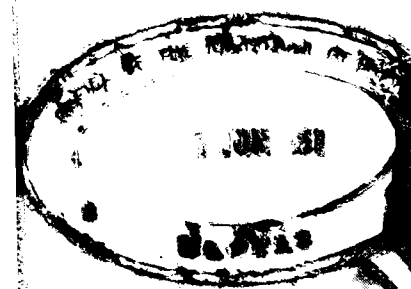


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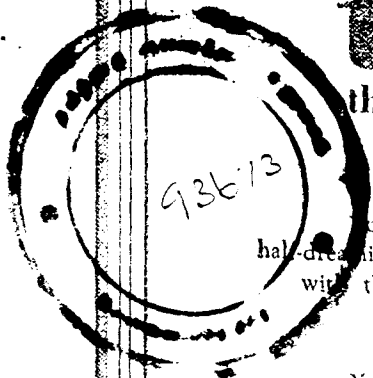
SWATANTRA

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Verific





tea

the way you drink it

You drink it leisurely in bed, still half-dreaming, and you are a king or a god with the day ahead of you, bright and rich with promise.

You drink it over your morning paper, almost unthinkingly, but deep down you know that this is a good, satisfying beginning to another day.

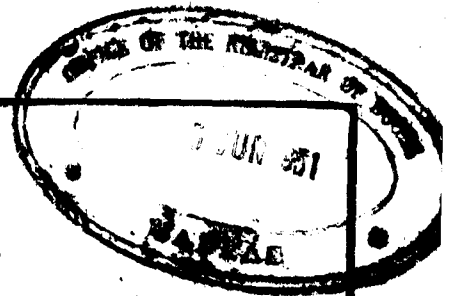
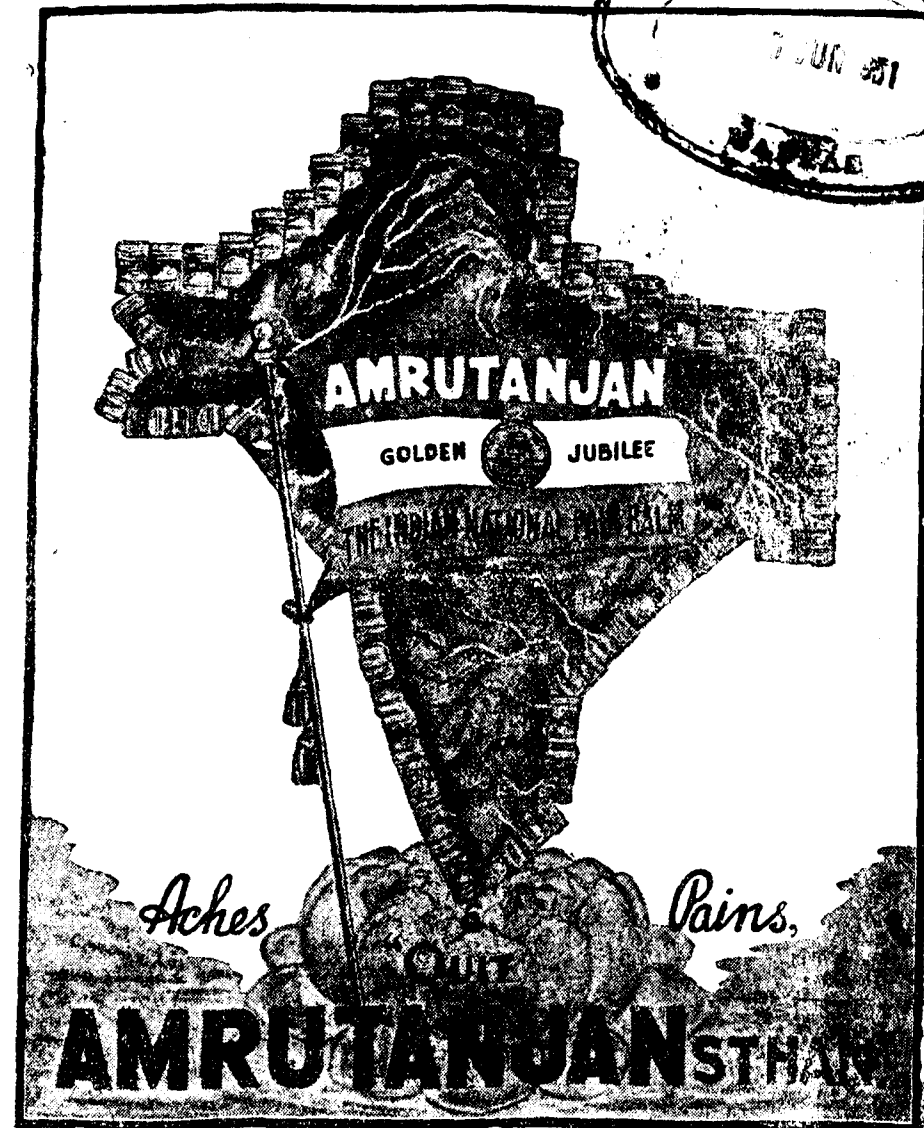
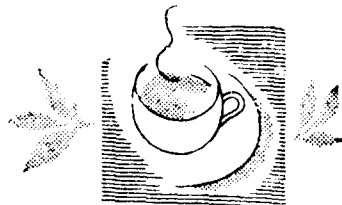
You drink it hurriedly at breakfast before rushing off to work and it punches power into you: you are armed, you are ready to begin.

You drink it at work and fatigue drops off like a cloak.

You drink it when you come home and the evening takes on a glitter and a sparkle.

You drink it alone or with friends. It is always satisfying, always cheering, always refreshing.

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EXPLOITATION OF BACKWARDNESS

ARTICLE 29 (2) of the Constitution lays down that no citizen shall be discriminated against in admissions to State educational institutions on grounds only of caste, creed, etc., and the framers of the Constitution including Pandit Nehru have taken pride in proclaiming the Article as embodying a precious fundamental right. Scarcely a fortnight ago, Pandit Nehru referred specifically to Article 29 (2) and said, "That is a fundamental right by which this Constitution stands and we stand by it." In breach of this pledge the Select Committee on the Constitution Amendment Bill has provided that Article 29 (2) may be disregarded to promote the advancement of "socially and educationally backward classes." Actually, advancement and backwardness defy being isolated for the purpose of being applied to any specific class or classes. They are found in varying degrees in all classes. In what is supposed to be the most backward class there are individuals as advanced as any belonging to the supposedly advanced communities, just as in the latter there are persons as backward as any that belong to communities classified as backward. It is not belonging to a community labelled as backward that is the test of backwardness but individual condition, determined largely by economic circumstances. The son of a rich Harijan well-placed in a high-paid post stands in less need of State assistance than the son of an indigent Brahmin without employment, though Harijans might be classed as backward and Brahmins as advanced. In communalising backwardness as the Select

Committee has done there is danger of the human considerations underlying in theory the whole doctrine of State aid to the backward, being lost sight of in practical application. Poverty and wealth are in different proportions distributed among all communities and the rich in whatever manner classed deserve no special facilities from the State for their advancement. It is the poor irrespective of communal classifications that should be helped by the State with special facilities to overcome the handicaps of poverty. Social and educational backwardness springs mainly from poverty, and it is only through extra service to the poor that the disequilibrium between classes can be corrected. In more backward classes there will be more poverty-stricken people needing and receiving special State consideration, and in more advanced communities, less. Through greater State aid conferred on a larger number of economically helpless people, the more backward communities will get more assistance than the more advanced, but at the same time the exploitation of communal backwardness by the undeserving rich will be avoided.

Education has to subserve some standards. While the poor may be prevented from going in for higher education that is costly, mere wealth alone does not carry with it competence for higher education. Capacity for receiving education is limited by intellectual qualities which cannot be made up for with State manipulation. Removal of economic disabilities is all that a Government can hope to do by way of equalising educational oppor-

tunities. If educational institutions specialising in the higher reaches of knowledge are coerced to admit incapable students under the mistaken idea of helping the backward to advance, the very purpose of higher education will be lost, and the boundaries of knowledge will cease to expand for lack of intrepid spirits to adventure into the unknown. The purpose of technical education is to provide good doctors, engineers and the like, but that purpose will be defeated if restrictions are placed on the best available talent in the matter of receiving the training which will enable it to render the greatest good to the community through expert professional service. If Pandit Nehru were capable of intelligent and scientific planning for the removal of backwardness, he would have evolved reliable objective tests of backwardness and proceeded to stamp it out wherever found. Instead of this, he has placed himself at the disposal of the Madras Government, notorious for its spirit of rampant communalism. His blithe plea that the Chief Minister of Madras has given an assurance not to abuse the new amendment to communal ends, will only impress those in the know of things in this State with its comicality. It will be as valid as an assurance from Dr. Malan to forswear racialism in his treatment of Asians and Africans. Pandit Nehru himself has not set a very convincing example of trustworthiness in the matter of observing assurances. What he said a fortnight ago about standing by the fundamental right embodied in Article 29 (2) he has now violated. With himself setting such an example what guarantee is there that Chief Ministers of States will be able to do better? What with violating in practice the spirited pledges of earlier days, the Prime Minister's idealism at one time so generally admired, is lately degenerating into a goody-goody wooliness. Having tampered with a

valuable fundamental right which minorities looked to as protection against discrimination at the hands of unscrupulous political majorities, his assurances are ceasing to inspire trust, as he reveals himself weak enough to do this week what he solemnly promised not to do last week. The Prime Minister's estimate of himself, or of this or that Chief Minister, is no consolation to the public done out high-handedly of what the Constitution had pledged to them by way of freedom of expression and protection against discrimination. There would be no need for Constitutions if the trustworthiness of administrators could be taken for granted. Assurances of individual administrators are irrelevant in proof of the merit of the provisions of a Constitution, as one of the primary objects of a Constitution is to prevent abuses of power by the ruling authorities. Pandit Nehru has neither served himself nor the nation with these illiberal, unwanted amendments.

When Sardar Patel was alive, there was an impression of a division of interests in the Central Cabinet, and Pandit Nehru got the benefit of being considered the more progressive of the two, though thwarted in practical administration by his masterful colleague credited to be the more strong-minded of the two. Since the Sardar passed away, the illusion of being hemmed in by a force not to be shaken off has ceased to have any effect to the advantage of the Prime Minister. He is revealed as lacking in firmness. It is generally lesser men of reactionary outlook that eventually gain the mastery when important issues come up for final settlement, whatever the Prime Minister might say to start with to ventilate steam. Nehru is thus the prisoner of minor manipulators with greater powers of combination, and he is being pulled down instead of gaining in stature. It is a bleak outlook for the future.

Sotto Voce

MAD HATTER ECONOMY



THERE was an item of news in this morning's paper calculated to make the mouth of the most abstemious anchorite water. It was that the Government of India had removed the control over the wholesale and retail prices of sugar candy. I had, till the other day, been resigned to the thought that that delectable commodity was as unattainable as salvation. But, happening to pay a visit to Tirumalai, I heard that on the sacred hill one could buy "any quantity" if only one was prepared to pay the price. And as everything is on a titanic scale there—even the abnegation of the black-marketer who discreetly slips into the *hundi* fat bundles of hundred-rupee notes as thanks-offering to a beneficent Providence—one was hardly surprised that the price was pretty stiff.

When those archaic survivals who still cling to the *shraddha* ceremony found that in a city like Madras they could not get half a seer of the home-made jaggery which alone contents the *pttrs* they felt as if the bottom had been knocked out of their universe. Sugar candy in my salad days was equally *de rigueur* for marriages. The status of the parties was measured no less by the burnished plates heaped up with the sparkling crystals carried shoulder high by hefty retainers than by other items of conspicuous wealth—silver and gold and shimmering silks—that were transferred. Even so late as in the forties a marriage was broken off because the boy's father stipulated for eight maunds of sugar candy. He might as well have demanded eight maunds of *amrita*.

The lifting of the putative control

may cause the precious stuff to put in a brief appearance on the grocer's counter. And the price may be depended upon to advance in geometrical proportions. A whole generation of the poor has grown up in complete ignorance of the taste of sugar candy. I have no doubt the doctors will pronounce this a blessing for the teeth. Patriotic nutrition researchers should concentrate on showing that many of the conclusions of earlier workers, which encouraged unnatural appetites among the indigent, were unsound.

A good start has been made by the prophets of ersatz with their discovery of tapioca, the *Kalpaka* of the Kali Age. The cow-tree of Brazil likewise may soon supersede the cow. And that should rejoice the hearts of those cent per cent *ahimsaists* who are averse to absorbing anything that has an animal origin. Ghee is hardly more than a name to-day—though often, even at a distance, an unpleasant fact. If only the scientists could affirm that the old saying about its being bad for the eyes was sober truth, and not just a bit of blarney, they would be not merely bracing up the poor. They would be giving them one more good reason for looking down on the degenerate rich.

Is that not after all the supreme social purpose of our time? And it is far easier to do this than to induce anyone to put his shoulder to the wheel. Enough rice for two square meals a day, good cow's milk for the children, fresh vegetables, let alone such luxuries as apples and oranges,

are not to be had by talking about them. They require hard work and careful planning and the thrifty husbanding of our meagre finances. Even more difficult is the restoration of rational values. It is a topsyturvy world where chillies are dearer than ghee and a viss of coffee costs twice as much as a viss of cocoanut oil.

But there is little kick to be had out of promoting a better knowledge of food values or exposing the class snobbery that makes the shabby genteel queue up for Ovaltine. So we have ballyhoos organised under the most august auspices for boosting coffee and tea. Our Ministers were never more consciously virtuous than when celebrating the introduction of Prohibition by opening coffee stalls, for the solace of those who had been newly saved. They would have been shocked had they been told that they were opening the door to a new vice. The insidious mischief of these

gentlemanly beverages lies precisely in their gentlemanliness.

In the Mad Hatter economy in which we live cotton is more precious than rice and glycerine more precious than either. And our Government's random demands of the farmer remind me of the diner innocent of Kannada who, when offered a dish and asked "Sako, Beko?" warily replied "Some Saku and some Beku, please." They want cash crops as well as food crops, dollars as well as self-sufficiency. If the farmer wearily replies that cotton will not grow on his land and growing rice for sale at the pegged-down price can only land him in insolvency, he is threatened with liquidation. It is so easy to persuade the multitude, light-headed with hunger and the fibs of the romancers who talk of cow-trees and lunar cucumber, that he is the cause of all their woes.

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VALLATHOL'S CONTRIBUTION TO KERALA'S CULTURE

By CHITRA BHANU

MAHAKAVI VALLATHOL has been invited by the Soviet Government to visit that country on a cultural mission along with many other prominent intellectuals of India. He is scheduled to leave for Moscow in June.

Vallathol is the Poet Laureate of Kerala. His contribution to Kerala's culture is many-sided. It was he that lifted Malayalam literature from the mire of feudal decadence and converted it into an effective weapon to fight all social and political evils. It was he who for the first time wrote poetry for the masses. Through the Kerala Kalamandal which he established, nurtured and developed by his tireless efforts, Vallathol also gave a new life to the dying indigenous arts of Kerala like Kathakali.

Poet Of Nationalism

Vallathol is a nationalist poet in the real sense. Born in an aristocratic family of South Malabar, he qualified himself for the medical (Ayurvedic) profession, but soon found it unsuitable for him and he abandoned it to plunge into literary activity. He thereafter closely observed the life of the common people of Kerala, studied their aspirations and desires and gave shape to them as nobody else before him was able to do. This made him closer to the people struggling for freedom.

Vallathol's *Not Enough, Not Enough* was once on the lips of every Malayalee. Many a freedom fighter in those days used to march to the tune of the following lines written by him:

"Whether I reach my destination or not,
Whether, on my way, I am devoured by death or not,
Onward, onward I'll march,
Trampling the thorns on my path,
So that the tender feet that follow
May not feel any pain when they walk.

Let darkness cover it, if it wants,
still,
The jasmine bud will blossom into flower.

And the cool evening breeze will diffuse

Its fragrance in the whole air.
The iron chain of dead customs
That bind my two legs
Will break to tiny shreds
If only I take a few long steps."

Gandhiji His Teacher

As the main inspiration behind the nationalist movement was Gandhiji, Vallathol was from the very beginning his disciple. The Mahakavi wrote several poems about Gandhiji of which the most famous one is *My Teacher*.

This is how Vallathol describes his teacher:

"The world is his home; to him
Even plants and worms are kith and kin;

Sacrifice his wealth, humility his greatness;
Such is my teacher, a master of the *yogas*.

Be it ornamented with the garland of the stars;

Be it covered with muddy clouds all over;

The sky has no *sanga* nor *lepa*, it's pure always;

So is my teacher too.

A unique *thirtha* devoid of all dangerous creatures;

Holy lamp that generates no charcoal;

Treasure-pot of diamonds unguarded by serpents;

Pure moonlight that casts no shadow;

Such is my teacher.

He wages war of *Dharma* without weapons;

Teaches sacred scriptures without books;

Heals ailments without medicines;

And performs *yagna* without violence;

Such is my teacher."

Then the poet calls the attention of the world to the magical powers of his teacher. What are those powers?

"If you want to see rolled in one
The sacrificing spirit of Lord Jesus,

The spirit of *dharma* of the great God Krishna,

Budha's *ahimsa*, Sankaracharya's intellect,

Ranti Deva's kindness, Harischan-dra's truthfulness,

And Muhammad's will-power,
Then go to my teacher or read his story.

Oh, on beholding his holy feet just once,

The coward becomes courageous;
the cruel kind-hearted;

The miser beneficent; vicious-worded sweet-tongued;

The polluted pure; and the idle industrious;

Before that saint of all-pervading peace,

The assassin's sword is a garland of blue water-lilies;

The sharp-teethed lion is turned a fawn;

The angry sea a sporting pool."

On Untouchability

Since the removal of untouchability was one of the programmes of the nationalist movement, we could find in Vallathol's poetry vehement denunciations of untouchability and the caste system. He calls the caste "a voice risen from hell and a word in the vocabulary of the demon which eats this world."

Vallathol expresses the root cause of the caste system when he writes in his *Worthiest of Worship is Unity*:

"Righteous indeed are the edicts of caste:

Pure they, high-placed, who do wrong to their brethren,

But polluted those who for them
Mint gold coins out of their melted energy."

It is the disparity between poverty on the one side and riches on the other, it is the distinction between the haves and the have-nots that is the basis of caste and untouchability. Unless this distinction is removed, these evils will continue to be rampant in society.

In his *Purest of the Pure*, the poet describes how blind and reckless we have become in preserving the caste system. The house of an aristocratic Nair is on fire. People from the neighbouring houses flock to his rescue. But all of them belong to the lower caste. When they go to the family well to fetch water to extinguish the fire, the Nair shouts at

them not to touch it since it will be polluted by their touch. Here the poet addresses the Nair and says sarcastically:

"O Nair, you are indeed the purest of the pure;

What if your home is lost?
Saved is your priceless caste.

Alas, is not this big house of Kerala itself

Eaten away by untouchability's flames?"

Woman's Freedom

Vallathol holds that women should have equal freedom and privileges with men. She must not be an unwanted appendage to man but must be an active participant in the struggle for free existence.

In *Little Sita*, we see a Devadasi girl revolting against that old system which makes her a lifeless doll, forcing her "to dance in the temples and make men's heart dance." She reads *Ramayana* and feels like emulating Sita, abandoning her impure life. But her grandmother, who is benefitted by offering the girl's body for the enjoyment of the moneybags, tries to drive away from the girl's mind all thoughts about Sita. Yet the girl persists and finally, finding no other way of escape, commits suicide.

In *Madras Beach*, the poet is lured by the beautiful sight of the endless sea in front of him and the clear sky above. He then turns his eyes back and sees there a house for the widows. Suddenly he is drifted into a plaintive mood and condemns the society which create these widows. He says,

"Even on the tender heads of teenage girls;

Ignorant of what wedlock means,
The ugly burden of widowhood is laid,

How fearsome your cruelty, O *sastras*!

Hundreds of girls a man may marry,

But woman must worship one husband till death.

Who will bear the sharpness of your two edges,

O style that has scribbled these *sastras*?"

In *Brave Wife*, the poet describes a scene in which a man, called by duty to the battlefield, takes leave of his wife who, instead of shedding tears, encourages him to fight bravely. She takes care to see that her husband

should not shirk his duty because of her.

In *Radha's Solace, The Pride of Caste* and the *Last Letter* the social shackles that bind Kerala's women have been clearly described.

Lover Of Peace

Vallathol's vision of a free India as reflected in his poems is one in which there is no place for poverty, misery and differences of caste or creed. She will be the friend of all the peoples of the world. She will help other countries in bondage to free themselves. She will have no aggressive ambitions; on the other hand, she will always strive for international peace and security.

In *Song of the Peasants*, he says:

"To the people who hate injustice,
Hollow is the greatness earned
By forcefully subjugating others.

Does India's King of Mountains
obtain its height

By laying low others of less might?
That sublime spirit, indeed, stays
Joyfully smiling at the height of
his brethren."

Vallathol outlines the foreign policy of a truly nationalist India, in a manner which will be envied even by the shrewdest Congress politicians of today, when he says:

"The sound of charkas that ply in
the cottages

Do not invite anybody to war;

What they do is to console by
pleasing words

Those who have been stripped naked
by unfreedom.

To weave prosperity with the misery
of others,

To decorate the palaces with the
backbones of others,

To build a wall to heaven with the
dead bodies of others,

Never, never, shall this land of
ahimsa strive."

Vallathol expresses the peaceful aspirations of the Indian people when he writes:

"Not to squeeze the world as it
wills,

But to caress those tortured by ills,
Does this land free her hand

From the hand-cuffs of the foreign
band.

The Bharatha elephant breaks its
chains

Not to run amok, crushing the
world,

But to help others of its kind with
its faithful trunk

To get over the trap-pit they are in.

This river breaks its dam after a
long period

Not to sink the world in floods

But to give new life to the scorched
lands

By quenching their thirst that kills
them."

Vallathol recently attended the Warsaw peace conference as a delegate from India. At the conference, he read a "Poem of Peace" which received great ovation and appreciation from the whole assemblage. In the present atmosphere of an impending war, Vallathol stands as the symbol of the peace-loving nature of the Indian people.

Pro-Soviet Views

Like Tagore, Iqbal and Bharathi, Vallathol is a great admirer of the Soviet Union. He has been for many years one of the Vice-Presidents of the All-India Friends of the Soviet Union. Among the Soviet leaders, Lenin and Gorky influenced him most. He calls Lenin "a Gandhi who is not opposed to himsa."

Says he:

"To admire Soviet Russia, one need not be a Communist.... I do not consider it a crime to respect and love Russia which, within a quarter of a century established a kind of rule that does not exist in any part of the world and which is good for emulation by other countries, a Russia which put an end to slavery and poverty, which developed its industries and which thus became a great power. I admire the new Russia which acts as a moral force against imperialist rule and atom bombs not because I am a Communist but because I am a man."

To the people of Kerala, Vallathol is an institution. He is not only a great Mahakavi but also a great patron of all arts and cultures.

Short Story

DOCTOR SHARAT

By Devidas B. Kapadia

THERE was now less than half-an-hour to go, and then—after all the miles he had travelled, the seas he had crossed, after all the hard work, the sweat in the English laboratories—he would be back in India, his homeland—his home!

"I am going home!" thought Dr. Sharat and a wave of happiness swept over him.

Going home—wasn't there a song with a refrain like that—a kind of spiritual, tender and soft and beautiful? "Going home—going home. Mother's there, father too...."

Mother! Suddenly he felt a lump in his throat. Mother had died when he was thinking of going to England after finishing his M.B.B.S. And father! Unfortunately he was ill too. Dr. Sharat's heart filled with agony as if somebody had touched him at a sore point as he suddenly thought of his step-mother.

While he was overseas, once his father had written to him: "My dear son, this perpetual loneliness is killing me. Now I have understood why prisoners are given solitary imprisonment. Sharat, I have found a way out. In one week's time I am going to marry a widow. Probably you wouldn't like the idea. But...." The next few pages were full of arguments in favour of the marriage.

In reply Sharat had written: "Father, you shouldn't have married that girl. She is twenty-one and you are fifty-two! I don't know what has happened to you! You have destroyed one life by this marriage. I know it is silly to try to teach you anything, but I am helpless."

After three months the reply came: "My son, your affectionate scolding turned out to be true. Only after one week of my second marriage, I realized that I was wrong. And ever since I am suffering from the pangs of a mental conflict. I get a terrible

pain in the back of my head. I have tried many treatments but of no use.

"Day before yesterday an eminent doctor from Bombay was here. He said that such a disease could only be cured in England. But where to bring the money from? Poor step-mother of yours! Her name is Sunita. She is as calm as the moonlight and as quiet as the hills. Day in and day out she looks after me. Sometimes I wonder why on earth did I do such a dreadful thing? And then—it seems as if she were my own daughter. Believe me, my inner conflict is killing me. Oh.... What have I done.... Son, come back as soon as possible.... Ah.... the pain...."

Sharat felt as if he could clearly hear his father's painful groans. He became restless—God knows how father is feeling now.... The doctor from Bombay had said that this disease could only be cured in England. But why? Are there not human beings in this country? Or is there a dearth of intelligence? No.... The only reason is that we are slaves. Why should the foreigners care for us? If they did, how would they themselves live. They couldn't possibly exist on the fish of the North Sea and the English Channel alone....

Next day he reached Yugalpur. He hadn't wired his father as to when and at what time he would arrive. He wanted to surprise him, walk into his room and sing out, "Father! I'm home!"

As soon as he reached Sharat Eshwan, he ran inside, and as he entered the hall, he saw a young girl standing before him.

He was taken aback. He stood stock still, as if he was hit hard by the impact of a physical blow. He went limping inside. She was beautiful beyond words and Sharat couldn't take his eyes off her. The girl also seemed to

look at him with an intent searching look, as if she was enchanted by his well built body, fair face, deep-set eyes, curly hair and a lovely nose.

For an endless moment they stood like that, and then, suddenly, as if each had read the other's thoughts, they tried to collect themselves up. They lowered their eyes and Sharat suddenly remembered his father's letter.

He folded his hands and said, "Namaste." And he heard a sad but sweet voice replying, "Namaste."

"I...I...I am..." Sharat tried to introduce himself in a trembling voice.

"I know," she said softly. "And you are extremely tired. Come on in."

"But...where is father?"

"I'll just arrange for hot water for your bath," she said and turned towards the door.

"But I would first like to meet my father."

Sunita stayed her steps and tried to speak but instead tears started rolling down her cheeks. Sharat understood everything. His knees went weak and he sank into a chair.

Sharat went to his room and at the sight of his father's photograph memories started crowding his mind. He burst into sobs and cried like a child. At that moment Sunita entered the room and said, "Now, there, there—don't be a child and weep like that. Come on and have your lunch and you will feel better afterwards."

Sharat wiped his tears and went with Sunita. After eating his lunch, when Sharat returned to his room, he felt that he had eaten more than he should have. The food was delicious and Sunita had attended on him so fondly. Sunita! The name hit him like a bullet.

"And she is my mother!" he half-whispered to himself.

Mother! How could such a young girl be his mother? Just because his father had married her? Doesn't it matter how he treated her? His father had clearly written to him that he had always treated her as his daughter. Didn't that matter? But this is an intellectual point of view, not a worldly one.

Strange thoughts chased each other in his mind. Whatever happens a

man has to obey the laws of society—so he must also try to control his thoughts about Sunita....

Sharat decided to keep himself busy. Wasn't work the remedy for all evil!

He remembered that once a doctor had said to his father, "This disease can only be cured in England." He decided to prove that all the diseases could be successfully treated in India. He would serve his country through surgery....But one needed instruments for surgery, and for instruments one needed money....He decided to open his own dispensary.

He tried to lose himself in his work. He concentrated all his energies on his dispensary. And when the time to open the dispensary came, the problem of naming it faced him. He had a sudden desire to name it "Sunita Medical Hall."

He got angry with himself. Why did he go on thinking of her? Why couldn't he control himself? No, no, he wouldn't name it thus. What if Sunita herself suspected something?

Sharat had every reason to believe that she did suspect something. Because for the last few days she was trying to remain away from him. He had noticed that she was becoming quieter and more serious everyday. She only spoke in monosyllables now. Why did she do it? Did she doubt his intentions? Or had she guessed his feeling for her? Or had he expressed himself in one way or the other? Oh, God! No, no, no....

