should have found them objectionable. And if this instance indicates anything, it indicates that the Central Board will be conservative and rigid as its predecessors in spite of the promise by Mr. Diwakar that it will be 'liberal and progressive.' In fact, it appears that the censors have not the ordinary courtesy to give freedom of expression to our distinguished visitors like M. Pudovkin, who have shown correct etiquette in choosing words, which by no means can be said to be imputing motives to anyone.

Stars Of The Week

While the censors may have failed to show ordinary courtesy to Pudovkin, there is no doubt that the people of India and especially the film people of Bombay have given him and Cherkasov a hearty reception. The presence of Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru the Prime Minister of India, at a reception held on Sunday 21st night at Excelsior has further lent a great international significance to their visit and laid the foundation of Indo-Soviet cultural relationship which is

bound to grow if the artists from India and Russia continue to act as cultural ambassadors in future.

Indian Motion Picture Producers Association, Artists and Technicians, Diamond Pictures and many other film institutions feted them during their stay in Bombay. They visited studios, saw shooting of *Aan* and a set of *Shikwa*, they met film stars, directors, producers, distributors. They saw reels from many pictures, saw dances, heard songs and watched artistes on stage as well.

I had an opportunity to attend many functions held in their honour; but their true personality was revealed at the press conference and some absolutely informal function. Pudovkin's devotion to film art, for instance, was best revealed when he gave the analysis of how a picture is made in the Soviet Union, which he called in his broken-English 'a process of born-ing.' It was also revealed that Pudovkin was a science graduate and working in a chemical factory before he took to films twenty eight years ago. And during the last twenty seven years he has made only fifteen pictures, a fact which shows that a good director can only make one good picture in two years whether in Hollywood, India or Russia. Pudovkin also made it clear in extempore speeches (which again gives the lie to the anti-Soviet slander that the Soviet artists are regimented and can not speak their own mind) that he made pictures on subjects of his choice and that he was never forced to make any picture which he did not want to. Once the subject was decided upon the Ministry of Cinematography gave the director all facilities to make his work perfect.

Another fact discovered during his stay in Bombay was that Pudovkin is also an artiste and that he had played a leading role in a silent picture called *The Living Corpse*. The man who made this revelation or rather who had seen this picture seventeen years ago was Prithviraj whose speech at Modern Studio will be long remembered for the correct evaluation he made of the artiste and director and for the stress he laid on peace for which Nehru was striving!

Incidentally, it was Prithviraj's original interpretation of Shylock's character in an informal party given by Dr. Mulk Raj Anand that impressed Cherkasov and Pudovkin most. Prithviraj presented Shylock not as a miser but as an oppressed Jew rising in revolt and though he has performed this piece before many times, once in the presence of Quaide-e-Azam Jinnah and Miss Fatima Jinnah, he had never perhaps given such a superb performance.

And the performance was so inspiring that Cherkasov gave a demonstration of acting by reciting a piece from Sancho Panza. Cherkasov is even taller than Prithviraj. He is about six feet six inches and during the last thirty years he has played all kinds of roles both on the stage and the screen. He started his career by playing comic roles and performing slapstick song and dance numbers; later he became a romantic hero, but he made a name as a character actor portraying important personalities of science and history on the screen. His most magnificent performance is of course of *Ivon the Terrible*.

It is only in the Soviet Union that an actor can be a member of Parliament; Cherkasov, for instance, is the deputy of the Supreme Soviet and he is the President of Theatrical Organisation in Leningrad. One of his ambitions is to complete *Ivon the Terrible* Part II and after visiting India, his second ambition is to portray an Indian character.

Both Pudovkin and Cherkasov evinced genuine interest in the Indian people and the Indian way of life and culture. They quickly learnt the Indian style of greeting *Namaste* and they appeared to relish Indian food. What is more, instead of talking about themselves, they show greater interest in observing and understanding India. As Pudovkin once said, the people of Russia are interested in the history and culture of India and he demonstrated that fact by his visit not only to big cities but to Ajanta and Ellora and other places of cultural and historic interest.

In a week or two, Pudovkin and Cherkasov will leave India, but their visit has no doubt left an indelible

impression on the film people of India. It is significant that Hollywood personalities have never been given similar reception in India.

Picture Of The Week

Last week I had an opportunity to see two American pictures, typical products of Hollywood. One of them blended crime and psychology in an exciting manner. Though not outstanding *A Woman In Hiding* was a very engrossing story of a woman who is afraid that her husband may kill her as he has killed her father to become the owner of a factory. Full of brilliant twists and surprises, the husband's effort to foil his wife's plans to expose him provided exciting entertainment embellished with slick direction. But artistically speaking, the only noteworthy thing was Ida Lupino's performance.

The other picture was *No Sad Songs For Me*. It was a sentimental story of a woman who goes to a doctor expecting that he will give her the glad news of pregnancy only to be shocked to hear that she is suffering from cancer and would not live for more than ten months. The dramatic interest arises out of the fact that the woman keeps this tragic news a secret from her husband and also from the advert of a European girl in the life of the husband.

But the story is too thin without any surprises and the details are not fascinating enough to hold one's attention. It has not even the sloppy sentimentalism which appeals at least to a certain section of the picture-

goers. There is nothing brave about this picture. Even Margaret Sullivan's performance is not outstanding. It however marks the welcome debut of Rudy Mate, the ace cinematographer as a director.

These and several other pictures recently released reveal that Hollywood has fallen into a rut and though their pictures are so slick and so rich in appearance they have no substance, no life in them.

News Of The Week

—A large gathering of producers, stars and others was present at M. & T. Studios on the Republic Day to attend the muhurat ceremony of Santoshi's two new pictures *Shinshimaki Bubladoo* and *Satyug* which are being directed by Santoshi and Nana-bhai Bhatt respectively.

—Rehana and Sadha Bose lead the cast of *Shinshimaki Bubladoo* the screenplay of which is written by Ramanand Sagar of *Barsaat* fame and it includes Baby Tabassum, Balam, Radha Kishen, Mumtaz Ali, Madan Puri and others. The cast of *Satyug* includes Gope and Baby Tabassum.

—On Sunday the 28th National Film Circuit are launching their maiden production *Chamkee* featuring Ragini, Shekhar, Meera, Misra, Ullhas and Jeevan in the key-roles. J. N. Nanda is directing the picture from a screenplay by Nasir Hussain. Pradeep is writing the lyrics and Manna Day is composing the music. The picture is being produced by Maganlal Desai at Eastern Studio.

NEHRU'S FOREIGN POLICY MUDDLE

IT is being proclaimed from house tops in season and out of season that we are leading the world morally and that Delhi has become the most important diplomatic capital of the world. At such a time it becomes the painful duty of an Indian to criticise our leaders and to protest against what will ultimately be termed as the opportunist policy of Sri Nehru. Perhaps our Prime Minister feels that he

is playing the role of Bernard Shaw's Christ, when he incurs the displeasure of one big power today and of another big power tomorrow. That is the reason why he is not slow in offering solutions regarding the Korean war, etc. For all the patronage that the British and Americans are showering on our leader, they cannot but be laughing at the extreme self-satisfaction that has overtaken

and is overtaking us. Having washed our linen as regards Kashmir before other nations and made ourselves ridiculous and not being able to find solutions for troubles nearer home, our leader by lecturing to people who know what they are after, is walking into paths by which he will make the nation which he is leading the laughing stock of the world. His policy will only bring ignominy and ridicule on us in the long run.

The almost indecent and over-enthusiastic hurry with which our leader has recognised New China after flirting so long with Chiang Kai-shek cannot but be regarded as opportunistic. Time there was when the Nehrus were compared with the Chiangs and this could not have been displeasing to our leader. Nehruji says that the New China is not a mere accident but the result of 30 years' struggle. But during those 30 years was there one word of sympathy from him for those who were struggling though he was almost overcome with emotion at the heroic deeds of the Spanish Republicans against Franco. If the Peking regime is a fact, is it a greater reality than Franco Spain or Israel? And yet we have not shown any over-enthusiasm in recognising these regimes. Even as late as the holding of the Asian Relations Conference, it was not considered impolite to ignore the existence of Asiatic Russia or Soviet China which even then was bigger than most of the countries represented. Suddenly it has dawned on us that it is these two powers that count in that region.

Our leader has told a groping world that means are as important as the end. Does he approve of the methods by which the Peking rulers are where they are? If so, will he find out from the Chinese representatives in Delhi whether the methods adopted by the

Indian Communists are in any way different from those by which the Peking men have driven out Chiang Kai-shek from the Chinese mainland? In the light of that will he modify his attitude to Indian Communists and invite them to share power with him? Perhaps Nehruji feels that a successful mutiny is revolution.

Our leader's recent statement on Japanese rearmament may be a tribute to the authors of the Versailles treaty but it cannot bring us the thanks of the Japanese people even as his view on the garrisoning of the Suez in war time has only brought protests from the Egyptian Government. Nehru's advice to the Japanese as regards their constitution is, to say the least, not pertinent. Perhaps it comes out of a desperate desire to put ourselves in the right with those who seem to be winning. This desire may be unconscious since Nehru cannot be accused of insincerity!

One wonders where Nehru is leading us! What will be our position when Chiang stages a come-back to the Chinese mainland and again rules from Nanking, as he is bound to though as a satellite of the Anglo-American-German-Japanese bloc which will emerge as a result of the 3rd world war or a continuation of the 2nd world war. On our near western borders, we have a power which cannot be friends with us in the foreseeable future. Not all the eloquence of Nehru nor the wit of our Home Minister will put us right with Chiang and his successors. India will be isolated from the other Asian powers. That is where the author of the Asian Relations Conferences is leading us. It is sad to think that it is falling to the lot of Nehru to lead us into an abyss from which only a miracle can save us.—“B. S.”

On prominent display in Gen. Douglas MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo are these words: “Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. . . . You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.”

LOVE AFFAIRS OF CHARLES DICKENS

By Dr. S. MURARI SINHA, Ph. D.

On February 7th falls the Birth Anniversary of Charles Dickens.

THERE is a certain type of woman, recurring in all ages, which can best be described as an adventuress, because she trades on her looks, her inherited or acquired charms, and her scarcity-value. This type crosses the path of all men in all walks of life, and bargains for the most that she can get in this world. Mostly such a woman sells herself to one who can offer her the maximum material comfort and social prestige.

When such women crossed the path of men like Alexander Pope, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, John Keats, Charles Dickens, they scarred their lives, and villified their own sex. Pope and Byron revenged themselves upon women in their writings; Keats suffered in silence; and Scott and Dickens worshipped the images in their hearts and faced the world, their lives having been coloured by this new experience.

Maria Beadnell, the daughter of a banker, the youngest of three sisters, not yet quite twenty-one, was such a one when Charles Dickens was introduced to her in 1829. Dickens was younger to her not only in years, but also in worldly wisdom, being ignorant of the wiles that a coquette exercises with a natural facility and song-froid. Poor Dickens, who was still to make his way in the world, was enthralled to the point of distraction, and displayed all those symptoms which a young man of keen imagination and extreme sensitivity does. He wrote maddening letters to her, suffered agonies which he could share with none, and worked unsparingly to make himself worthy of the adored one.

Maria Beadnell was a flirt, and liked to have as many moths around the flame of her personality as was convenient to her. She had no intention of marrying a struggling and impecunious young journalist, but she would not say 'no' to Dickens, because that would mean one admirer

the less. This cat-and-mice game suited her temperament, and flattered her vanity. But one thing was certain, which anybody but a man whose vision had been blurred by love could have seen, and that was that Maria did not reciprocate Dickens' feelings.

But Dickens was in love, and did all he could to gain her favour. He availed of all chances of being near her. One day Maria Beadnell, her mother Mrs. Beadnell, and a male escort had come out with the purpose of ordering some dresses. Dickens met them on the way, and accompanied them to the dressmaker's. Mrs. Beadnell, who must have been familiar with the feelings of Maria, turned to young Dickens at the door, and said to him, pointedly, "And now, Mr. Dickens, we'll wish *you* goodmorning."

This was a mortifying experience, but what could Dickens do? He bore it, along with the other capricious acts of Maria, till time gave him the upper hand.

Years and years later, in February 1855, when Dickens had secured fame and fortune, he received a letter from this woman, who perhaps realised that she had missed all the glory and the fame which a nod would have, once, brought to her feet. Even at that distant date, Dickens was thrilled to the core of his heart, and met her once or twice. But Mrs. Maria Winter, *nee* Beadnell, 'toothless, fat, old, and ugly,' as she described herself—failed to keep his attention or emotion arrested. Dickens was disillusioned, and discontinued his meetings with her. Even the death of her child failed to draw him. All he wrote to her was, "It is better that I should not come to see you. I feel quite sure of that, and will think of you instead."

When Maria Beadnell had married the rich Mr. Winter, Dickens found consolation in the house of a Scots-

man, Mr. Hogarth, who had, in a way, helped him in his career. The Hogarths had been blessed with three daughters, and Dickens decided to link his fate with the eldest, Catherine.

From the very start, the contrast in their natures was obvious. Dickens was tempestuous, fastidious, and possessed of demoniac energy. The right thing at the right place, clock-precision in punctuality, and similar other things marked his way of life. But Kate was more inclined to let things slip, or take care of themselves, rather than exert herself. Hers was a placid and tranquil temperament, and though she loved Dickens deeply and well, she failed to co-operate with him in his needs. His nature demanded love, warm, all-enveloping, and almost overbearing. But Kate's nature stood in her way and with the best will in the world, she could not cope with his demands.

There were several reasons which led to the break-up of the Dickens home, nearly twenty years after their marriage.

Dickens never forgot Maria Beadnell, and his wife must have felt like an intruder in her own home, because Dickens does not seem to have taken care to have disguised his feelings. Maria's memory and her being mentioned repeatedly must have acted as a slow corroding influence, which helped in making matters irremediable in due course of time.

Then there were her sisters.

Charles Dickens and Catherine Hogarth were married on April 2, 1836, and had a week's honeymoon. Its brevity can only be explained by the fact of Dickens's having got tired of it. Kate must have revealed her placid nature to him within this short period, and he may have experienced a cooling-off on his own part. His last letter to Kate before their marriage begins with "My dearest Wig," and his first to her after marriage with "My dear Kate". Dickens could always find an outlet in his work, which probably he did. And in the autumn following their wedding, Kate's youngest sister, Mary, came to stay with them.

Mary was a charming girl of sixteen, beautiful, intelligent, and—a quality that endears any woman to any man—sympathetic. Dickens was at this time rich in friends, money and reputation. He was young—he had turned twenty-four in February 1836—handsome, and, in his own circle, popular. And Mary was like a ministering angel. Mary conquered him immediately and engaged his affections almost exclusively. While Kate had launched on her career of child-bearing, and while she was busy looking after the house as best she could, Mary and Charles Dickens romped about London, going to dinners, receptions, theatres, picture-galleries. Dickens was in ecstasies, and Mary's sweet devotion and hero-worship conquered his heart with little effort on his part.

But the dream was not to last long.

In January 1837, Kate bore her husband a son, and it added to the general happiness of the family. But on the 7th May of the same year, without any notice, after an illness lasting only a few hours, Mary Hogarth passed away, plunging Dickens and his wife, Kate, in the deepest gloom.

This was the second blow to the already weakened heart of Dickens. He cried, sobbed, wept in his letters about Mary after her death. He wore her ring continually, dreamt of her almost every night, and found himself unable to fulfill his literary obligations. His friends tried to console him, but he would not be consoled.

And poor Kate was a helpless witness to all this effusion of her husband's grief for her own sister. She hardly recovered from the after-effects of her first delivery when nature had given warning of the impending second. But Mary's death, and Dickens's ranting and raving affected her in the only possible way—she underwent her first miscarriage.

By 1841, five years after their wedding, Kate had become the mother of four children, and was simply disabled from attending to her house-

hold duties. The solution to the problem was provided by the arrival of her second sister as a permanent guest. Georgina Hogarth replaced Mary as well as Kate. She took charge of the establishment, and relieved Kate of its worries and responsibilities, and she fulfilled Mary's place as Dicken's social companion.

This was another bitter pill. Mary's death had been, in a way, a God-send to Kate. But Mary had not taken charge of the household. And Georgina practically ousted Kate from her rightful place. This state of affairs lasted till the appearance of yet another woman on the scene.

This one was a professional actress, whom Dickens had met in Manchester in 1857. He had engaged one Mrs. Ternan, and her two daughters, Maria and Ellen, to act in *The Frozen Deep*, and was first drawn to Maria, and later on to Ellen. His relations with Ellen became more intimate, and naturally caused much gossip. He visited her regularly, and was, it may be presumed, catechised at his own home by Kate's mother, and her sister, Helen. The last straw appeared in the shape of some jewellery which Dickens had ordered for Miss Ellen Ternan, but which was, by mistake, delivered to Kate. Mrs. Hogarth and her sister found an easy excuse, and they took Kate away from the house. After this Dickens established a permanent liaison with Ellen, and Georgina was left the undisputed mistress of the house.

Whether the blame is entirely Kate's, or entirely Dickens's it is impossible to say. Incompatibility of temperaments accounts partly, but not wholly for this tragedy. There had been one or two other minor incidents now and then, but Kate, with her usual complaisance, had applied Nelson's eye to them.

Whatever the cause, the suffering was shared by them both, and it was unfortunate that it was allowed to happen at all.

There was yet another woman—if such a word can be used for her—who, used to rebuffing the highest in the land and even abroad, was destined to suffer rebuffs from this upstart.

After Dickens and his daughters had given a dramatic performance at the Gallery of Illustration, Queen Victoria sent a request to Dickens for meeting her, so that she could thank him personally, but Dickens declined to meet the Queen in his actor's apparel. The request, as also the refusal, were repeated.

He rebuffed the Queen a second time when she intimated a desire to him that she wanted to hear him read. In reply he politely informed the Queen that she should attend one of his public readings, as an audience was absolutely necessary for him. That was the end of this request too.

When the entire nation was mourning the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, Dickens was expressing his irritation at the exaggerated melancholy, and wrote to a friend, "there is no public service like having walked in the ways of the Late Lamented." At his home, when a 'Prince Albert Pudding' appeared on his bill of fare, he cancelled it, and substituted the words 'Flunkey Pudding'. But as others were likely to feel hurt, he replaced this new name by a still newer one: 'The Great and Good Pudding'.

But Victoria was not a woman who accepted a bluff easily. Ten years later, she invited Browning, Carlyle, and Dickens, and some others, and Dickens alone failed to turn up. Eventually, however, he did have an interview with the Queen, an interview at which he was not offered a chair owing to Court etiquette. Had his daughters not expressed a desire to be presented at Court, he might not have suffered this humiliation.

There is yet another aspect of his relation with Victoria—or perhaps it would be more correct to call it as of his attitude toward Victoria. In February 1840, when Victoria was wedded to Albert, and the entire nation was celebrating it, Dickens had pretended to be in love with Victoria! He expressed his agony to his friends in his letters. However much concern it may have caused to his well-wishers then, now it appears to have been an exhibition of his theatrical instinct, and nothing more.

Charles Dickens's mother was socially his father's superior. Mrs. Elizabeth Dickens, *nee* Barrow, was a brave woman who stood by her husband in all his miseries, and never, never deserted him. She had borne him eight children—Charles was the second.

Young Charles had been taught the alphabets by his mother, who, according to all accounts, was a very fine woman. If we accept John Dickens, Charles's father, as the original of Mr. Micawber, we shall appreciate the lady's difficulty. She had to bear the brunt of the family's burden, and had even gone to the extent of advertising a school for young boys for the sake of money. If she did not get any pupils, it was not her fault.

It is difficult to understand the attitude of Dickens towards his mother. He failed completely to appreciate her difficulties. Whatever the reasons, her relations with Charles never appear to have been cordial. When Dickens lampooned his mother

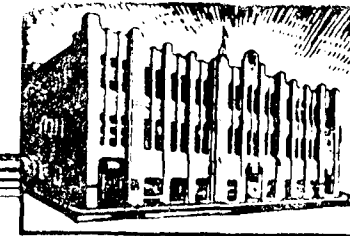
as Mrs. Nickleby, he was condemned by those of his readers who came to know this fact. She appears to have suffered much in life, and her son's prosperity did not make much difference to her.

Her death in September 1863 must have been a relief—to both!

Charles John Huffham Dickens, to give him his full name, departed this world on June 9, 1870. The only woman who seems to have given him pleasure of the type he sought for from them was an actress, who has been universally censured for it. Maria Beadnell—Catherine Hogarth—Mary Hogarth—Georgina Hogarth—Ellen Ternan—each one of them, in some way or the other, gave him both pain and pleasure.

Charles Dickens lived in this world for fifty-eight years. Had he lived longer, it is possible that he might have had other affairs, but it is improbable that he would have learnt anything else about women.

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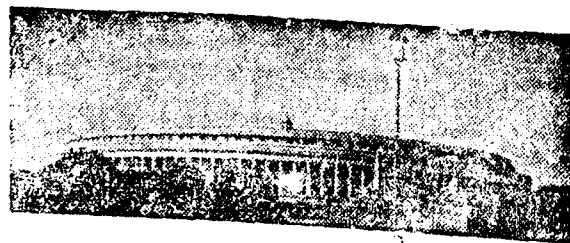
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Republic Day was marked by utter lack of enthusiasm in the Capital. Nor was it expected that there would be mad joy in the citizenry. So many seats were vacant at the Military Parade that Panditji was thoroughly annoyed about it all. It can, however, be flatteringly put down to the abhorrence of the Indian masses for war—which was shared by some of the invitees. Why of all days the Republic Day should have been chosen for the glorification of War passeth understanding. The main event on the Republic Day was the presentation of Parama Vira Chakra to heroes of the Kashmir Campaign—a campaign which was as ill-conducted as it was ill-chosen. The reference is to the political aspect and not to the military aspect. If the Indian Army had been allowed to give its advice, and if the advice was heeded, there would have been no Kashmir problem today. Kashmir would have been with India by the middle of 1948.

The pageant which followed the Military March Past was, on the whole, a colourful affair, but was mainly devoted to glorification of War. One of the scenes presented was Krishna's exhortation to Arjuna not to hesitate to kill his own kith and kin. And the chariot of Arjuna was drawn not by horses but by a military vehicle. Several Indian warriors were extolled, but there were a few scenes which depicted the Apostles of Peace like the Buddha, Asoka and Gandhi. Some of the scenes were extremely well-rendered by artists Sanyal, Kumaril Swamy and Raj Ranotra.

The Socialist Party created a minor sensation by demonstrating against a mammoth-dinner given by the local Congress bigwigs on the Republic Day.

Some of the dinner-guests went back when they found the Socialist demonstrators remonstrating with them on the Food Crisis in the country. It is quite true that the poor will not get a single morsel of food as a result of such a dinner not being held. That is the terrible defect in the distribution-system now prevailing in the land. Production in food has actually been going up during the past two years or so. But what ails the land is the failure in procurement. Our Government has proceeded on the basis that if you import some food, automatically everybody will get enough to eat. If you want to make the country self-sufficient, well, it can be done by stopping imports. If you want to make India produce more than she needs, you simply export some food. Such is the logic of the present holders of power!

The fact that there is very little food available with us should lead to our making use of stocks with the utmost care. But what we actually did is to deration in rural areas. This means that they will starve out. But our Government explains that deration helps them to get food from wherever they can get it. If they could get food, the Government would never have tried to get out of their rationing commitments. In short, the Government has become so callous that it looks with equanimity at the prospect of certain death to the poorer sections in the villages of India.

The movement for decontrol had the powerful support of Mahatma Gandhi, whose death anniversary is being observed this week. The Mahatma lived in a world of his own—where everybody was just as honest as himself. He took cut-throats to be saints. The Mahatma was not meant

to be an administrator: his advice on administrative matters was just like Prophet Mahomet's advice on geographical matters. Mahomet was asked what the significance of mountains was. He replied that they were huge weights placed on the earth so that it may not be blown off by winds.

In his *Outline of Intellectual Rubbish*, which is the longest essay in *Unpopular Essays*, Bertrand Russell makes a reference to the fact that "Mahatma Gandhi solemnly warned his compatriots that these disasters (earthquakes) had been sent as a punishment for their sins" by God. Jawaharlal Nehru also disagreed with this diagnosis at that time. Russell goes on to say that even in England this point of view still exists. "In 1916, when things were not going well, a Scottish clergyman wrote to the newspapers to say that military failure was due to the fact that, with Government sanction, potatoes had been planted on the Sabbath. However, disaster was averted, owing to the fact that the Germans disobeyed all the Ten Commandments, and not only one of them."

I once sent to Mahatma Gandhi a quotation from Bertrand Russell's *Conquest of Happiness*: "I do not deny that there is a great deal too much lying in the world, and that we should be the better for an increase of truthfulness, but I do deny, and think every rational person must, that lying is in no circumstances justified. I once in the course of a country walk saw a tired fox at the last stages of exhaustion still forcing himself to run. A few minutes afterwards I saw the hunt. They asked me if I had seen the fox, and I said I had. They asked me which way he had gone, and I lied to them. I do not think I should have been a better man if I had told the truth." I asked the Mahatma whether this was a case of Non-Violence being more important than Truth. The Mahatma replied that Bertrand Russell was a great writer and philosopher. The Mahatma added that he himself would have refused to tell which way the fox went, but would not have told a lie. (If the hunt guessed the right way, obviously they would kill the fox. Gandhi's attitude would give them a chance of finding the fox, whereas Russell's attitude

would ensure that the fox was saved. This is because the first is keen about a principle, the second is keen about the fox's life.)

It was a very pleasant experience to find Thyagaraja as the centre of interest in the Capital City this week. Thyagaraja ranks with Beethoven as one of the greatest composers of the world. Beethoven was Defiance Incarnate, but Thyagaraja was the very image of Modesty and Humility. Thyagaraja's music is devotional in character, and is even regarded as Yoga. There are said to be many ways of attaining God. One of them is *Jnanamarga*, (the path of Wisdom) and another is *Bhaktimarga* (the path of Devotion). *Nadabrahmopasa* (worship of God through Sound) is but a variation of the *Bhaktimarga*.

In the South, the non-Brahmin movement went so mad as to ban the singing of Thyagaraja songs. Under the cover of *Tamil Isai* movement, it was sought to exclude all non-Tamil songs from concerts by South Indian musicians. But in view of the non-Brahmin character of the organisers, the Brahmin musicians continued to sing Thyagaraja's compositions, which are in Telugu. Some of us were happy, in a way, when the move for *Tamil Isai* was first made a few years ago. The reason for this was that some of the musicians in the South, who are not conversant with the Telugu language, mutilate the words of the songs so badly that it becomes quite unbearable for any Telugu-knowing person. Musicians like Ariyakudi and Chembai invariably learn the Telugu language in order to avoid murdering the song.

I was glad to note that the pronunciation of the large number of competent singers in Delhi was highly satisfactory. Three years ago I used to find their words unrecognisable and repugnant to my Telugu ear. It is strange that the most important songs of the South should all be in Telugu, and the most important musicians should all be Tamil. The Tamils have musical souls; the Telugus are content with bragging about Thyagaraja. But as K. S. Venkataramani said, it was the waters of the Cauvery that Thyagaraja drank. The sand-dunes of the Cauvery have been the

playing-fields of many a genius of Tamilnad.

Einstein does not actually come from Tanjore District, but plays as well as Dwaram or Chowdiah (non-Tanjoreans both) on the violin. He recently said that he had very few interests in the world today—his own work, the work of his colleagues, and his violin. Prof. Ross of the University of Western Australia, who spoke recently on *Modern Ideas of Time and Space* to the Faculty of Sciences of the Delhi University, paid a great tribute to Einstein, having studied under the same teacher as Einstein's—Minkowski. Prof. Ross told me that he had never met Einstein. There were only twelve people who understood the Theory of Relativity, said Prof. Ross: he added that he was not one of the twelve.

What baffled one of the Professors

(non-scientific) at the lecture was Prof. Ross's simple statement that light took hundreds of millions of years to reach the earth from some stars. If the star exploded tomorrow, would the star continue to appear the day after? He was baffled when he was told that it would for millions of years.

Einstein did more work in his life than any other mathematician since Newton. In his *Autobiographical Notes* for the Volume on Einstein in the *Library of Living Philosophers*, he modestly records that he decided to take up the study of Physics because he thought that a brief life was not enough to study even a single branch of Mathematics! Einstein was recently asked what kind of weapons would be used in the next war. He replied that he did not know what kind would be used in the next; but he knew what kind would be used in the war after the next—sticks and stones!

WISDOM IN THE MARKET PLACE

AN advertising agency can measure its value to its clients by the sales increase that results. The advertising agency exerts a kind of "will-power" over the buying habits of the public, and is rewarded in proportion as a change in those buying habits increases the income of the client. But a truly cultural contribution may not affect income at all; more than likely, it will make the matter of income seem unimportant to those who are affected.

Wisdom—and all cultural contributions are an expression of wisdom—has never had a high value in the market place. Pythagoras, one of the great sages of antiquity, was obliged, according to tradition, to pay his first pupil to learn from him. No real teacher ever engages in his profession for money, although in an acquisitive society, where the teacher is not honored above all men, the teacher tends to adopt the morals of the trader and to be subjected to the compulsions of bargaining for his livelihood—an activity which is by nature alien to one devoted to education.

We cannot imagine a Pestalozzi or an Alcott, or a Gandhi—to name another sort of teacher—being upset by the lack of remuneration in his

chosen lifework. A genuine teacher chooses his work because he must—because of his all-consuming desire to be of use. If society rewards him, well and good; if not, he will teach anyhow, and the society becomes the real loser in the transaction, for how can the members of the society benefit from a teacher whom they respect so little as to force him to live in penury?

The great teacher has power, but he refuses to use it in a way that will interfere with the free decisions of other men. It is impossible, therefore, to think of a teacher as a successful salesman ("successful," in this case, meaning the ability to sell people things that they either do not need or do not really want), or as a successful politician—one who knows how to unite coercion with persuasion in order to move whole populations according to his will. The great teacher tries to establish the means to knowledge as a reality in human experience. And because, as a teacher, he finds no value in exerting his will to influence the decisions of others, his personal power is turned toward influencing and controlling his own behaviour.

—Manas.



LAW OF TORTS: By S. Ramaswamy Iyer. Published by the Eastern Law House Ltd., Calcutta. Price Rs. 16.

The author is generally known and referred to in this part of the country as—Torts Ramaswamy Iyer. That is an indication of the popularity of the book and the esteem in which the author is held as an authority on the subject—the Law of Torts. It would be a task of super-arrogation on the part of a common or garden Barrister to say much after the encomiums showered on the book and the author by such eminent persons as the late Sir William Holdsworth (the great authority on the history of English Law), the late Rt. Hon'ble Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru (one of the foremost lawyers and politicians in India) and Sir C. Madhavan Nair (with his varied and brilliant career from law reporter in Madras to member of His Majesty's Privy Council in England).

The author rightly observes: "The law of torts is a living and growing branch of law. Its main theme is the definition of the individual's rights and duties in conformity with the prevalent standards of reasonable conduct and public good and convenience." It is of profound interest to the student of law and of the social sciences. The law of torts in England is a branch of the English common law and has been developed in the main by decisions of English judges in courts of law. In India the principles there evolved have been applied as being consonant with justice, equity and good conscience. The law is developing fast and with the growth of industrial conditions, scientific advancement, increasing complexities of civilised life, the law of torts is coming to occupy a larger and more important place in the work of the law courts. It is becoming increasingly necessary for every one to know the subject in all its application and recognize one's rights, duties and liabilities in the present context. The great need for codifying the law on the subject is rightly emphasised by the author and it is hoped that there will soon be an Indian Torts Act.

The law of torts is a branch of law intended to secure redress in the form of damages to the aggrieved party and prevent "unsocial conduct" on the part of individuals. Why is it that very few cases of torts go before the Indian courts, as compared with the large number of such

cases in the courts in England and America? Is it due to poverty or ignorance of one's rights and remedies or to mere apathy and fatalism or a generally forgiving nature or any other cause? It is an interesting speculation.

Injuries to person and reputation, wrongs to movable and immovable property—nuisance, negligence, defamation, deceit, injurious falsehood, conspiracy and interference with contractual and business relations, are all well known topics. There are, besides, miscellaneous rights—relating to (a) patent, copyright and trademark (b) office or dignity (c) membership of a club, association or caste, etc. And now the Constitution of India has declared in clear and unmistakable terms, in Articles 14 to 32, certain Fundamental Rights: (i) Right to Equality (ii) Right to Freedom (iii) Right against Exploitation (iv) Right to Freedom of Religion (v) Cultural and Educational Rights (vi) Right to Property and (vii) Right to Constitutional Remedies. The author takes note of the Constitution and its provisions in this edition and deals with the various topics adequately.

Many a harassed householder, harassed in the nights by loud and often discordant music with loud-speakers, tom-toms, cymbals, etc., would be interested to know that the Madras High Court (Mr. Justice V. Panduranga Rao) has held in a case reported in the Indian Law Reports 1937 Madras, page 51 that such music in the nights is an actionable nuisance and given an injunction restraining it between the hours of 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. The Judge observes: "Sleep is human nature's daily medicine, and disturbance to sleep is not a matter of complaint only to people of refined susceptibility, but to everyone, whether in Tondiarpet or elsewhere."

With a wealth of case law and abundance of illustrations, the author, one-time lecturer in the Law College, deals exhaustively and fascinatingly with this most interesting subject, in all its facets—substantive and procedural. He has produced a book which has already run into four editions since it was originally published in 1932, testifying to his untiring industry, his vast knowledge, and his powers of lucid expression. Altogether, Ramaswamy Iyer's "Law of Torts" is a most readable and reliable book on the subject for every one, lawyer and citizen alike.—R. N. AINGAR.

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.

Welcome To Soviet Artists

We have had in our midst two of the most well-known men of Soviet Russia exerting international influence in the realm of art and culture: Pudovkin and Cherkassov. Pudovkin has made history with his wonderful films known throughout the world. He has also contributed original methods of technique to filmmaking. The term "montage" was first introduced by Pudovkin who is famous for his "cutting" which works out human emotions on celluloid with tremendous significance caught up in a perfect graph of rhythm and tempo. Cherkassov is one of the most celebrated film-artists of the day. His is a name to conjure with in the world of film-acting. As Ivan in the tremendous film "Ivan The Nimble," directed by Pudovkin Cherkassov displays an enviable mastery over characterisation. These Soviet artists are great artists because they are great students of art, politics and history. No work on celluloid is undertaken without deep study and careful preparation, accurate and impeccable in every detail.

Welcome to the artists of Soviet Russia. May this visit cement a deeper friendship between India and U. S. S. R. than has so far been done. By doing them honour we but honour ourselves.

HARINDRANATH CHATOPADHYAYA.

De Mille's Samson And Delilah

I am surprised at the criticism under the letter "Picture of the Week" in your issue dated January 13. It is a criticism that is not based on facts. Below I give some details which will clearly refute the view of your correspondent that *Samson & Delilah* is no phenomenal success. No doubt it is one of the greatest productions ever to come out from Hollywood.

The durable 66 year old showman, Cecil B. De Mille, in his 36th year in Hollywood, marched upon the thorny tale from the Bible with the enthusiasm of a Crusader shining up the walls of Antioch. De Mille, who loves to unite strong story value and religion, found the perfect medium in the *Samson Story*. He did not have to manufacture any of either. In full measure and overflowing, the story is in Chapters 13 to 16, Book of Judges, Old Testament—so full of hate, passion, frailty, treachery, murder and violence that even biblical scholars question its place in the Holy Book.

But the story is there and De Mille has taken full advantage of every hot breath it breathes. The De Mille formula—"movies should move"—flowers in all its magnificence here. No one has De Mille's flair for casting. Where can you beat Hedy Lamarr as Delilah and Victor Mature as the strong man of Gaza? For more than a year he heard people around him make varied and numerous suggestions, then calmly picked the stars. The people who said the roles could not be cast with any degree of satisfaction, sat back, mopped brows and paid heedless homage to shrewd C. B.

The *Samson Story* has been rolling around in De Mille's head for years. In 1935 he hired Harold Lamb, author, to do a treatment. It was shelved. Two years ago De Mille no longer could resist the *Samson* call. Lamb's treatment was dusted off, placed squarely on De Mille's huge oaken desk at Paramount Studio. The lectures began. Writers don't write for De Mille in the ordinary way. They sit and listen to De Mille. Then they retire to typewriters. The next day they return to De Mille with the nervous hope that they have put down on paper what the old master wants on paper. Nine times out of ten, they must go and try again.

Each word, sentence, motive, emotion, nuance was analyzed with a high degree of literary vengeance. As one writer put it grimly half way, "We are not writers; we are trained seals."

One of the foremost American trade Journals, "Motion Picture Herald," writes:

"The essentials of the Biblical story as told in the Old Testament are present, but the gaps have been filled in Hollywood. What professorial beards may observe about the freedom with which dramatic license is employed is their business and not vital to us. De Mille may claim no historical accuracy, but he is on certain ground claiming a glittering piece of entertainment set off in a platinum setting and garnished with production jewels of precious worth."

I was the first one to write in the columns of "Film Fare" and I hope that this will serve to brush off the bad opinion set against this picture, by your correspondent.

SIROCCO.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1951

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Introducing the new Preventive Detention Bill in Parliament, Mr. Rajagopalachari attacked strongly those following conspiratorial methods and carrying on underground activities.

Courtesy: National Herald

SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1951

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ATROCIOUS

THE objection to preventive detention is that there is no means of making it fool-proof and knave-proof. Members of Government are just like ordinary people with this difference that the corrupting influence of power makes the former less reliable and more dangerous. An independent judiciary is the device of democracy for saving citizens from the tyranny of high-handed exercises of power by unprincipled executive authorities. How wise and necessary such a device is, was made clear to thinking minds by the amazing speech pleading for extension of the Preventive Detention Act made in the Union Parliament by India's new Home Minister. Sri Rajagopalachari applied to the unfortunates exposed to that Act a language appropriate only to convicted criminals. It was for him a small step, after this, to feel righteously horrified over the bare idea that Government "should wait till the crime is committed before taking action." Yet it is precisely this idea which, more than any other, expresses the essence of individual freedom under civilized administrations. *There should be a crime committed before anyone can be hauled up as a criminal for it.* The dividing line between customary innocence and prospective criminality is so unpredictable that none is fit to dogmatise about it or turn it to another's hurt and one's own complacency. Due allowance has to be made for the uncertainty of it in the whole structure of our law and justice which should require evidence to the satisfaction of independent judicial tribunals before anyone is jailed or hanged as a criminal. Things like trickery, furtiveness and underground

existence may in the savage code of post-Gandhian Satyagraha be treated as equal to punishable criminality, but the bulk of people are less austere and puritanical and will not be disposed to be so virtuous at others' expense. It is to be feared that this doctrine of C. R. will not fail to fall as a boomerang on some of the Ministers themselves who have not been above trickstering tactics when it served their own purposes. When C. R. pleads for respect for Government, pontificating that "it is not right to have fundamental disrespect towards the institution on which the peace of the country depends," he cuts a rather comic figure—as comic a figure as the Madras Government did sometime ago when they issued instructions that peons should treat Ministers with becoming respect! Respect is never felt under clamour or duress. Nor is severity a cure for disrespect.