Suddenly the veins in his temples began to pound. He felt as if a mailed fist was beating the breath from his body. He got up and opened the window. The night air was cool and caressing. Sharat heaved a deep and painful sigh.

After some days the People's Dispensary was opened in Sharat Bhawan. And after one week Sunita came to him and said, "The maid tells me that people are blessing you all round. They say you give free medical aid. Can a man live on blessings alone?"

"Why not?" replied Sharat smilingly. "But there is something else too. I have some very rich patients who have no disease but like to get themselves treated. I charge high fees from them to give free aid to the poor."

Sunita smiled. Oh, that smile! It set his whole world laughing. How nice it would be, he thought, if she kept on smiling like this, and he kept on watching her all his life.

When Sharat reached his dispensary the next day, he saw a familiar figure getting down from the bus. And when he came near, both of them saluted each other. He was an old friend of his father who lived in Bombay.

"Hello, Sethji, what brought you here?" Sharat asked.

"Hello, Doctor Sahib, so you have come back. Very glad to meet you," Sethji replied. "You know I have a big bungalow here. There is a big jagirdar who wants to buy it and I thought I might as well earn about Rs. 50,000.

"Fifty thousand!"

"Oh, yes, in these days of war the prices have doubled or rather trebled up, and my house was made some years ago."

"Really! It means that this jagirdar must be very rich."

"Oh, yes, he is a millionaire. But it is all useless for him. Oh, yes, that reminds me that you have just come from England after doing your medicine. Look here, you can earn a little dough if you like. This jagirdar has only one son in spite of his four wives, and sometimes that boy goes crazy. And then—oh God—he gets fierce. He does not recognize anybody and tries to strangle everybody he can lay his hands on. One day he killed a servant, and when the jagirdar reached that place, the boy ran after him and the jagirdar had to run to save his life. Since that day he has kept four servants to look after his son.

"In these fits of madness he has already killed four men. The father has spent money like hell to quieten their families. The jagirdar met me in Bombay, yesterday. He said he was going to poison his son. I say, why don't you try? I will introduce you to him. He is a friend of mine. Will you take the case?"

Dr. Sharat raised his eyes and said, "I don't mind, Sethji, but my fee...."

"Don't worry about it...." And then as if he had suddenly remembered something he said, "I have made a great mistake."

"I shouldn't have told you about the murder of four men. The jagirdar has not told this fact to anybody except myself. But you are an intimate friend of mine. So what's the use of hiding it from you? But don't tell the jagirdar about it."

"All right."

While putting his instruments in the medicine bag, Sharat suddenly remembered that he hadn't told anything to Sunita. He immediately went to her room and after telling her everything he said, "I thought I will get a good experience and it will increase the self-confidence of the doctors in this country. There is another big reason. Do you know what?"

"What?"

"I will take a big fee, big enough to open the People's Surgical Hall."

"You do build castles in the air, don't you? You need lakhs for that."

"I will charge lakhs."

"But who will give you such high fees?"

"One who needs me. I have chalked out a plan. I will tell you about it when it is fulfilled."

And then—she smiled, the same heavenly smile, and in it Sharat found love, admiration, and a prayer for his success.

When Sharat went to the jagirdar's huge house, the patient was sleeping locked in an iron bar cage. Sharat looked at the patient casually and told the jagirdar that he would first of all have to examine the blood of the patient.

"Yes, I will call the servants."

"No need to do that. I will make him unconscious by a medicine."

And then he went in and took out some blood. By the evening he examined the blood and went and told the jagirdar that the disease was called "Violet Crimino-mania." And before starting the treatment the doctor has to examine as to what stage the malady has already reached. There are certain types of germs which increase with every murder. And these germs show that the patient has already murdered four people.

The jagirdar was suddenly taken aback, "N....N....Not at all."

"I know you must be trying to keep it a secret due to the fear of the law. But you needn't fear me. That is the reason why I did not say it before Sethji even."

"You...."

"As far as the treatment is concerned, I will have to operate upon the brain. I am confident about the result, but....if...."

"Then you won't be responsible.... Yes, I agree. I am so tired of the whole thing that I myself would have given him poison...."

"My charge will be five lakhs."

"Oh, God."

"For an heir to crores of rupees this is a very paltry sum. Moreover it is the best way to save yourselves from the clutches of the law."

The jagirdar remained silent for a while, then gave his consent.

On the fifth day the operation was conducted successfully. All the papers of the country rang with his praise, but Dr. Sharat did not care. He was thinking of one person only. When he reached home, he ran straight to Sunita. He told her everything in one breath and said in the end, "Didn't I tell you that I have chalked out a scheme to earn five lakhs and here it is."

In return Sunita smiled. And once again Sharat saw in that smile—love, esteem and veneration. Sharat's heart soared with happiness.

Fifteen days passed by. Fifteen days in preparation of opening the People's Surgical Lodge and in replying the innumerable letters and telegrams of congratulations. One of them brought tears of joy in his eyes. He went inside and said to Sunita, "Now, what do you say to this? The Crown Prince of Yugalpur is suffering from a terrible stomach ache for the past so many months. His father, after hearing of my success at the Choputpur operation, wants me to undertake the operation of his son too. Isn't it a wonderful opportunity for the People's Surgical Lodge? The Maharaja is famous for his broad heartedness. I feel that there is some great power which is goading me towards success...." Suddenly he stopped speaking as if he had spoken more than was necessary.

Sunita understood his confusion

and trying to change the topic she said, "These rajas and maharajas are more crazy than broad-hearted. It is always better to remain away from them. As far as I know, this maharaja is nothing better than the rest of them. His court is full of crooked and cunning men. I hear he is very fond of flattery and is a blockhead."

"Let him be, I don't care. I will make everything clear beforehand. Oh, his peon is waiting for my answer."

Dr. Sharat went out immediately. He gave the answer in the affirmative and sent the peon away.

The day of the operation came. There was still one hour and a half before the zero hour. Sharat had prepared himself completely. He remembered that soon the State car would come to fetch him and he hadn't talked to Sunita a word since morning. He felt as if she was the inspiration of his life, the dynamic force behind his success.

Sunita received him as if she was waiting for him and said as soon as she saw him, "I don't know why I have a strange premonition about this operation...."

"Have you remembered some new example of the craziness of these rajas and maharajas, or is there some special reason?"

"Some time ago, while reading, I went to sleep and in a dream...."

At this moment a horn hooted outside.

"Oh, the State car has arrived," said Sharat and started towards the door.

"I had a very bad dream...." Sunita went on saying.

"A dream?" laughed Sharat.

"Yes, and it is not very surprising if a dream comes true. I read in the Hindi translation of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, that he had also ignored his wife's...." Suddenly she stopped speaking. As if she had realised her mistake. Sharat felt awkward. The horn sounded again. Quickly, he went outside.

The car was running smoothly and the last words of Sunita were pounding in Sharat's mind. Caesar's wife's dream! The dream of Caesar's disaster! And Sunita dreamt of his disaster! Why did Sunita make this comparison? Why did she rake the embers of his suppressed desire? Did

she do it purposely? Promptly he was ashamed of himself. No, no....no.... It is impossible for a sedate and dignified lady like Sunita to do so.

Suddenly a thrill ran into Sharat's body and a strange conflict took hold of him. Mother?.... Wife?.... What could she be? On one side was the wrong system of society and on the other the goading of his heart and intellect. Sharat took his hand in his hands and pressed it hard as if he wanted to squeeze out both the conflict and Sunita out of his mind.

The car reached the palace and Sharat tried to control himself. The court surgeon, Dr. Shankerrav, received Sharat as if he did not feel insulted in the least on Sharat's being asked to perform the operation. But Sharat could not discern that behind that sweet smile was a mind cunning and venomous.

Everybody who was of some importance in the court knew that Dr. Shankerrav had felt insulted and had swallowed the insult quietly.

The time for operation came. Sharat started the operation. Dr. Shankerrav was standing near him.

Sharat was feeling satisfied that in spite of his mental unrest, he was doing his work very well. He was so engrossed in his work that he did not notice when his handkerchief fell down. After the operation was over Dr. Shankerrav told him that he would do the stitching. Sharat agreed and left the remaining work to him.

After some time when Sharat looked for his handkerchief, he was surprised to find that it was not in his pocket. He thought it would be silly to look for such an ordinary thing as a handkerchief in a palace like this.

Shortly after the patient started crying and groaning with pain. Everybody was frightened. Only there was a strange look of satisfaction on Dr. Shankerrav's face. Sharat was surprised beyond limit. After all what could be the reason?

Like an experienced doctor, Dr. Shankerrav suggested that the stitches should be re-opened and the wound should be examined again. Thus the stitches were re-opened and the handkerchief was found inside the stomach. Sharat was completely

baffled and he wondered how could he have done such a thing? If he had dropped the handkerchief unconsciously then why did not Dr. Shankerrav take it out? But it was not his responsibility. It was his own case. So, after all, the unfavourable circumstances did work. Sunita's words came true. Oh....Sunita.... this....

When, after all, Sharat started homewards, feeling defeated and depressed, he lost himself in his thoughts. He decided to tell Sunita everything he felt about her. He decided to tell her the secret of his sweet pain, to explain to her that her relation with his father was just of father and daughter. And it was no use their trying to live as mother and son. They had no right to spoil two young lives. Let society go to hell!

Sharat was surprised at his own thoughts. How drastically had his ideas changed! What was the reason of this change? Love? Yes, love.... It could do everything in this world. Just at that moment the car pulled up in front of Sharat Bhawan.

Quickly he ran inside and went straight to Sunita's room. But she wasn't there....Where had she gone?....Sunita!....The maid servant could not tell anything. He searched every nook and corner of the house. When he went to his own room he found a letter lying near the door. He recognised Sunita's handwriting on the envelope.

With trembling hands he opened the letter. It ran thus:

"The first time I saw you, I decided to leave this house. And when I realised that you were attracted towards me, my decision turned into a determination. But my heart did not want to leave you. I decided to suppress the fire of my heart and that is the reason why I tried to remain away from you. But today this passion has raised its head again and I find that it is uncontrollable. I don't know why the mistake of comparing myself with Caesar's wife is making me ashamed of myself...."

"Now I am going. Not to die. I am not a coward. If I were, I would not have married your father to save myself from the unholy atmosphere of the widow rescue home. My staying here would have been harmful for both of us, especially for you. Who knows what one's passions may lead to?"

"Your ideal is to serve your country, to help the poor, and work for the betterment of mankind. And it is very necessary to be spotless in the eyes of the world to achieve such an ideal. I am sure you will fulfil your dreams in

my absence. I wish the best of luck for the People's Surgical Lodge.

The letter dropped from Sharat's trembling hands and he sank into a chair....

PANEL SCHEME FOR ELECTION TO LEGISLATURES

By D. SWATANTRA SARMA

THE amendments to the Constitution have brought to the fore certain grim realities of the situation which should be faced squarely if Indian independence is to be consolidated on firm and stable foundations. The provision made for the validation of acts like the Madras Communal G. O., deviating from the original principle of "no discrimination", is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. As Dr. Ambedkar himself said, "it is obligatory on the part of the Government to do everything possible to promote the welfare and interests of the weaker sections of the people, who are, for the moment, unable to stand on their own feet."

Statutory provision for the reservation of a few seats in the services and educational institutions may serve only as a sop for the time being, but will not achieve the real object of communal harmony based on equal opportunities for all. There should be equal sharing of power among all the communities and this means a change in the proposed election system.

Under the single constituencies, the very purpose of the abolition of separate electorates will be defeated. In the majority of the cases, wealth, local influence and communal considerations are the deciding factors in elections, but not a candidate's integrity and ability. A political party in order to avoid a possible defeat is obliged to select in all constituencies candidates from the majority communities, though they be of questionable integrity, in preference to tested and tried workers. This seems to be the undeclared law in all elections right from panchayat elections to Parliament elections. Though for all ostensible purposes, candidates appear to be trading on the party ticket, in

effect the party is subjected to caste tyranny, and the electorate is faced with a Hobson's choice. To add to this, the claims of the weaker sections continue to be ignored, and the domination of one caste in a particular constituency is perpetuated.

Statesmanship and sagacity on the part of the authorities require a more tactical approach to the problem so as to enable all the communities to share power, for only then there will be real scope for all-round development. My suggestion in this connection is that the very basis of the elections should be changed. The fight should be among political parties but not among individuals. An individual should not by himself be allowed to contest the elections as an independent candidate. Each revenue district should be taken as a unit instead of a single member constituency as delimited now. Each party should prepare a panel (the number of candidates allowed to the district) it being a rule that no community should be given more than one seat. The electorate will have to vote for the party as a whole on the strength of its panel and election manifesto or leave it as a whole and whichever party captures more seats will be in power.

This procedure will afford equal opportunities for all political communities and the legislatures will be fairly representative bodies reflecting the opinion of all political parties, communities and castes. Selfish interests and communal jealousies will recede to the background and only the interests of the country will be the paramount consideration. There is no violation of any canons of democracy under this method. Perhaps it will be implementing them in letter and spirit with less effort and greater economy.

COMMUNALISM IN PUBLIC SERVICES-II

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO

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IS it desirable to introduce the principle of communal representation in public services? On this point different opinions have been expressed by the witnesses that appeared before the Islington Commission and the Simon Commission. These opinions may be classified into three groups. The witnesses of the first group pleaded that merit and merit alone should be the basis of recruitment. This view was expressed by Justice Sundaram Iyer, T. V. Seshagiri Iyer and M. Ramachandra Rao. The second group desired that all the principal communities should be adequately represented in public services. This view was expressed by Sir P. Rajagopala Chari, S. Satyamurti and several others. "I entirely agree" said Mr. Satyamurti "that so far as the Government service is concerned it ought not to be the monopoly of any particular community. After all, countries outside India are also being governed efficiently. Why should you lay down that in India alone heavens will fall if non-Brahmins got their adequate representation in the services?" The third group, while emphasising the need to keep up the efficiency of the services, pleaded the reservation of certain percentage of the vacancies in all grades for the communities not already represented in the services. In his evidence before the Islington Commission Mr. Srinivasa Sastri suggested that one-fourth of the total number of vacancies be reserved to secure the representation of the communities not already represented. But Mr. Kasturi Ranga Ayyangar suggested that qualified candidates belonging to those communities not already represented in the services should be imported from other provinces. Similar opinions have been expressed by G. A. Natesan, Pandurangarao and others. An analysis of the opinions reveals the fact that all the official witnesses, whatever may be the community to which they belonged, advocated com-

munal representation in some form or other. As regards non-official witnesses all the witnesses belonging to the non-Brahmin communities and a great majority of the witnesses belonging to the Brahmin community advocated communal representation. It is, therefore, evident that only a minority of the witnesses were opposed to the principle of communal representation.

Several arguments were advanced in favour of or against communal representation. They have been summarised below and they may be accepted or rejected according to one's own convictions and experience. The antagonists of communal representation argue that birth in any particular community is a matter of accident and to take that factor as the basis of recruitment is irrelevant. They also say, as Justice Sundaram Iyer said, that it would retard the progress of the country as a whole and in the long run of the different communities themselves. But the main thesis of the antagonists is that it would result in inefficiency of the services.

But the protagonists reply that mere capacity to pass an examination should not be the deciding factor in the selection of public personnel. They say that there are other factors which have to be taken into consideration. In the first place, the fundamental principle of the modern democratic state is the value of the individual and full opportunities should be given to each to attain full development of his personality. But Hindu philosophy did not accept this proposition. It held and still holds that a man's present life has been determined to him by his past life and therefore his place in the social organisation has been irrevocably fixed and cannot be changed. Thus the current notions of Hindu philosophy run counter to the root notions of democracy. It stereotypes and fixes unalterably the position of each individual in society

People have fallen by force of circumstances but they were free to rise again. But the depressed classes were the solitary case of people who had remained fallen because their rise was opposed to the religious notions of the caste Hindus. In such a caste-ridden society equality of opportunity was an impossibility. Where there is no equality of opportunity how could any one say that the selection of public personnel was free and competitive.

The question is whether the services dominated by persons who have passionate belief in the existing caste system would be efficient and impartial in the discharge of their duties. The supporters of the current principle say that the State is no more a police State, regulating the conduct of individuals in accordance with carefully enacted legal provisions. It is a positive State, administering a number of social services for the remaking of man. In such a State, the official is required not only to administer law but also to conceive far reaching projects to ameliorate the conditions of the people. In other words, the official of the present day must have an efficient mind, a constructive outlook and a capacity to identify himself with the programmes and policies of the Government. The absence of these qualities may mean that all go-ahead policies of the Government would meet with unconscious obstruction because the official, with the best will in the world, would only see the difficulties and dangers of the situation rather than its possibilities and opportunities. The presence of these qualities would be an incalculable advantage.

It is further argued that it is politically wrong to fill up public offices with the members of one or two communities. It should be remembered that political influence and power are associated with representation in the services and with the growth of the power of the bureaucracy, the need to ensure that no community dominates the services becomes essential and this principle finds expression in the American Constitution which lays down that all the part States should have representation in the Federal services roughly equal to their population so that no single State or clique of States may be in a position

to dominate the policy of the Federal Government. Certain European constitutions too have made similar provision. This method of recruitment has been adopted in those countries just to make the part States feel that they are a part and parcel of a whole. It is, therefore, argued that political considerations require that several communities should be represented in public services as long as the society is divided into water-tight compartments.

Administratively it is not desirable to allow a community or two to monopolise the services because, firstly, there would be discontent. "Calm atmosphere will be established," said Sir R. Venkataratnam, "not the deceptive calm atmosphere that comes of a suppression of just demands but the genuine calm atmosphere which is the expression of the heart's satisfaction that the right has come to the rightful." Suppose the members of certain communities are excluded on some ground or other. What would be the effect? It is argued, "In proportion we exclude them we lose hold upon them and were the exclusion entire we should have their hatred in the place of their attachment; their feelings would be communicated to the whole population and would excite a spirit of discontent too powerful for any Government to subdue or resist." Should they submit silently without any opposition the case would be worse. "They would sink in character; they would lose all hope of public office and distinction, all laudable ambition and would degenerate into an indolent and abject race incapable of any higher pursuit than the mere gratification of their appetites." Thirdly, the concentration of all or most of the services in the hands of one or two communities would result in the formation of cliques and thereby undermine the efficiency of the services.

Apart from these negative arguments the protagonists say that communal representation is capable of producing certain positive results, one of them being that it would give stimulus to the progress of education among the backward communities. "The eagerness we evince in this matter of adequate communal representation of Governmental posts" said Sir R. Venkataratnam "is, I beg to declare

it most emphatically, not born of an inordinate craving for the loaves and fishes of office, but it emanates from a conviction based on widespread experience that such a representation serves as a powerful stimulus to the education of a community as a whole."

As regards the efficiency of the services it has been contended that communal representation did not bring about inefficiency in public services. The Finance Minister Gopala Reddi informed the writer, "So far as my experience goes, I should say that the effect has been small. It depends on what you call efficiency. If you limit efficiency to intellectual ability, then it is probably true that there has been some lowering in the efficiency of the services; but if you consider efficiency as extending to the whole field of administration, well then, I should say that if you have one community predominating, although the members of that community might be intellectually superior to those of others that would be opposed to real administrative efficiency and would add more to the difficulties of administration than if the members of the service were more evenly spread over all the communities, although the general intellectual average might thereby be slightly lowered." Mr. Reddi added further that "the quality of work need not necessarily be lowered. Perhaps the language, for instance, in which a judgment is expressed may be lowered but the general efficiency of the officers taken as whole might be higher under the second state of affairs."

These are the several arguments adduced in favour of and against the principle of communal representation by the two schools of thought. And both the parties are convinced about the soundness of their arguments. Whatever may be the validity of their arguments, the main cause of all these troubles is the existence of the caste system. It had developed and is developing the evil effects of endogamy and thereby retarding the development of robust nationalism. For each caste is a small and complete social world in itself, marked off distinctly from others though subsisting within a larger society. And the basis of each caste is the congenital instinct. Therefore, each caste is not a mere grouping of loose atoms of humanity. And as long as the caste system exists,

one claiming superiority over the other in social and spiritual matters, it cannot be said that that society is a democratic one. Further, the existence of the caste system is inimical to the development of democratic forms of government. The true remedy is, therefore, to fight the caste system on all fronts. This can be done by stabilising and levelling up the social status of the castes and communities which are economically and culturally backward. One of the ways by which this can be done is by giving favoured treatment to those communities in matters of education and appointments. Secondly, every educated and progressive Hindu leader should ignore caste. They must not only denounce the institution on the platform and in the Press but they must show by the way they live that they are sincere in their profession. In other words, practice and precept should go hand in hand. Finally, fusion of blood has been found to be an effective method of nurturing nationalities and cementing alliances. Every Indian who places his country above everything else must set his face against such a custom as that marriage must be within his own community. Once marriage becomes free and unfettered by extraneous considerations, the entire basis of the caste system will be weakened. To promote intercaste marriages proper opportunities should be provided for the young people to come into touch with those of the opposite sex. For this purpose there should be co-education at all stages of instruction. Apart from the fact that it is the best method of bringing young people together, it is also the best prophylactic of sex morals.

Thus if the caste system is ignored and if caste patriotism is denounced and if people marry without reference to caste, the immediate effect would be to create a casteless atmosphere for the management of civil affairs and to rear up succeeding generations which would be hostile to the caste system. It is true that the uneducated and village folk may continue to marry within their own castes but the further development of the evil effects of endogamy, viz, the development of caste patriotism, would be effectively checked.

PARTIES ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS

By P. N. SAMPATH

WITH the elections in the offing, the political panorama is particularly dynamic, supercharged as it is with a multiplicity of parties and personages, flaunting a set of principles and policies peculiar to each. The present confusion is likely to become confounded as the zero hour approaches. The Congress Party is still under the spotlight though their four-year tenure in office has not enhanced their prestige even a wee bit. On the other hand, the formidable fund of goodwill which the Congress had accumulated during a period of time, marked by tremendous sacrifices and most sagacious piloting by some of the greatest sons of our country, has been fast liquidated by a set of scheming power-seekers, most of whom are devoid of any consideration except that of self-interest. The Congress spendthrifts have made ducks and drakes with the gift of goodwill which leaders of the calibre of Mahatma Gandhi had endowed the Congress with.

Granting that the Congressmen have had no previous experience in the difficult art of administration, granting that they were confronted with colossal problems of unprecedented magnitude on assuming office, granting that there is bound to be a margin of disparity between one's promises and performance, between precept and practice, and granting that the economic malaise which our country is suffering from is, more or less, common to the whole world, Congress rule has been a thorough disappointment to a vast number of people who had reposed faith in the organisation, and who have been given to understand, at the time of the last elections, that they might expect paradisiac days under Congress rule. Therefore, there is nothing in Congress rule to enthuse over. None the less, it is not such a thoroughly blank record as would appear at first sight. The association of intrepid statesmen and honest leaders like Pandit Nehru, Rajendra Prasad, Maulana Azad and

C. R. in the political set-up and in the counsels of the organisation, has been holding disintegration in check. Leaders of this stamp are even now a deplorable minority whose voice may perhaps be said to have value today, but may be a voice in the wilderness to-morrow as things grow worse.

On the eve of the elections, the Congress should take stock of their position, taking into account their professed aims and positive achievements, their schemes on paper and their successes proper. The mistakes and omissions of the past should not be repeated if the Congress wants to re-establish itself in the public estimation. Congressmen may again get themselves elected to power and office, but if they repeat disgraceful performances in office, they will be riding the toboggan slide leading down to political perdition.

Though it is now four years since we began to govern ourselves, there have emerged no organised opposition parties worthy of note. The coming elections have given rise to a mushroom growth of political parties. The Hindu Maha Sabha was hitherto dabbling mostly in religion, but has announced its intention to compete in the elections. It is an out and out communal party. The Socialists continue to be the cry-babies of national politics, with their quarrels, splits and slogan-mongering. The Communists have had a thorough beating at the hands of the Congress Governments, for, bureaucracy is efficient only when the task is repression. The Communists are so down and out that they are unable to decide on a fixed policy. Kripalani's Democratic Front has been a nine days' wonder and has since gone under. Kripalani is the Flying Dutchman of Indian Politics flirting with undesirables of every description. Except a few, all who have seceded from the Congress recently, are malcontents of the worst type. They are political wasters who are as devoid of public spirit as they are of personal virtues.

How can they make a party of effective opposition?

The radical splinter groups of the extreme Left are so jealous of their individuality that they find it impossible to meet together on a common platform and under a single leader. In Tamil Nad, the All India Republican Party, the Praja Party, the Dravida Kazhagam, the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam, the resuscitated Justice Party are some of the principal parties existing. The All India Republican Party, whose President is one of the new-rich, has practically no following but manoeuvres to sustain itself in public through periodical statements to the press. The Dravida Kazhagam and the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam are parties wedded to communalism, and on that account command some amount of popularity. The Praja Party is of recent birth, but it consists of such a strange assortment of self-styled patriots that the problem of a single leadership may remain unsolved. The Justice Party has turned up again like a bad penny, but is a mere shell of its former self, as its life blood is coursing through the veins of the Dravidian sister parties and the Congress Party itself. It will be a still-born Phoenix going back to the ashes from which it came. The Socialist and the Communists will make little impression in Madras despite the squalid state of the people and the apathy of the somnolent administration.

Even so, it will require more than what the present opposition parties can do to oust the Congress from power. The Congress might have squandered its patrimony but it is not a bankrupt yet. The little credit it still commands will without doubt

win the elections. In a pluto-democracy, politics is the art of outwitting the voters. Congressmen are adepts in the art of winning elections either by masterly manipulation or by maladroitness. There can never be a powerful opposition with the material we now have in this country. Not that there are no capable persons as such, but that they won't combine and make common cause with each other. The utmost that these parties in the opposition can do is to see that they get an aggregate numerical strength powerful enough to have a commanding voice in the legislative assemblies of the nation. The present high-handedness and nonchalance characterising Congress rule will fade away when there is even a remote possibility of the opposition taking over the administration. Congressmen cannot deliver the goods until they are compelled to act honestly and whole-heartedly by the ever present fear of being passed over in the next elections.

A well developed public opinion and a sound party system have been the bulwarks of British parliamentary democracy. In our country, owing to the illiteracy among the masses, public opinion is in its infancy, and on that account, is intractable. In England, the government is run with conscious sincerity of purpose and considerable efficiency. Public money is not wasted on illconsidered schemes. Indiscretions on the part of a minister, even if slight, are not pardoned. Public scandals of the kind we have been accustomed to are unknown in England.

A discerning public opinion is the need of the day in our country. Principles rather than personalities must weigh with the electors.

The Emperor Frederick the Great often had difficulty in balancing his country's budget. At a large banquet he explained his problem, and asked the assembled dignitaries if anyone could account for the fact that, although taxes were very high, not enough money ever reached the revenue.

At last, an old general rose, fished a large lump of ice out of the punch bowl, and suggested it be passed round the table to the Emperor.

From hand to hand went the ice, and by the time it reached Frederick it had shrunk to the size of a small walnut.—Leader.

AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA IN INDIA

By KUSUM NAIR

YOU drive into the heart of the city. In foreign parlance it would be called the 'native' area. You enquire at six different places. With difficulty you spot the board announcing the People's Publishing House Ltd. On one side is a small shop selling sewing machines. On the other is an apology for a furniture shop. The book shop itself is barely 10 feet by 8 feet. A dusty blackboard written over in yellow chalk announces 20% reduction in the subscription rate of a certain Communist paper from China. The walls are lined with titles more or less haphazardly placed. Tables occupy the central floor. On these lie a number of Communist Party and sympathetic newspapers, journals and magazines from India, Red China, Britain, France, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia.

Nobody rushes to greet you. The salesman is often unshaven and does not know all the titles, what they contain and offhand what they cost. "Have you anything on Japan and Red China?" "Yes, I think we have"—and he rummages around and pulls out a few books and pamphlets. You have to be a keen buyer to get at the best and all he has.