No doubt the Communist menace is there, a grave problem to tax the intelligence and energies of any Government. There has been no lack of thoroughness in the application of police measures for the suppression of Communists. But the problem remains unsolved, as it is bound to remain, so long as it continues to be treated as a police matter merely. The Government themselves are a manufactory of Communists since their policies tend perennially to drive batches of frustrated youths of keen intelligence and thwarted ambitions in sheer desperation into violence and anti-social ways. A regime of ministers who have made a speciality of rushing about madly on purposeless tours; who are so nepotistic that their

have lost the respect of the services; who resort to the trickery of propaganda to make up for the futility of their rule; who treat the power of office, not as a means of service but as an opportunity for family, group and clan consolidation; and who have to their credit miserable failure all round resulting in starvation, distress, discontent and bitter disillusionment of the people,—such a regime cannot but drive non-violence out and make increasing numbers of people revolutionarily violent-minded, and imprisoning them without trial will not improve the situation. Preventive detention amounts to actual violence on the part of Government in anticipation of expected violence on the part of the governed. It can only be described as atrocious.

Prohibition

CONSIDERATIONS of prestige should not stand in the way of

Government re-examining the whole question of Prohibition realistically. If the drink evil could be eliminated, it is indisputable that millions would be enabled to lead better lives. That Prohibition has failed to eliminate it, is now common knowledge. The exemptions given to some people to drink, the facilities provided for foreign residents, the disinclination of several high-placed officers in responsible positions to set the example of abstinence are some of the reasons that have caused the failure of Prohibition. The experiment has meant in actual practice the substitution of illicit and harmful concoctions in place of tested and certified liquor in regulated hours and doses. To produce this result, the Government have lost crores of revenue. The present untenable position benefits nobody. The Government should either work Prohibition efficiently, or give it up as beyond their capacity.

Sotto Voce

ORPHANS OF THE STORM



THE Aga Khan, with that enviable gift of adjustment which marks fashionable religious leadership in the modern world, pleads for the installation of Arabic as the State language of Pakistan. That would be a bond with the rest of the Islamic world, he argues. Meanwhile he himself is content to derive the bulk of his revenues from India, to live in Biarritz and to give his allegiance to Persia. Pakistan is framing a Constitution for its people which, it has been stated, will be in conformity with the Islamic tenets of Islam. But

before these lines are in print begging will have become illegal in that country. And alms-giving, enjoined by the Holy Koran as a pious duty on the faithful, will be punishable as an abetment.

If sacerdotal Pakistan thus wears its rue with a difference secular India is no less original in its interpretation of its role. Mr. Nehru refuses to be *ma bap* to anybody and tells his countrymen that they must regard themselves as orphans. Better call them orphans of the storm! For the

amount of attention that is being bestowed on the citizen by one authority or other with the unanimous desire to make his life a little more perplexing is truly astonishing. Many States, for instance, long ago anticipated Pakistan by laying a taboo on begging. But while they have generously bestowed ration-cards on everybody they have not thought of their business to find out whether everybody has the cash to buy.

Luckily for the destitute the interdiction on alms-giving is far from being scientifically enforced. Law-breaking is in fact endemic—a state of affairs which seems satisfactory to everybody except those who are burdened with scruple or a double dose of cowardice. This corruption of the conscience is far more dreadful than the venality that thrives on desperate men's needs. Dr. Ambedkar who has solemnly renounced his ancestral Hinduism is understandably not very tender towards Manu and Yajnavalkya. But he treats the social organisation of his new-found faith with equal disdain. He would impose the yoke of his secular *smriti* impartially on Hindu and Buddhist, Sikh and Jain.

But the Law Minister loses his aplomb when somebody suggests that, following his own logic, he should extend his code to Muslims and Christians also. "It is not even common sense," he shouts, for that would be offending people's sentiments, encroaching on religious beliefs. Apparently a holiday from common sense is permissible only for manhandling Hinduism! If the excuse is valid that Sikhism and Buddhism did not evolve their own patterns of law and so the State is at liberty to force down their throats any legal change it takes a fancy for, it should be equally a justification for stretching on the procrustean bed of the Hindu Code those Muslims and Christians who still follow Hindu law and custom. But at this point Dr. Ambedkar's courage and logic alike seem to desert him.

The pretence that the sacred principle of uniformity required

the Code has withered with the abortive attempts to dislodge the Mitakshara and to rope in the followers of the Aliasanthana. The Law Minister in fact thinks so poorly of his handiwork that he will not thrust it on the civilised beneficiaries of the Special Marriages Act. This Act was concocted for the convenience of those who wanted to marry outside their caste or religion. For this privilege they had to pay the price of an *ad hoc* tactical repudiation of the faith in which they were born. If the Hindu Code is not good enough for that kind of opportunist how in fairness can it be planted on Buddhists whose repudiation of caste is a part of their faith?

The simple truth of course—too simple, though, to be understood by clever men like Dr. Ambedkar—is that while Buddhism, Jainism and other heresies have largely retained their identity, as *religions*, with Hinduism, their followers have over long centuries crystallised into different social entities. To a lesser extent this social stratification is observable among the various *samaya sampradayas* within the ambit of Hinduism. These differences are reflected in the regional and customary divergences which are superimposed on the fabric of personal law. A common civil law would have been an idle luxury, a useless artefact, because it would have corresponded to no social reality.

The queer hotchpotch which Dr. Ambedkar has messed up is neither fish nor flesh. Far from being canon law it is a vulgar affront to religious sentiment. And it is so deliberately calculated to disrupt the family that the term 'personal law' becomes meaningless in the context. Though Dr. Ambedkar boasted that he had only to make the Succession Act apply to every one in India in order to give us a civil law, bravado alone does not produce a Code Napoleon. But if they go on at this rate the Government of Dr. Ambedkar may yet teach the country to look upon them, not as "father and mother," but as "step-father and step-mother."

VIGNESWARA

PROCEEDINGS OF LEGISLATURES AND PRESS COMMENTS

By H. RANGACHAR

THE ruling given by the Speaker, in the Madras Legislative Assembly, in the matter of comments by *Swatantra* on Sri Prakasam's motion then pending before the House, is receiving serious consideration from the legalistic point of view and also from that of the precedents in the English House of Commons. It may not be perhaps out of place for a layman interested in such questions to give also his reactions to this in so far as it appears to him to affect the common man and his privileges as a member of a democratic Republic with some fundamental rights vouchsafed to him by the Constitution.

The ruling of the Speaker is that a "comment on the proceedings pending before the House which might influence the voting" constitutes "a breach of privilege." The implications of this are that any comment on pending proceedings, however fair and proper otherwise, is ruled out if it is likely to influence voting. It is hardly possible that there can be any comment which may not have some influence, direct or indirect, remote or proximate, on the voting; the net effect of the ruling therefore is that all comments or discussions on subjects of which the House is seized are prohibited. The word "proceedings" would seem to cover all transactions of the House, such as bills, motions, etc. From the discussion that ensued on the Speaker's ruling in the House, it is clear that this was the interpretation of some members.

Though the ruling is given in respect of a newspaper article, it should obviously apply to all other comments by the public in meetings and in group discussions and also to demonstrations. Thus, the net effect is that when once a subject is taken up by a legislature in any manner or shape, there should be a virtual stoppage of all discussion and comments on the subject till the voting is completed, when perhaps a post-mortem examination can be held on it, for all it

matters. It seems highly doubtful if it could have been the intended effect of the ruling. The Speaker has announced his intention of meeting the Editors of papers and clarifying the position; anyway, the terms of the ruling as they stand at present seem to warrant this interpretation.

Even if its scope be restricted, the privilege claimed goes much beyond what is allowed in other countries or what has been allowed here so far. It is a well-known fact that newspapers in this country and England have been freely commenting on motions and measures pending before the legislatures, even telling the members how they should react to them. A few very recent instances may only be mentioned. Reference may be made in this connection to the articles and comments in the Press and outside on the Hindu Code Bill, the abolition of the zamindaris, the bill to regulate and nationalise certain industries, Labour bills, bills on Prohibition, etc., amongst legislative measures and to several motions of no confidence on individual ministers or a ministry itself. In Great Britain, reference may be made to the recent demonstration by house-wives before the House of Commons on the occasion of the censure motion on meat rations, to the articles in papers on the motion concerning nationalisation of steel and several other matters too numerous to mention. Even casual readers of English papers know that the Press there carries comments on all matters being debated in the House and suggests what the members should do. We have it on no less an authority than that of the Editor of the great newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*, that "comment while a debate is proceeding is of course the usual thing in this country and newspapers seek to influence the result of voting by their arguments."

Apart from this, it is the right of every citizen in a free democracy to have his say and try to influence his

representatives in the legislature till the last moment of a decision. It is all the more so with the organs of public opinion such as the Press. To deny this right simply because a subject which seriously affects them is being debated by the legislature is to deprive them of an undoubted right, and the legislature itself, of the opportunities for feeling the public pulse on momentous matters. In this case, the position will approximate to what Rousseau observed of English people in his time that they were free only at election times. The Press will be giving up its legitimate functions if it fails to give lead according to its lights on important issues before the legislatures, decisions on which affect the people seriously. Of course, the comments should be fair and legitimate.

The Speaker has relied on two precedents of the English House of Commons. The first of these is the principle enunciated by Sir Samuel Romilly, Solicitor General, in the debate in the Burdett case in 1810. A brief mention may be made of the facts of this case for an appreciation of the position. A radical named John Gale Jones had been committed to prison by the House of Commons. Sir Francis Burdett who was a member of the House and a champion of popular liberties denounced the proceedings and questioned the power of the House to take the step. His attempts to secure the release of Jones were not successful. He then issued a revised version of his speech which was published in the *Weekly Register*. This was voted a breach of privilege and Burdett who defied the warrant for arrest issued by the Speaker was forcibly removed from his residence under an escort of soldiers and taken to the Tower. Released on prorogation of the House, he brought unsuccessful legal action against the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-arms. Speaking on the occasion of proceedings against Burdett, Sir Samuel Romilly maintained that he did not dispute that "publications on proceedings that are pending, with a view to influence votes" were breaches of privilege. He however maintained that the publication of "animadversions" in matters concluded was no breach. The House

did not accept even the latter principle.

In relying on the view of Sir Samuel Romilly as a precedent, the important point for consideration is what he had in mind in referring to the "proceedings." The proceedings referred to were those taken by the House to punish Jones for contempt and breach of privilege. Following the view of Sir E. Coke, many constitutional lawyers hold that the legal basis for the power of Parliament to punish is that it is a Court of Record. The House is exercising in such cases judicial or quasi-judicial functions. The privileges claimed that in such cases there should be no comment which would influence votes becomes intelligible. The word "proceedings" in Sir Samuel Romilly's speech referred to proceedings of this kind and not to such proceedings as consideration of bills, motions, etc. As Sri Prakasam's motion calling for an enquiry into certain alleged irregularities of some ministers was an ordinary motion and not "proceedings" in the sense referred to by Sir Samuel Romilly, the precedent, even if accepted as authoritative, does not apply to the case in point.

The second precedent referred to by the Speaker has no relation to the question at issue in as much as it relates to a forged document, a libel which was intended to "pervert the judgment of the House." The precedents and authorities on which the Speaker has relied do not support his view and sustain his ruling.

It is a well-known fact that particularly towards the latter part of the 18th century and the early part of the 19th, there was a tendency on the part of the House of Commons to claim all sorts of privileges and to use their power of punishment intemperately and in some case illegally and unjustifiably. As Maitland observes in his "Constitutional History of England," too often we see questions of privilege treated as party questions, and then the House, whatever it may think of itself, becomes truly contemptible. That it has a very dangerous power in its hands is obvious. Great care has to be exercised in relying on precedents of the House of Commons, particularly of earlier periods, as authoritative or safe guides.

for us. Students of constitutional history know that the position has since considerably changed and the Parliament in England has allowed many privileges, originally claimed, to fall into disuse. The privileges of the House there, *vis à vis* the public in the matter of their proceedings may be taken to have been definitely established by conventions and precedents. As stated by Sir Erskine May, it is "indignities offered to the character of proceedings of Parliament" that constitute breaches of privilege. Instances given by him under this head relate to libellous reflections or comments. Fair comment in other respects is not thus a breach of the privileges of the House. The present position in regard to the rights of the English Parliament over non-members has been summarised as follows by Sir A. B. Keith in his Constitution of England from Queen Victoria to George VI (1940). The House of Commons "has asserted its rights... over non-members guilty of disrespect to members of either House, of disobedience to the orders of the House, of interference with its officers in the carrying out of their duties or of hostile treatment of witnesses in respect

of evidence given before the House or its committees."

It is no doubt the duty of every citizen to see that the independence and the dignity of the legislature is not affected or curtailed. It is equally necessary that the rights of the public and the Press to express their opinions freely and to influence their representatives in a legitimate manner is not interfered with. The Press has its own important part to play in informing, guiding and interpreting public opinion on all matters concerning the people, more so when decisions affecting them are to be taken by the legislatures. Any obstruction or impediment to a fair and free exercise of this duty by the Press will be a curtailment of the freedom of the Press and of the rights of the public to influence their representatives who in their turn will lose the opportunities of acquainting themselves with the currents of public opinion. It is to be hoped therefore that the Speaker will on fuller consideration reconsider his ruling and allow the Press its legitimate right of fair comment on all matters before the House including those made with the deliberate object of influencing voting.

OTHER COMMENTS ON SPEAKER'S RULING

The recent ruling of the Speaker of Madras Assembly arising out of SWATANTRA'S comments during the pendency of Mr. T. Prakasam's motion in the Assembly, for constituting a Committee of the House to investigate into certain charges against some Ministers, raises issues of a far-reaching character vitally affecting the liberty of the Press. It is to be feared that the legal and constitutional aspects of the question have not been examined in all their bearing on so momentous an issue. Clause 3 of Article 194, of the Constitution of India defines the powers and privileges of a House of the Legislature of a State as those of the House of Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom at the commencement of the Constitution till such time as the Legislature enacts its own appropriate legislation defining those powers and privileges. The earliest recorded instance of the exercise by the House of Commons of the power to summon to its Bar a non-member of the House for alleged

contemptuous words used against the House was in 1585 in the case of a Curior by name Bland. He was however released on his apology and on his paying a small amount as costs. Committal for the period of the session remains in modern times the most serious punishment that the House can inflict on either its own members or strangers who have offended against its privileges.

But there is absolutely no authority for the proposition that a comment made bona fide by a private citizen or a newspaper on a bill, motion, or resolution pending discussion before the House and having a tendency to influence the voting in the House is a breach of the privileges of the House entailing punishment of the author or publisher of the comment. The extracts from Sir Samuel Romilly's diary on Sir Francis Burdett's case and from the speech of Sir William Harcourt in the Parnell case are not 'authorities' for so extreme a proposition as that laid down in the Madras Speaker's

ruling. They are no more than 'obiter dicta' of eminent lawyers and Parliamentarians. They have never been accepted in all their sweeping generality as sound or authoritative statements of law. May's classic treatise does not enumerate such comments as falling under any well recognised category of breach of privilege. It is remarkable that in the journals of the Lords and Commons there is not even a single precedent to support this extreme interpretation of Parliamentary privilege. In this country the position is further strengthened against the recognition of any such wide privilege as that laid down in the recent ruling by the terms of Article 19 (1) of the Constitution which declares freedom of speech and expression as a fundamental right of every citizen. Cl. (2) restricts the absoluteness of the right conferred by Cl. (1) by saving the operation of existing laws relating to libel, slander, defamation, contempt of court and other matters not material for the present discussion. It will be a far fetched and strained construction to read 'contempt of court' in the said clause as including breach of privilege of Parliament and of the State Legislatures.

It is respectfully submitted that the whole matter requires a closer and more unhurried examination at a juristic level than appears to have been bestowed upon it in the present case.

S. VAIDYANATHAN,
Advocate, Supreme Court of India
and High Court of Madras.

(ii)

Apropos the injunction of the Speaker of the Madras Assembly that no comment should be made so as to influence voting in the Assembly, the following remarks of Mr. W. Steed are of interest:

"Dictatorial systems which muzzle or control the Press and do away with freedom of speech and of public and private criticism, are claiming for themselves a degree of political and social efficiency superior to that of democracies.

Is there no loftier task for the Press than that of leading the crowd, after having followed it far enough to know whither it wishes to go? Must journalism always minister to a rabble? Is there no intrinsic excellence of thought that will command, directly or indirectly, the allegiance of the multitude?....

The Assembly is essentially the forum for ventilating public opinion on given issues through their accredited legislators, while the newspaper is the forum for the free expression of opinion of every individual of the public on all matters of public interest. The fact that an issue is being debated in the Assembly is proof of public interest in

that particular matter. Even when the discussion is on, it is the inherent right of an individual to hold his own opinion on the particular matter under discussion and this confers the right to criticise on the Press. Further, the legislators are bound to obey mandates of their electorate. Granting that the Press is the organ of an electorate, how can it refrain from voicing its opinion for what it is worth when the issue is still on the anvil. Legislation, after all, is restricted by Constitution and liable, if it exceeds its constitutional powers conferred on it, to be questioned in a court of law? How, in these circumstances, the legislature can arrogate to itself the divinity or immunity of courts of justice passes one's comprehension.

Are the legislators, the proverbial permit-getters, so imbecile as to be influenced at all by the printed word? Having weighed all the pros and cons, they must have made up their minds long before the issue was debated upon, on the voting. To say that they would be susceptible for changing their mind on seeing a comment in a paper, is to ask us believe in the divinity of the devil.

Only courts can rightly claim immunity from comment in sub-judice matters, and not even on their ultimate decisions.

Every right-thinking man will welcome free comment from all angles of an issue, especially when it is on the anvil, so as to form his own judgment thereon, after weighing well in his mind, if it is open, all that has been said. To restrict his freedom to know all points of view, to make him a victim to the slogan "you do not know what you are missing," is to impose needless shackles on the poor legislator himself."

T. V. KRISHNA RAO,
Secretary, Bellary Dt. Journalists' Association.

(iii)

In the controversy arising out of SWATANTRA'S comments on a subject which was under discussion in the legislature the only question to be decided is "whether the Press can comment in such a way as to influence the opinion of the legislature".

That it can and should do so is more than clear, without any reference to any authorities, either in India or in Britain.

In the first place, there is a definite difference between proceedings in court and proceedings in the Assembly. The former should not be prejudiced, while in the latter case it is absolutely necessary that members of the legislature are fully apprised of all points of view before they pass a law.

In the second place, the existence of the WHIP is proof positive that the legislators can and should be influenced. The WHIP asks party members to vote in a particular way irrespective of the arguments. Thus it is not merely influencing opinion but actually suppressing opinion and obtaining a vote. After all the Press only helps put other points of view also for proper consideration.

In the third place, what is lobbying? It is used to make legislators understand various aspects which they may not otherwise be aware of. Press comments are done publicly and hence help not only to present these views, but also to enable the public to agitate against or for the views expressed therein.

The Minister for Law has complained against the Press in general for having criticised the Malabar Tenancy Bill, which has been forced down the throat of all of us now. In fact some of the amendments were only possible because of comment by the Press and it is therefore to be welcomed in the public interest.

The legislature is to legislate on the basis of public opinion. The Press is one of instruments of public opinion. The press is therefore fully entitled to comment on the proceedings in the legislature. What is the necessity to quote any

other authority for it? It is a fundamental right from the purely common-sense point of view.

Madras.

NAMBIAR.

(iv)

Mr. J. Sivashanmukham Pillai, the Speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly, has earned great reputation for his impartiality and thoroughness of the knowledge of the rules and conventions of the British House of Commons. Nobody can accuse him of having sided with the Government in giving the ruling. If, as he contends, on the basis of his knowledge regarding this matter, the Press should not, according to the rules and conventions of the House of Commons or of the Madras Legislative Assembly, make comments on a motion which is in the discussion stage in the Assembly, in such a way as to influence the voting, it must be said there is something wrong with the rules and conventions observed or followed, and they require to be changed or modified so as to facilitate unfettered Press criticism. It is gratifying that the South Indian Journalists' Federation has taken up the matter.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Secunderabad.

IN MEMORY OF SAROJINI NAIDU

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

Srimati Sarojini Naidu was born on the 13th of February. This week her memory is revived by another great Indian woman who is also her sister-in-law.

A birthday is a day of memories, when past forgotten incidents are stirred into life, when disembodied emotions again take shape. It is like humming old tunes that come back again from the depths of some inner vaults, wafted up like strands of perfume. When these memories linger around a personality, long loved and respected, the memories bring an added ache and yearning.

Today one reviews Sarojini as an epoch that yet awaits completion. She was born in the dawn of the new womanhood. It is yet young and just flowering. When she shot out of a pearly grey twilight like an iridescent ray, the very earth must have trembled. For such beings are born out of the long agony of many nights of want and hunger, out of seasons of loneliness and gloom. The womanhood of India had lain under a veil of degradation. She had lost her ancient glory and lustre. It needed a wondrous personality of dynamics, an elegant and colourful woman to strip the veil off and reveal the pristine power and beauty of womanhood. Sarojini came to recall to a forgotten people the creative genius of its women, the strength that lay in their tender limbs, the endurance behind their modest gaze. She brought confidence to the failing hearts of her sisters and infused new vigour into their flagging spirits. She lit the sky with new stars—dreams which continued to keep vigil through the weary years of struggle and strife and beckon new bands of maidens to try and climb the starry heights to glory and immortality.

Sarojini brought a new quality to womanhood, a new tone to her sphere. She made woman shed her mundane garb and assume a new role of romance and heroism. Sarojini's poetry was but an echo of their footsteps marching along new tracks to fresh goals. The air began to hum

with new exhilaration and vibrate with fresh perfumes. A new era had dawned for the woman and for the country. She stood aloft once again as women have always stood, torch bearers to lead their country from darkness to light, from despondency to hope.

As we look over this new epoch, we see the picture clearing and the silhouettes standing out sharp against a fast changing background. Sarojini belonged to all time. She was not a "period" character. She was too big to be circumscribed by an age or a boundary. She stood for values that are ageless—belonging to all times and climes: the love of freedom and dedication to service. For those are qualities that she embodied for us.

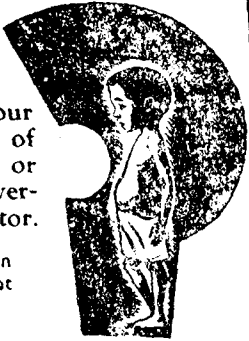
As we look back at the tracks she cut through the decades, we ponder wistfully. For those of us who had the privilege to tread those pathways with her, can recall the exhilaration of idealism that filled our nostrils, the colour of romance that filled our eyes and the joy the first taste of freedom brought to our hearts. Alas where are those starry dreams today? Where that idealism that lit our smallest tasks transferring them into heroic deeds?

When we commemorate the day as a momentous one on which Sarojini was born, we are moved to rededicate ourselves to those ideals for which she stood, those goals to which she beckoned: Freedom and service. For her whole life was a poem of dedication to them. What is this freedom for which her bird-like spirit yearned? What is the service she tied her heart strings to? One thing Sarojini was not, that is a feminist, to use a hackneyed phrase. She claimed nothing as a woman and disclaimed to base her qualifications on sex. **AN** she claimed was equality as a member of society, as a national of this country and above all as a citizen of

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the world. Her virtues, her talents and her strength, she claimed as a human being that would accept no inferior status, be it in her home or society, be it in this country or in the comity of nations. That claim she based not on mere sex but on the dignity of human personality. For every individual has certain attributes, to a greater or lesser extent, but has them nevertheless all the same. She recognised neither high nor low. To her all were equal, for they were her fellow-beings. Thus she spurned all distinctions, based on any man-made discrimination. She rebelled against the chains that society had woven to imprison sex even as she revolted against prejudice that branded sections as superior and inferior. She was contemptuous of such social differences and towards their levelling she strove. Ironically enough, we witness some strange bye-products of these social revolts today. Even as the under-privileged begin to shed their chains, they suddenly come to feel a strength in them, a kind of a stand-by of privilege. Instead of symbols of degradation, the chains become a mark of special claims. They begin to show a desire to hold on to their deprecating marks, cling to those very chains which they once sought to break. They thus make a mockery of freedom and a caricature of social equality.

There are today the depressed social classes, *who fight to be labelled as such*, that they may use this degrading label to claim special treatment. One had hoped that at least women would be free from this taint, but sadly enough, all are not. A few still wish to base their claims to social and political loaves and fishes on their sex. They want the best of both worlds, have their cake and eat it full. They cry aloud for equal status with men in marriage laws and inheritance, in employment and offices. Nevertheless they try to claim certain special privileges all the same as women, based on sex. Women's organisations should now recognise the fundamental change in their status with the coming of national freedom and the equality guaranteed them in the new Constitution. Women are

now recognised and established as equal citizens. Many women, especially the older ones, do not seem to be fully aware of this change. They still cling to the old forms and are happy to wrap themselves up in their faded old cloaks and shun the new breezes and prevent them from playing on their limbs. They fail to respond to the rays of the new sun that has risen on their horizon. Pity! Having eyes they do not see, having ears they do not hear. They are content to potter round in their mouldy old shells and continue to beat their wings in the gloom like blind bats.

In this context one welcomes the social objectives adopted as its aims by the All India Women's Conference at its last session. This is in the best traditions that Sarojini had inspired in the bosom of this premier women's organisation of this country. The wider vision the conference has shown and the keen social awareness it has displayed is indeed a fitting tribute to the many valuable lessons its ranks had learned at her illustrious feet. These changes and adjustments are a clear proof that the women are alive and alert, responsive to altering conditions and above all fully appreciative of the implications of freedom.

We have however still to prove our dedication to service. The temptation of offices is still great and has a grip over women even as over men. Women are said to be the embodiments of service. But the virus of power politics is seeping through our public life, our public organisations and institutions. We who have been discriminated against and suffered social degradation have been a greater responsibility. We must remember that our battle is not over and the real victory is yet to be. For while social inequality yet haunts our land, and social discrimination lingers in our midst, we cannot rest until this evil has been thrown out and our society cleaned of this stigma. We can only do it if we continue to make Service our motto and follow the trail Sarojini struck for us. Shall we not on this day pledge ourselves to a task she made so much her own and therefore ours?—Copyright—N. P. S.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

COMMONS DEBATE ON MEAT RATIONS & STEEL

THE British Government has faced two motions of censure in the past week, one on Steel Nationalisation and one on Meat Supplies. In both cases, the Government defeated the Opposition. There can, however, be little satisfaction in Government circles over these victories. Before the voting on the Steel debate, the Prime Minister had asked Mr. Churchill for a "pairing" for Mr. Gordon Walker, who is on an important tour of Africa. This "pairing" is a mutual arrangement between Government and Opposition to allow for absences from the House which both felt to be essential to the Government of the country. It was possible, though, for the Government to have been defeated. All depended on the prevalence of influenza amongst the Labour members. One cannot but feel that it is time for some change when the party that is to govern the country can be decided, not by the electorate, but by a disease germ!

Of the debates themselves, that on Meat has had more popular interest than Steel. It has been said that no one wanted Steel to be nationalised except the left-wing theorists of the Labour Party. That is, of course, a Conservative Party allegation. Steel Nationalisation was not an important plank in the Government's election platform, though it was mentioned. It could not, therefore, have had much effect on the electorate who, it is suggested, gave no mandate on the issue. It is significant to me, at least, that the Government was least troubled in the last election by the voting in Birmingham. If anyone should have noted the inclusion of Steel Nationalisation in an election programme, it should have been the voters in Birmingham. And they remained solidly behind the Government.

Meat is a different proposition altogether. There is no doubt that anyone with enough money can today buy as much meat as they wish. There is

tinned meat imported from the Continent. There are milk-fed chickens. There is game of many kinds. There is fish, none of it cheap, much of it expensive. If the housewife can only have her 6 annas worth of meat a week, she must buy these more expensive foods. The result on her cost-of-living is obvious. When the Food Minister then refuses to pay the extra that the Argentine demands for their meat, whilst one can approve his ideals, one would also ask him to be a little realistic. It would be better for the household budget to pay the two or three annas extra for each pound of meat than to have to buy substitutes which are expensive and which, if it were not for the meat shortage, would not be on the man-in-the-street's menu at all. In addition, the price of fish would probably fall. I am reminded of a campaign in one Eastern country (not India) when the people were exhorted not to buy meat on religious grounds. I saw calves being led round the streets with placards round their necks saying, "Please don't eat me." The meat stalls in the local markets were picketed by the "religious" believers of this creed. The housewives were forced to buy fish, which went up in price very considerably. Until it was discovered that the "religious" campaign had no backing from the religious leaders in the country and the plan was arranged by the fishmongers! Though one would not accuse Mr. Webb of fishmongering in this way!

There is the continuous problem of how the present deadlock in the House is going to be solved. The Labour Party has a majority of seats and, always supposing the health of the members remains sound, it can do as they like. I do not believe the Government is as irresponsible as some of the Tory Press would make out, but it cannot feel satisfied with such a small and inconvenient majority. The Conservative Party, on the other hand,

necessity of the hour is to educate the masses in democratic principles and liberal values of life. Unfortunately such attempts are invisible.

The family feuds among the dominant community of the Reddis also contribute to the spread of Communism in this area. These family quarrels often lead to murders, loot and arson. The weapons of the Communists being the same it is no wonder that one of the parties seeks the protection and support of the Communists in its design to ruin the other party. The Communists are ever ready to seize such an opportunity to aid and abet that party which promises to adhere to their political philosophy and programme of action. This is actually happening in some villages of Cuddappah district. This reveals that the political parties in the villages are constructed not on the foundations of firm conviction in a particular social philosophy and economic programme, but on the basis of narrow family rivalries. The proposed Village Panchayats Act is bound to founder on this rock of family jealousies of the dominant community in this area. Therefore every attempt must be made to save the villagers from such family feuds which facilitate the spread of Communism, by organising political parties on healthier and saner principles of democracy.

The Communists also thrive and spread very well in the stagnant pool of mediæval social customs and religious traditions of Rayalaseema. Even after three years of independence, the caste system is still predominant with all its undiminished rigidity and oppressive severity. Untouchability is rampant and the segregation of Harijans and other depressed classes still continues. The untouchables dare not to drink or fetch water from the wells used by the Caste Hindus. Malas, Madigas and Christian converts from these communities are still under traditional and customary obligation to perform "Vetti" which can be interpreted as a kind of forced labour. These social disabilities paralyse these communities and make them vulnerable to the onslaughts of Communism. The situation requires men like Raja Ram Mohan Ray and Gandhiji, who

by acting with courage, vision and reformist zeal can melt the hearts of the people concerned and, thereby wipe out all the glaring social distinctions between man and man. If such people cannot be found to undertake this laudable task, here again the field will be lost to the Communists.

Already the Communists have been able to fire the imagination and capture the hearts of the people of the downtrodden communities by arranging inter-communal and inter-caste mass meals and by individual participation in their marriages and other social ceremonies and functions and by freely moving among them without betraying the least trace of caste consciousness. Hence a Communist is hailed by these people as their emancipator. Only a genuine effort to cut at the very roots of these irrational traditions and inhuman social distinctions can stem the tidal wave of Communism.

The social tensions prevailing in Rayalaseema villages serve as crevices to let in the light of the Red Star. The social tensions in this part are mainly due to communal and religious prejudices. The unhappy social relationships between the Hindus and the Muslims, the Malas and Madigas, Hindus and Christians, are largely due to certain religious practices. Take, for example, the festival known as 'Ganga Jathara.' During this festival bloody sacrifices are offered to Goddess "Ammavaru." The sacrificed animals, chiefly he-buffaloes, have to be killed by Malas or Christian converts from Malas. Before killing these animals, they have to worship those animals and also prostrate themselves before the idol of "Ammavaru." If this has to be done by the Christian converts, they consider it as idol worship and some thing that violates their conscience. If they refuse to perform such duties, they are compelled to perform them because of their traditional obligation to perform "vetti."

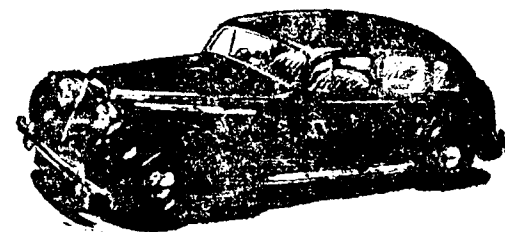
Whenever social tensions occur in the villages, the Communists intervene, not with any genuine interest to uphold the principles of this party or that party and not out of any sympathy for the minority community, but just to accelerate and intensify the process of their destructive revolution.

Since such social tensions aid the spread of Communism, the axe must be laid at the very root of those social tensions in order to curb the growth of Communism in this area.

The economic backwardness of the people makes this area a happy breeding ground for Communism. The economic problems are not peculiar to any community or caste, but common to all. The economic needs of this area have been long neglected. People are unenlightened and blind to the liberal ideals and values of life. As a result the progress of democracy is thwarted, economic development is arrested and social reform is obstructed at each and every stage. Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that such ignorant and innocent people are suitable grist to the Communist grindstone? So economically the area as a whole must be given a preferential treatment or else it will be consumed like dry grass by the wild conflagration of Communism.

Lack of personal contact between the masses and the responsible leaders, the passive acquiescence of a great majority of even enlightened people in certain inhuman social distinctions and antiquated religious practices, and the general economic backwardness of the area, have created all-round frustration in this region. Therefore it should not cause surprise at all, if the common man here, turns away from the declarations of the so-called democrats, and gives himself in utter despair, to the Communists who hold the delusive promise of a prosperous future in a classless and casteless society where each renders to the State according to his ability and receives from the State according to his needs.

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THE INFANT REPUBLIC OF INDIA

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

DURING the next three years, the infant Republic of India will have a very difficult and anxious time, both in her home affairs and foreign relations, calling forth on the part of our leaders the highest statesmanship, grit and strength of character based on our own indigenous outlook and way of life. I feel this, as an eager and watchful student of Indian culture and international politics for nearly 40 years.

The reasons for the troubled times ahead of us are very many, complex and profound and worth exploring in full. They are both man-made and god-made. Only a correct diagnosis will give us a correct prescription. There is no use in crying over spilt milk but it is always worth investigating how the milk came to be spilt—the hasty and false steps over the rugged and winding, boulder-ridden hill track of Indian politics and history.

All the difficulties and complications of Free India are eighty percent due to the circumstances and conditions under which freedom was given to her. One central fact we should never miss is that we did not directly win our freedom, after a clear freedom-fight, though Congress achieved a great deal till 1942 to create the conditions, helped by the second global war, which made the gift of freedom to India an inevitable act of expediency, wisdom and statesmanship on the part of Great Britain. But, alas, in 1947, it was really a late gift of an over-ripe fruit partitioned into two slices of little use to any, except perhaps for the seeds of freedom it contained. If the Congress had won our freedom by a straight and organised freedom fight in 1942 itself, while initiating the masterly "Quit India" movement, Congress could and would have presented a finer, purer and better integrated army of workers,

genuine and selfless and devoted, to nation-building purposes as the sole aim of freedom. That was not to be.

Then, the partition of India as the price of freedom and power, which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, reluctantly but wrongly accepted as inevitable, has profoundly complicated all our major problems and made all independent work on authentic lines impossible in politics, economics or culture and the future growth of Free India on free lines. For, Partition was an extremely clever device of British statesmanship to take away by the left hand what the right hand gave and to keep India and Pakistan divided and weak and dependent on the goodwill and grace of Great Britain in many essential matters. It ties up our foreign policy and it means, in effect, in a mainly agricultural country, the home policy as well.

It is a tribute to the courage, sincerity and clear vision of Pandit Nehru that he has been able to keep alive so far the affirmation of the "glorious neutrality" of India, in spite of the enticing flattery of the British and American Press of him as the world's leading statesman whenever it suits their purpose and the subtle pressure from UK and USA. "Glorious neutrality" coupled with a large and healthy measure of isolation from disturbed world politics, for a short period of five years at least, is the healthiest policy for us till we take out the infant Republic of India from the cradle and make her at least an alert, walking child.

But Pandit Nehru's mode of implementation of this sincere faith in neutrality is idealistic and far in advance of the technique and the diplomatic pulse beats of the leading nations, and is bound to fail, when an actual global war sweeps the world. For, his idealism, his sincerity and ecstatic but premature love of world

peace as a reality, has no real background of strength either in the intense and selfish national-sovereignty ridden Western world or the effective integration of India into a real peace-power on Gandhian lines. India's participation in UN or Security Council or world affairs carries really no greater weight than say, the decision in a debate of the Allahabad University Students Union would carry to the mind of the Nehru Cabinet in New Delhi. This is the bare truth, though very uncomfortable. Therefore, if India is to achieve any growth or real progress it must be by a process of scientific and healthy isolation, for the necessary short period, till we develop enough inner strength and purity, and till world conditions gain a favourable atmosphere for complete demilitarisation and world peace based on decentralised politics and economics.

Next to the Partition the most disturbing factor in our national life is our complete forgetfulness of the Father of the Indian Nation, Gandhiji, in our action, especially the plan and policies of our leaders. Even if they wish to follow the Gandhian Plan of life in politics and economics of complete decentralisation, the partition of India with its compulsory dependence of India on the West for many essential things makes it difficult for us to give up the heavily centralised plan of the Western mode of life, and the Congress Raj is obliged to continue the British Raj under less favourable conditions. So our leaders are content to offer to Gandhiji mere verbal homage, and paralysed inaction, without the freedom and the courage to initiate a new order in economics and politics which alone could save India. Our Popular and gifted Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru could achieve something in the Gandhian path, reflective of our national genius, if only he could free himself from the perilous ecstasies of inter-national politics, and cooperation and leadership for which the infant Republic of India is not yet ripe. UK and UN covet our vast manpower and manganese even as USSR covets China.

The gift of freedom at a late hour, 1947, instead of 1942, why even 1921 or 1933, the partition of India and then the total failure to work out the Gandhian ideas in action—these have frustrated the development of a proper policy in foreign and home affairs for the infant Republic of India. The difficulties and complications inherent in these three major events have been further enhanced by our blind acceptance of the Constituent Assembly as formulated by the British and filling it up with hand-picked 'yes' men on more or less fascist lines, except for a stray sprinkling of a few independent men. A further tragedy was the conversion of this Constituent Assembly into a Parliament with full sovereign powers. The net result is that Parliament today does not reflect at all in any measure the variegated Indian life, thought and outlook, much less the variety of talents and character that always enrich our life and make for unity amidst diversity. There is no healthy opposition in our Parliamentary or public life which would critically assess any political, economic, cultural or international problem and thus guide our Ministers bedecked with flags and bed-ridden with files! I hope that the General Elections, properly conducted, may redress this fatal tilt in our axis of life, remedy the inherent defects and make the freedom gift a reality, giving us a correct and progressive foreign and home policy by restoring the Gandhian ideology in politics and economics as the basis for the growth of the infant Republic of India, consistent with our national genius.

Kashmir is a vital problem both to India and Pakistan. A courageous solution is necessary, rectifying past mistakes due to alien rule. The only solution to the mind of any honest and independent thinker, is by Reunion, however repugnant this reunion may be to certain job-hunting and power-ridden minds in top circles. This reunion must come, not by war but by patient and laborious negotiations without foreign aid. I have a feeling that very soon we shall have a favourable atmosphere for this the only sovereign solution of the problem.

created by selfish British statesmanship. Further, Reunion is also the only real solution to the real welfare and contentment of the 40 millions of Muslims in India.

Pandit Nehru, for all his great gifts and integrity of character, is seriously handicapped as Prime Minister by his self-imposed portfolio as Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is a rare and ruinous combination in any country and much more so in an agricultural country like India. The Prime Minister is really a Home Minister in mufti and should not have any other arduous and taxing portfolio. Pandit Nehru should in future entirely devote himself with his wonderful energy and sincerity to our home problems on the basis of a co-ordinated Cabinet with full collective responsibility and thus build up in isolation the infant Republic of India.