As you make your selection final he draws up the bill. You have to pay for everything and no extra material of a propaganda nature is given free with the bundle. If what you have bought is propaganda, well you have paid for it without anyone telling you to do so. Except that you have bought for the price of one standard American publication, at least ten pamphlets, books and journals. The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, for example, is a rexine bound volume of 446 pages, demi size and printed on excellent white printing paper. It costs only Rs. 1-8. James Burnham's Coming Defeat of Communism, British edition, costs Rs. 12-8.

To drive into the United States Information Services you must turn right back into what in Communist language would be called the bour-

geoisie quarter of Bombay. Here in a block of opulent offices are housed the USIS Headquarters and Library, the epi-centre of all American propaganda in India. There are four such centres at the moment, in Calcutta, Delhi, Madras and Bombay.

The library is on the ground floor, a beautiful circular room, well furnished with long tables and comfortable chairs. Lighting is soft. The librarians are well dressed, trained and efficient. Every important American book is also here. You may borrow these by becoming a member of the library. To become a member only requires good credentials and an address—no money. Besides, every week, there is a film programme and Sunday morning music concert. Both are open to the public and limited only by the accommodation available. But the public has no way of knowing directly because the USIS does not advertise its wares or its activities.

If you wish to purchase any American books you must visit one of the general book stores. The titles available are limited and the prices prohibitive, especially since the devaluation of the rupee. Most American magazines are available only to subscribers.

The USIS has recently started publishing a weekly called the *American Reporter*. It concentrates almost exclusively on American news of Indian interest. It is circulated by mail and is given away free. At the moment about 50,000 people are receiving it. Anyone can have it on request. Very soon the same weekly will be brought out in the regional Indian languages. These also will be distributed free.

To the Indian newspapers USIS sends out a stream of American news, views and features. The titles are: *The American Education*, *Background of the News*, *Newsfeature*, *Agriculture*, *American Labour Review*, *American News Briefs*, *American Economy*, *Official Text*, *American Press Opinion*, *American Newsfile* and *News Special*. These are well edited, neatly produced and put across in an interesting man-

ner. They are anti-Communist and seek to explain the American point of view, highlighting the benefits of the American way of life. They are freely reproducible. Newspapers are also given free subscriptions of papers like *New York Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Readers' Digest*.

From Russian sources, on the other hand, the only material the newspapers receive is a cyclostyled handout called 'News and Views from the Soviet Union' and an illustrated fortnightly journal called 'The Soviet Land.' Both are prepared and sent out by the Tass News Agency of the U.S.S.R. in Delhi. Both are blatant and poorly written and produced.

And yet Russian propaganda is far more effective in India than American. The fact is admitted by the USIS officials themselves. The reasons are not far to seek and lie in the different method and approach adopted by the two countries in conducting their propaganda.

American propaganda is conducted officially through State agencies. Russian propaganda is mainly put across through unofficial Indian agencies, through the Indian Communist Party, Communist controlled trade unions and peasant organisations and sympathetic indigenous artists and writers' societies. There is no official Communist organ published in India today due to governmental restrictions on the Party's activities. Yet in every province and in every language sympathetic Indian-owned and Indian run dailies, weeklies and monthlies are doing more effective propaganda in favour of Russia than the *American Reporter* could ever hope to do in favour of the United States.

The difference in approach is fundamental. American propaganda is strictly neutral on Indian affairs. It seeks merely to tell India about America or to oppose Russia. Or it conveys American reactions on Indo-American problems. But it does not touch on any purely internal Indian issue. Russian propaganda on the other hand primarily concentrates on the Indian problems as they affect various levels of Indian society. Therefore naturally it is of greater interest to the individual Indian. For example, if there is a Labour Bill before Parlia-

ment, the USIS will ignore it. Its policy is to tell Indians only about the Labour laws as they function in the United States. The Russian propagandist on the other hand would violently criticise that particular Bill, expose its weakness and drawbacks, and tell how it should be in a truly democratic Socialist state such as India is aspiring to become. Immediately the labourers, capitalists, in fact all affected by the Bill and even others mildly or intellectually interested in labour affairs would be avidly reading these opinions. In this way the Russian propagandists pick on every vital issue affecting every class of Indian people, create violent controversy and thereby secure a much wider readership and intenser interest than any mere news from any foreign country could ever secure.

Where Russian propaganda is conveyed directly, as through the monthly journal published from Moscow and called 'Russia Today,' it is more direct and purposeful than any equivalent from America. The nearest American publication to 'Russia Today' would be 'Life.' They are both pictorials. They are both foreign and displayed for sale on the newspaper stands. But 'Russia Today' is much cheaper. Besides every page of every issue of it has a message which even the most indifferent reader cannot miss. Every picture looks as if it is torn from a classic frieze depicting a nation devoted entirely and exclusively to noble action and supreme constructive effort against heavy odds. The text endorses the impression. It is impressive. It is convincing. 'Life' on the contrary may carry one feature primarily on American life and even that may not be in the eyes of an average Indian very complimentary to America. The reader usually enjoys 'Life' as for instance he enjoys any good commercial film. But what he enjoys best in a particular issue may be the very feature—e.g. Hollywood beauties in scanty bathing costumes—that does not create in him a positive reaction of admiration for Americanism. In fact he couldn't dream of seeing an Indian girl in a similar outfit. 'Life' is not edited specifically with a view to convert or win over Indians. This makes all the difference.

Similarly all the English language cinemas in India are exhibiting

American films regularly. Millions see them every day, the cinema being often the only entertainment an Indian city has to offer. Yet the films have not in measurable terms created Indian admirers of America. Often they have the opposite effect and even more often they convey a completely wrong impression of American life. The critical films which draw attention to the shortcomings in American society e.g. 'Pinkie,' are often the best productions and the most appreciated. But they are not good propaganda.

So far the Russians have had little scope for exhibiting their films to the public in India. But this is how they introduced them late last year. The occasion fixed was the 30th anniversary of the Soviet Film Industry. A Festival of Russian Films was announced and sponsored by a special committee. The members of this committee were amongst the most prominent and respected Indians of Bombay who have nothing to do with Communism. The Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University was chairman. An air-conditioned cinema was hired for a week. Red carpets were laid. On the opening day everyone who counted was invited. Each guest was presented with a little rose buttonhole at the door. Beautiful society women showed the guests to the seats. The Russian Ambassador came down from Delhi, but said little. All the commendatory speeches were made by the Indian members of the committee. The House was packed throughout the rest of the week. The festival was celebrated on the same pattern throughout India.

By the time the week was out the country was crazy for the Russian film industry. The Indian press was full of it. The actors were marvellous, the technique was astounding, the direction was superb, etc. The only point on which the critics and the public were not quite sure still was whether Russian films catered only to State propaganda or were independent. Even this point was settled by the arrival

a few weeks later of film director V. I. Pudovkin, hailed as the 'Master of Soviet Cinema,' and of Nicolai Cherkasov, People's Artist of the U. S. S. R. and a Deputy of the Supreme Soviet. To quote one independent columnist the visitors "demonstrated that the Red bogey was no bogey at all, but only a figment of the over-heated brains of imperialists, capitalists, and.... 'Washington Patriots.'" For the week they were in Bombay there was a whirl of functions arranged in their honour. They met everybody, and charmed everybody and proved to everybody that the Soviet Cine Industry is a spontaneous artistic effort of the Soviet people dedicated to the cause of the people.

All the American films which have been showing now for over half a century perhaps in every town and city of India have not been able to create such a favourable impression for America as these two weeks of concentrated Russian propaganda did in favour of Russia and its film industry.

Russian propaganda does not get across better because Indians are pro-Russian. By contact, education and inclination Indians are democratic in the western tradition and socialistically inclined in the British way. But this democracy goes so far as to show hospitality to any influence on a cultural or ideological level. It would be considered undemocratic not to do so. Good Indian democrats do not believe there should be any iron curtain against any country of the world. This makes the people receptive. And, since little is known of modern Russia as compared to America, England or Europe, anything Russian gathers a halo which is difficult to dispel and which is cleverly exploited by the propagandists.

But Russia does seem to know how to influence the mass of people effectively and without any ostentation likely to detract attention to herself better than American. Often the USIS overshadows its own work.—Copyright.—N. P. S.

There is now so large an element of altruism in the making of money that the process is in some danger of going out of fashion. The more we make, the less we are allowed to keep for ourselves.
—The Times.

Short Story

A PICK-WICKIAN PERFORMANCE

By Nataraja Sarma

AS I reached the staircase on my way to Shanta's room, I would become aware of Miss Gowri's baleful stare and I would falter. The door of Miss Gowri's room would be open and there she would be in her basket chair watching me intently—cold, critical, censorious. I would feel guilty, for the prim, plain woman, who was a Lecturer in Logic in a city college, was to me Mrs. Grundy in flesh and blood, and her disapproval meant the disapproval of society.

To get over my embarrassment I would stop at her door for a minute and exchange civilities with her. I would say, "Fine weather, Miss Gowri," or "Today is a holiday for you, Miss Gowri, isn't it?" or "At the cross-word puzzles as usual, Miss Gowri. Don't leave me out of the celebration when the big cheque comes in." To which she would make some polite but frigid reply.

I was madly in love with Shanta.

I was in the army then, a Captain in the Medical Corps, and our unit was stationed at a township a few miles from the city where there was a Military Hospital. You remember ours was to all intents and purposes a non-combatant force. War meant for most of us not battlefields or bombs, but good pay, good whisky and a good time. There was little work to be done at any of our pretentious establishments. At the hospital we had to deal mainly with tooth-aches and ill-concocted stories, and we felt bored stiff the livelong day.

We would have felt bored stiffer but for the kindly lights of the local Y. W. A. The worthy President of this body who was a veritable engine of welfare activities ran what she called a "Home from home for the Boys" where one could eat well, swim, play tennis and bridge, and do certain other things unthinkable in a home.

The "Boys" literally swarmed the place. Tennis and bridge and swim-

ing did not interest them. But the cafeteria was an excellent one, and there were shady arbours in the vast grounds of the Y. W. A., and the ministering angels of the Home were never niggardly of their favours.

I am not a ladies' man and these desultory flirtations do not appeal to me. I did not feel in the least attracted to the demoiselles of the Y. W. A. They were all of a pattern, insubstantial, the standardised products of the fashion factory. They all looked alike, dressed alike, thought alike, that is, if ever they did any thing. Azalea Azariah, for instance, seemed to me no different from Daisy Arputham, who was an exact replica of Tabitha Devasahayam. Indeed there was a story of an officer who had a date with one of these three graces, but took out another by mistake, and the third got her face badly scratched by the first!

I made Shanta's acquaintance on the tennis court. Someone introduced us. She greeted me with the words, "Have you killed any Huns today, Hero?" and proceeded to make short work of me by beating me 6-2. The next day, playing bridge against me, she foxed me out of a cold grand slam in clubs, vulnerable, by a bid of seven spades which fetched us a mere 900 points.

Now a girl with such brains and brawn is sure to be a menace to the peace of any young man. And when the brains and brawn are matched by a face "like morning roses washed with dew," a smile that would have sold the worst make of tooth-paste by the billion, a passion for classical Carnatic music, a penchant for P. G. Wodehouse, and a taste in personal adornment which disdained the pages of the illustrated magazine and derived its inspiration from pure indigenous tradition, you have a combination fit to tempt a St. Anthony out of his vows. No wonder that she had a mere human like me on the carpet, grovelling at her feet like a dog.

I seemed a poor worm compared to her, but she liked me. She permitted me to visit her in her room—a privilege not granted to any other man, as I learnt. We would talk of books, or pictures or music, in all of which we had many preferences in common. She was a doctor like me, a House Surgeon in a City Hospital. This was another link between us. We went sometimes to a film or a concert together, though on such occasions she would bring one of her friends with her. Her speech was music to my ears. Her smile would send a thrill through all my being. Often I would be tied up in knots under her spell and behave like a dolt, providing an admirable target for her sharp wit. She, on the other hand, was ever at her ease: her humour never failed her, and her conversation would flow on brilliant and gay. It was only when I betrayed my emotions by a casual word or gesture that her bantering mood would change. Then she would fly off at a tangent to talk learnedly of arteriosclerosis or the Rh factor.

As I said she brought with her a friend whenever we went to a picture or a concert. This chaperone would invariably be Miss Gowri. It was rather a strange choice, but being an imaginative girl, I suppose, she preferred this strait-laced spinster, who with all her shortcomings was an individual, to the bright young things of the hostel who were neither bright nor young and lacked the third dimension. Miss Gowri was in many respects the opposite of Shanta. She was a woman of about thirty, heavily built not without good looks, but those looks completely overshadowed by a taciturn, forbidding manner. While Shanta spread sunshine around her, the mercury fell by several degrees in Miss Gowri's vicinity. Miss Gowri was the pink of propriety. Whatever she said or did was certain to be right, absolutely right and irreproachable. I was scared of her as a boy who has not done his home work or failed to wash behind his ears is scared of the school-marm. My discomfiture was a great source of amusement to Shanta.

My love for Shanta grew from day to day, until it became an intolerable obsession, claiming all my time and all my thoughts. I began to feel that every minute spent away from her was empty and devoid of meaning. My

work became a burden to me, and the camp was a prison which shut me out from all that mattered to me. I could hardly wait for evening to come on when we would be free to drive to the city. I wrote letters in which I poured out all my passion, letters which I destroyed immediately after they were written because they pitifully failed to express the intensity of my feeling. I composed verses—yes, verses; a man in love, believe me, is an adolescent, never an adult, and he is capable of unspeakable imbecilities. The verses were of singular sweetness and sadness, but luckily I despatched them where they belonged, which was, of course, the waste paper basket.

I made up my mind to declare my love to Shanta. But in spite of my efforts I could not broach the subject. I could never catch her in the propitious mood. Her gaiety and her commonsense barred the door to sentiment more effectively than prudery could have done.

Then something happened to spur me to action. Our unit got orders to move. I hesitated no longer. On the day we got the order I finished my duties earlier than usual so as to hasten to my well-beloved. But as I was about to start, I received an emergency call from the hospital. A case of acute appendicitis had come in and it required immediate surgical attention. I rushed through the operation in record time, but it was half past eight when I was free to leave. Casting propriety to the winds I rang up a taxi and was at the home in a matter of thirty minutes.

It was an unusual hour for a visit, and the Daisies and Azaleas were popping out of their windows as my cab sped down the drive. And, sure enough, there was Miss Gowri on the watch, not ensconced in her basket chair as usual, but pacing up and down her room. She was as forbidding in a state of motion as in a state of rest. Contrary to custom it was she who greeted me today.

"You are very late, Captain Rajan," she said.

She seemed all of a flutter. I was rather surprised because I looked upon her as a rock of self-possession.

"Ours is an exacting profession, Miss Gowri."

"You never fail to be here at five thirty."

"You must be a reader of detective novels, Miss Gowri, to make a note of the time when people come and go."

"No. I always look forward to your coming at five thirty."

She looked at me in a manner which perplexed me. But I dismissed her and her enigmatic look from my mind and ran to Shanta's room.

"Hullo, Lochinvar," she said as she opened the door in answer to my knock. "What brings you here at this hour when beasts are in their lair."

"This beast has come to see the Beauty."

"I wish I could blush, but I can't. And having seen, what do you propose to do next?"

"Conquer," I said. "But, Shanta, let us be serious for once. Listen, I am not going to beat about the bush."

And beating about the bush, after many a false start, I uttered the words which are wrung out of a man's heart, but which look so ridiculous when they are written: "I love you. I have loved you from the moment I saw you. I want you to be mine."

I was not prepared for her answer.

"You are not drunk, by any chance, Captain Rajan?"

"How could you, Shanta? Can't you see I am in earnest? There is a time for jokes."

"But your-er-proposal—that is the official term, isn't it?—is a joke. It is true we have known each other for some time, and we like each other. But marriage is not a picnic."

"I worship the ground you tread on."

"It is a lie. People do not worship pavements or floors. It is something out of books. Bad books."

"We were made for each other, Shanta."

"Why do you think so? Because you like Maugham and he is my favourite also? Because you hate Hindi films and I share your hatred? Because we both consider the Lightner double a grand thing?"

"I love you, Shanta. I can't live without you."

"You have lived quite a long time without me. And maybe you can live

quite a long time more without me." Then all of a sudden she gave up being frivolous. "I am sorry, Captain Rajan. I see that you are agitated. But you will soon get over the feeling. I wonder if it is because I am in this joint which is a farmyard for its morals you have lost your head over me. I don't believe in this feeling called love. Possibly it is because of my old-fashioned upbringing, or because I see so much of the stuff bartered away all round me, or because as a doctor I know about hormones and things. Love with some people is a fashion, with others just a euphemism. What beats me about this hoariest of hoaxes is the specificity or selectivity of the feeling. I can't understand why Jack cannot love Jane if he cannot have Jill. You have paid me the highest compliment a man can pay a woman and all that rot, Captain Rajan, but I regret. I forgot to mention another thing. I am bespoke. My parents have arranged my marriage. It takes place in Chittirai."

And while the world tumbled about my ears, she went on. "I only hope you won't cut me dead in the street after this. That would be a pity, because it has been good to know you."

"It must be a great love that can reduce a man to the hopeless condition you are in," she said, as I sat glued to my chair, unable to find my feet or my tongue. "Save it up, Hero. You will make a wonderful husband."

"Don't you want to wish me good luck?"

I took the hand she offered me, but as I let it go I knew that I was letting go all that made life worth living for me....

I collected what little was left of me and descended slowly down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs I heard someone call my name. It was Miss Gowri. The door of her room was ajar and her silhouette was beckoning to me from the doorway.

It must have been about ten o'clock. The inmates of the hostel had retired to rest. No sound broke the deep silence all round. The night was dark and very warm.

I walked into Miss Gowri's room like a somnambulist. I did not hear the door being closed behind me. It was Miss Gowri's appearance which pulled

me up from my torpor. She was transformed, unrecognisable. She had changed into a sleeveless bodice of blood-red satin and a wisp of a sari through which I could see the outline of her figure. A fancy coiffure had replaced the matronly bun at the back of her head. She was powdered, painted, scented. Her face was contorted in a roguish smile.

She indicated the sofa and came and sat down by my side. "You never come to my room, Captain Rajan. I can call you Rajan, can't I? And you can call me Gowri. Now what are you looking at, you naughty man?"

She fingered the buttons of my

jacket. "You look so wonderful in your uniform. No wonder you charm the ladies... Shall we go and see a picture, or what remains of a picture?"

As I sat dazed like a man who has been hit in the head by a brick, she laid her cheek against mine, and I could hear her words as in a dream: "I have waited for this moment. Always. Since the day you started coming. I have worn my eyes out watching through that door every evening. I worship the ground you tread on."

It seemed to me I had heard the phrase before.

(The characters in this story are imaginary.)

THE VIRUS—A THREAT TO HEALTH AND WEALTH

By R. L. N. SASTRI

IT is only with the advent of Pasteur that diseases, in general, came to be regarded as caused by minute living organisms. Prior to that, notions which now appear to be queer and funny, prevailed. Before 1884 when the typhoid bacillus was first identified, it was believed that typhoid was due to bad smells. For a time the bacteria ruled the field. But the discovery in 1892 by Iwanowski, a Russian botanist, that the tobacco mosaic was caused by a non-filtrable pathogen, opened a new era in pathology. The existence of disease-causing agents smaller in size than bacteria became established. These are what we now understand by viruses. Among the well-known diseases that are caused by viruses are small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, influenza, common cold, poliomyelitis (polio) or infantile paralysis, yellow fever, etc., of man; the foot-and-mouth disease of cattle; rabies or what is commonly called the "mad dog" and distemper of dogs; and the mosaic, leaf roll and others which cause the notorious degeneration of potatoes and the mosaic of tomato and tobacco. The much-valued ornamental variegation of tulips is nothing but a disease due to virus.

Although the viruses were dis-

covered for the first time only in 1892, the havoc done to plants and animals including man by virus diseases was known for centuries. Small-pox is believed to have first migrated from India to China where it was prevalent as early as 1122 B.C. Sixty million people are said to have died in the 18th century on account of small-pox. Influenza which is generally looked upon not as a serious malady, was responsible for the death of over 5 million people in India alone during 1918-19 when it broke out as an epidemic. It was known to English farmers from times immemorial that the yield of the potato was low whenever the crop was raised from seed potatoes of their own soil. Scotch seeds, however, performed well even on English soil in the first year but in subsequent years again when the crop was raised from tubers of the same soil, there was a marked fall in yield. This they called degeneration but that it is caused by viruses became known only in 1916. The ravages of virus diseases are thus countless. They are responsible for the diminution of man's health and also for the depletion of his agricultural wealth. That they constitute a potential threat to civilization is not far from truth.

Virus diseases are contagious and are also capable of assuming epidemic dimensions. They are spread to great distances by means of diverse agencies, a knowledge of which greatly aids in combating them. Influenza and the common cold are, for example, spread by the droplets issued when the patient coughs or sneezes. The greatest harm is done due to the indifference or ignorance of patients especially when travelling in buses, trains or trams or whenever they are amidst a crowd. It then becomes a social responsibility for every well-behaved citizen to minimise the spread of the disease to the best of his ability. It is not a thing to be left to the Government or even to World Health Organisation.

Sometimes the virus is carried about by certain insects. The destruction of the carrier insects goes a long way in arresting the spread of the virus. But unfortunately it is often quite a herculean task to kill all the insects of a locality as they may be enormously large in number. It may even become impossible.

In a good number of virus diseases practically nothing is known about the nature of their transmission. The foot-and-mouth disease of cattle is a case in point. The only way of preventing its spread is to destroy all infected material including the animal itself and all infected cattle in the neighbourhood. Similarly, in the case of many plant virus diseases, the only preventive method is to kill the infected plants.

An efficient quarantine of all plant material, dogs and men is indispensable if no infected material is to be transported from one country into another.

Vaccination against small-pox is a familiar method of control. But similar methods of vaccination have not yet been found for most of the virus diseases. A type of immunity different from that of human beings is found to be developed by plants when they are also "vaccinated." But this method of attack has not yet been perfected.

In the domain of plant virus diseases the plant breeder is doing yeoman service to the agriculturist. The breeding of rust resistant varieties has

been successful in cotton, sugar beet, tobacco.

Despite the numerous methods so far described and many more that are in vogue, we can by no means be complacent of our success in combating the virus diseases. Unlike most other diseases the virus diseases produce an infection that permeates the entire body of the host without being localised. Hence the impracticability of removing the infected portion and thus protecting the rest of the host. Moreover, the disease persists throughout the life of the host and serves to infect others in the neighbourhood. These are perhaps the two special features of the virus diseases.

While bacteria are visible under the ordinary compound microscope, the viruses can only be seen with the help of the electron microscope—a modern innovation in the field of optics. Viruses are obligate parasites which live inside the cells of the host. They have not so far been discovered outside the host, whatever knowledge we have about them having been gained only through the diseases to which they give rise. Attempts to grow isolated viruses on nutrient media have never resulted in success. Like all living things they are capable of growth and multiplication. On the other hand, it is also possible to crystallise the viruses by means of the ultracentrifuge and such other recent apparatus. The particles look like rod like structures and are believed to belong to the class of nucleoproteins. At times they are even identified with protein molecules themselves. Here the question naturally arises: Are they living beings like bacteria or only non-living protein molecules? Evidence has been accumulating during the last 2 or 3 decades which lends support to both the possible answers. Surmises are mounting up. Still in endeavouring to find an answer, one cannot help raising the age-old question! What is life? The whole problem of the true nature of this remains an enigma to both biologists and chemists and the future depends on how best botanists, entomologists, chemists, crystallographers and other scientists in various fields collaborate in facing the challenge. If they succeed in this sphere, they may incidentally be able to elucidate the problem of the origin of life itself.

ECONOMIC CRISIS MAY LEAD TO DICTATORSHIP

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

THE frank and sound stand you have been taking on the subject of the need for a political party in opposition to the Congress impels me to write this. We ought not to forget certain general principles in the building of political parties in backward democracies wanting in developed citizenship and suffering under a scarcity economy and over-population. So long as the ordinary party member is not vigilant enough to control his representatives in the party and the latter too have no high standards of being loyal to party policies and resigning from the party where they have fundamental differences, we will have always the spectacle of party men sabotaging their own party policies and even acting against them in the administration of the country when they are in power. If the Congress today suffers from the disease of enacting resolutions on integrated controls, lowering of prices and a welfare state, while its leaders speak and act against them, and if the Congress Ministry breaks all these policies in its administration, these are expressions of the absence of a vigilant public opinion in the party. So much is the influence of the corrupt voter on party politics that even good Congressmen are forced to spend large sums on conveyance, food and clothing of these voters during elections to the Congress committees. Until the poor common people realise their responsibilities and select their own candidates for party organisations and the legislature, the topsyturvy system of candidates running about for votes and voters running after these candidates, is bound to exist in any political party. Men whose love of power outruns their own valuations of their character and capacity for public work and who are endowed with a certain amount of inherited or accumulated wealth, will drive out honest men who would be content with the constructive work of educating the electorate and bide their time till the latter invites their services.

The correctives therefore to the defects of a representative Government in the backward democracy lie elsewhere. These are, (1) maintenance of an independent judiciary to be appointed on the recommendation of the Union Government and not State Governments, by the President of the Union; (2) an independent Public Service Commission appointed on a similar basis; (3) an independent Civil Service with responsibilities to implement and execute policies laid down by the Ministry; (4) decentralised administration as far as possible; (5) transfer of economic activities to autonomous corporations, subject only to the ultimate control of the Ministry; (6) and provision for a searching audit not merely of accounts but of the quality and pace of the administration.

The working of democratic parliamentary parties which are after all the society at large in a smaller form, will need equally such correctives. In the interest of party members, there should be provision for disclosure of certain minimum activities. The audit of accounts, the maintenance of membership roll, the number of publications issued, all these should come under review as in the case of trade unions. Every party too will need, for its efficient working, (1) a judicial tribunal to decide disputes, (2) a minimum civil service for administration, (3) election tribunals and (4) an agency for audit of administration and accounts.

Democracy is on its trial. We cannot have a long process of trial and error in solving the economic crisis. The crisis of food and cloth and shelter cannot wait until backward democracies learn to compose their quarrels *inter se* and provide an efficient government. The food problem cannot be solved without effective control of surplus grains and their equitable distribution. Neither is lowering of prices possible without control of essential food articles, cloth, house sites and housing space.

Intensified food production meant security and a fair return for the tenant and the labourer, dismissal of land-owners who cannot satisfy standards of good husbandry, pooling of lands, abolition of the system of renting of lands and control of money-lending and private trade in the interest of the cultivator. More cloth meant directed and controlled production of textile mills. Increasing goods in the country by rapid industrial production meant maximum direct taxation, control of profits and their investment in the industry, control of imports and internal consumption, thereby avoiding luxurious consumption, and a rigorous retrenchment in the civil expenditure of the State by way of bringing down salaries which this country could afford. Housing conditions can improve only by the State taking over all surplus sites on ex-gratia payment and rationing all available space at a reasonable rent. A foreign trade department would equally be needed so as to obtain the maximum revenue from exports and imports and regulate the latter from the point of view of promoting internal economic development. Which-ever party, therefore, comes into power, has no other alternative than controlling the means of production, as lands, banks, industries, houses, etc., and preventing their concentration in a few hands, as well laid down in Articles 39(b) and (c) of the Directive Principles of the Constitution. Controls too are only a transitional measure and will lead to many evasions, but until efficient technical cadres are built up, for taking over industries by the State, controls are an unavoidable evil.

Excepting the Socialist and Communist parties, every other party is against controls. One could understand want of faith in the State machinery in administering controls, but there are ways and ways of maintaining controls through corporations and co-operatives without the interference of State officials. Almost all the new parties show a greater faith in the competitive free economy and that in a country with scarcity of food articles and intent on a policy of rapid industrialisation. The mentors of the Congress at least understand the need for controls and a Welfare State, but alas! their machine has been

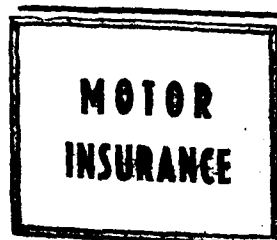
captured by Ministers and Congress leaders who believe in a free economy.

Those who belong to the Gandhi school of constructive workers like Sri Acharya Kripalani and Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, have also not believed in controls. Their disbelief in controls arises from their philosophy of individual and village self-sufficiency and their plan to reduce internal and external trade to the minimum. This school is opposed to mechanisation in agriculture and would prefer a plan of unremunerative industries leading to low wages and shrinkage in production, to rapid industrialisation with machinery and power. It is because of the unsoundness of the economic policy of this school which preaches a lower standard of living in a country of subsistence holdings and unemployment, that Congressmen wedded to Mahatma Gandhi have been soft-peddalling this programme and emphasising the policy of maximum industrialisation. When Mr. Prakasam was in power, he used the State authority to prevent the growth of textile mills and promote Khadi which most of the people are neither prepared to spin and weave, nor wear. Sri Acharya Kripalani hailed this policy as a boon to the country. There can be no greater danger than leaders of this type forming parties and coming into power.

The coming election is a test of democracy. The problems of starvation and half-nakedness cannot wait for their solution till another election and these problems need a controlled economy. The middle class has failed to realise the organic link between high prices, low rations, unemployment and a free economy. Those who have surplus grain and surplus money are naturally against controls, but it is a tragedy that the common man for whom controls are intended should mistake their abuses as due to the system of control itself. The situation is extremely gloomy as to whether we will be able to put into power a Government which will immediately supply food, cloth and shelter. If we really thought of this problem as not merely economic, but political which must lead to chaos and revolution, then all the parties and leaders should combine on this single programme of a

controlled economy. Those who believe in controls can only try a chance by the parliamentary method. And if this method fails, then good-bye to it. During the coming years, a reactionary Government which will appease the capitalists, the big traders, the big landlords, the big bankers, will come into power. This Government, afraid to procure foodgrains internally, will import them to the maximum, and thus retard the importation of capital goods for rapid industrialisation. It will revive the old colonial economy with its attendant evils of low production and unemployment. Any amount of imports will fail to solve the problem owing to low purchasing power of the people to buy the food grains. During the next three years the economic crisis

will help those parties interested in hastening a revolution and establishing a dictatorship. But, will all those who believe in civil liberties, the assimilation of all groups and classes for the advancement of the country and the control of property rights in the interest of the common good, have the vision and the wisdom to combine and fight the coming elections? I am doubtful. Men like me will do our utmost to stand by this programme of a controlled economy in fighting the coming elections and if we fail, the alternative only lies in utilizing the mass education in this programme in building up mass support for a popular insurrection to capture power in the shortest possible time with the least disturbance and violence to society.



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G. M. TREVELYAN: A LITERARY HISTORIAN

By S. C. ROBERTS

Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University

Famous British historian, Dr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M., will be retiring from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, in June this year.

In the article below, S. C. Roberts sums up Dr. Trevelyan's contribution to history—innumerable books that have delighted not only the historian but the layman both in Britain and overseas.

GEORGE Macaulay Trevelyan—no name could be more suggestive of the tradition of English history and English literature.

His father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, O.M., was not only prominent in Britain's Parliament and several times a Cabinet Minister in Gladstone's period, but was also the author both of historical and biographical works, and of very lively light verse. Perhaps his best, and certainly his best known, work was the *Life and Letters* of his uncle, Lord Macaulay; and it was Macaulay who was the first writer to make history a living document for English readers.

Thus G. M. Trevelyan began life against a rich background of liberal politics and liberal culture, and from his early years he seized upon his inheritance with enthusiasm. He was at school at Harrow and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1893. There he threw himself into the study of history at once. He read widely, more widely indeed than was necessary for his university examination, and was placed in the first class of the History Tripos in 1896.

First Book

From this success he went on to prepare his dissertation for a Fellowship at Trinity College. He chose for his subject "England in the Age of Wycliffe." He was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity, and in 1899 the dissertation was published as a book, the first of a long series to be spread over 50 years.

As a Fellow of his college, Trevelyan now began to teach and to give lectures, but the prospect of settling down in Cambridge did not wholly satisfy him. His primary desire was

to write history, and to write it as literature. He rebelled against the suggestion that history should be regarded as the scientific collection and exposition of ascertained facts. History, in his view, was "a matter of rough guessing from the available facts," and he felt that he would do better in London, where he could work as an independent scholar. His second book was *England Under the Stuarts*, published in 1904, and in the same year he married Janet Penrose Ward, whose mother, Mrs. Humphry Ward, had written one of the most famous novels of the nineteenth century, *Robert Elsmere*.

Soon after taking his degree at Cambridge, Trevelyan had spent a holiday in Italy with his father. He was shown the Forum and the Palatine and walked from Rome to Veil and back: standing on the Janiculum, his father told him the story of Garibaldi and so, as he has himself recorded, something new had been planted in his mind and heart.

Foundation Of Fame

One immediate result was that he spent frequent holidays walking over the hills of Tuscany and Umbria, and when he read the account of the retreat from Rome to the Adriatic in Garibaldi's *Memoirs*, he was fired with a new enthusiasm to write the story of the retreat himself. He worked hard in London and visited Italy again, going over the ground, and talking to veterans who had fought with Garibaldi. By the end of 1906 the book was finished, and was published under the title *Garibaldi's defence of the Roman Republic* in the following year. This book, followed by two others which continued the story of Garibaldi, laid



G. M. Trevelyan.

the foundation of Trevelyan's fame as a writer of history which made its appeal not only to the student, but to the ordinary member of the reading public.

The great-nephew of Macaulay was carrying on the tradition, and from Garibaldi he turned to two great figures of English Liberalism—John Bright and Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. The biography of John Bright was published in 1913, but that of Lord Grey was delayed by World War I: it appeared in 1920. In that war Trevelyan was Commandant of a British Red Cross Ambulance Unit in Italy and in *Scenes from Italy's War* he recorded his experiences and impressions, and described how his unit was enveloped in the famous Caporetto retreat.

When the war came to an end, he still had no other ambition than to be a literary historian. His *Britain in the Nineteenth Century* was published in 1922, but meanwhile he had been brought into touch with his old University by his appointment as a member of the Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. When the work of this Commission was finished, he began to assemble all that he had ever read and thought about English history with a view to the writing of a one-volume *History of England*. This was published in 1926, and was immensely popular. Again, it

was a book that could be read by students in their class-rooms, or by ordinary citizens with their feet on the fender.

Story Of England

In 1928 Trevelyan returned to Cambridge as Regius Professor of Modern History. It was a post which left him ample time for writing, and the last of his three volumes on the Reign of Queen Anne was completed in 1934. After this he wrote a life of Lord Grey of Falloden (1937) whom he regarded as the finest human being he had ever known. From this "labour of love" he turned to yet another general survey of the story of England which he entitled *English Social History, A Survey of Six Centuries*.

Published in 1944, this has been the most popular of all Trevelyan's works, perhaps because in its broad imaginative sweep it tells the story of how people have lived and thought and worked and played through six centuries in a way that appeals to every Englishman, and indeed to a great many overseas readers as well.

Meanwhile, Trevelyan had reached the age of 65, and had therefore to retire from his professorship. Fortunately, however, another great Cambridge office became vacant in 1940—the Mastership of Trinity College. Unlike the heads of other colleges, the Master of Trinity is appointed by the King on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill had on this occasion no doubt about the proper advice to give: amid universal approval Trevelyan succeeded to the Mastership.

History Of Trinity

Looking back on his own undergraduate days, he recalled how ignorant he had been of the long history of the College, and accordingly wrote a small book which he entitled *Trinity College: An Historical Sketch* (1943). It was originally designed for circulation amongst freshmen, but fortunately the author was persuaded to have it published, and many others, besides members of Trinity College, have appreciated the interest of the story.

Such, in very brief outline, is the story of George Macaulay Trevelyan, historian. Rejecting the claims of the "scientific" historians, he has never

ceased to maintain that history is an art.

"The chief value of history," he has written, "is educative, its effect on the mind of the historical student, and on the mind of the public; and therefore the business of conveying the best work and the best thought of historians to the general reader is of prime importance. That can only be done by the art of writing, so that literary skill is a part of the equipment desirable at least in some historians, though not in all...."

What Trevelyan has preached he has also practised, and in relation both to the student and to the public he has fulfilled his ambition.

It was once rather cruelly said of Thomas Carlyle that he was "a writer of books—nothing more." Carlyle has always been one of Trevelyan's literary heroes, but Trevelyan himself is much more than a writer of books. Professionally, he has concentrated on being a historian, but he is far from being the cloistered student.

Vivid Presentation

Apart from his services to the University of Cambridge and to Trinity College in particular, he has served as a trustee of the British Museum and of the National Portrait Gallery, and has been notably active in the guardianship of the English countryside. Himself an enthusiast in his younger days for solitary walking, when he would frequently cover 40 miles in a day, he has laboured with passionate sincerity for the preservation of that natural beauty which is "the ultimate spiritual appeal of the Universe, of nature, or of the God of nature, to their nursing man." Nor has he confined himself to talking and writing on this theme; he has been a doer of the word.

Not far from his beloved Northumbrian home at Hallington, there was an estate which included stretches of Hadrian's Roman Wall, as well as the finest of the Roman forts; this came into the market and was fortunately secured for the National Trust. Trevelyan bought the farm in which these relics of Roman civilisation stood, and so secured them against exploitation. Cambridge and the Lake District have similarly benefited by his good offices.

Above all, Trevelyan is an example of

the modesty and simplicity which frequently adorn true greatness. He is always as ready to discuss historical or other questions with the young as with those of maturer judgment. In his books he will quote an article by a young scholar as readily as he will refer to the work of an established historian. Age has not withered his infinite curiosity to discover new facts or new ideas about the way in which earlier generations of men have lived and worked and thought. It is this freshness of mind, coupled with the gift of vivid presentation, that have given his books their peculiar vitality and secured for them a multitude of affectionate readers.

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Above all, Trevelyan is an example of



By V. P. SATHE

OF late the common feature of Indian films is that they have nothing Indian about them. Our sets, for instance, are modelled on pictures appearing in foreign magazines. The sets are fantastically huge, unreal and often decorated with Greek statues instead of Indian carvings in Ajanta style. The costumes, especially the hair-do, of our female stars are also so un-Indian that when they sing gazals in frustrated style they appear to be pathetically funny. In other words the entire atmosphere of our pictures is un-Indian.

And as to the screenplays, as most of them are inspired in one way or the other by Hollywood pictures they fail to reflect true Indian sentiments. In fact, they have no relation to our life and as such most of the pictures today can be described as fantasies born out of imitation of foreign culture and ideas without any genuine basis in real life.

Formerly at least the music used to be Indian; but nowadays most of the tunes are hybrid copies of rumbas, while the background music is copied from foreign symphonies. The eloquent sitar, sarangi or flute have no place today in our film music; their place has been taken over by the piano, accordion, clarinet and instruments of jazz music. Yes, all film music follows the pattern of jazz music.

Hitherto there has been a pretext to give Indian colour to foreign settings, costumes, stories and music. But even that pretext has now been given up and the Indian producers are vying with each other in presenting 'unreal' stories in foreign settings.

lest critics ask any questions. Thus, the Indian film today is Indian in name only and as such it cannot claim any artistic distinction.

This cycle of unreal un-Indian and fantastic films seems to have reached its climax in films like *Jadoo*, *Sagai* and *Ustad Pedro*. Let us see who breaks this cycle and dares to make realistic films.

Picture Of The Week

The influence of the present trend mentioned above is evident in Navketan's *Baazi* also. Navketan's first picture *Afsar*, though based on a Russian play was more Indian in character than *Baazi*. In the case of *Afsar* one felt that the story and characters were real, it could happen in any Indian small town. The same cannot be said about *Baazi* which is obviously modelled on Hollywood style.

The poor hero of *Baazi*, for instance, before he takes to the profession of gambling tout is dressed in a style which a poor Indian can hardly afford. This is perhaps an inevitable repercussion of Hollywood influence.

But once that influence is accepted as a matter of routine, it must be admitted that *Baazi* is a very engaging film assured of the box-office success which Navketan so badly needed after the comparative failure of *Afsar*.

The success is mainly due to a clever screenplay which grips you and holds your attention. It centres round a poor youth who has an itch for gambling and as such frequents a gambling den. Jobless the problem before him is to provide medicine for his ailing sister. A lady doctor who

has opened a free dispensary comes to his rescue—but hardly solves the problem.

For the lady doctor declares that his sister is suffering from T. B. and should be removed to a good sanatorium. She even offers money; but the self-respecting hero refuses it and takes up a job in a gambling den. His job is to bring people to gamble and see that they lose a fortune.

Complications are created when he falls in love with the lady doctor and finds while returning from the sanatorium that the lady doctor's father who is apparently a respectable barrister is the boss of the gambling den. He is summoned by the boss and asked to keep away from his daughter. It is this twist that heightens the dramatic as well as emotioned impact of the film.

The climax comes when the boss, afraid of being exposed by this youth, tries to get him killed with the help of his henchman and a cabaret dancer who is in love with him. The plan misfires, the dancer is killed and the youth is arrested for murder and taken to the police station where he is greeted by the police inspector who is his rival in love.

Here too blackmailed by the gangster who threatens to kill his sister, the hero's lips are sealed and both his beloved and the police inspector whom first he had told he was innocent, are puzzled. He is tried and sentenced to death. The police inspector who is a very lovable character in this picture tries alone to find out the real criminal and, ultimately succeeds with a clever ruse which exposes the gangster in his true colours.

Dev Anand has given a very realistic performance. K. N. Singh and Krishan Dhawan are impressive as the gangster boss and the police inspector respectively. Geeta Bali, however, carries the acting honours with her beautiful portrait of a cabaret dancer and puts over some of the finest song and dance numbers. Kalpana Kartik is promising; it is a pity that the director has not taken enough care about her coiffure and glamour. She should have been more attractively presented and photographed. The direction by Guru Dutt is

good for a first attempt; but he should put more pep and pace in his narrative. As it is, he has a tendency to be slow. The screenplay by Balraj Sahni is really first rate and Sachin Dev Burman has proved that he too can give a successful variation of Rumba, though he is at his best in Geeta Bali's last song which is well written by Sahir Ludhanvi who too seems to have easily adapted himself to filmic poetry.

In fine, *Baazi* has all the ingredients of a well made engrossing film distinguished by clever blending of emotional and dramatic conflicts.

Star Of The Week

Blessed with a pretty son who has been christened Rahul, Kamini Kaushal, as reported earlier, is staging a come-back as a star and making a debut as a producer. For she is acting in a film which she is producing in partnership with P. N. Arora under the banner of K. Arts.

The news of her return to the screen will be hailed with delight by picturegoers who have nothing but admiration for Kamini's talents as a film artiste. Indeed among the top ranking female stars today Kamini holds a pre-eminent position as an exponent of histrionic art. She attained this position in less than five years.

It was in 1945 that she joined films. I distinctly recall the muhurat of *Neecha Nagar* at Mohan Studio.

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where I saw her for the first time. Then in Shalwar and Kameez petite Kamini looked like a kid. At that time all her friends called her Uma and not Kamini.

Uma Kashyap was an undergraduate from Kinnaid College, Lahore. She was spotted by Chetan Anand who with great difficulty pursued her family to allow her to act in films. Her debut in *Neecha Nagar* went unnoticed, for the picture was not released for two or three years after it was made. And yet those who previewed the picture were most impressed by Kamini's portrayal of the hero's sister. With her looks and talents, it was obvious that she was destined to be a popular star.

Then Kamini acted in *Jail Yatra* which also suffered the same fate as *Neecha Nagar*. It was only when Filmistan signed her for *Do Bhai* that she got her first break; but the two pictures that established her as a star and an artiste were *Shaheed* and *Ziddi*.

Meanwhile, during the shooting of *Neecha Nagar* her sister died leaving behind her two children, and she married her sister's husband and became Mrs. Sood and has remained Mrs. Sood upto now. Since the success of *Shaheed* Kamini Kaushal and Dilip Kumar became a popular pair and they appeared together in a number of pictures. It was during the shooting of *Arzoo*, their last picture together, that their friendship became the subject of a scandal and her career was cut short.

After the completion of *Arzoo* to avoid scandal and its serious repercussions Kamini went into voluntary retirement at the behest of her husband. She went to Switzerland for a holiday.

But it was impossible to expect Kamini to retire for ever. The storm of family trouble, heart trouble and

scandal could not last for ever. It had to pass; and in a year it passed away. The strained family relations are now smoothed over; and the manifestation of Kamini's new life now is her son—Rahul.

No wonder, then, after all the trials and tribulations Kamini Kaushal will again put on the make-up and face the lights. The day she enters the studio again she will feel at home. For, a true artiste can only feel happy in such a congenial atmosphere.

In these days of scarcity of stars, Kamini's return is to be most welcomed. The question, however, is: Will she capture her past glory? The break of the last two years has raised many doubts. Let us hope she will be able to remove these doubts on her very first appearance in *Poonam* in which, we are told Raj Kapoor will appear opposite her.

News Of The Week

—D. D. Kashyap has gone on a tour of Europe and will be visiting England to witness the famous Festival of Britain.

—K. A. Abbas who directed *Dharti-ke-Lal* and *Aaj Aur Kal* will write, direct and produce a social picture entitled *Anhonee* under the banner of Naya Sansar Productions. Designed as a popular box-office hit the picture will star Nargis and Raj Kapoor in the principal roles. Nakshab and Santoshi will write the songs, and Roshanlal will give the music. The picture has received a huge M. G. offer.

—Pancholi has given up the idea of making *Lutera* for the time being. Instead he will make a social picture.

—Jayant Desai has announced *Talwar ka Dhani* and *Shiv and Shakti* as his two forthcoming pictures.

—Filmistan is reported to have started the shooting of *Anarkali* last week. Mubarak is playing the role of Akbar.

If you wish to kill this Constitution make it sacred and sacrosanct—certainly. If you want it to be a dead thing, not a growing thing, a static, unwieldy, unchanging thing, then by all means do so, realising that that is the best way of stabbing it in the front and in the back. Do you know of any better framed, or better phrased Constitution than the Constitution of the Weimar Republic—the German Constitution? It was perfect in wording, phraseology, balance and adjustment. Yet that whole Constitution went lock, stock and barrel. Away it vanished into the dustbin of history.—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

RAIN-MAKING WITH HELP OF SCIENCE

By FRED MCCLEMENT

A simple machine that looks like a home freezer and generates silver iodide has been invented by Dr. Irving Krick, world-famous meteorologist, to milk precipitation from the clouds. Farmers in U. S. A. envisage the day when rain is really needed for their crops that a flick of the switch will do the trick.

WHILE everyone talks about the atom and hydrogen bomb and the frightening control it will give the nation that harnesses its power, hardly a word is mentioned about a little generator that looks like a home freezer now working away in eight states of the western U. S. to milk precipitation from the clouds. But it will not be long before it will be a top priority subject in the U. S. Congress and for every government in the world.

Perhaps the most famous words of General George C. Kenney of the U. S. air force have been lost to a nerve-racked multitude in a nervous world. A few may remember that he recently said: "The nation which first learns to plot the paths of air masses accurately and learns to control the time and place of precipitation will dominate the globe."

Has this already been accomplished? Has this little generator now in use caused nations to worry? A very definite yes!

Vincent Schaefer, top engineer with the General Electric Co. declared recently that widespread modification of the weather pattern over the U. S. may have resulted from systematic silver iodide seeding operations conducted in 1950 in New Mexico. This statement caused a furore in scientific circles which reached right into the government.

The generator did not gain real prominence in the news or the halls of Congress until January when the state of Arizona was suffering one of the worst droughts in its history. For there had been no rain for 115 days.

Then science came to the rescue and created one of the biggest precipitations ever recorded in the sun country. At this town of Nogales, located

on the border of Arizona and Mexico, a generator was set up, late in December, by the Walter Resources Development Corporation of Pasadena, California. Under able engineer Thomas Lockhart, the generator was put in motion on New Year's Eve, after weather reports indicated that warm, moist clouds from the Pacific would be travelling over that area at great heights that night.

No Longer On The Fence

Two hours after the machine started operating, rain fell over most of Arizona, and parched lands were drenched right to the New Mexico border. Ranchers were delighted and called for more rain. Twelve days later, when no precipitation had taken place in the meantime, the little generator started its midnight work again and snow and rain were milked from the clouds for a second time. As a result, satisfaction was recorded that the normal rainfall for the areas affected had been topped for the first time in history.

The ranchers and farmers of southwest Arizona were not the only ones watching the results of the little machine at work in this area. Others in Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, Colorado, Oregon and Washington were clamouring for attention. They had been watching carefully the experiments that had been conducted in 1950 in southern states and were sitting on the fence, wondering whether rain could be created from the new-fangled gadgets of science. The precipitation on New Year's Eve and on January 12 eliminated the doubts and strengthened the hopes of those who thought controlled rainfall, in fact, a possibility.

They turned to the only man who could help them, the creator of the

generator, Dr. Irving Krick, President of the Walter Resources Development Corporation of California.

Under his leadership boards were set up in several states to comply with the demands of cattlemen and growers. In Arizona, the Southern Weather Research Corporation was formed and headed by rancher Lewis Douglas, former ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Farmers in Colorado estimated that the agricultural wealth of the state could be upped by \$500,000,000. They tossed \$25,500 into the grain-making pot and drew up a 10 year plan to meet the objective. Land values began to double, just as if oil had been discovered.

Temperature Not Affected

Rain-Making is now a scientific business. Cloud-seeding is not new. It was tried out for several years in many parts of the U. S. and Canada. It was used in Northern Ontario to combat forest fires. But because it was done by aircraft flying at high altitudes with insufficient quantities of silver iodide and dropped into clouds that had to be at the right height at the right time, the operations often brought meagre or no results. The principle was right. The method was wrong.

Then along came the generator which operates on the ground. It looks like a home freezer and is a complicated piece of machinery. Yet it is simple in operating—simple to the scientist, that is.

Silver-iodide is impregnated into ordinary coke and placed in a hopper in the machine. The coke burns under forced draught at 3,000 degrees centigrade. The silver iodide is vaporized at this high temperature and produces particles at the brain-staggering rate of 30,000,000,000,000 a minute.

As these particles are forced upward, each becomes a potential snow-

flake and eventually a raindrop. And this is why:

Unless a cloud raises high enough to be cooled to a low enough temperature (this happens in ordinary rainfall) it remains a cloud; the droplets in it stay too small to fall. These droplets do not freeze at 32 degrees. They are supercooled, i.e., much colder than the normal freezing point. Even at a temperature of 15 to 20 degrees below zero, the droplets remain in liquid form and cannot fall.

Ordinarily, when an ice crystal comes in contact with supercooled droplets it can steal water from them, so water vapour moves from the droplet to the ice and a snow-flake grows. If ice crystals cannot be formed in supercooled clouds (at certain heights they do not), they must be replaced by another nucleus. In rain-making, it is the particles of silver iodide. The silver iodide particles grow into snow-flakes at the expense of the cloud droplets. They then fall to the ground as snow or melt into a rain.

Yet another scientific seeding does not affect the clouds or temperatures on the ground. It does not reduce sunshine or affect the mean mercury by a single degree. It only increases the fall of rain. Despite the hue and cry that had rent the air from those who believe rain is being denied to other places because of scientific milking in the southwest states, an eminent scientist has explained that, at present, the operation takes as little as one per cent of the potency after an hour of exposure to sunlight, the entire cloud could not be made to just disappear into sheets of rain.

But the future may have larger machines or even newer chemicals to seed the cumulous banks in the sky. That is perhaps why the U. S. Congress is preparing a bill to control scientific rain-making and why, also, the Arizona State Senate is creating rain-making districts to bring the operation under more rigid regulations.—Copyright—N.N.F.

Nepotism and class preferences are a common fault in official life. The practice of appointing men of the same caste or the same region without regard to qualifications is often noticed. If such practices are not rooted out, the chances of India ever rising above the level of a second class State are slender.—Sir M. Visweswaraya.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

BRITISH observers in Delhi are puzzled that Kingsley Martin, who has been always regarded as one of the best friends of India in England, should have said that there is a great deal of graft in the Government of India. The reply to that is that every true friend of India is bound to say the same thing. Many of us, Indians—who are by no means regarded as enemies of our country—have been saying this kind of thing for a long time. Kingsley Martin, like some of us, thought that the Congress Party under Nehru's leadership would roughly correspond to the British Labour Party in its programme and achievements. We were all admirers of Nehru; and we lived in all parts of the world. Most of us are thoroughly disillusioned now. It was our fault to have expected so much from Nehru. He cannot be blamed for not being what we thought he was—a Superman.

When Churchill described the Congress Party leaders as men of straw in the days of our pre-independence blindness, our blood boiled. Only now do we realise that Churchill as a judge of men is one of the shrewdest that ever lived. I remember how enthusiastic Kingsley Martin was about our Government when he visited India a couple of years ago. Some of us, being nearer observers, told him that India seemed to be going the way of China. Martin described the Chiang regime to us as some kind of a rat-hole, which could absorb any number of millions of dollars without yielding any result. Nehru is personally incorruptible. This by itself appears to be a great thing in the context of Indian politics today. But Nehru's tolerance goes beyond all limits. (You may tolerate corruption to a little extent to prove your great-

The amendments to the Constitution have brought down one man in public esteem. That man is the Prime Minister. The amendments have also helped unearth the mysteries of the ownership and control of the Press in India, by provoking a delightful controversy between Durga Das and Ramnath Goenka. Mutual exposure is a healthy phenomenon of Democracy. The public is the wiser for it. Durga Das and Goenka are probably both sadder and wiser.

Both Durga Das and Goenka said many things which needed saying. But few journalists in this country dare say the things they have said about each other, because most journalists in this country are the employees of either Goenka or of Durga Das's masters. Durga Das is not a proprietor-editor, but comes as near to being one as any. It is said that between Durga Das and Devadas, Durga Das comes nearer to the "proprietary brand." Durga Das accused Goenka of belonging to the "vested interests" while Goenka calls Durga Das a man who served "a variety of masters, foreign and Indian, imperialists and plutocrats," a man who served "the vested interests." Journalists must perforce serve some master or other; otherwise they cannot live. It is not a virtue if you happen to be the master yourself—as Goenka seems to think it is. If you are the master, you are judged among other considerations, by the number of employees you dismiss from time to time.

Goenka is speaking through his very white Gandhi cap when he says that he is one of the members of Parliament who are editors, "who may have, in addition, proprietorial interest in their newspapers." Goenka will not appoint grossly incompetent men as news-editors and sub-editors. Durga Das has no hesitation in making such appointments.

because the paper is not his own. One of his proteges wanted to publish the photograph of one Congress leader on his appointment to a very high office in the State, and wrote underneath: "For Obituary, See Page 8." He did not know the difference between "Obituary" and "Life Sketch!" The error was discovered a few minutes before going to press.

Goenka accused Durga Das of creating a class war between proprietors and working journalists. If the proprietors had not pretended to be editors, this difficulty would never have arisen. It is absurd for proprietors to claim to fight for the freedom of the Press when it is well-known that the working journalist is not free to express his views even when the utmost freedom of expression is guaranteed under the Constitution. Many a proprietor takes liberties with the editorials written by the working editor, and makes additions, deletions and alterations in the articles without even consulting the man who wrote the article. But the proprietor's knowledge of the English language is sometimes so woeful that he does not bother very much if he cuts out the first sentence in a leading article. The article then starts with the second sentence and makes ridiculous reading.

Pandit Nehru's stand will have some meaning if his contention is that proprietors of newspapers are in fact exercising greater curbs on freedom of expression than the Government of the day may ever dream of exercising. Panditji's role here is not that of a champion of the working journalist fighting against the tyranny of the proprietor-editor. The Press in India today, which is owned by Capitalists and is managed and controlled by the henchmen of the Capitalists, is but the mouthpiece of powerful vested interests who have very much less in common with the people of India than Pandit Nehru has. The Government wants the Press to do Government propaganda, but the Capitalists want their ghost-writers to sing their own praise and to issue statements in their name. Goenka, incidentally, calls Durga Das a ghost-writer.

A more skilful battle of wits recently

concluded in Moscow. Mikhail Botvinnik, holder of the World Chess Championship, retained his title in what is probably the most exciting Chess Match ever played in the world. The score was perilously close, and it looked after the twentieth game as though young Bronstein would wrest the title from Botvinnik. Of the 24 games, each won five and the others were draws.