A third global war is inevitable unless a miracle happens, for it is inherent in the peace treaties and mode of conduct of the second global war—kind reader, permit me the vanity to say I correctly prophesied, as a student of international politics, the first world war of July 1914, along with Frederic Harrison, in "East and West" in March 1913 and the second world war of 1938, as early as 1927 in my "Renascent India." The fatal delay of more than a year in the opening of the Second Front by the Allies in the second world war due to Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Mountbatten because of their desire to use as much of Russia and as little of Allies, especially of British, as possible, for a victory as against the clear and splendid vision of President Roosevelt, the greatest statesman the West has produced for years, is the real cause of the world war III and Korea is already the starting point. I have prophesied this third world war as well, as early as 1946 as soon as Russia occupied Berlin and went west to complete the defeat of the Germans, practically single-handed. Again as early as April 1948, I wrote in my book—

let "After Gandhiji—Our Problems" as follows:

"But it requires for militant Europe a third global war to receive this simple political education for peaceful living (the union of Europe less Russia as one political and economic unit) and for Russia to realise her essential nature as an Asiatic nation and as such the true and scientific boundary for her western frontiers which could be neither Amsterdam nor even Berlin. So, to my mind, world war III is inevitable before 1950 and India must be prepared for this."

Korea is already the starting point and only a miracle could save the spread of the conflagration.

What is the miracle? If Russia agrees to vacate Berlin and go to her natural frontiers, a line between Leningrad and Odessa, and USA agrees to vacate Japan and Formosa, and UK, Federated Malay States etc., France, Indo-China, etc., on the agreed basis of universal disarmament. Is this likely?

But the range and horrors of the third global war of the century could be very much mitigated and restricted if only India and China by a resolute will decide upon strict neutrality, China in spite of her recent treaty of friendship with USSR.

Our dynamic neutrality correctly based on *Dharma* and *Ahimsa*, as the loftiest ideals of human evolution will be truly glorious and give us the friendship of both U. S. A., U. K. and U. S. S. R. in the final implementation of world peace and one world-order, if we brave calmly the initial fret and frown of the three at our neutrality in the third global war, cold or hot.

So, the clear duty of our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, the darling heir and successor to Gandhiji is to preserve India's neutrality at all cost without any false steps in action. The infant Republic of India will thrive only if she keeps to her own handsome and spacious cradle for sometime and never indulge in the aerial joy of giddy flights all over the world.

Short Story

SECRET SEVEN

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

THE Secret Gang met at the rendezvous. They could just see who was who in that dilapidated thatched hut where the only source of light was a small oil-and-wick affair in a broken piece of earthen-ware. Not a single soul within miles around, nor a shadow of a chance of anyone turning up to overhear them.

Their chief, a short stout man of about forty, with devilish eyes, counted their number, one, two, three... seven, and then began the discussion about their nefarious plan. He allotted a definite portion of the job to each of them and described the exact way in which every detail was to be carried out.

Concluding his speech, he said, "For the last time I repeat, let no one have any compunction in contributing his mite towards the destruction of one who has not only given us endless trouble while on duty, but has also destroyed our domestic peace and safety. Has he not made us pay from our meagre wages for his eggs and milk? Does not his *mem sahib* make us carry fuel all the way from the forest on our heads? Did he not kick Gidda with his cursed boot? Is he not making Sarabha wash his lady's clothes? Did he not assault Bala's wife, after sending him away on a whole night's job? Has he not ordered our wives and daughters to be sent to his bungalow by turns, ostensibly for punkah-pulling, and do we not know what indignity and disgrace he is subjecting them to?"

"Yes, yes. The beast. The rascal," hissed every one in a subdued voice, clenching his fists and shooting fire from his eyes.

"Listen, comrades," continued the chief. "It is a duty we owe ourselves, our womenfolk, and our brother workers. God has commanded us to avenge the wrongs done to us for years and years together and now let us not show ourselves cowards when conscience calls. If we succeed without being caught, then we shall with

the rest of our co-workers enjoy the peace which we earn so hard; if we fail and will hang for it, history will record in letters of gold the noble sacrifice we made for the sake of our fellowmen. And in either case these devils will know what it is to molest us workers, and insult and foul our women-folk. Therefore, whatever our own fate may be as a result of this venture, we should go ahead and achieve our end. Do you agree with me and are you ready for your parts?"

"We are, we are," they whispered simultaneously.

"Mark you, comrades. Yet another word. If there be any amongst us, who is calculating to play the blackleg, let him beware; he shall meet his doom at the hands of the rest of us or of whoever will first discover the treachery. Not a spark of mercy need be shown to him. No bigger enemy have we to fear than such a one, who will participate in our discussions and will be in the know of our plans of action, and will thus be in a position to betray us into the hands of the authorities. Each of you is at liberty to do anything you like which helps us to accomplish our purpose as already detailed by me. But, entertain but the shadow of an idea of proving a traitor, any of you, and half a dozen of us will be bent on his immediate destruction. Now disperse."

The conference of the Secret Seven was concluded. Each of them shuddered within himself as he saw in the dim light the ferocious faces of his six friends. They moved out cautiously and vanished into the darkness around.

The unfortunate object of the deliberations of this Secret Seven was one Rawlinson, the Works Manager in the Sun Colliery Works, where he was at the head of about two hundred workmen and women engaged in carrying on minor operations. He was well-known for his heartless cruelty towards every one of the gang. There was not a single mode of dishonour

and cruelty that Mr. Rawlinson did not perpetrate on one or other of his gang.

Mrs. Rawlinson was in no way inferior to her husband. Many a time she added fuel to the fire when some poor workman was the victim of her husband's wrath. People used to say that as long as the couple remained childless, there was no prospect of their hearts softening. It was a scandal that they were managing their household without a single servant, by drafting the colliery workers for every conceivable work at home.

For six long years, Mr. Rawlinson carried on this wicked bullying career unchecked by anyone. Here at last his doom was sealed by the Secret Seven.

Next evening, about two hours after sunset, three men muffled up in black clothes and wearing dark masks which revealed only the eyes were waiting a couple of hundred yards away from the Star View, which was the residential bungalow of the Rawlinsons. It was a nice little one-storeyed building in the middle of an extensive compound. A small garden had been tastefully laid out in front of it and a broad metalled road led from the outer gate to the front porch.

They had hardly waited for half an hour when Rawlinson passed them in a phaeton. Quick as lightning they sprang upon the carriage. One of them scampered up to the driver's seat and over-powered him, while the other two forced their way into the carriage, and captured Rawlinson. The sinister looking masked faces and the two revolvers pointing at him from two sides were enough to strike the victim dumb. One of them cried in a hoarse whisper, "Not a sound, please, if you value your life."

After the driver had been gagged and tied hand-and-foot and thrown by the roadside, the third man also joined the two and they succeeded in thrusting a whole towel into Rawlinson's mouth. They carried him aloft on their shoulders and cut across the open fields opposite to the bungalow.

The whole procedure was so sudden that by the time Rawlinson recovered his balance of mind, he found himself out of hearing of the road and gave up all hopes of rescue.

Once away from the busy part of the locality, the ruffians made no at-

tempt to talk in whispers. Rawlinson recognised a familiar ring in one of the voices, faintly suggestive of Bala's and as he remembered the very recent crime he had committed on Bala's wife and recalled the dreadful threats she had hurled at him before her helpless fall, the conviction smote him that he was meeting his end at the hands of the workers.

Nearly a mile they took him, and then threw him down at the door of a small hut, and one of them began to unlock the door. The fall from their shoulders gave Rawlinson a chance to pluck out the cloth from his mouth with his tied-up hands. As soon as he could find his voice he threatened, "I have recognized all the three of you, rogues. Let the night pass away and the day dawn, and I'll see you all in jail for the rest of your lives."

A loud mocking laugh rent the air, as one of the fellows dragged the Works Manager into the hut, answering, "God bless you and keep you alive till the day dawns."

There was nothing in the words that he could not have expected, but they somehow unnerved him and realising his helpless condition he changed his tone and begged for mercy. By this time the door was being shut, and when he attempted to prevent it, he was given a kick which threw him down on the floor littered with rags, mud, corn and dirt.

"Wait here, *Manager Sahib*, till we go and find your missus," said Bala, as they locked him in.

"Oh, what do you intend to do?" asked Rawlinson in a plaintive tone.

"To show her all the kindness and love that your honour bestowed on my wife," mocked Bala bitterly between set teeth. "Am I not to return tit for tat?"

"Oh," was all that the Works Manager could scream, and the next instant burst into loud weeping.

Bala and his associates went away, not heeding their victim's wailings.

Time passed on and Rawlinson's anxiety was unbearable. Perhaps her body was being tortured. She might be calling him by name praying for help. Perhaps she was unconscious. It was maddening to picture in his own mind the possible cruelty she might be subjected to at Bala's hands. The suspense was killing. About half

an hour after midnight he heard approaching voices and soon Bala and his helpers were talking together in low whispers just outside the hut.

In vain did Rawlinson try to recollect some good turn he had done to Bala, to which he could refer and ask for gratitude. All that his memory brought back was an endless catalogue of hardships and disgrace he had inflicted on Bala.

"Give me some water to drink, please, one of you," begged Rawlinson.

"Before one is hanged, I suppose one is to be allowed certain privileges," said Bala. "Give the fellow some water. But don't undo his hands not even to drink water."

A brass cup full of water was applied to the victim's mouth.

"Have mercy on me, Bala, please," cringed Rawlinson again. "Release me, please, won't you, Bala? Tell me where is Mrs. Rawlinson. I shall double your wages from tomorrow and will make you the head of all the two hundred workers. Bala, please."

"None of your beggings and baits here. *Sahibji*, listen. You know how like dogs and mules you have treated us, and how like slaves you have treated our womenfolk. All our entreaties had no effect on your cursed mind. Seven of us have risked our lives and are bent on your destruction tonight. Arrangements are getting ready for your final disposal. You have just an hour's time now to pray to God and recount your sins which perhaps outnumber the stars."

"Don't do that. For heaven's sake, don't, please. Don't kill me."

"That doesn't rest with me alone, *Manager Sahib*. I am only one-seventh of the fate that has decreed your death. There are six others still, and if I go against their wishes, I shall have to follow you to hell."

"Save me, Bala, I shall give you anything you ask in return for my life. Believe me once. I promise never to betray you if you save me. You have my word of honour for it."

"There is still an hour more for you and I shall think over your proposition," said Bala as he went away.

Nearly an hour passed. The approaching doom, and the unknown fate of his wife, made Rawlinson miserable. Bala at last appeared with his two friends, took the prisoner out

of the hut and led him on, two of them keeping guard over him, and the third leading the way.

"Once again I beg of you, Bala, don't take me there," entreated Rawlinson.

"What guarantee is there that you will be grateful to me and save me from the hands of the other six? How can I rely on your cruel mind?", asked Bala, switching on his electric torch and focussing the light on Rawlinson's face, which was deadly pale, and wore an abject, forlorn expression.

"Listen, *Manager Sahib*," continued Bala. "If you really mean to be good in future and treat the workmen unlike in the past, if you promise never to let anybody know what is happening tonight, I have still time to save you, if I care. But remember, I shall have to take as much risk to save you as all the seven of us took to destroy you. If ever you think of misusing my trust, that will be the last day of your life. Do you promise to behave yourself?"

"I do, I do. Emphatically I do promise to behave properly."

A couple of yards more they went and suddenly a peal of thunder shook the whole district, and all the three involuntarily shrieked as they jumped up. The sound was reverberating all round for a whole minute. Pointing to a blaze of sky-high flames, Bala said, "Look there, *Sahib*. That is your *Star View*, and you and your wife are supposed to have been blown up to hell in there. Six of my comrades are at this moment lifting their mugs of liquor to their lips celebrating your death. I shudder to think of the seventh mug and the vacant seat, which belong to me. Mark again, if ever you intend mischief again, this revolver is more than enough for your cursed body."

Saying this, Bala quickened his pace, almost dragging Rawlinson and spurring on his friends towards a dim light in the opposite direction.

"Get into that hut over there," said Bala to Rawlinson, "and release your lady who is gagged and imprisoned in it, but otherwise perfectly unhurt. Remember the world must know that both of you had gone late last evening to the neighbouring town and you will return tomorrow morning to be surprised to find your bungalow a heap of ashes."

THE LOCUST MENACE

By MICHAEL PERRETT

THE destruction of crops by locusts has provided the world with a major problem from the earliest tillers of the soil down to the agricultural experts of the twentieth century. For prehistoric man, wrestling a precarious livelihood from a clearing in the forest, a locust plague was a precursor of famine, disease and perhaps annihilation. The prospect is equally alarming for the post-war world, engaged in the development of vast new territories to solve an international food crisis. Total war against the depredations of these pests is the order of the day. Because of our familiarity with the Biblical reference to the eighth plague of Egypt, there is a tendency to regard the locust menace as confined to the Middle East. But today not one of the five continents is immune from attack. The very activities of man to convert forest or swamp into productive agricultural ground are counteracted by the rapidity with which the locusts seize possession for purposes of breeding. It has been estimated that over eighty countries are now subject to permanent infestation or periodic invasion. In 1947 even southern Britain was subjected to a minor onslaught. A wall painting of a locust in an Egyptian tomb of the twelfth dynasty (about 2,400 B. C.) provides us with the earliest known record of their existence. But their prevalence in the ancient world is proved by the abundant references in Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Chinese documents. The Old Testament book of Joel contains a wonderfully vivid and accurate description of a locust invasion. Roman writers record the sufferings of the Roman Colonies of Cyrenaica and Numidia in North Africa where in 125 B. C. locusts were responsible for the deaths from famine of no fewer than 800,000 people. Early Spanish writings describe locust ravages as far afield as the Philippines. The tragic story continues down to more recent times, when in 1930 crops were destroyed in Morocco to the value of nearly a million pounds.

A locust is a species of grasshopper,

generally larger in size and of gregarious habits. The females lay their eggs in the ground in groups of from 30 to 100 eggs. These hatch out after several months or weeks, according to climatic conditions, into "hoppers" who move about in bands, often covering large areas and quite unperturbed by obstacles. A nineteenth-century traveller in Palestine paints a terrifying picture of such an attack. "Their number was astounding; the whole face of the mountain was black with them. On they came like a living deluge. We dug trenches, and kindled fires, and beat, and burned to death 'heaps upon heaps' but the effort was utterly useless. Wave after wave rolled up the mountain side, and poured over rocks, walls, ditches and hedges—those behind covering up and bridging over the masses already killed." He goes on to point out the truth of Joel's statement: "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Eventually the hoppers "grow wings and take to the air in swarms which have been known to measure as much as 60 miles by 3 miles and to contain as many as a million million locusts. The distances which they cover are enormous. It is on record that in 1693 swarms crossed from the Danube Delta to Wales, a distance of some 1,600 miles. Desert locusts have been observed in mid-Atlantic, about 1,500 miles from their base. Rain and wind storms usually break up these swarms, sometimes with dire results, as in Johannesburg in 1924, when locusts broke down telephone wires, stopped the railway service by making the lines impassable, and caused trams to run backwards downhill through their crushed bodies rendering the metals too slippery for the brakes to act.

The locust, which as the Biblical account reads "ate every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees," has itself at times graced even the table of kings. In ancient Assyria a bas-relief of the seventh century B. C. shows that locusts were served at the table of Asshurbanipal. They were part of John the Baptist's staple diet and are still eaten by Bedouins in

Arabia, though not apparently by choice. A few years ago the Philippine Department of Agriculture issued a directive containing thirty-three various methods of preparing locusts for table, helped out by more palatable items such as eggs, bananas, lemons and pineapples. Their corpses serve a more practical purpose as fertilisers and cattle food. There are many possible methods of locust destruction, some of which date back to very early days. In ancient China the eggs were destroyed by digging them into the ground. Pliny describes Roman tactics in their North African colonies, where the "hoppers" were beaten with branches and driven into trenches. In some countries, Argentina, for example, metal barriers are constructed to bar the advance of "hopper" bands and divert them to their doom in pits and trenches. Magic charms have been considered in all ages a potent weapon, and in Persia prayers from the Koran are hung from poles amongst the crops to act as religious "scarecrows."

Amongst the many modern methods of dealing with the problem are flame-throwers, poison gases, bacterial diseases, steam rollers, balloon barrages, smoke screens, artillery and all the paraphernalia of twentieth-century offensive weapons. Against an aerial invasion of locusts aircraft are used to deal death by the spraying of insecticides. More recently the scientific use of chemicals and especially of poisons had become the most effective weapons of locust control. It has long been recognised that in locust, as in human, warfare one of the essential military axioms is to destroy the enemy in his base before he has been able to deploy his forces. Thanks to the pioneer work of a great entomologist, Dr. Uvarov, the habits of the locust and especially his behaviour during the tranquil years have opened up an avenue for a more effective if not a permanent, solution to the problem.

It has been discovered that when locusts are not in swarms they change their appearance and their habits. Solitary locusts behave like typical grasshoppers and show no desire for companionship. But if the solitary locusts become congregated, due, for instance, to their desire for a damp

environment during a drought, they are liable to develop gregarious tendencies and take to flight. Accordingly the policy has been to isolate these "outbreak areas" and by regular patrolling prevent the swarms from assembling. The most common method of destruction today is by preparing a bait of poisoned bran which is then scattered among the locusts and preferred by them to their normal food supply. Arsenical poisons which were originally employed have now given place to a poison which can be used with complete safety in grazing areas. At long last a method has been put into operation which is technically simple and effective. An added attraction is its cheapness: five pounds of bait is sufficient to kill an acre of "hoppers."

It is political rather than technical considerations which have prevented and still prevent locust control from being more effective. Locusts employ tactics which for two reasons militate strongly in favour of their survival. In the first place their invasions contain the element of surprise. Their visitations are neither annual nor periodic. A country may be free from attack for several years only to suffer severe outbreaks over a period of five to ten years. During the onslaught every nerve is strained and every resource marshalled to organise the country's defence. But when the danger has receded a sense of complacency settles on the authorities and even an unwarranted optimism that the threat may never recur. Secondly, locusts are no respectors of political boundaries. A swarm may gather, for instance, in India and fly to Persia and the Arabian Peninsula, while its offspring may carry on the flight to the African continent. It is useless for the countries under fire to pursue, as they have in the past, an isolationist policy and merely adopt temporary measures to meet the immediate threat. For here we have an international problem demanding an urgent solution and the willing co-operation of all the States in the affected areas. In the main this is now forthcoming. Yet as recently as the summer of 1949 anti-locust operations in the Middle East were seriously handicapped by the refusal of the Imam of Yemen to

allow members of the expedition to enter his kingdom.

An abortive attempt to combat the menace on the international level was made in Rome in 1920, when eighteen States in various parts of the world signed a convention pledging full co-operation. But it was left for the British Government to take the initiative and establish a research unit to conduct both defensive and offensive operations. This organisation was founded in 1929 following a serious outbreak of the desert locust in 1928. British enterprise was recognised by the First International Locust Conference at Rome in 1930, which requested the British centre to act as an international clearing house for world-wide locust research. This Anti-Locust Research Centre, which is housed in the Natural History Museum in London, has been the main inspiration for all subsequent developments in locust control. Thus during the second world war there was a severe outbreak of the desert locust which threatened disaster to the food crops in an area which was vitally important to the war effort. Using the local reports telegraphed from various centres to London, the Anti-Locust Research Centre was able to forecast the probable trend of the attack and warn the areas concerned.

From 1930 onwards international co-operation was able to plan systematic campaigns against the locust. No fewer than five International Locust Conferences were held between 1930 and 1938. The fifth, held at Brussels in 1938, recommended the establishment of an international organisation to co-ordinate all activities in stamping out the menace. Although the war prevented the setting up of such a body, it offered more favourable opportunities than in pre-war days for co-operative effort. The necessity for maintaining an adequate food supply provided the incentive, and the unique concentration of manpower and transport in the affected areas, the Middle East and East Africa, provided the means. It is a just comment on this minor campaign, of which the full story has yet to be told, that it was indispensable to the winning of the war. Britain inevitably took the lead but received wholehearted assistance from personnel of many nations,

Egyptians, Americans, Indians and Sudanese in particular, as well as the backing of their Governments.