The Russians are a nation of chess-lovers. And only a nation of the highest cultural and intellectual attainments can get thrills out of a game of chess. Although chess was invented in India, the game is neglected here. We cannot boast of a single great Master of chess. Chess has been likened to Music and to Mathematics. Moscow Radio gives a running commentary on the progress of the Match, which is followed intently by millions of Russians. *Pravda* in Moscow and *The Hindu* in Madras have carried admirable reports of the Match in Moscow. Ambassador Novikov told me during the Asian Games Season that Mr. Krishnamachariar, Chess Editor of *The Hindu* had been invited to Moscow to witness the Chess Tournament. But I find that Krishnamachariar reached Moscow only at the fag-end of the Final Match.

There are needless delays in issuing passports to those who have been invited to visit the Soviet Union by VOKS and by other Scientific and Cultural Organisations of the USSR. What are the considerations that weigh with the Government in withholding permission to the invitees? Is this how we seek to strengthen our friendship with the great Soviet peoples, who are shipping food to India from sea-ports of the Black Sea? Our complaint used to be that nobody is allowed to see things for himself in the Soviet Union. When over 20 scientists and writers from India are invited to the Soviet Union, it is only right that the Government should provide every facility to make the visit a success. The original intention was that the invitees should watch the May Day Parade on May 1, but that was not possible. Even now the Government of India are still considering whether they should issue passports for those who have applied for them.

There is a report that one passport, which was already issued, has been cancelled. Why this mortal fear of permitting Indians to visit the Soviet Union?

Nobody likes the invitations he issues to be turned down. When the hand of friendship is extended, it is our duty to grasp it. I believe this is the largest batch of men of science and culture who have been ever invited to Russia from any foreign country. When Pudovkin and Cherkasov, the

renowned Russian producer and the foremost Soviet actor, were invited a few months ago by the Exhibition Committee of the Soviet Film Festival in Calcutta, it was not easy for them to obtain visas to enter India. It was by the intervention of Radhakrishnan, who happened to be in New Delhi, that visas were ultimately given to Pudovkin and Cherkasov. We should encourage closer cultural contacts with all our neighbours, including the Soviet Union.

PROPRIETY OF BHAGAVAT GITA

By SRI VENKATADRI APPA RAO

THOUGH the writings on *Gita* by eminent personalities are voluminous, the following salient features are not often definitely mentioned.

Arjuna, the mighty warrior had, on many former occasions, fought against the Kowravas. But, on this final decisive occasion, he fell prey to a mood of depression—'Oh! I feel I am to be a butcher of my kith and kin.'

If that kind of depressive feeling is allowed full sway, no soldier can fight bravely, honourably and conscientiously. Hence, Lord Krishna's great exhortation to make him fight. That is *Gita*—a song of encouragement to all warriors, personified in Arjuna. It defends the morality and enumerates, in detail, the aesthetic aspect and the unselfish equanimity, that every soldier should assume on the field of battle—actual or allegorical.

Hence, the *Gita* is essentially a warrior's book. It justifies the honourable nature of the soldier's duty.

The *Gita* is embodied and intertwined in philosophical sayings, in order that it may be generally read and cause a contemplative mood and steady the unbridled violence of warriors in general.

Sree Krishna, foreseeing that many youngsters, loved by Arjuna,—like Abhimanya—may fall in battle, wanted to fortify Arjuna's mind with a

strong sense of duty, indifference to personal feelings and conviction of the deathless nature of the soul. Further, Arjuna was not wanting in bravery, but was overcome with pity and kindness—which were untimely at that particular juncture.

That kind of Arjuna's feeling could be overcome only by entire elimination of his personal feelings—by apathy for death—and by belief in Life after death. All this is the subject-matter of the *Gita*.

Some *Gita* scholars say that Arjuna's untimely kindness was foreseen by Sree Krishna, and so previous to the war he gave word to Duryodhana that he would not fight with weapons, because Sri Krishna wanted to be with Arjuna and use that occasion to impart *Gita* to the world through Arjuna. But it is more true to the text to assume that Arjuna's apathy was a surprise to Krishna and that the *Gita* was the Lord's spontaneous exhortation on the spur of the moment.

The *Gita* contains essential truths of duty, life, and life after death, so that the soldiers may be emboldened and ennobled.

It may be noted that there was no actual fighting on the first day of the Maha Bharatha war. Hence, there was plenty of time for the delivery of the *Gita*. Each side was estimating

the strength of the enemy and of itself, and shouting slogans of soldierly exhortations—as if feeling the pitch. Trumpets and conches were being sounded. There must have been a huge din. Therefore many on either side did not notice the actual critical circumstances or the context of the Gita. Only Bheeshma, just opposite, and others in the immediate vicinity were said to have noted that some extraordinary conversation was going on between Krishna and Arjuna and wondered what it was all about.

Many question the actual form of the Gita as originally delivered by Sri Krishna. Vyasa, the composer of Bharatha, was a contemporary of Krishna and Arjuna, and might have obtained from either or both of them, or from Sanjaya, the full text and context of the Gita and also might have showed the final composed version to Sri Krishna and gained his

approval. On the other hand Krishna was no ordinary personality. He was quite capable of freely delivering, in his original exhortation, the Gita as *asu kavan* in its easy *anustup* metre. Anyhow, we can be certain that the Gita, in its essence and most of its entirety, is the Lord's.

The Gita is divided into eighteen chapters according to the subject-matter. The second chapter is called Sankhya Yoga. This second chapter contains 72 slokas. Each set of four slokas is supposed to indicate the subject-matter of each consecutive chapter. Thus, this second chapter is like an index of contents of all the eighteen chapters. 'Sankhya' also means discretion,—war of discretion.

The allegory between life's struggle for salvation, and war for victory is carried on right through the holy book.

BRITAIN'S FOSTER MOTHERS

By HARRY HEAP

LONDON: The Home Office in Britain has just published the report of its Children's Department. This deals with two types of children who are the concern of the Home Office, those who are what are now called Juvenile Delinquents and those who are neglected or are deprived of those things which a child ought to have.

In the case of the neglected or deprived child, there has been widespread approval of that side of the report which tells how the policy of the Home Office is to place them into families rather than into impersonal institutions. So often the main need of neglected children is for affection, for some "background" to their living, for security and the feeling that there is somewhere to go, someone to call upon, in time of trouble or worry. The heroines of this system are the Foster Mothers. These women take young people, not always babies, and care for them until they are able to go out on their own. Their charges are not their adopted children, yet there is often a strong bond of affection built up between the youngster and the foster mother. It takes a person with a high social sense to take these children and young people into their home. Many of us will do social service outside our home, and do it sincerely and effectively, but there are not so many of us who will bring the problem back to our homes to live with us. This is just what the foster mother does. Having found a neglected child, the child is not sent to a Nursery, a Creche or a Home, but is brought back to live with one. There is a shortage of such mothers in Britain. What surprises me is that there are as many as there are. When one is hearing of the selfishness, the lack of morality and all the other defects of the modern world, it is encouraging to hear of the self-sacrifice and great humanity of these foster mothers.

Juvenile Delinquents are the others dealt with in the report of the Children's Department. I have not yet studied the full report, but I would at once warn readers that the figures of Juvenile Delinquents are not always

quite as bad as they seem. Larceny is theft, whether from a Bank or an apple tree, and the youth who takes money from a Bank is in the same category, as far as figures go, as the child who takes an apple from an apple tree. Much of what goes for Juvenile Delinquency is nothing but naughtiness. This is not to say that all naughtiness should be smiled upon, but I would say that too much can be made of the amount of Juvenile Delinquency there appears to be from present-day figures. It is a very small step from naughtiness to crime, when children are concerned.

Whilst on this subject, I noticed that the Lord Chief Justice of England recently had something to say about Approved Schools. He commented on the high standard of equipment, teaching and living accommodation and, if I remember rightly, said something to the effect that he did not know why his father bothered to spend money on sending him to expensive boarding schools when, if he had been sufficiently naughty, he could have gone to an Approved School. In some ways, one can understand the Lord Chief Justice making such a comment. Some months ago, I had occasion to visit a small public school in the Midlands of England. Both my wife and I were appalled at the conditions under which the boys were expected to live. The rooms were cramped and bare, the kitchen arrangements seemed designed for *al-fresco* meals rather than the nourishing diet which growing boys need. The classrooms were converted bedrooms, with no modern background at all. Yet people pay good money to send their boys to this school, and others like it. I should add that the boys we saw all looked extremely healthy, were polite and, I have no doubt, were receiving a good education. But the conditions were almost Spartan.

A little while after visiting that school, I visited an Approved School and recalling the grim aspect of the public school which I had just seen, I wondered what kind of place the Approved School would be. To begin with, it was situated in extensive and

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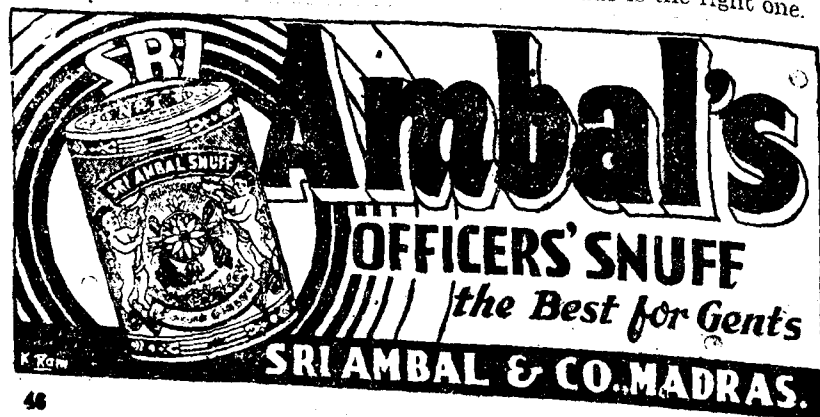


Mr. T. S. Rajam, Managing Director, T. V. Sundaram Iyengar & Sons Ltd., Madurai has sailed from Bombay on 30-5-1951 by M. V. Cilicia on a business cum holiday tour of United Kingdom and Continent accompanied by his wife.

beautiful grounds. It was, in fact, one of the "stately homes of England" being put to public use, as are so many of them these days. I noticed that there was an open-air swimming pool—an unnecessary luxury, I thought, until I was told that the boys had built the pool themselves and, of course kept it clean and in good condition. The dormitories were not over-furnished, but the boys there had more room and more locker accommodation than those at the public school. The kitchens were magnificent affairs, with bottling machines, large ovens and all the latest in cooking equipment. There were shower baths, playing fields, beautifully kept gardens, both flower and vegetable,

classrooms built outside, a games room, a boxing ring and a dining room with fresh, white tablecloths and mugs of different colours, according to the colours of the houses, for they have the public school house-system there, too.

Of course, the gardens were kept by the boys, the trees were felled and sold by them, too. Most of the desks and other classroom furniture had been made in the school's well-equipped carpentry shop, and the boys had also, made the boats they rowed on the river. These boys also looked healthy and happy, but there was a military smartness about them, rather than a politeness, and their clothes were of farm workers, rather than of young gentlemen at school. Yet there is no doubt that the background of the boys at the Approved School was more comfortable, more satisfying, than that of the public school. And there is a reason for it. In the case of a boy who goes to a public school, he usually comes from a home where there are the main comforts of life—an easy chair, books, a garden and comfortable surroundings. His school life must teach him both to appreciate these comforts and to be able to live without them, if necessary. The boy at the Approved School has, on the other hand, almost always come from a home where there is nothing but discomfort and, often, dirt, where he has been neglected and had nowhere to call his own. He must be given new and higher standards and, so long as there is also the very necessary discipline, this is the point of view of some who have the running of these Approved Schools. And I have no doubt that, in the long run, such an attitude is the right one.



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.

Amendment Of The Constitution

For sometime past, a number of draft amendments to the Constitution are being considered by the Government of India including the attempt by our State Government to perpetuate a "clear breach of fundamental right" on grounds of caste and religion; this last is indeed a sad commentary on the ideals of a Secular State. But it should be understood that there are well-defined limitations in attempting such a change in the Constitution.

Several of these proposed amendments are felt to be or have, in the opinion of the Government, become necessary because of a series of judicial decisions of the Supreme Court, putting an entirely different interpretation on the provisions regarding Fundamental Rights. To seek to rectify these "defects or lacunae" by means of an amendment, prima facie such an amendment should not be against the provisions of Art. 13 (2) viz., the State shall not make any law which takes away or abridges the rights conferred by this Part (Part III dealing with Fundamental Rights) and any law made in contravention of this clause shall to the extent of the contravention be void. The Supreme Court, in the recent Madras Communal G.O. case, reiterates this principle when it observes:

"The Chapter of Fundamental Rights is sacrosanct and not liable to be abridged by any legislative or executive act or order, except to the extent provided in the appropriate Article in Part III. The Directive Principles of State Policy have to conform to and run as subsidiary to the Chapter of Fundamental Rights. In our opinion, that is the correct way in which the provisions found in Parts III and IV have to be understood."

Secondly, any amendment of the Constitution should not merely be with a view to implementing the avowed policies of the party in power, but should also conform to public opinion. Merely circulating the draft of the proposed amendments to the various States is not eliciting public opinion, because every decision is taken on a party line. It cannot be denied that the Chapter on Fundamental Rights itself was incorporated after a good deal of

debate and as a result of the deliberations of the finest brains of India, legal and constitutional. To disturb it by an amendment after a mere circulation to the various States, and then to have it passed in a Parliament with a majority of the party in power, is not tantamount to ascertaining public opinion.

Such amendments should not be hasty. Sufficient time should elapse between their inception and passage. Informed public opinion should so express itself that the amendments sought should come off with maximum possible concurrence of all parties. It cannot be said that with the elections in the ensuing December for the first Parliament under the Constitution, any amendment of the Constitution, however necessary because of certain judicial decisions, is desirable now. It can safely be left—indeed this will be the only proper course—to the new Parliament, when the vast electorate will have an opportunity to think, decide and send their representatives with proper mandates. As Dr. M. R. Jayakar said recently, the roots of a plant should not be too hurriedly plucked to see whether it has taken root.

V. SUNDARARAJAN,
Advocate.

Madurai.

Plight Of Textile Retail Licensees

The lot of the retail licence holders for the mill goods has been most miserable since the beginning of the year, from which time the supply of mill cloth has been gradually on the decline. These dealers are not getting even a thousand rupees worth of goods per month, and their entire stock is sold away almost immediately after its receipt. Their shelves, which are all empty, are covered by the shop soiled cut pieces, while the proprietors and their salesmen are idly sitting in their respective seats having absolutely no business to do. This has not in any way diminished the frequent visits of their customers, who come and enquire about the arrival of any fresh stocks. They have only to go back disappointed owing to the non-arrival of any goods. Mill dhoties having become very rare of late, people have to go in for the mull pieces, particularly the Mettur mulls, which are cheaper. But they are supplied at irregu-

lar intervals and that in meagre quantities. The moment the retail dealers take delivery of their quotas of Mettur products, the consumers rush to their shops in very large numbers, creating a terrible scene by their rude and insolent behaviour, and causing worry and annoyance to the poor dealers. Police protection has invariably to be resorted to under such circumstances, and within a very short time of the arrival of the goods, the entire stock is sold out and the usual lull returns to every shop.

The margin of profit allowed to these retailers has been reduced from ten to seven per cent. The sales tax takes away 1-1/2 per cent out of this, leaving a gross income of just 5-1/2 per cent. With this low percentage, they have to maintain their business, pay house rent and salary to their establishment, not to speak of the lighting charges and sundry expenses. Their monthly turn-over may not exceed even Rs. 1500 under the existing circumstances. Nobody has so far ventured to plead for these poor dealers, who are rather too timid to come forward with

any appeal for the redress of their grievances. Of course there are associations of the licensees in all prominent towns. But there is lack of co-operation among them, particularly in the matter of agitating against the policy of the Government. The reason for this is that the prominent among the dealers who have obtained licences for both wholesale and retail business are much less affected than those who are mere retail licensees. And it goes without saying that it is the prominent merchants that generally take a leading part in such associations.

While the Government are very particular over their sales tax, they take no note of the very sad plight of these poor retail licensees, who are obliged to keep their shops running in spite of the serious handicaps as explained above.

Will the Press at least come to their rescue by representing their grievances through the medium of the popular dailies and weeklies.

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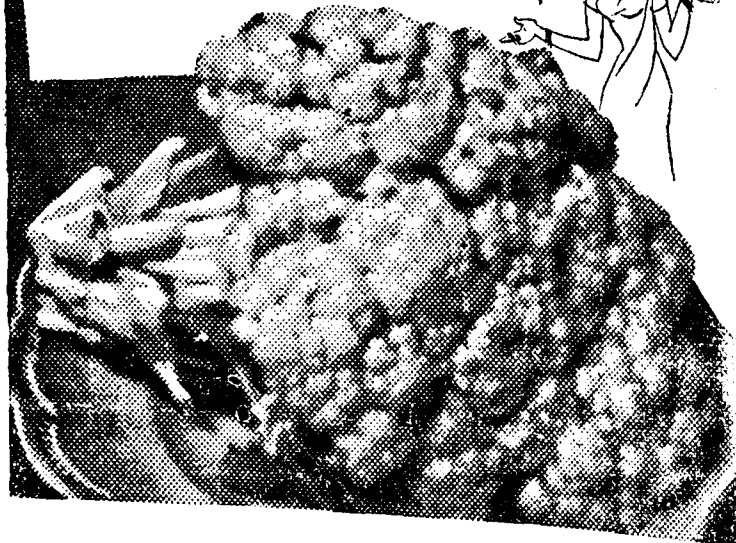
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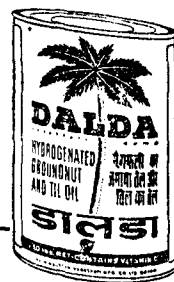


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THE NEHRU REGIME

IT is time that an objective estimate is formed of Pandit Nehru's Prime Ministership. This is rather difficult, as he is in many respects an attractive leader with captivating personal qualities. If he is impetuous and at times overbearing, he is also prone to swift fits of contrition. No false pride ever stands in the way of his making amends to those hurt by him in the heat of the moment. His energy, industry, grand aims invest him with the status of a leader out of the ordinary. No one even distantly approaching him in the elements of greatness is visible. Criticism is hushed, lest, if he is lost to the nation, the successor should prove to be a hundredfold inferior in things that count. In the background of a general aridity of leadership, Nehru shines by contrast, with the result that achievement has ceased to count as a contributory factor in the pre-eminence he enjoys.

From a public point of view, the esteem divorced from administrative record in which Nehru is held, has turned out to be the worst of free India's misfortunes. It emphasises a certain unfitness of our masses for the responsibilities of democratic freedom. If the democratic system is to result in social progress, the millions invested with voting power must have a sense of discrimination enabling them to withhold support from glamorous leaders when they cease to be progressive administrators. The British people demonstrated their fitness for democracy when they refused to be inveigled by the glories of Churchill's war leadership, into voting him into

power for a further term in peace time. Popularity is no substitute for administrative capacity. People should learn to remove their heroes from office and instal others in their place when the administration reveals marked signs of deterioration.

Pandit Nehru set out to be a world statesman pledged to the cause of international peace, and in the process he has spoken more voluminously than any of the other world figures. There is a terrific wordage to his credit. What has been the net outcome of it all? In the U. S. A. where once he was received with royal honours, there is now bitter antipathy and disillusionment. Russia does not count on him as a friend. In Britain, the calculations of tremendous potency with which the advent of his regime was hailed, are no longer considered realistic. The world has passed him by as a man of power. It looks upon him as a man of words who is to be made use of by being sentimentally played with. He does not count now as much as he did four years ago. A definite decline in influence has set in.

Pandit Nehru's handling of the Kashmir issue illustrates the besetting bane of his foreign policies, which consists in not knowing when and how to be firm and where to yield. We were within an inch of succeeding militarily in Kashmir. Pandit Nehru then cried halt. Millions of rupees spent in the pursuit of victory were thereby turned to waste. Pandit Nehru rushed to the U.N.O. not knowing the bias for Pakistan that he would confront there. He has pronounced in favour of a plebiscite, but

he is nervous in the matter of implementing the pronouncement. He has got himself utterly into a maze by mistaking a military problem for a diplomatic one, and from the mess into which he got over Kashmir there are no signs that he would ever extricate himself.

In domestic affairs, the food situation has developed into a crisis through continual mishandling. Corruption has enormously multiplied. There have been cases of persons having been shot in police custody with the Prime Minister doing nothing about it. Even the sacred Consti-

tution itself with its boosted Fundamental Rights, has been meddled with by the Prime Minister, and his answers to objectors could not have been different if he thought the Constitution co-terminous with himself. As official Prime Minister Pandit Nehru has violated most of what he stood for as a non-official political leader. Thinking men are ceasing to put faith in his promises. They regard him as a prisoner of vested interests unconscious of his fallen condition because of the illusions which still supply him with joy in place of achievements.

Sotto Voce

"LIES, LIES!"



WHEN a man begins excitedly jumping about and shouting, "Lies, lies!" the world is apt to be suspicious. And suspicion becomes supercilious certainty when there is no visible provocation. At the third reading of the Constitution Amendment Bill Mr. Nehru worked himself up into one of those Himalayan fits of temper which he loves as much as any ranting Homeric hero. "Again and again we are told," he said, "and so even the plea of unexpectedness was not available to him,—"you are curbing and destroying the liberty of the press" I say, any man, or newspaper, who says it, lies and knows that he lies, and I challenge anybody." The crusader for international peace proposing to fight a duel like any vulgar amourist must vastly tickle Father Time who is asked to pick up the spatuliet.

Mr. Nehru, like the stage-comedian with one trick, answers every argu-

ment by protesting the purity of his intentions. His critics might fairly reply that they were concerned, not with intentions, but with consequences. The world cannot be blamed for thinking that the man who could say, "We have had to put up with much from a few individuals who have dared to challenge us," has little to learn in bad manners from any dictator, ancient or modern. He may not have the least desire to silence his opponents by summary methods. But then neither had Henry II when he cried out against Thomas Becket, "Will no one rid me of this troublesome prelate?"

I have however every sympathy for the P. M. It is his misfortune that he can never get down to brass tacks. And the colleagues on whom he has tended more and more to lean, perhaps from a dim realisation of this natural deficiency, are sophisters for whom realism means unprincipled improvisation. Thus in the morning

the Prime Minister tells the House that it is a perfectly reasonable demand that State legislation curbing freedom of expression should be reserved for the President's assent. In the evening he blandly informs Parliament that this is unnecessary, since the Law Minister says so.

Now, Dr. Ambedkar who might well say with Pooh-Bah, "I was born sneering," has so poor an opinion of his audience that he thinks anything will go down with it. Press legislation being a Concurrent subject, the Centre can prevent mischief by the States by itself enacting any required legislation under Art. 19 (2) with due safeguards; therefore reserving State legislation for the President's assent is unnecessary, argues the Law Minister. But if the Centre chooses not to exercise its right? Dr. Ambedkar preferred not to think of the contingency. But he did not mind telling the House that the President's assent might in any case prove a doubtful blessing as even a bad law might be saved by it if the State Government inveigled the President into giving his assent.

In raising this bogey our legal expert forgot that the President gives his assent or withholds it only on his Cabinet's advice. If the Government of India could be so absent-minded or indifferent as to allow the States to get away with it, how can we count on its taking positive action to promote legislation for ousting the States' jurisdiction? The Nehru Government has not exactly been setting an example to posterity in the matter of resistance to reactionary pressure from the States. The zamindari situation was

but a pretext; it was the Madras demand for the salvaging of the Communal G. O. that really forced Delhi to bring forward this most unconstitutional proposal for amending the Constitution.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." The Home Minister could have said a good deal that would have been vastly worth knowing on "the socially and educationally backward classes" formula, but he discreetly kept his counsel. Instead he launched on a disquisition on the protean character of violence and defined an offence as anything which a Minister does not like! Notwithstanding the pathetic tenacity with which Mr. Nehru clung to the plea that the Bill was only an enabling measure, clearly, the changing was none of his begetting.

It was the Rajagopalachari Ministry that first elevated personalism into the central dogma of the Congress church. It made no difference whether the question under debate was the benefiting of rich debtors at the expense of poor creditors or the externing of an irreverent Socialist, whether it was support for Pakistan or opposition to the separation of the executive and the judiciary. The *mantram* invariably was, "Trust me. Am I not your Raja? And don't the Sastras say the King can do no wrong? If you don't like it you must lump it; in the long run you will get used to it." They did not. It is a pity that Mr. Nehru should have persuaded himself that the verdict will be different because he calls it a challenge.

VIGNESWARA.

If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight,—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears.—William James.

That society which, to maintain itself, oppresses individual souls and sacrifices their rights and their culture to its own tranquillity is like a mother who should devour her children. The individual who by his own selfishness exploits or destroys the social bond is the perverse or heedless child who to warm himself sets fire to the house of his fathers. Social authority and individual autonomy are not more hostile, and can no more legitimately be opposed to one another, than the final destiny of man from that of humanity.—Auguste Sabatier.

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED CIVIL SERVANT

By Sir S. V. RAMAMURTHY

IT was some forty years ago that I became a civil servant. I very nearly did not become a civil servant at all. I went to England to join Cambridge. I saw the then Under Secretary of State for India and told him that I thought I could serve my country better as a professor than a civil servant and asked if when there was next a vacancy in the Indian Education Service he would give it to the best man. I said that if so, I felt confident I could get in. He replied that I. E. S. was the minimum intended for Englishmen. Therefore I studied for the I. C. S. and joined the Civil Service. In the beginning of my service it was the old regime where the Government of the country was in the hands of senior members of the Indian Civil Service. As Assistant Collectors, we were trained by senior Collectors of districts. It was a matter of luck what type of a Collector one was trained by. I was lucky in having a liberal minded Collector who when he found that I joined both the Indian Club and the English Club in my first district of Salem, raised no objection to it. In fact it was on the advice of a Bengali lady in London who used to be kind to Indian students there that I called on the leading Indians at Salem in addition to the leading Europeans. A fellow Indian Civil Servant who joined the service a year later was not equally lucky in his Collector.

It happened that from the beginning of my service I had a special inclination to work for rural development. I have always felt that the work which interested a person most is not the work which he must do but which he may do. I had therefore laid it down for myself that while obeying all the rules and regulations laid down for an officer, I should go beyond into the unregulated territory and design the work for myself. In doing this I bore in mind the advice given to me by an old distinguished Indian Collector, the late R. Ramachandra Rao. When he met me for the first time

after I returned from England, he gave me a piece of advice. He said, "Never ask for instructions. When there are rules, follow them. But when there are no rules for you to follow or when there are doubts about the interpretation of rules, make your own decisions, never ask for instructions." This agreed with my own temperament and I do not think I have ever asked for instructions in my service. In practically the first division I was in charge of, namely Shermadevi in Tinnevely district, I took it upon myself to organize a Rural Development Conference to which I invited officers from the Agricultural, Co-operative, Industrial, Veterinary, Public Health and other departments and some of the young officers who were present at the conference and spoke before it were, I was glad to find, officers who later worked under me in various development departments.

After some six years of my service in the Indian Civil Service, diarchy was introduced. A new atmosphere in administration thereby came to being. This continued for another twenty years when full fledged democratic government took its place. During the diarchic regime a district officer could control his district not because he was an officer but because of his personality. I felt that under that regime a district officer could exercise practically all the authority that he had before, provided that people trusted him. I was Collector of Ramnad district for about three years and one of the most interesting parts of my duties as Collector was how to deal with the leading zamindar, the then Rajah of Ramnad. I fought him for a couple of years and then we became very good friends. As a rule I find that when you fight with an Englishman you become good friends thereafter. This is not as often true in the case of Indians. Perhaps the difference is due to the difference in our history. At the end of my service I was Collector

Salem where I started as Assistant Collector. For three years under the diarchic regime I felt that as Collector I could get people to do whatever I wished because they knew that I would not wish to do anything against their interests. Perhaps I should say that my controlling the district depended up to 95 per cent on people's affection for me and perhaps 5 per cent on their fear of my authority. I think such a double basis for the position of a district officer is all to the good, and perhaps the difficulties of a Collector in the post-diarchic period are due to its absence.