The centre of operations was the Arabian Peninsula, which is one of the most important locust-producing areas in the world. It was fortunate that King Ibn Saud, whose territory covers the greater part of the peninsula, gave his active support throughout. During the winter of 1943-4 a number of missions equipped with more than 350 vehicles and nearly 1,000 men, were sent to various parts, including areas which had not been traversed previously by Europeans. The result was as impressive to the peoples of the Middle East as it was conducive to the war effort. For the first time in history a locust invasion failed to bring devastation and famine to their homelands. The success of international co-operation during the war augurs well for the future, although difficulties are bound to arise where the locust invasions infringe the sovereignty of a number of States. Co-operative measures against the red locust, for instance, whose habitat is mainly Africa south of the equator, have been assisted by the willingness of Britain and Belgium, whose territories are chiefly involved, to come to an agreement. An Anglo-Belgian control service was set up in 1941, while in 1949 a further stage was reached when a Convention was held in London at which the Governments of Great Britain, Belgium, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia agreed to the formation of an International Council for the Control of the Red Locust with its headquarters at Abercorn in Northern Rhodesia. A permanent solution can only come with the co-ordination of such regional councils into one international body to combat a menace which knows no boundaries. Nor should the question of expense be any deterrent when it is realised that the ravages of the locusts have cost mankind an annual average of fifteen million pounds in money alone and untold misery, suffering and loss of life. As Dr. Uvarov has pointed out, it is now for the administrators and politicians to make full use of the knowledge provided by the scientists so that this age-old problem may be permanently solved for the benefit of humanity.

"THIS EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE!"

By S. SIVARAMAN

THE air was thick with rumours. People were talking only in whispers. In broad day-light the female folk at home kept barred every door and window. The men dared not stir out after dusk. The army of urban quill-drivers made a beeline to their offices and darted back again to their homes by 5 o'clock in the evening. Solitary pedestrians did not exist in those days.

Children did not attend schools. The theatres and public places were closed. Death was not more ominously silent than those nights. The prostitutes who doddered on the cobble pavements, driven out of their drab and dubious business by the 'society' amateurs and murderous, sadistic, sexual anarchists, had deserted the nights.

Just a spark of a solitary incident was all that was needed to ignite the powder magazine that was the town. A debtor wanted time and the creditor became abusive. One's fez cap rolled in the dust; temples were despoiled and mosques desecrated; the other's cow was stabbed. Regular rioting was afoot. Plunder and blood-letting became duty. Counter-pilaging rose to be sacred self-defence. Flesh was never cheaper and life more dearly purchased.

The roads were littered with dead, dying and maimed, old and young, children and expectant mothers. Prabhakar could not find his way. Street lamps were smashed and telegraphic wires loosely hung on the posts. The town was plunged in darkness. A chill crept down his spine. Warm drops stood out on his forehead. Three days he had not seen her. His uncle had called him to Calcutta.

Peering into the darkness he almost ran along, stumbling against cold corpses and slipping on oozing blood. His brain was the vortex of a tornado. He cursed all his fellow Hindus, himself, man and God. He smiled at the last "word". Why should *they*, no, *she* pay the price of, he shuddered to name it, human depravity?

The white column rising in the distance, faint against the darkness of the sky, (was it deliberately timed for this Amavas night?), he reckoned, was the war memorial. He could figure out where he was; it was the junction of Manekji Lane and Mirza Road. He raced along, keeping close to the walls of the buildings on either side of the road. The shrieks and wails were faint, indistinct and dying out here. The nearer he approached the house, the more unsteady he became. The very houses, victims of vandalism, still stood out to mock sentient soul-dowered men. The rustle of a leaf underlined the agonizing stillness of the place. That was her house. The gate had been reduced to matchwood, the doors were ajar, the windows smashed to smithereens. Despair shook his soul. Mad thoughts ran along his blood. "They might have fled. But where shall I find her? Why has she then not sent me a note? Will I be in the same house? How am I sure the house will be there? No, no, I may not receive her note. I must risk it."

His first impulse was to run upstairs. On second thought he cautiously went from room to room. The smell told him he was now in the kitchen. In a corner he saw a body. Crumpled, human. It was a gruesome sight. With terror in his eyes and with trembling fingers he turned it over. The body was heavy, rather fat. He was not sure. He slowly drew it near the window. Then he fell back with a stifled cry. It was her mother! Oh, how can this be, yet it was... a monstrous relief. He hastily left the room and in a moment was on the terrace landing.

There was nothing on the floor. The carpet had been defiled. But the hope of youth is deep! He saw something, a something, and ran towards it. "Oh, Mariam Bibi, Bibi," he cried aloud. She was cold. His knees trembled and he sank to the ground.

How many hours he had lain there he did not know. Pain and grief had brought on that coma. He was

gradually returning to an awareness of his surroundings. Strange voices seemed to fill the compound. The wooden staircase was creaking beneath the weight of climbers, for surely they were men coming up. As the unruly mob stepped onto the landing, a savage yell broke out.

One of them stooped down and rolled Prabhakar over on his back and looked him full in the face. He turned him over to see if he had been shot. There was no injury, except that his clothes were blood-stained. Another rushed to the front and jerked him. There seemed to be life in him. He looked again into the face. He recognised it. As Prabhakar's lips parted his eyes opened, dazed. Deen's teeth ground themselves. Bibi's mother had forbidden Deen to enter her house and he had a suspicion that Bibi returned Prabhakar's affection, the Hindu's. Deen had even written an anonymous letter to her mother about her daughter's "misconduct." He shook Prabhakar, his rival at

college and in love. Menacingly he volleyed his questions. "What have you in this house? How did you come here? You are a villain who murdered in cold blood both mother and daughter. You did not expect us so soon?" Rascal, and many other odious expletives were hurled at Prabhakar who had by now sat up, still undecided and agape.

"Beat him, break his bones, burn him" the angry mob shouted to their leader, Deen. He needed no exhortation. He deliberately took his knife, spread out the broad blade and before Prabhakar could move or make a sound, plunged it deep into his chest. The frenzied crowd had no time to waste here. It gathered itself again and renewing its cries of maddening slogans left the house.

Prabhakar had scarce strength to move his limbs. Struggling with all its might, inch by inch, the dying body neared the dead one. He clasped her hand. Day had dawned though it was cold and grey.

YUGOSLAVIA AND THE WEST

By K. ZILLIACUS

Mr. Zilliacus, author of a number of books and pamphlets on international affairs, was for nineteen years a member of the League of Nations Secretariat, and is a member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

YUGOSLAVIA is a Socialist State, governed by a Communist Party through a National Front and an elected Parliament. In order to succeed in building Socialism at home, Yugoslavia must trade with the capitalist West. The one point on which Soviet opinion and official American opinion are agreed is that this situation is bound to end with Yugoslavia being drawn into the Western camp. Communist Parties indeed, echoing the views of the Soviet Communist leaders, declare that the thing has already happened.

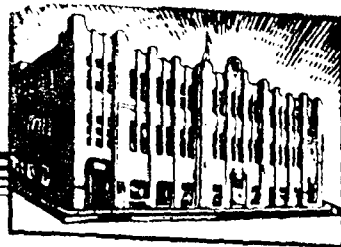
But the Yugoslavs have their own view of the future of their country. They are determined not to be drawn into the Western camp and to continue to defend their independence against Soviet claims. They believe that they are standing for an important principle. They are confident that they can hold out because of the economic resources of their country, the spirit of their people, the quality of their national leadership, and, last but not least, the stalemate and rivalry between the two great armed camps. If the Soviet and official American view is correct, the Yugoslav stand is only a temporary incident in the cold war, regarded as a windfall by one side and as an accidental misfortune by the other, but without calling for any change in political strategy. Even so, it is important. The collapse of the Yugoslav bid for independence might take the form of the regime breaking up in internal disorders, culminating in its overthrow. If so, the insurgents would certainly receive help from the Soviet Union directly or through Yugoslavia's Cominform neighbours. Whether that was so or not, the Soviet Union would certainly get the blame in the West. Or else the Yugoslav regime would succumb to United States pressure and blandishments, aided by fear of the U. S. S. R. and of

Cominformists within the country, and become an ally of the U. S. A. That would mean becoming a client of the Marshall Plan and ultimately United States concessions and bases and the virtual abandonment of the attempt to build Socialism. These developments would probably bring about the disorders and consequences of the former alternative.

In any case, as Mr. John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State Dean Acheson's principal adviser in America's "bi-partisan" foreign policy, warned his countrymen: "It can be assumed that the Soviet State would use the Red Army if its leaders felt that their homeland was imminently and seriously menaced. That is why... the United States should not seek military bases so close to the Soviet Union as to carry an offensive threat that is disproportionate to its defensive value. The establishment of American bases in Yugoslavia would most certainly be regarded by the Soviet Government as an imminent and serious menace to their homeland. That is why any possible alternative to the policy of national independence and international co-operation through the United Nations, without joining either of the great armed blocs, on which Yugoslavia has embarked, would aggravate the cold war to the danger point. It would bring us to the verge of, if it did not plunge us into, the third world war. Contrariwise, if the Yugoslavs succeed in establishing a relationship with the capitalist West that enables them to go on building Socialism at home and to preserve their national independence between the two great camps, they will have introduced a new factor in world affairs that may prove the turning-point in post-war history. For the mere existence of such relations between the capitalist democracies and a people's democracy may show how to remove the principal

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obstacle to the opening of negotiations between the Great Powers. It could mean that the end of the cold war and the dawn of peace were just under the horizon."

At present the issue is undecided. But it is possible to discern certain tendencies. They are on the whole encouraging. The Yugoslavs themselves say that their conflict with the Soviet Union is largely a contest for the understanding and support of progressive opinion in the West, and that on the outcome may well hang the issue of war or peace. It was the growing tension between the Great Powers that led the Soviet Union, as part of her search for security against the danger, real or fancied, of Western intervention and war preparations, to insist on acceptance of her leadership of the Cominform States to a point that touched off the Yugoslav revolt. When I saw Marshall Tito in September 1948, soon after the conflict came into the open, he was quite clear on the fundamental issue: It was not true, he said, to claim that there were ideological differences between Yugoslavia and the other people's democracies which could justify a quarrel. The real issue was a question of principle that was new and that had to be raised and settled sooner or later. Perhaps it was a good thing that it had fallen to the Yugoslav Communist Party to settle that issue, for the others would have caved in and they were going to stand up to it. The issue was what should be the relations between Socialist States. The Yugoslavs claim that they must be based on equality and reciprocity and the ultimate right of self-determination, and not on the big fellow giving orders to the others.

In September 1949, on my next visit, the Yugoslavs were staggering under the shock of the Cominform boycott which cut off half their exports and imports. Everyone was wondering just how far the Soviet Union intended to go after the boycott, the tearing up of the treaties of friendship and alliance, frontier incidents between Yugoslavia and her neighbours, partial rupture of diplomatic relations, threatening notes, rumours of troop movements, etc., etc.

On my six weeks' visit in March and April last year the situation had

changed. Marshal Tito had been calm and confident all the way through. Confidence was general. This was partly because the country has weathered the shock of the Cominform boycott. The trade lost in the East has been more than compensated by increased trade with the West.

Life is still hard, prices are high and there is an acute shortage of consumer goods. But the feeling is general that better times are coming. The people have been put on their mettle by the Cominform campaign. At first the mere fact of breaking with the idolised Soviet Union which could do no wrong bewildered and frightened many people. Now the sheer extravagance and silliness of the Cominform propaganda broadcasts, day in and day out, from a number of powerful stations on Yugoslavia's frontiers, has touched the people's pride, outraged their common sense and, worst of all from the Soviet point of view, tickled their sense of humour. Cominform propaganda against Yugoslavia is a staple subject in the weekly comic paper *Jezh*. "Old Man Stalin's" vain attempts to get the better of "Our Tito" has become the theme of folksongs.

With all this the attitude to the West is changing: Marshal Tito in his speech to the new Parliament after the March election spoke of the improving relations with Austria and Greece. He also spoke in a conciliatory tone about Italy and Trieste. Here the Yugoslav view is that if the Italians will abstain from attempts at blackmail and threats such as trade hold-ups and strong language about Trieste, it should be possible to negotiate a settlement on the basis of leaving the Yugoslavs in possession of the "B" zone and letting the rest go back to Italy with guarantees for the rights of Slovene minorities. But they say that if the Soviet Union can get nowhere with them by bluff and blackmail it is ridiculous for the Italians of all people to think that they can do business with Yugoslavia by such methods.

United States policy towards Yugoslavia is changing. At first the break with the Cominform was treated as a trick or as something temporary and of no great importance. The

State Department continued to issue American passports with a notice that they were not valid for Yugoslavia. The ban on Americans visiting Yugoslavia was lifted early in April, 1950. Then came the policy of allowing Yugoslavia to do just enough trade with the U. S. A. and trying to limit her trade with the West to the point where the regime could just keep going but could not show any striking success. Now State Department policy, or at any rate the United States diplomatic view in Belgrade, seems to be that the Yugoslavs are too obstinate and unreasonable to be really frightened of the Russians and, therefore, to accept any kind of military or political commitment to the U. S. A. But since it is nevertheless a lesser evil to have an independent Communist Yugoslavia than a Kremlin Communist Yugoslavia, the U. S. A. must encourage trade and credits for Yugoslavia, even if that country goes on building Socialism at home and taking its own line in international relations. Sooner or later, they believe, the Yugoslavs will feel that they are militarily threatened by the Soviet Union and will voluntarily contract an alliance with the U. S. A.

The Yugoslavs are perfectly aware of the ulterior motive in this new American policy. They are under no illusion as to the abyss between declarations of local American diplomats and even the intentions of the State Department on the one hand and the decisions of the Congress on the other. Nevertheless, they do not believe that the Soviet Union will attack them because, they say, the U. S. S. R. thinks in social and not military terms. If there were serious unrest or a large-scale rising in Yugoslavia there would no doubt be Soviet help and encouragement. But they are confident that their people are and will remain united in support of the Government's policies and that so long as that is the case they need not fear aggression. At the same time they are not neglecting their defences.

Meanwhile the breach with the Soviet Union and her satellites and the resulting necessity for trading with the U. S. A. and what the Yugoslavs regard as America's satellites are influencing Yugoslav domestic policy. The Yugoslav leaders have been study-

ing the evolution of the Soviet Union and are determined not to repeat the errors of that country.

There is free discussion of the fundamental issues arising out of the break with the U. S. S. R. I was told at the Writers' Club in Belgrade of a recent visit of one of the chief Yugoslav leaders, who told his hearers that the Government had only one directive to give them, namely that there were no directives for them. They should write as they pleased. Not only is there no attempt by the Yugoslav Communist Party to interfere in the business of artists, writers, scientists, etc., but their associations speak their minds freely on public affairs. That does not mean that the Yugoslav regime, which is barely six years old and has emerged from war, civil war and revolution in (as it then was) a primitive and largely illiterate country, has attained the standards of democracy, freedom and tolerance which we try to observe. As one prominent Yugoslav leader said to me, "We must admit that in the Socialist States we have not yet solved the problem of

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BY

G. S. BHARGAVA

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freedom." But there is no doubt that the Yugoslav regime is very much in earnest about including democracy and freedom, as we in the West understand those terms, in the Socialist society they are building.

Yugoslavia's stand is a challenge to both sides in the cold war and an opportunity to those who want to make peace. It challenges the leaders of the Soviet Government and Communist Party to give up the claim to direct Communist Parties in other countries, since that claim is inconsistent with the Charter of the United Nations and incompatible with the confidence between nations necessary to civilised intercourse. It challenges the Western Powers to make it clear that when they talk of "defending democracy against Communism" they are not using this as a cloak for policies of interference in the internal affairs of other countries, going all the way to fomenting civil war and counter-revolution, but are merely insisting that Communist Parties must cease to act on a view of "proletarian internationalism" which amounts to accepting the judgment

and leadership of the Soviet Communist Party as their supreme authority. It is an opportunity to those who want to make peace to propose the beginning of negotiations for an all-round settlement, on the basis of the Western Powers ceasing all policies of anti-Communist discrimination and intervention and bringing the Soviet Union into full partnership in settling the affairs of Europe and Asia, provided the Soviet Union and the Cominform States restore normal economic and diplomatic relations with and call off their propaganda campaign against Yugoslavia. For by doing so they would effectively and irrevocably abandon the claim to direct other Communist Parties, which would promptly claim the same right to run their own show as the Yugoslav Communist Party and thereby remove any valid or respectable reason for continuing present Anglo-American policies against Communist Parties in other countries. Yugoslavia is a challenge to the Russians to prove they are Socialists, to the Americans to prove they are not Fascists, and to all of us to show that we prefer even a tepid peace to the cold war.—N.N.F.

INDO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

By R. V. VIDYA SAGAR

TO those who have been working for Indo-American friendship, the gulf between these two countries, which is widening with every day that passes, comes as a shock. It is realised on all hands that a strong Indo-American alignment on international matters would be a great stabilising factor in this world of political uncertainties. But this alignment should be based on a positive rather than a negative programme. Till now India and America were friendly, mostly because of their aversion to Communism and no attempt has been made to bring out a positive programme of co-operation. The chord which binds them both is rather a delicate one and it is threatening to snap, whenever they differ on international matters.

Of late India has consistently maintained that America was not following a wise policy in the Far East. The

Americans, having taken an increasingly great interest in Asian affairs after the end of the Second World War, should have taken a more sympathetic view of the forces working inside Asia. The greatest problem in Asia is no doubt economic backwardness; but politically there is an attempt, on the part of the peoples of the various countries therein to rid Asia of foreign domination. Though America is not imperialistic, she has been supporting the imperialism of others. Indeed it has become the *sine qua non* of America's Asian policy to support the wrong horse. Thus in Indo-China they have supplied arms to the French to put down the nationalist forces working for the liberation of Indo-China impelling them to convert themselves into Communists. If the British had not granted independence to India in the way they did

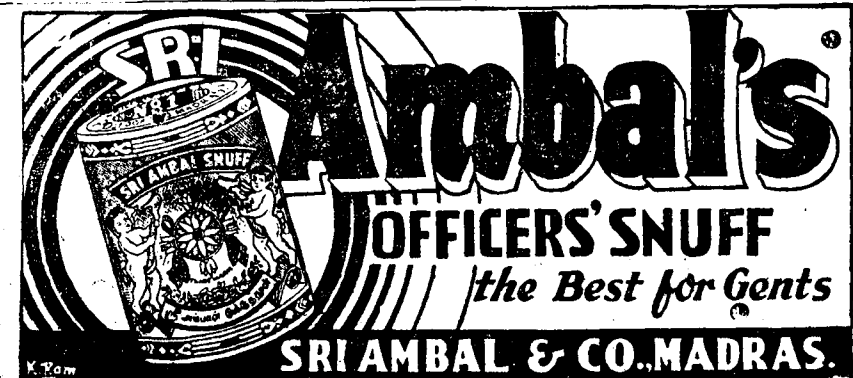
and if they had sought to repress the liberation movement by force of arms, many of our leaders would perhaps have taken to Communism. This psychological aspect, America has never understood, with the result that Americans still pursue their help-imperialist policy, increasing the very danger which they seek to avoid. America should rally all nationalist forces and advise France to leave Indo-China, enabling such nationalist forces to run their own Government.