Half my service was spent in the districts and the other half at Madras itself. After a dozen years in the districts, I was taken to Madras as Special Secretary along with Sir George Boag to prepare material on behalf of the Madras Government for the Simon Commission. After six months of Secretaryship to Government to prepare the Government memoranda for the Simon Commission, I was standing in the Cosmopolitan Club one day reading a newspaper when the late Rajah of Panagal came to me and said that they wanted a Secretary for the non-official Committee of the legislature to deal with the Simon Commission Report and that they wanted an independent officer with a nationalistic trend of mind to be the Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee and asked if I would take it up. I appreciated the Rajah Sahib's compliment and promptly agreed. I had thus the pleasure of presenting the case both for the Government and the people's representatives on the question of reforms.

In the various appointments I have held my method has been to do what I thought was right. On the whole this is a safe as well as a good working principle. Not always do people agree with what you think is right but sooner or later they respect you for it. I have had many differences of opinion with my English colleagues due not to any individual prejudices or attitudes but perhaps due to the differences in our national objectives. The Englishman has the capacity to respect his opponent even when he does not agree with him. This is a very necessary characteristic which enables democracy to succeed. During the

time of the last war there were occasions when my views were not the same as those of my colleagues but I was glad to see that they gave the fullest consideration to my strongly held views. There was a time when military commanders with the experience of Dunkirk felt that if the Japanese invaded South India the civil population should "stay put." I felt that after the stories given by Eden after the fall of Hongkong as to how the Japanese converted half of it into a brothel, it would be unthinkable for the Indian Government to support the "stay put" demanded by personally obsessed military commanders. One of the Advisers said he agreed with me but said he could not do anything against it. I said that such a position must not be tolerated. As Chief Secretary I went to Delhi and got the Defence Secretary and Chief of Staff to agree with me that the "stay put" policy must not be allowed to stand and that a corridor from Madras to the west must be allowed to the public who should be given as early notice as possible of an impending invasion. It was fortunate that the Japanese invasion did not go through and the corridor to the west had not to be used by the public of Madras. As Adviser to the Governor I had the good fortune to receive the support of Sir Arthur Hope in all my official acts. He used to come round to the rooms of the Advisers and ask them whether they had any subjects to discuss with him. I used to think ahead about what I proposed to do and tell him about my proposed actions. Getting the support in advance, it was easy for me to pass orders on the spot. In this way when I held a conference of mirasdars in Tanjore about fixing the price of rice which I kept unaltered for nearly three years thereby helping to stabilize the index figure of prices in Madras, I was able to issue orders on the spot immediately after the conference because I had already got the support of the Governor for doing so. I believe one newspaper asked at the time whether I was the Governor to issue orders on the spot. The fact was I had already got the orders from the Governor in order that I might issue orders on the spot. Similarly when I went to Hyderabad to settle the division of Tungabhadra waters between Madras and Hyderabad, a

matter which had been pending for some thirty years, I was able to negotiate a settlement in three days, on lines which I had already thought out and for which I had already obtained the support of the Governor. I had therefore only to telegraph to the Governor of Madras that the matter was settled and along with the Nawab of Chettari, the Prime Minister of Hyderabad, I issued a press communique that the matter was settled. My determination to settle the long standing problem of the division of Tungabhadra waters came to me when I went to Bellary in a famine and saw men, women and children waiting along the horizon in the morning, breaking stones on the roadside in the day and walking back again in the evening. I felt that the problem was not economic but moral and that human beings must not suffer so. I therefore decided while insisting on what was essential for Madras to give up what was unessential for Madras but might be essential for Hyderabad.

After my membership of the Famine Enquiry Committee and apparently as a result of it, I was invited to go as a member of the Food Commission in the beginning of 1946 to London and Washington. That was the first time when there was a possibility of getting a large import of food after the difficult years of the war. We had indeed to pass through a considerable emotional strain before we could induce the authorities in London and Washington to supply us 1-1/2 million tons of food as against the 2 million tons that we asked for. I was attending a meeting of the United Nations when the late Mr. Peter Fraser then Prime Minister of New Zealand heard me about our need and said "Let India take the wheat and let England take the meat." Next day when we were discussing the position with the Director of Rice at the India Office, he asked what could he do. I told him the story of Clive at the siege of Arcot when Indian soldiers drank the conje

and gave the rice to the English soldiers. I said England and India were again besieged this time by famine, and I repeated the suggestion of Mr. Fraser "Let India take the wheat and England take the meat." Sir Ben Smith, Minister for Food in England went with us to Washington to support our case as well as the case for other Commonwealth areas. When he did not succeed in getting all that we wanted, I told him that we were thankful to him for getting from America what he could, but as he did not get all we wanted, I asked what would England do. I told him that England should ration bread. He said that he would be committing political suicide if he did so. I said that India would be committing physical suicide if he did not do so. The same Food Minister was almost in tears when he asked the Food Secretary of the Government of India whether the Madras Government could not be compelled to send to England groundnut the export of which I had banned from Madras. He was told that the Provincial Government of Madras was autonomous and that the Government of India could not force the Madras Government to give up food when they lacked food so badly.

From Adviser, I reverted as Chief Secretary in order to finalize the Scheme of Ramapadasagar, the reservoir on the Godavari which I had been working on for a few years as Adviser. By the time the Scheme was ready, the finances of the Government of India after taking on certain large schemes in Northern India were inadequate to take up the scheme on the Godavari. The construction of reservoirs on the Godavari and the Krishna is the ultimate solution to the food problem in South India. In the long run these reservoirs must and I trust, will be constructed. In a way the construction of the Godavari reservoir has been for me not only work but worship. Such worship is a continuing worship and knows no end.

Avoid idleness, and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed and the body is at ease; for no easy, healthful, idle person was ever chaste if he could be tempted; but of all employments, bodily labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the Devil.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE AMENDMENT AND AFTER

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

EVERY true patriot of India is bound to feel greatly disconcerted over the speed and haste with which amendments to the Constitution have been effected by the Union Parliament in the teeth of almost nation-wide protests and misgivings. Seldom has so controversial a measure been enacted so suddenly and passed so swiftly with such scant regard to public opinion and criticism. Indeed the amendments themselves are perhaps less objectionable than the manner and method by which they have been effected. There are, it must be confessed, too many legal snares and pitfalls in the procedure that has been adopted and it is not clear whether the Government had consulted both the official and non-official legal opinion in the country. The debate itself had been marked with a warmth and heat which only the Rowlett Bill in the good old days, and the Religious Endowment Bill in Madras had generated. Sri Shyama Prasad Mukerji's well-reasoned speeches reminding us of the passionate eloquence of the Rt. Hon'ble Sastri and Mocherla Ramachandra Rao, when the respective measures were introduced in the legislature. It is however, the uniform sequel of these hastily enacted statutes that the voice of the dissidents is the voice of the people and of the prophet: the moral is, never legislate in haste and repent in leisure.

There is however nothing wrong in regard to a good number of the amendments. Some of them are surely very essential. In fact the State would have failed in its duty by the people if it had not sought to punish incitement to violence or removed the racial bar in respect of the few European judges in the country. After all homage to abstract ideals of freedom of speech ought not to occasion blood baths with which the country had been too familiar in the past. Again the elimination of the zamindar is a cardinal election programme and the reform should be made effective. But do all these matters justify departure from normal procedure? This is an amendment of

the constitution, involving abridgment of the sacrosanct fundamental rights: but yet it has been denied the leisurely and dispassionate consideration of the public which even ordinary enactments effecting only verbal changes possess as of right. And this is the more glaring when one considers that so beneficial a measure as the Hindu Code Bill making for all round equality and equity, is still on the legislative anvil. After all what is the urgency for the present amendments? Would anything catastrophic happen if the Bill had been delayed? A few bright pupils in Madras would have found their way into professional colleges and provide the scientific and technical personnel of which the country is in such sore need. The Supreme Court would have delivered its verdict on the Zemin-dari legislation, which if favourable to the State, would have spared it the almost unanimous meed of public criticism of which news agencies are making unfair use.

Prima facie the Bill violates certain cardinal principles of the Constitution and it is extremely unlikely that its validity will not be impugned in the courts. An amendment of the Constitution has been effected by means of a law passed by the Union Parliament. Assuming that the present Parliament can at all initiate it, the question still remains whether any law which takes away a fundamental right can be enacted, whether the law is an ordinary law or effects a change in the Constitution. The scheme of legislation in the Constitution may be stated thus: On 26-1-1950 all existing laws which violate the fundamental rights automatically become void; and from that date onwards, no law can be enacted which offends them. Now "Law" has been defined to include not merely laws passed by the legislature but by outside agencies as well, that is to say, rules, by-laws and ordinances. And hence by no stretch of imagination, can changes in the constitution be outside the ambit of Article 13 (2). It is therefore, reasonably plain that Art. 15 (2) (Communal discrimination) and Art. 19 (g),

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nationalisation as well as the obnoxious amendment to Art. 31 (zamindari) are ultravires. Yet what was the answer emanating from the Government spokesmen in Parliament? What indeed was the opinion of the Attorney-General if ever he had been consulted? None of the ministers however could throw any light, but all of them discharged a good deal of heat. The Prime Minister seemed too much obsessed with the need for land reform, Rajaji with hypothetical violations of freedom of speech and Dr. Ambedkar with his own infallibility.

The Judiciary, in democracies, is kept aloof from public controversy as a rule, and the wisdom of the rule can hardly be overrated in a country like India working under the new Constitution wherein the most onerous duties are cast on it. But one of the most unhappy post-independent trends in our country has been the almost unrestricted badgering of our judges; and one really feels aghast at the amount of public criticism of both the private and judicial acts of the judges in the various legislatures, which in Madras had been inaugurated by the Vice-Chancellor and taken up in right earnest by certain M.L.As at the recent budget session. All this is certainly bad enough, but worse has followed. Free India's first Law Member could justify some of the amendments only by unrestrained criticism of the decisions of the Supreme Court, incidentally laying down the frightfully strange dictum that he would obey the judges, not respect them. Even so, Dr. Ambedkar's views are patently opposed to the Constitution. The verdict on the Communal G.O., which he has chosen to assail, is the only logical result of Art. 15 (1). Does he expect that the judges, a majority of whom, (be it noted) belong to communities which stand to gain enormously by the G.O., to go outside the Constitution and set their seal on illegal things? Again what was wrong when Mr. Justice Mukherji denied police powers to the State when the very basis of the constitution is the placing of the State and the individual on equal footing? Only in totalitarian set-ups can the judges toe the line of the executive. Even the British Government in the

heyday of their powers, spared the judges, although they had crossed the path of the executive, on diverse occasions, war emergencies included.

The wording of the amendment especially in relation to zamindari legislation is a travesty of all laws. The Constitution does not approve of the laws violating its tenets, but the amendment declares that no law contrary to the Constitution can be held to be invalid. In England it is said that Parliament can do anything except make a man a woman, but this amendment carried to its logical conclusion, seems to achieve even that feat. In fact the constitution itself did not go to such extreme lengths; and in regard to Zemindari legislation, which was pending, it has provided that if it receives the President's certification it shall not be questioned in any court. Apart from its illegality, it constitutes a somewhat dangerous precedent. Future governments and parties—where is the guarantee that Pandit Nehru and Rajaji will ever be with us?—to whom certain fundamental rights such as equality of sexes and protection to religious heads, are anathema, will not make unscrupulous use of it and usher in their own pet views?

Pandit Nehru laid great stress on the elasticity of the Constitution and discounted the sort of idol worship with which a rigid Constitution is surrounded. This is certainly true, but is iconoclasm a much better expedient? After all it is worth noting that so far as constitutional principles are concerned, even flexible constitutions do not authorise day to day changes. England, the most typical of flexible constitutions, has not chosen to change any of her centuries-old constitutional conventions and even privileges although two world wars have completely changed its entire face, aye, even its fortunes. A distinguished educationist just returned from abroad has said that world peoples are slowly grasping the ideals of Gandhiji whilst we are equally slowly giving them up; and one hopes a similar fate will not overtake the Constitution which has elicited the praise of world nations and actually is to be adopted in Malaya.

AS I SEE IT: By BAROO

A NATION IN JITTERS

BEVERLEY NICHOLS has written another very readable book, this time on America. It is called "Uncle Samson" and debunks the good old States in the typical Nichols manner. The over-riding impression it leaves on the reader is that of a nation gone crazy with fear—fear of the thing called Communism. The way in which this fear manifests itself is both ridiculous and pathetic. The American people seem to smell Communism in everything and everybody around them—from a harmless Charlie Chaplin film and its makers to a perfectly reactionary State Department policy directive and its framers, not excluding even Dean Acheson! MacArthur and McCarthy are presumably the only two Americans whose bona fides are above all doubt.

The American scene, as Nichols witnessed it, (before the beginning of the Korean incident), reminds one more than anything else of a Samson fighting with desperate earnestness against an invisible and imaginary enemy, a giant beating the air with deadly seriousness, as if his very life depended upon such an effort. To the sane and sophisticated observer from abroad, such a performance is too embarrassing to be merely amusing, and even Nichols has felt the vague discomfort that assails a normal person when he is face to face with a victim of hallucinations. However dangerous a neurotic may be to the people around him, it is difficult to avoid pitying him a little.

The Korean campaign has since worsened the malady. Samson found an antagonist after all, but although it was such a mouse of an enemy, it inexplicably gave him a bloody nose, and still further confounded the confused Leviathan. American jitters have therefore degenerated into something very like delirium tremens.

The American people today do not know which way to turn. They have worked themselves into a hysteria over the martyrdom of MacArthur, who wants a straightforward preventive war against the Socialist two-fifths of the world, but at the same time they do not want a world war on their hands because their experience of the little campaign in Korea has been none too happy. The bewilderment of the American people is due to a sheer lack of understanding of the forces around them, due in turn to the blind and unreasoning fear which has destroyed their powers of rational thought and comprehension. It is a weird vicious circle from which an escape seems difficult.

Rent internally by the new Truman-MacArthur controversy (although the difference in their policies is no more than between Tweedledum and Tweedledee), and faced externally by the open defection of Britain which is at last realising the peril to which Yankee aggressiveness has brought her, and the angry disgust of the entire peace-loving world, America will be lucky indeed if she does not do something superbly silly in the coming months. Despite nine months of sobering war, America's rulers have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. They have not learnt that the surest way to stem Communism—if stem it they must,—is to part with a little of their colossal wealth so that the backward areas of the world may be enabled to live a less sub-normal existence. They have not learnt that to offer help on condition of increased, anti-Communist re-armament by the receiving country is to defeat the very purpose of such help and invite fresh disappointments and disasters. And of course they have not forgotten their Chiangs and their Bao Dais and their Francos.

We strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon our own case we are both judge, jury, and executioner, and where sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third.—COLTON.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI'S VISION OF INDIA AND THE WORLD

By K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

THE great author—the daring dreamer of dreams of India's greatness—Mr. K. S. Venkataramani finishes sixty summers and enters upon his 61st year on 10th June 1951. By honouring him on such an occasion we honour ourselves and our country and our culture and our civilisation.

When first he made his bow before the public with his *Paper Boats* the public realised that here was a great patriot and a great literary artist who could see the vision of India and speak with the voice of India. But my father Professor K. Sundararama Iyer and I felt and knew what power and force was in the artesian fountain before it shot up with such beauty and strength. We were connected with his *Literary Journal* and we felt that here was a rare man whose soul was sweetened by the *amrit* of spiritual culture.

Mr. Venkataramani's literary career covers a period of nearly four decades and falls into three well-marked periods. In his youth and in the first flush of creative vigour he gave us vivid and truthful pictures of Indian life as it is lived to-day, especially in the villages. Then he moved on to the plane of social and economic and political idealism and gave us patterns and pictures of *Renascent India*. Of late he has out of his mellow wisdom and ripe experience given to us visions of:

"That fair Beauty which no eye can see

And that sweet Music which no ear can measure"

and has enabled us to see the footsteps of the Goddess of Beauty (Terrestrial and Celestial).

"She comes like the hushed beauty of the night

That works too deep for laughter, Her eyes are a reverberation and a light

From worlds before and after."

Strong though the temptation be to deal at length with his stories and novels and vignettes of Indian rural life, I shall content myself with a brief pen picture. His *Paper Boats* came out in 1921 with a Foreword by Dr. Annie Besant who says truly and appositely therein: "The writer is a complete master of English, simple, dainty, with a sense of humour, steeped in the sweetness of affection running through the luring descriptions." Rabindranath Tagore had already given to the world his idealised pictures of Bengali rural life on the banks of the *Padma*. It was reserved for Mr. K. S. Venkataramani to give to the world his idealised pictures of Tamil rural life on the banks of the *Kaveri*. Both the pictures give us the essence and the flavour and the aroma and the enchantment of the idyllic rural life of India steeped in the graces and the sweetness and the sanctities of a life of *ahimsa* and *santhi* and *bhakti*. The *Paper Boats* will float down the stream of life for ever and we see in them a dignified and diversified procession of familiar but lovable figures—the beggar, the fisherman, the village cricket, the Hindu temple, the Hindu pilgrim, the grandmother, the neighbour, the Jagatguru, and the bright bride Saraswathi.

In his two novels *Murugan the Tiller* and *Kandan the Patriot* and in his volume of short stories (*Jatharan and Other Stories*) Mr. K. S. Venkataramani "winged his roving flight" in "an ampler ether." They show how the quintessential modern Indian life—setting aside the trappings and the trivialities—beats to the tune of the ancient ideals of *ahimsa* and *santhi* and *bhakti* and of the modern ideals of liberty and equality and freedom. They stand at the incandescent point where the Four Purusharthas fuse with the Four Freedoms. A detailed discussion of them being impossible here, I content myself with quoting three western tributes by three great minds. Lord

Haldane said: "I have been much impressed by the art which you have displayed in the story, and the way in which you have made village life in India live for the reader." Lawrence Binyon said: "There is much beauty in the picture as well as things, which make one think and be sorry. The divorce of human life from Mother Earth is surely a great cause of modern unhappiness, both in East and West. Our balance is upset. But I do not lose hope for the world." Romain Rolland said: "I have experienced considerable pleasure in evoking in my mind the picture of rustic life which should be the guide and the light of reality."

It is no wonder that such a finely attuned spirit should feel keenly the vast and yawning gulf between the free, happy, prosperous, united India of the days of Rama Rajya and the later unfree, unhappy, unfortunate, disunited India of the later ages and pine passionately for freedom and unity and prosperity. He says in his book of prose-poems entitled *On the Sand Dune*

"Modern society! O! for the third eye of

Rudra and the joy of annihilation!—The rich become richer, the poor poorer in worldly goods. Both become the poorest in the light divine."

Not only India but also the western world which is now proud of its political and military power and economic prosperity needs complete overhauling. Mr. Venkataramani says: "Materialism has blasted the soul of the white race. Industrialism has choked the breath of Europe and America."

Mr. Venkataramani is not satisfied with the upsurge of India but yearns for the uplift of the whole world, and he believes that self-liberated and self-realised India will be the means of such world-uplift. This vision is varied by him in *Renascent India* and *Next Rung*. He says: "The scales that now screen the vision splendid of a simple natural life should fall, and the vile ambition to corner the false riches of the world in one person, place or country through the perilous medium of a cruelly efficient monetary system should no more corrupt the activity of

a nation." "An Indian Renaissance means not merely a great boon to India. It is a real enrichment and service to the world."

In regard to the future life of free India Mr. Venkataramani urges that its pivots would be Rural Uplift and a Federal State. Federal strength should go hand in hand with local autonomy. I may quote three passages which give us his ideas in a nutshell:

"The Indian village reflects a great civic ideal. It is the most direct and cheapest form of government. It is India's solution to the craze of over-government, costly, grinding, sterile, pale and mis-shapen that is now sweeping into an ugly and futile knot the best brains of the world. Simplicity alone can serve humanity. The Indian village is the best embodiment of simple life"

"The Indian village is a special feature of Indian culture and civilisation, a synthetic product of a great river-valley civilisation. It embodies an ancient sociological experiment, successful in many ways, to arrive at a political and economic machinery which would subserve at the same time the needs of two types of life, the secular and spiritual, and create the conditions of work and leisure for achievement in both the spheres. The Indian village is the best reconciliation in real life between the needs of man and the longing of man."

"The unitary type is an archaic survival.... The unitary type is the invention of a small and compact people. *Renascent India* would reject without hesitation a highly centralised and unitary type.—Indian history is witness to this grand ideal. The short-lived unitary form of liberal government of even Asoka and Akbar, two really great men who would get into any list of the twelve greatest men of the world, failed in the end in spite of their acknowledged humanity, power, wisdom and benevolence. Why? Because it was opposed to the genius of India."

These great and fruitful ideas were dear also to the heart of Mahatma Gandhi who by the unique technique of Satya and Ahimsa has not only won independence for India and saw that peerless and superb victory with his eyes but based the future of India on rural reconstruction and federal policy.

In another respect also Mr. Venkataramani saw far and deep into the heart of things. He felt that the Indian States should be consolidated and integrated, and welded into free

India. He said, "Only one thing is open to the ruling chiefs. It is a noble voluntary 'surrender of all their public rights to the governance of their States.'" Sardar Patel's genius has achieved this miracle for us. Mr. Venkataramani says also: "This desire for homogeneous provinces on the linguistic and cultural basis can be satisfied only on a thorough redistribution of area, be it British India or Indian States." This dream is yet to be realised.

Mr. Venkataramani is at the same time aware of the forbes and defects of his fellow-countrymen. He says: "From the battle of Panipet to the battle of Plassey one lesson shines clear in Indian history, revealing a national defect of character—a total inability for team work for social and economic ends even in a high crisis. As individuals we are excellent but as a collection, a fighting mass of agonised repellent atoms.... Our average citizen is a citizen without civic virtues, painfully toiling for himself forgetful of or indifferent to the commonwealth but never enriching thereby even himself.—Power makes us tyrannical and want of it cowardly. We are by nature compassionate but we do not show it in real deeds in public affairs. A listless view of life, an inferiority complex which feels helpless in discovering the authentic and the great in its own life till they are discovered, by somebody else, is ruining us."

"All these defects of our qualities have resulted in a more or less total want of public and civic virtues. The average Indian does not ordinarily care very much for wealth but since he begins to acquire it he becomes a complete slave to it. It becomes an end in itself. A kind of inferiority complex has bitten our soul and blinded our vision. Our mania for foreigners is at the root of our national degeneration. Social service and social justice is the song of renascent India."

This is why, despairing of the present generation, he looks ahead to the next generation which he hopes to transmute from bad to good by an ideal and effective scheme of education. His brief bright book *A Day*

with *Sambhu* tells the Indian boy what he might be and could be and must be.

I have thus far dealt with most of his works embodying his vision and voice of India and the world. In his recent brief work, *The Nature of the Creative Art* he takes a new and daring flight. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar has written an excellent and weighty and brilliant Foreward to it. Mr. Venkataramani has in his latest work seen into the soul of Art and Religion. He equates Creative Art and Yoga Sadhana and makes us realise the high notes of spirituality and synthesis and sublimation. He says: "If Life be *leela* or play called forth by the primal urge of evolution, Art is the great mirror that reflects this play of life." "To Life and Art, the life-giver is Rhythm. Rhythm is the basic wand of creation. He says well: "A new vision of Life and Art based on a new code of values, synthesising the eternal longings of man with the urges of the Time spirit, is the most crying need of the hour." Mr. Venkataramani pleads for "a subtler rhythm, a deeper vision of the Atman, of what is Satyam and imperishable."

Finally, we must lay to our heart two vital lessons—viz. the lesson of integrated Hinduism and the lesson of the need of renascent India for the peace and happiness of the whole world.

"Personally, I believe in the possibility of a profound synthesis of all the religions and creeds of India without any loss of personality, if only for the purpose of working the political machine of the Government of India. But such a synthesis requires a leadership as monarchical, humanitarian and beneficent as Asoka's; as catholic, loving and unifying as Akbar's; as virile, devoted and selfless as Sivaji's, intoned with the faith of a spiritual ecstasy that is essentially India's own, in a higher destiny and consciousness for man." (*The Indian Village*)

"We want Swaraj, we want freedom for all, not only for our own sake.... Renascent India has a message of service to the whole world. He is a traitor to the human cause who seeks to stifle this voice or imprison this aspiration." (*Renascent India*)

*SIR M. VISVESVARAYA: MEMOIRS OF HIS WORKING LIFE

By The Hon'ble Sri N. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR
(Judge, Supreme Court)

SIMPLE and austere, wiry in his physical frame, extraordinarily alert and aware in his mental make-up, carrying his age of 90 very lightly, kind and generous to a fault, Sir M. Visvesvaraya is one of the few notable personalities of the present age in India. Plain living and high thinking has been his motto and he has lived up to this ideal. His life is full of practical lessons to his countrymen. As an engineer with ability and vision, he has few equals. As a statesman and administrator, he has played a large part in the building up of modern Mysore. It is the regret of many that the talents of one, so rich in experience and mellowness of wisdom, and so young in spirits that his mind is still receptive to new ideas and outlooks, have not been utilised by the present Government of India in its several schemes for the economical and industrial progress of the country.

"The Memoirs of my Working Life" is his latest book and it is full of interesting and instructive information; it forms a valuable companion volume to his two prior books "Reconstructing India" and "Planned Economy For India". The last three chapters in this work contain suggestions for the proper building up of India's future and they deserve careful study by our Governments and the politicians. The earlier chapters, written in a very simple style free from any ornateness, set out facts and constitute a chronicle of the main events in his official career.

Sir M. Visvesvaraya gave the best in him to two Provinces in India, the Bombay Presidency and the Mysore State. But his advice and guidance were sought by many other Governments in India in matters relating to engineering and he made a success of

his job in almost every one of them, earning the appreciation of the mighty and the low. Planning for economic progress has been one of his main passions in life. Wherever possible, he has done much for the amelioration of the lot of the common man in the street. The encouragement of industries and the development of technical education received his attention even from the very earliest years of his career as a public servant and he gave concrete shape to some of them when he was the Dewan of Mysore. The Mysore University owes its origin to his initiative and drive. What is known as the 'Kannambadi' dam was largely his handiwork. He was responsible for starting the Mysore Economic Conference divided into three Committees on Agriculture, Industries and Commerce, and Education, which is a permanent body constituted for the promotion of the economic welfare of the State. Several industries bringing in a fair measure of profit or income to the State owe their development to his energy and farsightedness.

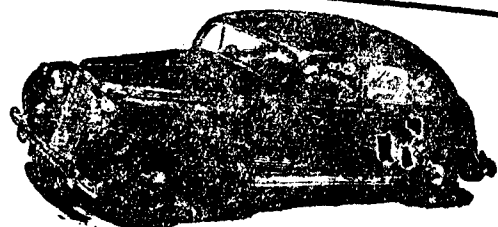
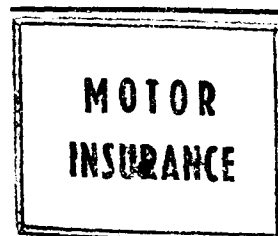
As stated already, the last three chapters are the most valuable part of the book. In them, he discusses such subjects of paramount importance as threats to national security, the building of national character, and the methods to be adopted for securing national efficiency. They contain valuable suggestions for the National Planning Commission. To put it in a nut-shell, his theme is that economic progress and industrial expansion, based on the spread of mass education, must precede political evolution. "Work well, earn well and live well" is his slogan. With singular appropriateness, he quotes the following sentence from the Japanese Code of Education: "Henceforth, education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family nor a family with an ignorant member." It was possible for the mikado with his dictatorial powers to

* *Memoirs Of My Working Life*. By Sir M. Visvesvaraya. Published by the Author at "Uplands," High Ground, Bangalore. Price, Rs. 6.

work successfully for the attainment of this ideal. Can we achieve this in India with its huge and alarmingly increasing population, under conditions of democratic rule, which in its initial stages may lack unity of aim or policy and where the larger interests of the people may not always receive precedence over selfish aims of party politics and personal ambitions.