Korea was the chief subject on which America and India rarely thought on the same lines. America (no doubt under the directives of the U. N. O.) used her might in fighting the North Koreans. In this terrible war, many "American boys" have lost their lives. And yet no peace is in sight. When the Americans were on the ascendant, the faint voice of India asking them not to cross the 38th Parallel did not reach them, nor were her fears of world-wide recrudescence of trouble seriously considered. India has many a time pleaded that negotiations should be attempted and no opportunity should be lost of stopping this unnecessary war. This was, of course, misunderstood as rank appeasement of the aggressor and the American Press turned hostile to India, and began denouncing India and her leader Nehru. The Indian Press too became vituperative and no attempt has been made to represent the American point of view in an honest manner. In their anxiety to get back their lost prestige (in Korea) America has miscalculated the enemy's power and is still hopeful of a military success in Korea. But to those whose eyes are not "bloodshot with passion," the Korean war looks

like a beginning for a world conflagration.

There is a feeling in India that the Korean war is only a manifestation of America's desire for war. It is pointed out that war creates a favourable market for American surplus products and reduces their unemployment. The way in which some Americans talk loosely of war enables this kind of feeling to grow. There are some politicians in America who have expressed a desire that the atom bomb should be used in Korea. We shudder at the very idea of this terrible experiment on the millions of Asia. Though Americans, having repeatedly condemned North Koreans for having committed aggression on South Korea, sought to punish the aggressor, they were not prepared to condemn the aggressor when exactly similar aggression was committed by Pakistan in Kashmir. Obviously because Pakistan is not a Communist country. Why is it that the very people who advocated peaceful means of settling the Kashmir issue, object to peaceful means in Korea?

These are some of the outstanding aspects of Indo-American relations. The guiding principle of America is to stop Russian expansion. The only interest of America is to develop an anti-Russian front. But to us, the problem is one of poverty and India looks in vain to America for help. India has realised, of late, that there is a great difference between talking of freedom and working for freedom. She has gradually but unconsciously drifted from America, and her voice of peace is acquiring greater force in the United Nations. America is ill at ease at the emergence of this force.



SECRETS OF RED CHINA—V

By EMILY HAHN

WHEN Lenin got out of the train that took him back to Russia in 1917, he made a speech in the Petrograd station waiting-room to the revolutionaries who welcomed him. There are varying versions of that speech; but what is common to all of them is that Lenin said the equivalent of "Now we have to do the job."

To-day Mao Tse-tung stands very much where Lenin did then. He has achieved power; now he has to do the job. At 57, he is exactly 10 years older than Lenin was in 1917. Will he succeed, as Lenin succeeded?

Now prophecy is a pastime for fools. Nobody in 1930 could have foretold 1940; and nobody in 1950 can foretell 1960—either in China or anywhere else. I shall not attempt prophecy. I shall go no further than examining, as a matter of fact, what Mao and his Communists must do if they are to keep power.

The difficulties facing them are enormous. To start with, there is no administrative machine covering the whole country, as there was in Tsarist Russia. The structure set up by Chiang, provisional and incomplete as it was, has now broken down.

If Mao is to impose Communism on the endless millions of China he must create a machine powerful and ruthless enough to alter their whole pattern of living. Can he do that? Well, I have no doubt that his Communists are ready to try.

Life Is Cheap

They do not regard human life with the same sacredness as does the Christian West. They will have few scruples about torture and killing. Life is cheap in China, anyhow.

When people are pre-occupied with the personal struggle for bare survival—and that is how most of China's millions spend all their lives—they are unlikely to bother very much about theories of government. They will submit to a great deal. So long as they can keep alive.

They are a passive people. I do not

believe that Mao or anyone else can turn them into a nation of zealots. Their passivity will help him to stay in power; but it will impede him when he tries to rearrange their lives.

Communism for China must necessarily be a matter not of seizing factories but of collectivising the soil. For China is essentially a nation of peasants not of industrial workers. Now the peasant in China has the characteristics of the peasant anywhere else in the world. He clings to the soil; he wants to be let alone; he is conservative, traditional, suspicious of changes; and he is as stubborn as a mule. Tax-gatherers, bureaucrats, political enthusiasts—he dislikes and distrusts them all.

To abolish private ownership of land—something consecrated by the traditions of centuries: to force the fiercely individualist Chinese peasant into collective farming; to choke his life-long hunger for his own piece of soil—that is what Mao must do in order to create Communism. It is the most gigantic task that has ever confronted a revolutionary.

The Risks

To attempt it, successfully or not, he must organise the landless masses against the landowning peasants. He must mobilise the hungry men who want land against the hungry men who have a little of it. And he must do it knowing the risk; the risk of arousing the desperation of the man who finds his fingers being forced off the raft to which he clings.

One way in which I expected to see Mao tackle the job is by trying to break down the Chinese reverence for the family unit. I expect to see him developing schools that will take children away from the influence of their traditionally minded parents. He must try his utmost to rupture the family basis of China. For that, in essence, is what he is fighting against.

Mao to-day is the ally and the admirer of Stalin. Will he remain the ally?

I will not attempt to prophesy here,

either; but I will set down the facts that must be considered in any estimate of the future.

Fact No. 1 is that Mao is a Marxist; a man who has dedicated himself, throughout his adult life, to the gospel of Communism. But he is also a Marxist who believes in private judgment, and who is prepared to disagree with the high priest in the Kremlin.

Twenty-three years ago, when Chiang Kai-shek threw out his Russian advisers, Mao and the Chinese Communists also quarrelled with the Kremlin. They did not break with Moscow; but they refused to follow the line laid down for them by the Communist International. They insisted that they knew better than the International how to appeal to China.

Soviet Arms

Throughout the 1930s the rift continued. Stalin showed little interest

in the Chinese Communists. He did not come to their rescue at the end of their Long March, when they established themselves not far from his frontier. They needed machinery, and clothes, and food, and arms. They went on needing them.

It is only since the fall of Japan that Stalin has renewed his links with Mao. To-day it is Soviet factories that arm Mao's troops. If Mao has now grown strong enough to overthrow Chiang, he has Stalin to thank for that.

So far as I can see, there is no reason at all at present why the relationship between them should be endangered. To suppose that it is about to break down seems to me to be merely wishful thinking.

There is nothing like necessity to keep people together. Mao needs Soviet backing; and Stalin needs his Chinese ally. But neither is likely to forget that once upon a time they split.—*Copyright Lens.*

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By V. P. SATHE

IT is reported that one Member of Parliament is moving a resolution demanding the prohibition of the entry of American films in India and that resolution may have come before the Parliament for discussion before this column appears in print.

There is hardly any doubt that such a resolution has no chance of being passed—at least that is how I feel about it. For, motion pictures, like books, must have a free entry all over the world. I have always felt that not only American, but Russian, French, British and Italian pictures should be also shown in India. My complaint if any, is that only American pictures are being exhibited and the theatres showing American pictures cannot exhibit any other pictures, not even Indian, without the permission of the foreign distribution concerns who have exclusive contracts not on the basis of picture but weeks per year with every theatre. It would be one thing to break the monopoly of American pictures and quite another to prohibit their import altogether.

Indeed, one shudders at the very idea of such a prohibition. For it would compel all the people in India to see Indian pictures. And the Burra Sahibs who go ga-ga over Carman Miranda's dance and scoff at Cuckoo, who pride on not seeing Indian films and go to see third-rate murder thrills from Hollywood, what will happen to them. More than that, what will happen to our own writers, technicians and producers who draw most of their inspiration from Hollywood films.

In a way they will be happy. For they will have an opportunity to go out of India to see foreign films and they will plagiarise them more confi-

dently because then they will have no fear of being detected.

But at the same time it cannot be gainsaid that the picturegoers will be denied an opportunity to appreciate good works of art. The motion pictures today provide the only cultural contact to us with America and other nations and it would be a folly to break that contact. As is evident from the visit of Pudovkin and Cherkosav and the visit of Shakespearean actors from London, the cultural contacts are very essential. Let that relationship not be confined to America only. So the Member of Parliament would be well advised to demand the import and exhibition of films from all nations instead of prohibition of foreign films.

Personality Of The Week

A film journalist does not always succeed in the art of direction. For instance, it is on record that Baburao Patel who has proved so popular as a journalist failed to hit the bull's eye as a director. On the other hand Abbas and Kumar have proved successful in this vocation and one is happy to note that B. R. Chopra the erst-while editor of a film magazine *Cine Herald* has made a successful debut as a film director in *Afsana*.

Tall, lanky and well-built Chopra has been toying with the idea of making pictures for a long time. Even when he was conducting his film magazine at Lahore he was connected with a film company which produced *Sethi Murad* in Punjabi. And just when *Rattan* was made he came to Bombay to produce *Lalarukh* in association with Jalmani Dewan.

The plan however did not material-

ize and he went back to Lahore disappointed. But the idea of making pictures got hold of him for good! He planned another picture entitled *Chandni Chowk* in association with D. P. Berry, the editor of *Screen World*. It was during the planning stage of this picture that I met Chopra at Lahore. The script was completed, but the riots and partition ruined the plan though Chopra had come to Bombay and settled with Kardar studio and S. M. Yusuf for direction.

After the partition, Chopra came to Bombay for good, and he and Berry launched their first production *Karwat*. The production did not have smooth sailing; first, Berry parted company and then Chopra and Veda could not pull on together. Believe it or not, though Chopra was the producer he was prohibited from visiting the set or seeing the rushes by the director. And as was feared the association could not last long and ultimately Chopra got another director to complete the picture.

But *Karwat* as a picture did not create much impression. To avoid any further conflict and clash of tempers Chopra decided to direct his second picture himself and he directed *Afsana* which reveals that he has a good grasp of film craft, and his style of narration appears to be as good as that of a versatile competent professional director.

If *Afsana* is any indication Chopra is bound to go a long way as a director, though one must warn him to be careful. For, it has happened so often that directors who make brilliant debuts get themselves lost in the usual rut; and one hopes that Chopra will always bear in mind that his success as a director will depend upon his ability to retain his distinct individuality and his enterprising spirit in always tackling unusual themes and stories.

Picture Of The Week

A comparative new comer in the field of production and direction has made a surprisingly good picture; that is the first impression one forms of Shree Gopal Pictures' *Afsana*.

The picture, though produced by an independent producer is technically first rate, distinguished by excellent sets, décor, mounting and brilliant

camerawork by Rajendra Malone. Besides, it has a story which is different from the usual rut and is at the same time very gripping and thrilling with the result that when you see *Afsana* you feel the satisfaction of having watched a good story presented with good taste and an attractive manner.

The story, screenplay and dialogues by I. S. Johor reveal that Johor is as good in writing a tense drama as he has already proved himself to be in writing comedy in *Ek Thi Larki*. True, *Afsana* is not a very original story; it seems obviously inspired by Marie Correlli's famous novel *Vendetta*. But the way he has adapted that theme and evolved his own screenplay is very clever and intelligent.

It begins with the childhood of twin brothers Chaman and Rattan and the girl they loved—Meera. The childhood sequences reveal the characters of the trio in an interesting manner, though one feels that the play staged by children is rather too long and should have been scrapped. In a village mela Rattan is lost and Chaman grows up into a ruthless, hard but rich man with many vocations including the theatre. And while Meera is still hoping and waiting for the return of Rattan, brought up in an orphanage, he grows up in Judge Ashok's place happily married to Leela,—oblivious of his childhood and also of his wife's illicit affair with his friend Mohan.

Fate brings the two brothers together at Mussorie. The Judge goes there for work; and Chaman, a fugitive from justice, goes there to find refuge. When Chaman sees Ashok and notices his resemblance to him, he tries to kill him by giving him an extra dose of sleeping pills and donning his clothes and make-up so that he could live as Judge Ashok. The plan is thwarted; for while running away Chaman dies in a car accident and a doctor saves Ashok from death. But now no one recognises him as Ashok; everyone thinks he is Chaman. Fortunately for him Chaman is proved innocent of the murder charges; but unfortunately for him he finds that his wife and friend have been faithless to him.

He becomes Chaman willingly and

plans to expose both his wife and Mohan. This part of the story provides tense drama and thrilling climax, though one feels that the mediaeval way of justice adopted by the husband in the end is hardly in keeping with the modern atmosphere of the story. Similarly the dying speech delivered by the repentant wife who takes poison sounds hypocritical. And the union of Meera and Ashok (Rattan) is also rather tame, thanks mainly to tame acting by Veena.

Described as a sphinx like beauty she lives upto that description in this picture. In direct contrast Kuldip gives a sparkling performance and looks even more charming than Veena. The picture is however mainly a triumph for Ashok Kumar who in the double role of Chaman and Ashok gives a slick performance of a very high order. Jeevan is good at comedy and Pran for once tries to act and almost succeeds in acting well.

Well acted the picture is competently directed, though one would like to remind Mr. Chopra to be more crisp and pointed in his presentation. The dances are not in keeping with the tune of the dramatic part of the picture. The Cabaret dance in Mussoorie Hotel is very dull; and while the loss of the pantomime dance is good the execution is hardly upto the mark. But for the fact that the audience is already aware of its contents, the dance-drama by itself is not explicit. Incidentally, both Johar and Chopra should have thought of something more dynamic than this hackneyed idea to bring about the retribution of the faithless wife. The music also is not very good, the song tunes are hackneyed. And the sets are spectacular, solid but often unrealistic—a common weakness of all current pictures.

These defects notwithstanding, *Afsana* is really a very refreshing picture with a well knit engrossing screenplay, excellent performances and photography and enterprising direction to distinguish it.

News Of The Week

—Vasan arrived in Bombay on Thursday 8th to attend the premiere of *Mangala*. Ranjan the hero of the picture is accompanying him. During

his stay in Bombay Vasan is expected to meet several screen-writers and discuss with them the subjects for his next Hindi film.

—K. Asif, the producer of *Hulchul* will re-make *Moghul-E-Azam* which once he was making for Famous Films but which was left incomplete. For the new version he is selecting a formidable cast including Prithviraj (as Akbar) Madhubala (as Anarkali) Dilip Kumar (as Saleem) Veena (as Dilaram), Durga Khote (as Jodhabai). The team of technicians which worked for *Hulchul* will assist him in this production as well.

—Incidentally, Kamal Amrohi is also making the same subject for Filmkar under the name *Anarkali* while Filmistan proposed to make *Anarkali and Prince Saleem* in colour. It is to be seen who will make the picture first.

—Kamal Amrohi is reported to have been signed by Bombay Talkies to direct one picture. Bimal Roy is also directing one Picture based on a theme of mother love for Bombay Talkies. Leela Chitnis will play the lead.

—In view of the withdrawal of the footage restriction order Mr. Vasan withdrew his plaint against the Government of Bombay about *Mangala*.

—India along with other nations has been invited to the International Film Festival to be held at Berlin from 6th June to 17th.

—Mr. Tiwari of M. & T. launched his picture *Nirala* in Bombay with a novel scheme. According to this scheme any picturegoer who buys his ticket in advance could ask after seeing the picture upto interval for the refund of his money (minus the tax), if he did not want to see the complete picture.

—Robert Rossellini has created another sensation. His latest film *Miracle* has won the award of New York Film Critics as the best foreign picture of the year and the wrath of New York's Catholics. The Legion of Decency called it "sacrilegious and blasphemous mocking of Christian religious truth". The picture was banned for a few days but is now being again shown, thanks to the distributor's success to get an injunction from the Supreme Court.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
Mightiest of mighty is the press.

—BOWRING.

IT is the view of some that I should have asserted straightway the right of the Press to influence voting by comment on pending parliamentary proceedings, instead of waiving it even temporarily in order to ascertain the British practice. And so perhaps I would have done, but for ignorance of what was impending. The fact that the Speaker had in contemplation a project to issue a ruling when the legislature next met, was not disclosed to me. Nor was I aware that the initiative for securing the Speaker's ruling emanated from Sri Madhava Menon the Law Minister. In public discussions of important issues it is proper to weigh words carefully. Nothing should be said that others can construe as the giving away of another's interest. But in private talk the give and take of courtesy can be less calculating. There is room for abundance of compromise to cement understanding. It must be said also that Sri Sivashanmukham Pillai is a difficult man to quarrel with even when you disagree with him. Even on the occasions when he lapses into authoritarianism, the transition therefrom to entreaty is so swift and sweet that the one gets mixed up with the other, and you are lost in indecision between resistance and compliance. There never was a Speaker who took himself and his mission as guardian of the dignities of the House so seriously. All his faculties are all the time primed up into an assertion of independence, and the occupants of the Treasury Bench have felt the sting of his stern sense of duty as much as less formidable people have enjoyed the protective geniality of his desire to be fair. Such a Speaker, so earnest, sincere, painstaking and high-minded, evokes in the most critical an anxiety to co-operate and lessen the difficulties of his work. But for once he was

bowed out of his moorings by the Law Minister, a specimen of arrogant offensiveness sure to get into trouble any Speaker who allowed him to come too close.

On the concluding day of the debate on Sri Prakasam's motion in the Assembly, the Law Minister objected to the article in *Swatantra* that has now become the subject of the Speaker's ruling. Here is the *Hindu's* report of the relevant passage in the Law Minister's speech:

"One weekly interested in Mr. Prakasam made a comment which would amount to a canvassing in favour of Mr. Prakasam. So much was said by the other side about the Party Whip and he (the Law Minister) would like to point out that this comment by a paper was also a whip in another way."

It is the Law Minister's contention that only the Government can influence voting and not the Press, that is now reflected in the Speaker's ruling. How much more the menace to the freedom of the Press is enhanced by this fact can be readily understood by all. In a statement professing profound "anxiety about Press privileges," Sri Deshbandhu Gupta, President of the A.-I.N.E.C., is at pains to say that he does not "wish to discuss the merits of the (Speaker's) ruling in terms of the particular article" in *Swatantra*. How can he comment correctly on the Speaker's ruling at all if he is so careful to avoid discussing its merits in relation to the occasion that provoked it? This sort of anxiety to avoid discussion of not merely a relevant but a basic issue will not advance Press privileges and if the President of the A.-I.N.E.C. cannot get out of it, let him leave the protection of Press privileges to those who can. The onslaught on Press privileges arises only in the case of that section of the Press prone to free comment on Ministers' misdeeds. If you dare not examine such comment as the basis of the attack on Press privileges, your anxiety about Press privileges is meaningless, and those most threatened can afford to dispense with it.—SAKA.

IS EUROPE FIRST?

By ANDREW ROTH

IT is striking that while the future of the world seems to be in the process of decision in Asia, President Truman and General Eisenhower should be widely applauded for re-emphasising: "Europe comes first." While two-thirds of the American Army is fighting in the frigid bleakness of Korea and suffering 15,000 casualties a month, they insist that Western Europe is the vital theatre of war. Although the whole structure of world diplomacy has been shaken by the implications of the developing Sino-American clash in Asia, Washington has continued to insist that priority be given to cementing relations with Europe.

President Truman's "State of the Union" speech of January 8th and General Eisenhower's speeches to Congress on February 1 and to the American public on February 2 are vital documents in the debate of world strategy. In them—for the first time—the "Europe-first" basis of post-war American policy was laid out for public view.

Despite his unimaginative delivery and flat Missouri voice, two sentences jumped out of President Truman's text on January 8th. At one time he warned: "If Western Europe were to fall to Soviet Russia, it would double the Soviet supply of coal and triple the Soviet supply of steel." Later in his speech he paused to milk a round of applause from the following sentence: "Strategically, economically and morally, the defence of Europe is a part of our own defence."

As befits one whose political 'glamour' is supposed to detract from that of General MacArthur, General Eisenhower's genial speeches made the thesis seem more attractive. "Western Europe is the cradle of our civilisation: from her originally we drew our strength, genius and culture. But our concern in Europe is far more than sentimental. Our own security is directly involved...."

"First of all, in Western Europe exists the greatest pool of skilled labour in the world. In Western

Europe exists a great industrial capacity second only to that of the United States.

"Now if we take that whole complex, with its potential for military exploitation, and transfer it from our side to another side, the military balance of power has, in my mind, shifted so drastically that our safety would be gravely imperilled, gravely imperilled...."