Before concluding this brief notice of a highly readable and interesting book, a subject of topical interest at the present day, as related by the distinguished author, may be referred to. During Sir Visvesvaraya's term of office as Dewan of Mysore, the non-brahmin movement in Madras permeated into that State also and exerted its influence on the Ruler. The Dewan was prepared to help the progress and prospects of the members of the backward classes in every possible way but he did not agree to hold

back the progressive communities by restricting their admission to educational institutions and denying them opportunities for acquiring or receiving education. He was against the appointment of the Miller Committee, as he felt that "by ignoring merit and capacity I feared production would be hampered and efficiency of the administration, for which we have been working so hard, would suffer." On this issue, Sir Visvesvaraya asked for permission to retire from his office. Thus ended a memorable career of useful public service in an eventful period of Mysore history. This retirement did not however mean any lack of confidence on the part of the Maharajah in the zeal, ability and patriotism of the Dewan; his services were often requisitioned and utilised in an unofficial capacity in the promotion of schemes of utility and welfare for the State.



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Let me end as I began. Men of the stamp and calibre of Sir Visvesvaraya, with records of supreme administration, ability and statesmanship must be invited to take their legitimate share in the counsels of the Government of India and shape the country's destiny on right lines. Party politics should not stand in the way of importation of new blood into the framework of administration and the

guidance of high policy. The danger to be guarded against is the deterioration of the standards of highest efficiency and national character by close adherence to the maxim that the party in power is entitled to run the show. As a general rule it is unexceptionable, but in the initial and formative stages of the building of a great State, coalition Governments may have to be formed and faced.

GLIMPSES OF COMMUNIST CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

WHATEVER we in this country know of Communist China today is mainly through news agencies, diplomatic channels and bulletins circulated by the Chinese Embassy at New Delhi. Ever since the downfall of the Nationalist Government, there is little or no public contact between India and new China with the result that we have to depend upon news agency reports and official bulletins for happenings in a neighbouring country related to us for more than three thousand years. News agency reports are sometimes exaggerated and garbled; news through diplomatic sources, although trustworthy, is known only to the Government of India. There has been no goodwill missions, free exchange of cultural representatives, interchange of visiting professors and students between India and Communist China—a characteristic of the happy relationship that existed between this country and the Chinese National Government. Even the free flow of passenger traffic between India and Communist China has deplorably deteriorated in these days. Except what we hear from friends in Hongkong, we have absolutely no contact whatsoever with the Chinese mainland through private Indian sources although no restrictions have been imposed on postal communications between the two countries. According to reliable information, the Indian population in Red China has dwindled considerably during the past three years; many having shifted to Hongkong and left for India. The reason for this Indian exodus is attributed to

the changing conditions and disabilities affecting international trade. I had occasion to meet an Indian friend at Calcutta who was in Central China for more than thirty years. He had to leave the country because of the trade depression brought in by the introduction of a new social order which sought to discourage foreign trade and to make China self-sufficient in all spheres of her economic life. Despite our diplomatic relations, we are unfortunately in the darkness as to what is happening in Communist China. There is evidently a black-out with regard to the free flow of communications. This must be remedied through exchange of goodwill missions and cultural representatives between the two countries. Peking should remove all suspicion of the proverbial *Iron Curtain* in Communist countries and encourage the interchange of goodwill missions, visiting professors and students with India.

Despite the difficulties that retard the free flow of communications between India and China, we are, nonetheless, having glimpses of ancient Cathay parading in her red garment which tell a tale of both pleasant and woeful happenings. Ever since the Reds occupied China, that land of Lao-tse and Confucius has been undergoing a series of revolutionary reforms in her economic and social life. Although Red China cannot be included among Russian satellites of Europe, Mao Tse Tung and his colleagues have, nonetheless, pledged themselves to follow the footsteps of

Generalissimo Stalin. In this direction, Mao Tse Tung had signed a manifesto in 1940 to the effect that in the event of a world war China would side with Soviet Russia. For further implementing it, an agreement including a military alliance was signed between China and Soviet Russia in 1950. The support given by Red China to the North Koreans is a concrete evidence confirming China's military alliance with Soviet Russia.

Whatever might be the political relations of China with Soviet Russia, we cannot ignore China's reforming zeal for rooting out injustice and poverty from her soil. Within a short period of three years, the Communist regime has introduced several noteworthy reforms intended for the benefit of the people. The Land and Marriage Reforms Laws, reduction in postal and telegraphic rates, distribution of food commodities, anti-corruption drive, speeding up production, relief to the poor are some of the new measures that have been introduced by the Peking regime. With regard to religion, full freedom of belief is guaranteed by the new Government. But this policy may not be continued for long; nor will it remain the official policy of the Government. Reforms in the educational field have also been introduced which included the replacement of English by Russian language studies, courses on Marxian dialectics and technical subjects. Religious instruction is excluded from the curriculum of studies although religious freedom is granted to the people.

China has a trade agreement with Russia and has received a credit of three hundred crores in U. S. dollar values for expenditure covering a period of five years. There is also a barter agreement of 1949 between Russia and Manchuria by virtue of which China exchanges foodstuffs for imports of petroleum products, machinery and other consumption goods. China's industrial reconstruction is aided by Soviet Russia. Reports indicate an influx of Russian nationals in China in the role of technicians and advisers.

Although Peking could introduce several reforms intended for the benefit of the people, it cannot claim to have realised its objective of a stable and progressive government, for in

June 1950, Mao Tse Tung had reported that the social order remained still unstabilised. Chen Yun, Chairman of the Committee of Financial and Economic Affairs of the Government Administrative Council and member of the Politburo reported the same year that "industry and commerce were confronted with many difficulties. Business was bad and many industrialists and merchants were experiencing difficulties." Chen Yun thought that in about three years it would be possible to solve these problems.

Apart from these internal difficulties, the war in Korea, the liberation of Tibet and Formosa are the other three points that gave much headache to Peking. Lately reports tell of mass executions and purges of suspected counter-revolutionaries. This has become a regular feature in the everyday administration of the country. It looks as if China is strictly following the footsteps of Russia with regard to executions and purges. If one reads the book *The God That Failed: Six Studies in Communism* by Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender and others, he would get a clearer view of the philosophy of purges and executions that was practised in Soviet Russia. In view of all these disturbing elements and political uncertainties that beset Red China, we cannot safely foresee the future of that unfortunate and great country despite the influence the Red leaders wield today over the Chinese people.

India and China had been traditional friends for several centuries. The Chinese and Indians constitute two thirds of the world population and should they stand together in friendly cooperation, the contribution they could make jointly for world peace and security would be incalculable. Whatever the future might bring for India and China, it is the paramount duty of every Indian to cultivate friendly relations with the Chinese people and strengthen the existing relations in the larger interest of international peace. It augurs well for the future of Sino-Indian relations that Peking has offered to help India in her present food crisis despite the appalling poverty and misery that prevail among her own people. Sino-Indian solidarity is an essential factor for ensuring world peace.

SHAMBUNATH'S UNDOING

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

IT was while he was working as a clerk at the Patents Office that the idea came to him. People were patenting the most fantastic things—from rat poisons and devices for perpetual motion and for floating in the air to tube wells and supports for fallen arches. Why should he not invent something that nobody could ever copy, however much they may imitate his idea. He was an ambitious man and did not intend to waste his life as a clerk. So as soon as he got home one evening he decided to set about his 'invention.'

First he practised before his small shaving mirror measuring two and a half inches by four which he had bought for three annas in the Crawford Market. At the end of the month when he got his pay he spent three rupees on a better mirror. Afterwards as he progressed in his skill and according to the state of his prosperity he spent more and more money on better and bigger mirrors. At the height of his career he had a number of full-length mirrors in his house including one each in his bedroom and bathroom. By that time he had perfected his 'invention,' though he never gave up practising daily in the privacy of his bathroom or bedroom as soon as he got back home from office.

To the ordinary man it may appear a simple thing to do but Shambunath who spent years at it before arriving at perfection knew how much practice had gone into his eventual success. The idea was a smile, or grin (call it what you will) but such a smile (or grin) as you can summon at will and keep fixed for as long as you wanted. Try forcing yourself to smile the next time you meet your worst enemy and try keeping smiling (or grinning) all the time that he unhurriedly gives you the news. This was what Shambunath achieved, after years of effort, of course.

In appearance Shambunath was of middle height and inclined to rotundity but he was not grossly fat. He was clean-shaven and had a round babyish face with weak chin, a chin whose mobility was a help to him in

his face contortions. As a child he had worn a dental guard to lessen the prominence of his teeth but the slight protrusion that persisted, dental guards notwithstanding, was a great asset when he came to practise his art or witchery, call it what you will.

What he did was to throw back his upper lip like a camel or a horse, but with more grace and delicacy than those four-footed creatures possess, and give it the semblance of a smile (or grin) which expanded over his face from ear to ear and which in the process wrinkled up his beaky nose as if it were a concertina. To carry this off as a natural phenomenon and not to make it appear the act of a circus clown is a tremendous feat. But Shambunath achieved it. I have known no one else do it with such consummate art as Shambunath does it, or, as he used to do it. He is, of course, still alive, but you will understand why I use the past tense when you have read this story to the end.

As he used to do it, the whole thing appeared natural and effortless. At the height of his career when he had become Collector of Kailaspur he used to do it so that his upper lip rolled back like a well-sprung window blind and the nose wrinkled pushing up the fold of skin on his forehead and even causing a slight tremor over the taut skin of his skull. At this time he was completely bald. When he had become adept at it he even wriggled his ears on which luxuriant black hairs sprouted. But he did this purely for his own amusement as a skilled tight-rope walker gives an extra turn during his act not so much for the benefit of the audience as to assure himself that he hasn't forgotten the tricks. When he greeted a person, invariably a higher official, this special smile (or grin) of his would pervade his face and remain there long after the person greeted had moved away. It took him some minutes to click his face back to normal but he did not worry about it for the longer he could wear his smile (or grin) the more were people charmed by his geniality. The purpose of the "act" was to

express the height of amiability and high-pressure cordiality. And, mind you, Shambunath had not read any of those "efficiency" books which teach a man in so many lessons how to grow rich and make enemies into friends. Shambunath's 'invention' could truly be called Swadeshi.

"That's a cheerful fellow you've got in your office," visiting officials used to tell his superior officer referring to Shambunath. Thus it was purely on the strength of this smile (or grin) of his that he was appointed as Extra Assistant Deputy (Temporary) Land Settlement Officer in the Punjab. And it was a big day for Shambunath when he read his name in the official gazette. For a fellow who had begun as a clerk to become a "Gazetted Officer" was no small achievement in the annals of contemporary India. And it was all by his own efforts. Only he knew that the sole cause for his official promotion was that smile (or grin) which he had so assiduously cultivated. Only he knew the long hours of experiment and error and effort that he had spent over his 'invention'. If it was something that could be patented it was worth patenting. But he knew that no one could steal the secret from him and that he alone could exploit its possibilities. By this time he had become so adept that when he slept his upper lip rolled back and his face wore a happy grin throughout his sleep. Shambunath was a happy man. All this was, of course, during the days of the British Raj.

He had now so much confidence that he cast about for a rich and powerful alliance. He found it in Kailasapur. Dinanath Mitra, I.C.S., (Retd.), as the brass name-plate on the gate of his bungalow announced to the world, had an only daughter. She was dark and dumpy; but so was her father. Shambunath boldly approached the old man—on the strength of that Extra Assistant Deputy (Temporary) Land Settlement Officership—and asked for the hand of his daughter. The smile (or grin) and his unshakable self-confidence did the trick. He married the lady of his choice. Now he was all set for advancement.

Though there was now no need for him to practise his art daily he kept

it up as a conscientious artist would. And at night he wore his smile (or grin) on his face as an actress might wear a face-lifting mask or as those stalwarts from the north who tend formidable beards wear a bandage around those hirsute appendages. In his case, however, neither effort nor artificial aid was necessary. Nature had become his ally. In fact one night during his honeymoon—a brief affair, for he did not wish to be absent from his post too long—his bride switched on the light and was for a moment shocked by the ghostliness (or ghastliness) of his smile (or grin). She bent over him, felt his breathing and realised that it was a natural phenomenon. In course of time she came to appreciate the value of her husband's million-dollar smile (or grin).

Once more Shambunath's name appeared in the official gazette. This time there was no bracketed "Temporary". Partly through the influence of his father-in-law, but more by the power of his smile (or grin) he was appointed Collector of Kailasapur.

Things were going on happily for Shambunath. The war had come to an end, and there were rumours of the British getting ready to pack up and go. Shambunath went on hopefully. For, if Swaraj came, he asked himself, wouldn't his smile, or grin, be a "gold-mine" for the country in its dealings with foreign powers or recalcitrant rajahs? For the time being the official life went on as usual. It was as a part of that official life that there was a Garden Party in Kailasapur to which all Officialdom was invited and at which Shambunath expected to charm every superior officer in the station and the spouse of every officer who had an official spouse.

Came the day; and all was going on according to schedule when Mrs. Anstruther followed by Col. Anstruther came up the carpeted walk and was received by Shambunath and Mrs. Shambunath. The grin spread over his face as he bent smartly and grasped the hand Mrs. Anstruther extended limply. It was a rule with her to make her hand very limp whenever she condescended to shake hands with an Indian. Shambunath released her hand but kept on grinning while she

went on with her little speech. At the same time Shambunath espied the Political Officer advancing accompanied by his wife. Shambunath had his grin ready, but his ears (which were wriggling somewhat) were not listening to what Mrs. Anstruther was saying:

"I had sad news today and was going to stay away but I knew you'd be disappointed. I had news from Scotland that my sister died last week."

The Political Officer and his wife were just behind as she finished her sentence.

"SO DEE-LIGHTED," said Shambunath but the rest of what he was going to say froze on his lips as he noticed Mrs. Anstruther's withering stare. It was merely a case of mistiming something that had not happened to Shambunath before. The words were addressed to the Political Officer and his wife whose hands he was going to shake next, and he was going to add, "YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO COME." (Shambunath spoke in capitals when addressing White officials).

Mrs. Anstruther visibly boiling and followed by her meek husband moved on even as Shambunath was trying without success to retrieve his mistake.

Shortly afterwards when Shambunath came up with a tray of drinks and offered a drink to Mrs. Anstruther she fixed him with a deadly stare, deadlier than the previous one. A weaker man than Shambunath would have withered under it on the spot. Instead of taking the drink she gathered her wrap, got up, and said to her husband, "Come, Henry" and they went. The grin, or smile, which Shambunath habitually wore remained on his face as his eyes followed them but something inside him clicked and he lost his nerve. However, when the party came to an end he said his goodbyes to each of the departing guests with his usual smile but only he knew with what an effort he kept that smile fixed.

That night Shambunath, who usually slept like a child, lay awake. Though she did not switch on the light or speak to him his wife knew that he was troubled. The following morning when he went to his office his secretaries guessed that something was wrong with him. He knew it

more than anyone else. He had lost the power to smile, or grin, at will. With an effort he could roll back his upper lip, wrinkle his nose, and summon the ghost of a grin but his features relapsed into position at once. This was a serious matter for him, for, in all those years, he had not smiled or greeted anyone through any deep welling of an emotion in his heart but because he had mastered certain muscular contortions. Now, all through the baleful stare of a Scotswoman he had lost that power.

Swaraj came: but there were no summons from New Delhi for Shambunath. The grin which would have been such an asset in the world of diplomacy remained unknown and unappreciated. For the first time in his life Shambunath lost heart. It was even a greater blow to his wife who had planned a little social climbing, such as giving away silver cups, in New Delhi. All that was at an end now. Her husband grinned no more.

Though he had seven years yet to serve before he was due for retirement Shambunath sent in his papers and received a commutation of his pension. He and his wife went to Ranchi, where he remains steeped in gloom for days on end. He has not even bothered to join a club. Now and then a couple of cronies, retired I.C.S. men drop in of a Sunday afternoon for a game of chess with him. Little do they suspect what a heavy heart Shambunath carries within him, and why.

TWENTY ONE YEARS OF
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MARXISM AND RELIGION

By Prof. H. G. WOOD

IF we agree with Socrates that the unexamined life is not worth living, we shall also agree with Karl Marx that the first and most important critical inquiry is the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of religion. Marx easily satisfied himself that nature alone is real and that consequently all thoughts of the supernatural must be wishful fantasy. Man casts the enlarged shadow of himself on the universe and makes God in his own image, or perhaps, one should say, in the image of himself not as he is but as he would like to be. Why does man thus project himself on the universe? Because from time to time he finds himself at the end of his tether and in need of a help more powerful than his own. Man is frustrated in two ways, first by natural forces, by earthquake and tempest, by famine and drought, and by sickness and death, and second by social injustice arising out of economic conditions which men do not understand and cannot control: "The omnipotence of God is nothing but the fantastic reflection of the impotence of people before nature and the economic social relations created by themselves."

"Religion Is Illusion"—Marx

According to Marx, all religion is illusion. There is no reality corresponding to these day-dreams. They may give some emotional relief to the wretched, but they give no real help. Indeed religious beliefs and practices divert attention from the only real remedies. Frustration by nature can only be overcome by the advance of natural science, and frustration by social injustice can only be ended by the Communist social revolution and the application of scientific methods to the study of human society. Lenin, more fanatical and less intelligent than Marx, brushes on one side frustration by nature as of no account. "The roots of religion lie in the social degradation of the toiling masses and their seeming impotence before the blind forces of capitalism." All contemporary religions and churches, all and every kind of religious organisation, Marxism has always viewed as organs of bourgeois reaction, serving

as a defence of exploitation and the doping of the working-class."

In a recent essay on religion Professor George Thomson has presented the Marxist view in an attractive and disarming manner. As in private duty bound he commends Lenin's booklet on religion but he does not echo Lenin's contempt for religion. Nor does he share Lenin's loathing for Christian Socialists since he hopes to persuade them to become fellow-travellers. He hastens to clear Marx from any charge of lack of sympathy with popular feelings in his description of religion as "the opium of the people."

"His meaning has been wilfully misrepresented by quoting the phrase out of its context, which is as follows: Religious misery is, on the one hand, the expression of actual misery, and on the other, a protest against actual misery. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the kindliness of a heartless world, the spirit of unspiritual conditions. It is the people's opium."

Professor Thomson does not say who has wilfully misrepresented Marx, but presumably he means Lenin, since Lenin shows no trace of any such appreciation of religion as is apparent in the quotation from Marx.

Origin Of Religion—Magic

The Marxist view of the origin of religion as presented to us in Professor Thomson's essay is of particular interest. In the much debated question of the relations of magic and religion, he plumps for the priority of magic. Magic is found in the primitive Communist society: It was an illusory technique by which the community, still an undivided whole, sought to control nature. In the early forms of class society, "the technique of magic is developed by the ruling class as a means of consolidating their privileges by investing them with supernatural sanctions. In this way, the working class, being ignorant of the true causes of its subjection, is reconciled to its lot. This is the genesis of religion. Religion is an outgrowth of magic which emerges

with the class-struggle. It is an inverted image of social reality." "Just as magic reflects man's weakness in face of nature, so religion reflects his weakness in the face of society." Professor Thomson thinks both religion and science grew out of magic, religion from its failures, its negative side, expressing man's impotence in face of the unknown, and science developing its positive side, man's power over the known.

At first sight, this view of the priority of magic looks like a reaffirmation of Sir James Frazer's position. "Early man seeks above all to control the courses of nature for practical ends and he does it directly by rite and spell, compelling wind and weather, animals and crops, to obey his will. Only much later, finding the limitations of his magical might, does he in fear or hope, in supplication or defence, appeal to higher beings, that is to demons, ancestor-spirits or gods. It is in this distinction between direct control on the one hand and propitiation of superior powers on the other that Sir James Frazer sees the difference between religion and magic." Few anthropologists would now accept Frazer's view without qualification, but it is clearly better than Professor Thomson's. If religion grew out of the failure of magic to control nature, and primitive religion, like magic, is concerned with man's weakness in the face of nature, not with his weakness in the face of society. Since this is so, religion, even if it came after magic, may well have appeared in the primitive pre-class society. In any case, the rites and beliefs of primitive religion are concerned primarily with frustration by nature, they have little or no connection with class struggle and frustration by the social order. Even Marx saw that religion was concerned with frustration by nature. By ignoring this factor Professor Thomson does less than justice to Marx and surrenders to Lenin's foolish obsession. The suggestion that religion is "an outgrowth of magic, which emerges with the class-struggle," is just wishful thinking, the product of the devout imagination of the devout Marxist. As a theory of the origin of religion the alleged priority of magic explains nothing. If the failure of magic led men to turn to religion, it does not explain how they came to have a reli-

gion to which they could turn. The failure of magic might stimulate the worship of demons or ancestor-spirits or gods. It could not and did not generate the belief in them.

Marxists' Four Assumptions

On closer analysis the Marxist view of religion will be found to involve four assumptions, all of which are false. It means, that fear or frustration is the only root of religion: second, that frustration by nature and frustration by an unjust social order are the only serious forms of frustration; third, that natural science is the only real cure for frustration by nature and the Marxist social revolution the only and complete cure for social injustice and economic exploitation; and fourth, that religion, the people's opium, is a debilitating illusory form of consolation for the dispossessed and not a real help in time of trouble.

With regard to the first assumption it may suffice to quote a sentence from Malinowski. "The Marxism that fear first made the gods in the universe is certainly not true in the light of anthropology." Marx who was Feuerbach's disciple might have learned better from his master. Feuerbach at least had the sense to associate feelings of thankfulness and joy in life with fear and anxiety, even in primitive religion. There are, of course, many religions of fear, but Renan's contention is sound, that "if religion had been originally born of the calculation of fear, man would not be religious at his supreme moments." Fear and frustration are not the only source of religious experience and conviction.

Secondly, frustration is not confined to frustration by external nature or by economic injustice in the social order. Men's worst conflicts and failures are inward and personal. The very fervour with which some men throw themselves into social agitation often springs from inner unrest, from the fact that they are not integrated personalities. When the Marxists can get round to it, they will no doubt recognise that Freud has uncovered a problem here which is overlooked in their philosophy. They may also then persuade themselves that Freud's psychology provides adequate remedies. Others will doubt whether any remedy is possible save through the

recovery of religious conviction. What is certain is that the pathetic faith of the Marxist in the possibility of eliminating all serious frustration, whether caused by nature or by society through the advance of science and the Communist revolution, is doomed to disappointment.

Thirdly, their remedies for frustration are not adequate even to deal with such forms of frustration as the Marxists envisage. It is mockery to pretend that natural science will ever end the frustration of death or even disease. It is not possible that if science should enable us to get back to Methuselah it would make human life happier and better thereby. And as to the Communist social revolution, so far from being a complete cure for economic exploitation and social injustice, it generates several fresh forms of oppression for each one that it eliminates. Economic exploitation is a kind of Hydra with nine heads. Marxists are under the illusion that it has only one, and they fail to observe that the removal or the attempt to remove that one only produces two more. The main obstacle to moral and economic recovery at the present time is precisely the Marxist philosophy, and the most serious source of frustration is neither nature nor the social order, but the blind uncritical faith of fanatics in the Marxists' social revolution.

"People's Opium"—A Contradiction

The fourth assumption of the Marxists that religion is the people's opium and is merely a debilitating form of consolation for the socially distressed is refuted by Professor George Thomson himself. He says of early Christianity that "it was not, even in those early days, a revolutionary movement. That in the circumstances was impossible. But it was progressive." Professor Thomson perceives and tacitly corrects the self-contradiction of Marx who describes religion both as a protest against

actual misery and also as the people's opium. A protest, even an ineffectual protest, is not opium. And Professor Thomson in his discussion both of the Reformation and of the English Revolution sees that the religious protest was not ineffectual. Thus he says of Bunyan, "He had laid up his hopes in heaven. Even so he has not surrendered to the oppressor—he had preserved the independence of his spirit—and his *Pilgrim's Progress* remained an inspiration to generations of English workers and peasants whose revolutionary vigour was to burst out afresh after the Industrial Revolution had precipitated a new economic and social upheaval."

Death—The Leveller

From the standpoint of Stalinists, Professor Thomson's essay must be condemned as deviationist. He sees too clearly the positive contribution of the Christian religion in some of its forms and expressions to social progress. But he still shares the Marxist failure to understand either religion or human nature or science or the present crisis in human history. To confine attention to one point we may note that if religion is concerned largely with frustration by nature, this is its real offence in the eyes of the Marxist. For frustration by nature affects rich and poor alike. Death is the great leveller. Religion perpetually reminds men of their common needs and of their one source of hope and consolation. The Marxist quarrels with Christianity, not because it is, as he wildly asserts, always on the wrong side, in the class struggle, but because in so far as it deals with frustration by nature, it is in a sense above the battle, and because it refuses to deny our common humanity in the interests of intensifying the class-struggle. Christianity is not opposed to social revolution, but it is irrevocably opposed to the reactionary Marxist theory of class-consciousness and practice of class-war.—(N. N. F.)

The religion of some people is constrained, like the cold bath when used, not for pleasure, but from necessity for health, into which one goes with reluctance, and is glad when able to get out.—But religion to the true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element; he lives in it, and could not live out of it.—JOHN NEWTON.

HOW BADLY HURT IS COMMUNIST CHINA?

Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: The question why the Chinese Communists have continued to dispatch their soldiers against the withering fire power of the United Nations forces with great losses to themselves and without conspicuous success has become one of the major mysteries of the Korean war. This question cannot be answered with any degree of certainty outside the top Communist military and political command. Speculation here, however, involves at least two possible explanations.

The first possibility is that Mao Tse-tung and the People's Revolutionary Military Council in Peiping badly miscalculated the calibre of the United Nations resistance and the effectiveness of their "human sea" tactics against the kind of fire power the United Nations forces have been able to muster in Korea.

It is argued, for example, that the Chinese Communists entered the Korean war heady with the confidence engendered by their military successes in China and that they may well have believed their own propaganda about the United States being a "paper tiger." Concomitantly, it has been suggested that the Chinese Communists have been forced to rely exclusively on numbers because the Soviet Union has let them down in providing sufficient material assistance.

A second possibility is that the Chinese Communists have been prepared in advance to accept the kind of heavy losses they have taken in Korea, using "expendables" for all they are worth—and at lowest possible cost to the veteran Communist cadres—while modern mechanised replacement units are being trained and equipped by Russians in the rear.

There are a number of veteran units in the Korean theatre. A substantial proportion of Chinese troops on the Korean front, however, are former Nationalist soldiers whose commanders defected to the Communists late in the civil war.

In their purge of the alleged ene-

mies of the state of China, the Communists have been liquidating not only active oppositionists but also "unrepentant" and doubtful elements regarded as a potential source of danger in the event of counter-attacks against the mainland. In such circumstances, it has been suggested in some quarters here that the availability of the defected ex-Nationalists for duty in Korea has given the Communists less reason to be concerned about heavy casualties than if these had been inflicted on veteran units constituting the back-bone of their political strength.

An important but unknown factor in assessing the effect of casualties inflicted on the Chinese Communists in Korea involves the number of Chinese troops now being trained and equipped by the Russians to offset Peiping's losses there. Early this year the Communists announced the recruitment of 250,000 students and "revolutionary young workers" as cadres for modernizing their armed forces. Little publicity has been given to this training programme since these cadres were recruited.

Although the troop demands imposed by the Korean war have thinned out concentrations of regulars in large parts of South and Central China, tight political controls, confiscation of surplus food and ruthless purges of "counter revolutionaries" appear to have curbed guerrilla activity and other active opposition on the mainland. The guerrilla bands lack organization. They are hard pressed for food and ammunition and on the whole are getting virtually no support and little direction from outside.

Meanwhile the Korean war and tightened Western trade restrictions are having their effects on China's state-managed economy. The Peiping regime has announced curtailment of national expenditures on construction because of the "limited state of financial resources" and has authorized local governments to impose new sur-taxes to make up for

budgetary deficits. At the same time the Cabinet has launched new drives for increased production of industrial crops and the "invention of substitute commodities."

By rigidly controlling supplies of such commodities as grain, cotton, cloth, coal, briquettes and peanut oil, whose composite price-average forms the basis for wage payments, the Communists have managed to keep basic living costs unusually stable thus far. In April, however, a 15 per cent rise in the price of cotton cloth and an increase in the price of peanut oil made it necessary to make three small upward adjustments in the "parity index" governing wage payments in Shanghai.

These are based essentially on the price of food. Up to now the Communists have been able to make sufficient grain available to keep food prices low in the cities. Their ability to continue to do this appears to depend on the coming summer harvest and continuing strong political control in the countryside.