It is natural, in this industrial age, that the country which has come to the fore because of its own industrial advance should feel that an alliance between the half of the world's industrial productivity found in the U. S. and the other quarter found in Western Europe is the guarantee of victory. This has been the fundamental assumption on which the National Security Council, which decides American strategy, has made its postwar alliances. The logical consequence of this assumption has been that nine out of every ten dollars of the billions the U. S. has spent on foreign economic aid has gone to the countries of Western Europe.

The words of President Truman and General Eisenhower fell like sweet music on the ears of Western European leaders. Western Europe, indeed, has seemed like an ageing wife of declining wealth, anxious about the affections of its impetuous and increasingly wealthy young American mate. Under these conditions it is comforting to be assured that you are still absolutely vital to his happiness and security. It is reassuring even if it is not true. It is doubly reassuring when the partner in question really believes it. You tend to suppress the logical conclusion that if your importance is so vital, your American mate must inevitably destroy you if he cannot keep you from another.

To observe outside Europe a section of President Truman's speech and parallel sections in General Eisenhower's speeches must have seemed most peculiar. President Truman warned: "If the free countries of Asia and Africa should fall to Soviet Russia, we would lose the sources of many of

our most vital raw materials, including uranium, which is the basis of our atomic power." This indicates that for President Truman "free" means "non-Communist"—and not "independent"—since America's uranium comes mostly from Belgium's Congo colony.

General Eisenhower spelled out more clearly American reliance on Europe as the controller of the raw materials of the colonies and former colonies. "If Western Europe should be overrun by Communism," he emphasised, "many economically dependent areas in Africa and the Middle East would be affected by the debacle. Southeastern Asia would probably soon be lost. Thus we would be cut off from the raw materials of all these regions—materials that we need for existence."

"Take such items as manganese, copper and uranium. Could we possibly think of existing without access to them?" Other U. S. spokesmen have emphasised American dependence on external sources for tin and chrome (100% dependence), cobalt (92%), tungsten (73%), rubber (51%), as well as important items like petroleum and graphite.

The striking thing about the list of strategic materials upon which the United States is declared to be dependent—and which it is frantically stockpiling—is that except for small amounts of two or three strategic minerals, none of them is to be found in Western Europe. The bulk of the world's rubber and tin are produced in Malaya and Indonesia. Turkey is a chief supplier of chrome, along with the Philippines. Industrial diamonds come mostly from South Africa. Graphite comes mostly from Ceylon and Madagascar. The Belgian Congo is the main source of uranium. Half of the world's known petroleum reserves are in South Asia (lumping together the Middle East and Southeast Asia). And the principle source of manganese outside the U. S. S. R. is India. Tungsten is primarily an Asian resource; apart from China, it is also found in Burma, Malaya, Indo-China and Thailand. In short, the bulk of the world's strategic materials, which General Eisenhower says "are absolutely essential to (American) existence" are found in Africa and Asia.

Washington's assumption that it is necessary to give priority to Europe in order to maintain access to Asian-African strategic materials is difficult to defend as better than a half-truth. In the case of the politically independent countries of South Asia, slighting them in favour of Europe would seem to imperil rather than preserve sources of raw materials. When India's manganese is desired—and India is short of food—there is little point in financing Britain's imports of food and raw materials. Similarly, if it is considered necessary to strengthen Persia to maintain access to its virtually unlimited petroleum resources, assistance must be applied to Persia and not to Western Europe. If Indonesia's abundant tin and rubber—as well as other minerals—are coveted, it is certainly the Indonesians who must be made happy and no longer the Dutch.

There is a short-range truth in the fact that the Marshall Plan as currently constituted facilitates American access to the raw materials of Europe's colonies. To secure Malaya's rubber and tin it has been advisable to work through Britain. Working with France has certainly been the best short-cut to Morocco's strategic materials. And the same goes for the uranium in the Belgian Congo. But it is quite clear that these strategic materials would have been as readily forthcoming without the elaboration of the "Europe-first" concept and the Marshall Plan. In fact, without the dollars provided by the Marshall Plan, the dollar-short countries of Europe would have been under greater pressure to sell their raw materials to the U. S.!

It is equally difficult to follow the Truman-Eisenhower line of logic that the military loss of Western Europe would almost automatically mean the loss of the raw-material-producing colonies and former colonies. Although Belgium was occupied by the Nazis in the last war the Belgian Congo was in Allied hands. And if another war breaks out there would certainly be an American task force there in a very few hours to preserve its uranium.

In point of fact the chief deterrent preventing the expansion of Soviet influence into the raw-material-pro-

ducing areas even today is the knowledge that it would almost certainly mean war with the United States. Outside Europe there are hardly two hundred thousand European troops holding the 'containment arc' around the borders of the Soviet Union and its allies. It is not the small contingent of British troops based on the Suez that deters the Russians from marching into Persia. Nor is it the 60,000 French troops in Indochina or the 25,000 British troops in Malaya and Hongkong that prevent the Chinese Communists from overrunning Southeast Asia. It is the knowledge that such action would almost certainly mean a third World War.

UMPIRE-BAITING

By P. N. S.

IN a cricket match played in Madras recently two leading batsmen succumbed to successive deliveries, both out leg before wicket. But before tracing their way back the batsmen tarried awhile at the crease, apparently not satisfied with the decision of the umpire, and one of them on his way back even showed his displeasure in the manner he took off his gloves—his attitude bespoke 'umpired out.'

Such an unseemly incident, for there is nothing more unseemly than a cricketer showing his chagrin in any manner on the field, beyond creating a mild stir at the moment, would have ordinarily passed unnoticed even though it was a test match. And a Macartney or a Woodfull would not even have nodded at such incidents or the decisions of the umpire in their review of cricket matches in the pre-war days. They were fully aware that the umpire is the sole and best judge of things happening in the middle, that his decisions are final and cannot and should not be doubted; and even if doubted, it would not be in the interests of the game to parade their supposed failings in public.

But since cricket was resumed after World War II a new race of sports writers have arisen. These consider that the umpire is an integral part of the game (a sound enough proposition which nobody dare dispute), that he is a professional and should face any lapses in his determinations

In short, no one can deny that, after the United States, Western Europe is pre-eminent in its industrial genius and capacity and has useful colonial connections. But that one fact is not enough to warrant a completely 'Europe-first' emphasis in American strategy. On the Soviet side of the curtain tiny Czechoslovakia has today a greater industrial production than giant China. But no commentator in his right mind would suggest that the Communist putsch in Czechoslovakia was a greater advance for the Communist world than the Communist victory in China.—*Copy-right—N. P. S.*

in the same manner as the lapses of a player and that it is not proper to "gag" men of their kind from admonishing the umpire for his failings. This can only be described as umpire-baiting, for criticisms such as these are nothing more or less. And this is hardly in keeping with the grand spirit of the game, or in its best interests. But these considerations do not seem to weigh in the least with these Daniels who presume to sit in judgment on the judge himself.

This modern curse perhaps had its birth in the famous incident at Brisbane three years ago in the first test between Wally Hammond's team and the Australians. J. T. Ikin was supposed to have caught Don Bradman in the slips off Bill Voce, but as the Don stood his ground without moving, the umpire was appealed to whereupon Bradman was declared not out. This decision, it seemed, shocked the Englishmen. And criticisms covering this test, and almost every book that was reeled off the Press about the tour, contained a sickening repetition of this and many other "wrong decisions" by the umpires.

A foul habit catches on most easily, and this new anti-umpire refrain has now been taken up by many others, so that no incident like the one referred to at the beginning of this article passes without rousing the ire of some dour critic, who pounces on to paper with his vitriolic pen.

Expressions like the batsmen receiving 'marching orders' or having to retire 'at the dictation of the umpire' are unblushingly thrown about and pass off among the gullible and unthinking as the high watermark of criticism. Even today, fortunately for the game, there remain a Neville Cardus or a Robertson Glasgow or an Arthur Gilligan, who take a delight, not in parading with gusto the deficiencies of the umpire, but in delineating the glory of Len Hutton, the bad luck of the brilliant Wright, or the fallible brilliance of Keith Miller or Neil Harvey; in drawing pen pictures of the game in the middle, its finer points and the unfolding of the glorious uncertainties that mark it by the hour and by the day. These great critics are also as conscious of their rights of criticism as anybody else; but they are more alive to their duties when they address themselves to their task, and refuse to allow their judgment or vision, by yielding to a perverse desire, to make an unbecoming exhibition of prejudices which are least in harmony with the game of cricket. But a Cardus or a Robertson Glasgow or a Gilligan is in a minority nowadays, and ere long may cease to be.

It is not the purpose of this article to demonstrate or even to assert that the umpire can do no wrong. Being human like any one of us, he too is fallible, and may indeed commit an occasional error. But consider the enormity of his task, especially if it is such an important game as a test match. Unlike the players, the umpire has to be on his legs throughout; he can never relax in his concentration even for a moment (a mistake may be fatal and sway to an immense degree the chances of victory or defeat to a side); he has to be without passions; not for him are the excitement of a sixer or of a hat-trick, or the boredom of a long partnership; nor indeed can he aspire to get a bouquet or even a word of praise at the end of a long day. (Now he may thank his stars if the brickbats don't start flying!). A stern duty conscientiously carried out is his only reward.

Such is the unenviable task of the custodian of the rules (and of hats, gloves and what not). And when thoughtless criticism of an occasional

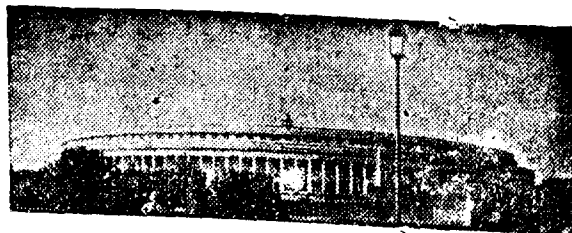
lapse of his, with a hint on the sly of even his integrity, are broadcast, he has to carry his burden with much embarrassment and possibly with less concentration, and this may, perhaps, result in more lapses.

One such sportswriter of today, Cliff Cary of Australia, in defence of this umpire-baiting says that even so far back as 1920 a Mr. Iredale, an Australian international wrote, apparently at the finish of a tour, that the Englishmen criticised the standard of umpiring in Australia. But it is one thing to write at the end of a tour that umpiring in general was not upto the mark, and quite a different proposition to pursue the umpire round the clock and magnify each and every tiny defection on his part. The former kind of criticism is not likely to be misunderstood; for aught, it may cause an improvement in the standard of the work done. The latter policy is bound to be resented, and might act as a brake on the best of men coming forward to do a thankless job, and cause a deterioration in standards.

This is what Lord Tennyson, former England test captain, and a cricketer who is in tune with the spirit of the game wrote about the criticism of umpires' decisions indulged in during the English tour of Australia in 1946-47 in his book "Sticky Wickets": "There is one final point, which I mention, because it refers to cricket generally, as well as to this particular tour. There was a series of ill-founded criticisms of decisions of the umpires in respect of leg before wicket and catches. It is bad form at any time to question umpires' decisions. It is even worse when one is not in a position to make a fair judgment. Worst of all, there were insinuations against the sincerity and probity of the umpires. That sort of thing should never be hinted at unless it can be proved. I have never known a case where such reckless insinuations had the slightest suggestion of truth.

"Nor do I like to hear of England cricketers making obvious their disagreement with decisions or trying to lead an umpire by the garden. These are two of the things which definitely are not done in the greatest of all games. There is no room for argument about that, is there?"

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Diplomats' Gallery in Parliament was never fuller than when Jawaharlal Nehru made his long-awaited statement on Foreign Affairs. "I have ventured to take up a great deal of the time of the House, and I seek forgiveness for it," he said. But he had actually taken less than half an hour to read out a statement containing about four thousand words. His usual extempore statements hardly ever lasted for less than an hour. If Nehru had made Monday's statement extempore, he would have taken not less than two hours. And he would not have had any time left to seek the forgiveness of the House.

A high official of the Chinese Embassy was interpreting in whispers the Prime Minister's statement in Chinese for the benefit of the Chinese Ambassador, General Yuan. Nehru refrained from speaking about Nepal, although the postponement of the date of his statement was due to the negotiations that were going on for an Interim Government in Nepal. I suppose Nehru did not wish to steal the thunder of King Tribhuvan who will make a proclamation from Khatmandu next week.

From the trends noticeable in the Capital, there appears to be an influential group in the Congress Party which thinks that the present pro-Chinese policy of the Government should be reversed. This group wants the recall of Ambassador Panikkar from China. But the Prime Minister, supported by Maulana Azad, is unwilling to resile from the present enlightened policy of the Indian Government. Let us hope that wit will not get the better of wisdom.

Outside Parliament, at a Reception, the Prime Minister humorously asked Minister Munshi how much wheat he was going to get from the Soviet

Ambassador, Novikov. Munshi muttered that it entirely depended on the Russians. But Novikov, who was chatting with Munshi at the time, interjected that it depended on how much wheat India wanted. If India wanted a million tons, she could have it. If she wanted two million, she could have two million tons. If she wanted more, probably that could be arranged too.

We expected that negotiations would start rightaway for a few million tons of wheat from Soviet Russia. But our Food officials continue to be lethargic. Russia has had exceptionally good harvests during the past two years, and they seem to be able to spare a few million tons for export. We should leave no source untapped to build up a wheat reserve in our country. We are not obliged to import food only from countries which belong to one particular bloc.

The Prime Minister's statement on Kashmir was loudly cheered by Parliament. "Who are we to thrust foreign troops on Kashmir?" asks the Prime Minister. It came as a revelation to us that India never wanted Pakistan to be branded as an aggressor. This statement is correct if we mean by it that we wanted Pakistan to be "declared" as aggressor rather than "branded" as aggressor. Our position was that if Pakistan was "recognised" as an aggressor, then certain consequences would flow from it, and these consequences would, in turn, lead to certain other conclusions. Our objections and legal arguments were based on the plea that the aggressor and the rescuer in Kashmir were being treated on an equal footing by the United Nations. If, as Nehru says, we did not want Pakistan to be declared an aggressor, why did we go to the United Nations at all? The

Mahatma was opposed to it. We could have forced a military decision in Kashmir within a few months after the ruthless band of raiders invaded that lovely valley. And there was none in the world who had sympathy for the raiders—except in Pakistan.

The plain truth is that we thought that everybody would take us at our word. We believed in our word; but there is no reason why others should. We are scandalised when others do not agree with us. Our internal policies are a bundle of contradictions. Our Foreign Policy is, for the most part, quite consistent; but our internal policies are bound to have their repercussions in our Foreign Policy, leading to certain inconsistencies.

King Tribhuvan of Nepal is going back to his kingdom this week. His dramatic request for asylum in the Indian Embassy in Khatmandu a few months ago was the starting point of a semi-Revolution, which, in effect, corresponds to the Magna Carta. The King and the people were on one side, and the Oligarchy was on the other. Ambassador C. P. N. Singh told me that this was not the first time for a King of Nepal to seek asylum in a foreign Embassy.

In other parts of the world, such instances are rare. Kings in Europe sometimes used to go to the Church to seek protection, for Churches were supposed to be the Embassies of God. There were also occasions when Kings gave away their crowns to the Pope or his Agent, with a previous understanding, of course, that the crowns would be placed back on their heads. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, says Shakespeare. But Kings who praise the beauties of nature and the pleasures of banished existence in forests have nevertheless taken the earliest opportunity to return to their Kingdoms. King Tribhuvan of Nepal, of course, was not known to have waxed eloquent over the pleasures of a stay in Delhi. That was probably because he was treated like a King throughout his visit to the Capital.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya is not an Honoured Artist of the Indian Union, because we have no Honoured Artists of the Indian Union. No artist is honoured in this great coun-

try. Harin has never appeared on the Delhi stage before. This man of genius will appear for the first time perhaps in March. When he was here last week, he spoke to the University students on the Theatre; he recited his poetry to the Caravan of India; and sang his songs at the Indraprastha College. And he missed a good dinner at Iswara Dutt's.

Fresh from a tour of Europe, Harin was full of admiration for the Soviet Union and the New Democracies. He spoke of the cultural progress in Eastern European countries, where every village has a theatre. Dramas were staged on the roads. He told us of the cultural growth in New China under the guidance of Mao. Cultural activity in our own country, he pointed out, consisted merely in talking of culture. In one year's time, the Theatre in China has made tremendous strides. In India, the Government tried to put a ban on any realistic representation on the stage. Harin, however, had tremendous confidence in the talent that exists in this country. In his opinion, only Soviet Russia and China may be the equal of India in the talent that she possesses. An example of this talent is Harin's Private Secretary, Chandralekha, who comes from Gujerat, but who can be easily mistaken for a Konkani, an Iyengar, an Andhra or a Bengali—communities which are as talented as any other community in India. Harin says that she is rather good at Bharata Natyam.

Shanta Rao is yet to be surpassed as a Bharata Natyam dancer. She is obviously the most gifted pupil of Pandanallur Meenakshisundaram Pillai. She actually has ideas in her head—unlike the Tolstoyan heroine whose head is filled with scraps of various kinds of nonsense. Prof Revri was flabbergasted when he found Shanta Rao seriously reading Jean Paul Sartre on Existentialism. She is reputed to speak fluently in thirteen languages; speculation is that in any one language she would speak only one-thirteenth of the usual output per day. It is therefore surmised that her speech is thirteen times more sensible than it would be if she could speak only in one language.

The outstanding item in Shanta's Dance-Recital in Delhi was *Thana*

Varnam, which has not found a place in the programme of any Bharata Natyam exponent during the past fifty years. This kind of *Varnam* requires plenty of physical stamina on the part of the dancer, for the performance of such an item alone can last for an hour at a stretch. Delhi audiences cannot stand any item which lasts more than fifteen minutes: this is an improvement over previous records—they could not stand any Bharata Natyam number which has a duration of more than five minutes. Shanta is, as Radha Sri Ram says, a tireless dancer. It was heartening to see that the quality of the audience in the Capital has improved greatly, for they followed Shanta's footwork without their heads reeling.

Shanta chose *Panthuvarali* as the Raga for her exposition of *Thana Varnam*. Her rapid footwork towards the end of the movement was so

wonderfully timed that she gave the impression of being a *mridang* come to life. Shanta gave four items of *Abhinaya*, of which probably her interpretation of the Padam, *En Palli Kondir Ayya*, in *Mohana* was the most inspired:

Why dost thou rest in peace, unaware of the whole world?

Art thou the one that broke the bow at Sita's swayamvara?

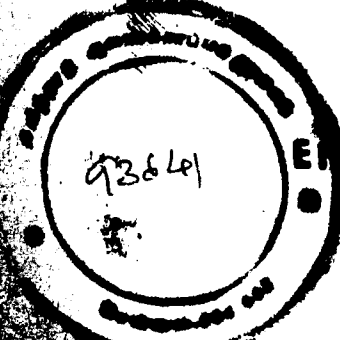
Art thou the one that killed the Rakshas with piercing arrows?

Art thou the one that slew Ravana to recover Sita from Lanka?

Her item from Kuravanji, entitled "Gudisai" (Hut), was remarkable for the gipsy-spirit that is imported into the dance. A change of costume to represent the gipsy would have probably added to the effect. There was, however, a slight Gussie-Moran-effect in Shanta's dress—which was probably unintended.



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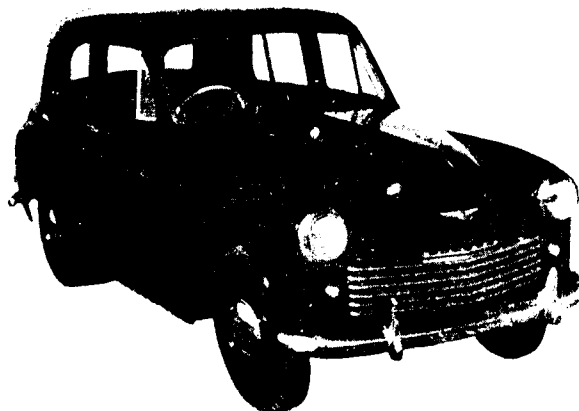
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