Many-Jobs Graham Tackles Kashmir Next

Frank Porter Graham, who has been a marine, a university president, a U. S. Senator and the Defense Manpower Administrator for the Department of Labor, has another tough job ahead of him.

The 64-year-old former president of the University of North Carolina has been appointed by the United Nations Security Council to try and settle the potentially dangerous dispute between India and Pakistan over possession of the mountain kingdom of Kashmir.

The North Carolina educator has had a full life of public service. In 1918 he was a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He was president of the University of North Carolina from 1930 to 1949. From October 1947, to February 1948, he served on the UN commission that helped to arrange peace between the Netherlands and Indonesia. In 1949 he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Senate, but was defeated for the Democratic nomination and left the Senate in December 1950. On March 11 this year he was appointed Defense Manpower Administrator.

Representative Cox says he isn't convinced that India needs grain from the U. S. A. One of a select group on the House Rules Committee who have exercised their veto with a regularity that rivals the operations of the Soviets in the UN, Cox shifts his ground now and introduces a new and staggering thought in the whole debate; he just won't believe anything. Dixiecrat Cox has not suggested making a personal investigation in order to expose the famine as a cruel hoax. But his stand puts the burden of proof squarely up to the Indians. How can they persuade him that the famine is real? Maybe they should begin publishing casualty lists, but Cox would probably cry fraud.

Anyway, there is probably no point in proving to Cox that Indians are hungry. He doesn't care.

Margaret Truman—Real Envoy of Good Will

America is sending an ambassador of good will to Europe who, a lot of hard-bitten newspaperwomen and men predict, will be an unqualified success.

They have yet to see Margaret Truman do an awkward thing. As they are not immune from the maternal instinct in spite of their chosen career, they might have tried to protect her if she had. They also believe that some politicians, including one closely related to her by ties of blood, might learn from her how to handle tough questions.

In a press conference about her European trip, Miss Truman was asked what she thought of the great debate. "You mean between radio and television?" she asked innocently. Reminded of a man named MacArthur, she said lightly, "Oh, I'm a singer, you know." This sounds effortless but more experienced men have stubbed their toes on such obstacles.

The favorite adjective of people who write about Margaret Truman is nice. She is nice to look at, she says nice things to people and, what is even more important, she seems to know who they are and what they are doing that is important and interesting. All this adds up to that charm which will always be expected of women.

Short Story

THE OTHER LOVE

By T. A. BAMBAWALE

THE Sunday editions of the yellow press were rarely without some sensational or scandalous story about the doings of the "Mad Marshal" and his "Mustangs" and "Midnettes." What surprised most people was a complete absence of explanation or protest or contradiction either from the Mad Marshal or from the Government.

Some of these stories were so shocking that the Marshal must have been an iceberg to remain unaffected by them. The persistence of these stories and the persistent silence from the other side had begun to make many people feel that there must be some truth in all that was being said.

Why these stories worried me was the fact that the so-called Mad Marshal was identical with Wasant Narayan Malakar, who was my particular chum in college. I had lost touch with him when he disappeared suddenly from college after his only girl friend deserted him to marry some well-placed Government official.

I learnt during the war that Wasant had distinguished himself in some way or other as a crack pilot of the R. A. F. But I could not follow the other vicissitudes of his life and career until my attention was focussed upon them by this unsavoury propaganda.

I could hardly believe that fifteen years in the R. A. F. and one world war could change a clean young man that I knew, into such a despicable character. So, when I received an invitation to attend one of the numerous Government conferences held at Delhi, I readily accepted it. I hoped to ascertain how much of what was being said about Wasant was true.

At New Delhi, I and my colleagues were lodged in a Government hostel where a number of other officials were also staying. One evening, I saw a couple having dinner on a table next to mine. The face of the woman appeared to be familiar. But she was so far and ugly that I could not readily

recall if I had seen her anywhere before. Just then, one of my colleagues turned up and accosted me. At the mention of my name, the woman suddenly brightened up and without waiting for an introduction said:

"So you are the famous Professor Tushar Kanti! Perhaps you remember Saudamini Saboli?"

"Oh! What an unexpected pleasure! How I was hoping to meet someone whom I knew in this great city!"

I looked at the gentleman enquiringly.

"Oh! Meet my husband, Shri Prashant Dhanwan."

After dinner we walked into the lounge as we seemed to have so much to talk in common. Mrs. Dhanwan was an intelligent and entertaining recounter which made one forget her ugliness. As soon as I could get her away from her husband, I put the question which was uppermost in my mind!

"Do you ever meet Wasant? I would like to see him very much while I am here."

At the mention of Wasant's name, all her conviviality vanished and she said quite sternly, "I hate that man. He has dragged the name of all Indian officers in mud."

I realized at once that I had made a bad beginning. I immediately changed my tactics and agreed with Mrs. Dhanwan how she was fully justified in her hatred of Wasant and his doings. I also blamed the Government for their thoughtlessness in keeping such questionable characters in high posts.

Vilification of the existing Government is a subject to which most Government servants and their wives warm up without realizing that they are being guilty of 'less-majeste.'

They seem to forget the fact that all the so-called sins of a Government are nothing but the cumulative effect of the bad work of its servants.

Whatever that may be. Shrimati Dhanwan was mollified soon. And, when I said that I would not bother to see Wasant after all that I had heard, she said quite normally:

"You will not succeed even if you try. No one is allowed to contact the Mad Marshal either in person or by post or by telephone."

"But surely, Mrs. Dhanwan, the Marshal is not kept in confinement."

"No. He is not kept in confinement. But, the only occasion when that mad man is seen in public is on the Independence Day when he appears on parade with his notorious Mustangs and Melodies," said Shrimati Dhanwan.

"What? On that day the Melodies appear so prim and proper in their exotic uniforms that the worst cardboard soldiers would pale into insignificance before them. The idiotic populace applauds them frantically, forgetting the sinful lives that they lead for the rest of the year," said Shrimati Dhanwan bitterly.

This revelation immediately made me feel that there was more in the Mustangs and Melodies than met the eye. In spite of the discouragement I had received, I posted a letter to Wasant the same night asking him if I could see him before leaving Delhi. As I was coming down for dinner the next evening, I was told that I was required at the telephone.

A smart crisp voice at the other end said that the Marshal would speak to me personally. Before I could speculate much longer as to what the Marshal would say, I heard the old cheery voice say, "Hullo, Raja! Why did you not let me know that you were coming to Delhi. What are you doing now?"

In my agitation, I only replied to the last question, "I am doing nothing in particular this evening."

"Then come and dine with me. I am dying to meet you. My staff officer will come to fetch you in a few minutes."

I was delighted in spite of myself. When a few minutes later Mrs. Dhanwan remarked that I looked particularly happy that evening, I had to tell her what the reason was. She was frankly sceptical. But, she looked quite impressed when a smart R. A. F. officer appeared in the lounge a little later and enquired for me. As I went

out with him I could not help feeling a glow of triumph that I had scored over this all-knowing female.

I was driven to a secluded part of the Government House grounds. We went into a fairly large house. In the drawing room, about 8 or 9 girls superbly groomed and dressed, and an equal number of well turned-out officers greeted me with easy courtesy.

The staff officer left to inform the Marshal that I had arrived. At the same time a girl quietly disappeared in another direction. The others busied themselves in making me feel at home. The girls were delighted to have "uncle" with them, which made me feel that the Marshal must be "Daddy" to them. The more I saw one of these boys and girls the more I felt astounded. I had not expected to see this quiet and well-bred behaviour.

When the Marshal appeared, the men all stood up to "attention;" friend met friend; and for a minute or so the Marshal forgot his surroundings. We wept with sheer joy. When I noticed that the officers were still standing to attention I drew the Marshal's attention to it. He uttered a single word "Sorry" and the men relaxed.

The Marshal then introduced to me each boy and girl individually. I gathered that though the girls were either Punjabis or Sindhis, the boys were from all parts of India. After introduction the Marshal said, "Raja, these are my Mustangs who have vowed to do or die with their Marshal. I am nothing without them. And the Marshal and the Mustangs would be nowhere without the care and attention that these midnettes bestow upon them. By their devoted association in our dangerous work they have made truly melodious."

Before I could speak, his mother appeared attended by two of the girls. Everyone rose. The men including the Marshal came to attention and the girls saluted "Mataji" with folded hands. She was the same old dignified lady whom I had known years ago. She showed her happiness by clasping me to her heart. The officers and the girls thoughtfully slipped out of the room and left us alone to talk our private affairs.

When I asked Mataji if she was not going to get her distinguished son married, she said simply, "No. You

can see that we have a family now. Our own could not be more dear to us."

She said this with such an air of finality that it admitted of no further argument.

Punctually at 8 p.m., a deep, low gong announced dinner. The simplicity of taste seen in the furnishing of the drawing room was also noticeable in the arrangement of the dining room. The furniture was plain but brilliantly polished. The crockery, cutlery, silver and the glass showed signs of constant polish and attention. The linen was spotlessly white and delicately starched. There were no servants.

The dinner was laid on the table. The boys and girls were standing in front of their seats. On the wall opposite the Marshal's seat was a large map of India whose boundary was outlined in red light. At the right of each plate was a small wine glass, full of fruit juice.

The staff officer gave a slight tap on the table. All of us picked up our wine glasses and raised them reverently towards the map of India. Led by the Marshal, we all said, "To our Country and our Constitution," drank the fruit juice at one gulp and then took our seats.

The dinner was an extremely homely affair. The boys and girls had relaxed completely and ragged one another like spoilt school children. The Marshal and his mother joined in the fun without any trace of authority about them. The boys helped the girls in changing plates, in passing things, in bringing in this and removing that.

No other household could have run more silently or more efficiently. After coffee, the Marshal asked his family to forgive him for not joining them in the drawing room. He wanted to speak to his old friend. He bade them and his mother good night. I did likewise and went out with him to his particular sanctum. I was itching to be alone with him.

His room was as remarkable for its spartan simplicity as the rest of the house. After we had settled in two easy chairs, he quietly said, "Well! Open your heart now. Come out with all your questions; but only one by one."

"How do you know that I want to ask you anything?" I asked.

"Because professors cannot hide their feelings as well as trained diplo-

mats or administrators can do. Your old nut has been so obviously wrinkled ever since you have set foot here that it was not difficult to make out what was going on in it. So, fire away."

"If you have not been staging a prepared show for my benefit, I cannot understand why the Sunday papers should make such a song about you and your household."

"I and my babies must be wonderful actors and producers if we could stage such a convincing show at such a short notice. But it is not so. What you have seen here is nothing more than our daily routine. We don't bother about what the papers say, because none of us has the time or the inclination to be drawn into a useless controversy. They keep on howling because they hope that some day we will get fed-up and let them know what we are doing within the four walls of this strictly guarded place."

"But, it is neither in our interest nor in the interest of our Government that we should seek publicity. The first step towards this is to convert the job-hunting self-seekers of British days into selfless patriots who will silently sacrifice their all for the sake of their country. Most of us who joined the services in the past were vain little men who did what they were told and little else. The same men are now being called upon to do jobs which they did not even dream of and for which they could not have prepared even if they had wished."

"We have an Air Force with a few obsolete fighters. Not a single screw of them can be replaced until we obtain it from abroad. Should not someone try to find a way out of this state of utter helplessness? Can you now see what my Mustangs do?"

I replied, "I agree. But I still cannot see why you should need a bunch of beauties and so much secrecy for this purpose."

"Professors of dry economics and sentimental ethics, who lead an easy life speculating on human relationship, cannot understand such things. They should first risk their lives once every hour of the day and then think over such things. They will then realize the value of the reward that a beloved woman can give and the joy of taking more risks for earning that reward."

"Our country is poor; and it is getting poorer every day. These intrepid air-men cannot expect any substantial monetary rewards for the risks that they take every minute of their lives. They do not hanker after special honours to distinguish them from the common bread winner. For all that we know, they may live only among the unknown warriors of their country, who strove to make their home-land secure from foreign onslaughts.

"What right have any of our countrymen to expect such self-denial from a few of us? Why should they deny them the healing quality of female companionship which soothes pain with its sensuousness, regenerates the body with its understanding, and enlivens the spirit with its joyousness? And, why should daring die among Indians because the morbidly moral frown upon certain essentials in young life? I consider it necessary that these simple joys of a natural life should not be denied to my Mustangs who may be here today, and in the next world tomorrow."

"But surely, there is something like morality," I intervened.

"Oh, the less you talk about that the better. Do you think in the present state of our society, I could expect any of your vainglorious virgins, whose one and only interest in the opposite sex is marriage, to take the risk of associating with my brave boys? I had to turn to those who had suffered for no fault of their own; to those who were the unfortunate victims of mass hysteria on one side and mass cowardice on the other. These girls were disowned by their own kith and kin without a thought for their future well-being. You have seen what human love, understanding and a ray of hope for the future can make of young lives which might otherwise have ended in the bestiality of a brothel.

"Now, they have an object for which they live. They want to make it impossible for any future marauders to look askance at our women. While giving their best to the men who take the responsibility of protecting them, they are preparing for service in a line which will expect them to keep their heads, even when their hearts are sorely tempted."

He paused for breath and also to

know if I had anything more to ask. I, who thought of politics only in terms of criticism, agitation, assemblies and demonstrations, had a new vision of the duties and responsibilities which develop upon the citizens of an independent as opposed to a dependent nation.

I was seeing the Indian as opposed to a Hindu, a Muslim, a Sikh, a Parsi and a host of others of the British days. Yes, it was necessary for millions of us to work to this end silently and ceaselessly regardless of all personal considerations. I must have been lost in these thoughts when I heard Wasant say:

"Have you met Saudamini? She lives where you are staying at present."

"Yes. So you know that she is in Delhi."

"Yes, I do. In fact, she was responsible for awakening this other love in me. On the first Independence Day, I saw her at a reception in Government House. A hope shot up in my heart that I may be able to enjoy her friendship even if we had not been able to marry each other. But, this hope did not last long. She showed it quite firmly that she had written me off her long ago. It was another shock to my virtuous social upbringing.

"I brooded over it for some time. Ultimately, I realized the correctness of Saudamini's attitude. She saw more clearly than I did at first, that we two, who had loved each other so well, could not remain only as friends for long. She saw the irrationality of such a friendship which was bound to cause complications, for both of us. So she had decided to cut adrift at once.

"I thanked my stars that I had fallen in love with an intelligent woman when I did," said Wasant after a pause. "A mere doll could not have thought so clearly or acted so decisively. I was not prepared to tempt my luck again. A man of my type does not experiment with his emotions merely for the sake of raising a family. And, who could have raised a family, more loving and more devoted than the one that I have at present? The original pain of an afflicted heart is very dull now, though it is not quite dead yet; but I find it far more thrilling and satisfying to pursue this other love."

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

LORRY DRIVERS OBJECT TO "SNOOPERS"

DURING the past week there has been a strike of long-distance lorry drivers in Britain. For those who do not know Britain, these lorry drivers and their complaints might not be fully understood. Whenever one travels by road in Britain, if one keeps to the main roads, one will see many lorries, usually heavily laden, travelling along, sometimes singly, sometimes in convoy. From time to time one will see the road sign "Lay-by one mile ahead," and one will come to a patch of road which has been widened so that these lorries particularly, and other road-users if they wish, can draw in and wait. At other places along the road will be cafes, with large parking places outside them, again for these lorry drivers. These cafes are open long hours and provide cheap meals for the drivers of these lorries. There, especially at a meal time, one will see a dozen or more lorries drawn up, their drivers inside enjoying a rest and a meal. I imagine that, although it might seem attractive to some to drive these heavy lorries the length and breadth of Britain, it is in fact a very tiring job, demanding more concentration than most jobs, and being quite a strain on the nerves. In fact, these drivers, and bus drivers, are reputed to have stomach ulcers as an occupational disease.

The strike this last week has been on account of the proposal to put inspectors to check on these drivers. They have a certain schedule to maintain, but it is obvious that if some time can be made up on one stretch of road, then the drivers might take advantage of it to have an extra five minutes in the cafe. And I, for one, would not blame them. They are a very independent crowd, these drivers, and like to regale themselves, to some extent, as their own bosses. I have met some who have said how much they prefer such a job to one inside a factory or in one set place. "Once we are out on the road, there is no

'gaffer'," they say. But these inspectors seemed, to them, to be threatening their independence, and the word "inspector" was changed by them to "snooper." They did not want to feel that they were being watched. So they went on strike. One can see their point of view, but the other side, cannot be dismissed easily. The great majority of these men are, I am sure, scrupulously honest. But there is a big temptation in the valuable loads that they are carrying, and the British Road Transport has a responsibility towards those who send their goods by road. Most of us have some kind of check on our work, whether we are in office, workshop, factory or stores. Bus drivers have to keep to their schedule, even postmen have to be at certain points on their rounds at certain times. So, it would seem, there is little unreasonable in having inspectors on these long-distance lorry drivers, so long as they are indeed inspectors and not, as the drivers suspect, snoopers. They can at least be given a trial.

As all followers of cricket in India know, there are many Indian cricketers in the teams that play in the various leagues in Lancashire. I have had a visit today from a relative who has long been connected with the Central Lancashire League Club, Littleborough. They have playing for them C. S. Nayudu, and I was glad to hear as one would expect, that he is very well thought of both as a cricketer and a gentleman. So, as far as I have heard, are all the other representatives of India in Lancashire cricket. Littleborough is a typical example of these clubs. It is a small town on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, with its inevitable cotton mills. I remember a visit to Madura which reminded me of Littleborough, for the members of the Chamber of Commerce in Madura follow the same business as the men of Littleborough; Dyers, Bleachers and Finishers, for example.

I suppose the population of Little-borough will be about 20,000. There is no professional football club, but there is the cricket club, which pays, and, I imagine, pays well, for its professional. Cricket is played on Saturday afternoons and it has to be bright cricket, although brightness will not be appreciated if it gives way to style. So Frankie Worrell has an average of 93 for his first five innings of the season. P. R. Umrigar 49 and Vinoo Mankad 47. In the bowling averages, Umrigar is well up the list but I see that Vijay Hazare has only bowled 54 overs this season so far and has taken ten wickets for 161 runs. Still, the season is young. Worrell, by the way, is not even in the bowling averages and Ramadhin, who played havoc with England's batting, has taken only fifteen of these Saturday afternoon cricketers' wickets in 79 overs for 232 runs. One would like to see the pick of the amateurs of the Lancashire Leagues playing a team of the M. C. C. The result might well be surprising to those who do not know that many of the League players could well play for their counties, if only economics would permit.

When I was in Madras, there was beginning a campaign to attract tourists to India, and to Madras. At that time, and it might be so now, the Director of Information was given the job of publicising Madras as a tourist centre. In this, Madras will have to face world competition, and it should be known that in Britain all

the leading seaside resorts employ a full-time publicity man who usually has quite a large staff. In Blackpool just now there is a typical example of how some people are attracted to the town. For the next few weeks, there are special facilities for old people who go there on holiday. The Old-Age Pensioners' Association has held its Annual Conference there. These old people are allowed free deck-chairs when others have to pay four annas for a morning, afternoon or evening. There are reduced fares on the buses and trams of the town, special concessions in the many and varied amusement centres, half price on the boats on the lake in the Park, and so on. As a result of these reductions, there is a noticeable increase in the number of holidaymakers in Blackpool at this time of the year. Normally, this would be a fairly quiet time. Those who provide for the holidaymakers would have to keep their shops and stalls open with little result. But now, at least there are people to look in the shops and, although old-age pensioners may not have much money to spend, it is seldom that their children would send them on their holidays with no money at all. The pensioners, of course, are delighted at the idea. Such plans are required by what is probably the largest holiday town in the world. I hope that Madras, and its lovely hill stations, are fully aware of the competition they have to face in seeking to attract the tourists of the world.

U. S. TO AID ANTI-LOCUST CAMPAIGN IN INDIA

American insecticide experts and planes will go into action in the Rajputana region of India on July 1 to help repel an invasion of locusts threatening the destruction of food crops within a 75,000 square mile area.

The governments of the United States and India signed a Point Four agreement on June 2 for the cooperative locust control campaign.

Two U. S. Air Force C-47 cargo planes from Germany and three Piper Cubs (small craft), now finishing a successful anti-locust spraying operation in Iran, are being rushed to the threatened area. There, two major food crops—jowar and bajra—are in danger from the swarming insects. Large crops of clover also lie in the path of the advancing locusts. The loss of these food crops would seriously aggravate the present shortage of foodstuffs in India.

Ten tons of aldrin, a powerful new insecticide which was used with such remarkable success against the locust invasion in Iran, are already being shipped to India. Two or three ounces of this poison, diluted with kerosene or diesel oil, are sufficient to spray an acre of land.

The anti-locust campaign—like the one in Iran—will be a cooperative venture. The Indian Government is providing airplane ground crews, landing strips and transportation for all members of the Point Four spraying mission.



By V. P. SATHE

MORE than three months have passed since the Film Enquiry Committee submitted its report. The report, it is learnt, is very comprehensive and touches almost all the problems of the film industry. It is further said that the approach to the problems is not theoretical and academic but practical.

For instance, one of the most vital suggestions made by the Committee is said to be the proposal for forming a Film Finance Corporation. Now this proposal, it is said, has been worked out in detail and correct ways and means have been suggested to raise the necessary capital for the corporation. Similarly every recommendation of the Committee is put forth with a practical arrangement of working it out. So far so good.

But the film industry and the picturegoers are now anxious to know why this report has not yet been published. In fact, the delay is causing great anxiety and giving rise to a feeling of despondency and despair about the outcome of this report. Indeed, it is feared that the Government have no intentions of implementing the recommendations of the Committee and that hence the report has been relegated into cold storage. If this fear is unwarranted, it can only be allayed by the immediate publication of the report along with the Government's declaration to implement it.

Considering the various intricate problems that the film industry is facing today, the sooner the report is published the better for the industry's future. All the same the tragic fact is that the industry as such has no great illusions about the report and its recommendations in view of the

past attitude of the Government. Here each problem is still tackled individually without any collective action as is evident from the inflation in star-prices. So, the average producer, distributor or exhibitor is hardly worried about the Enquiry Committee's findings and their bearing on the working of the industry.

Picture Of The Week

In their zeal to entertain the masses, the producers are trying every trick of the trade to win their hearts. But it seems the harder they try the lesser are the chances of success.

The realism, even pretext to it, has been given up for good; and the producers today do not bother about even logic and credibility. Just as all is fair in love and war, the producers feel that all is fair in film entertainment. This is the motif with which Varma Films' *Sagai* has been made; and any criticism of it would be justified only from the point of view with which it has been made.

Indeed, all lapses in logic, all discrepancies in characterization, all liberties taken from reality would have been justified in *Sagai* had it been as entertaining as any slapstick musical farce emanating from Hollywood. In the beginning as Gope and Yakub, the new popular pair of comedians hide in a barrel which is tossed from place to place, it appears that *Sagai* will provide a roaring entertainment. The first two reels are really funny in the true slapstick style; and it must be conceded that given the right situation Yakub and Gope can make the most of it.

The moment however Yakub, Gope and Rehana embark on a ship—it should have been a yacht; for only

a yacht could be hired by a princess of a small unknown island, which itself is a queer mixture of South Sea island and Arabia—the proceedings become dull and they are never enlivened again upto the end. The idea of Rehana dressed as a boy, for instance, is not exploited for any comic pranks; the romantic tangle between Rehana, Premnath and Vijay-laxmi fails to excite the audience. And as the comedy depends mostly upon long drawn out dialogue as is evident in the boring sequence in which Gope and Yakub declare their love to Rehana, it fails to amuse.

From the ship, the locale is changed to the island and the prince falls in love with Rehana at first sight. Here too the romantic tangle proceeds in hackneyed manner without any surprising twist. In the end there is change of heart on the part of Shah-zadi and the inevitable duel which ends naturally in the victory of the hero.

The picture should have ended here. The last sequence in which Premnath refuses to marry Rehana without the consent of his parents, and Rehana agrees to marry the man of her father's choice, though in the beginning she had run away from him, and both of them ultimately find that their parents also had made the same choice, is boring and unnecessary.

The lack of tempo and incidents is the main cause of the failure of *Sagai* which is otherwise a lavishly produced, competently directed picture. Its music is another weak point. C. Ramachandra has failed to give any good tune in this picture; it is high time he started looking back for his laurels.

Star Of The Week

On Tuesday the 29th June morning a huge crowd of film celebrities had gathered at Tasveer Mahal Studios, Dadar, Bombay. The occasion was the muhurat of K. Asif's new production *Janwar*. The gathering included stars, producers, writers, technicians, distributors and others.

The muhurat was scheduled for 10 a.m., but the main person was missing. And as time passed, some of the guests who had other engagements departed after wishing good luck to Asif and Dilip Kumar. The missing person was Suraiya. It was reported that as her first make-up was wrong

she had gone to change the make-up. And the 'Muhurat' was just delayed for her.

At about 11-30 she came and like Ceaser, she saw and she conquered. With her new coiffeur which reminded one of Rita Hayworth and the black costume, she looked exotic and alluring. No wonder, some men could not help whistling when they saw her. She walked on the set and for the first time she faced the camera along with Dilip Kumar. The muhurat shot was taken, the stars were congratulated and sweets were distributed.

At the function, every one was heard discussing Suraiya. It was disclosed that she had more contracts in her pocket than any front-rank female star at the moment; it was also said that this was due to the fact that she accepted less price than her competitors. But, her price was soaring again and there were many who declared that her star was in the ascendance once again.

About 22, Suraiya is probably the richest film star in India today. And she has made all this fortune during the last six or seven years. Suraiya started her career when she was in her teens. It is said she made her acting debut in *Taj Mahal*; she had a small part in *Station Master* and she gave a dance in Bombay Talkies' *Hamari Baat*. In fact, Suraiya was signed by Devika Rani on a long term contract; but Devika hardly made any use of her and later released her.

As a singer she made a name in Kardar's *Sharda* in which she sang for Mehtab; as an artiste she attracted attention first in *Ishara* made as far back as in 1943. Later, she made an impression in a jealous sister's role in Jayant Desai's *Chandragupta*. It was Jayant Desai who gave her her first starring role in *Tadbeer*, opposite Saigal.

Since then she must have appeared in a number of pictures; but at one time she was considered to be an unlucky star—for almost every picture in which she appeared proved a flop. The success of *Dard*, *Natak*, *Pyar Ki Jeet* and *Bari Bahen* however proved that she was the luckiest star. But this series of successes was again followed by a cycle of flops and only last year the distributors started becoming nervous about pictures starring her.

The only star who can sing for herself today, Suraiya has voice, youth, figure (though she must always guard herself against putting on weight) and innocent charm as her great assets. She is ideally suited to play unsophisticated village girl roles; but of late there is constant effort to glamorize her by the producers. Sadiq's effort in *Char Din* proved a flop; but perhaps where Sadiq failed, Kidar Sharma and Asif may succeed.

Kidar Sharma has given her a very outlandish costume in *Shokhiyan* and cast her in the role of a spy. Asif has given her a costume, make-up and role in the style of *Gilda*; she is portraying the role of the owner of a gambling den in *Janwar*. Both these roles would present us with a new Suraiya and perhaps launch her on a new career of prosperity.

Suraiya is a simple girl in private life; simple in the sense she hardly mixes with society or goes to any club or hotels. She is chaperoned by her mother who is even more beautiful than the daughter and grandmother who handles all her business. She holds her court at her own flat at

Krishan Mahal and there are many people in the film industry who have fallen victim to her charms.

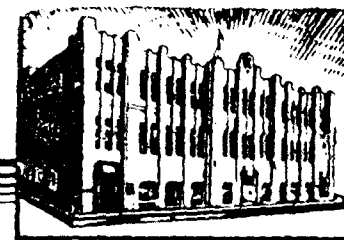
Suraiya's name has been romantically linked with Dev Anand as well as M. Sadiq. One could give a long list of her suitors. But so far she has not decided upon matrimony; if her friendship has been misunderstood, she says, it is not her fault. Will she marry? Who will be the lucky guy? These are the questions which interest all her fans. But so far Suraiya has not made up her mind. She seems to be content with the kind of life she is leading now. And, why should she not be: She is rich; she is admired and she has as many contracts as she wants. Does even a star need more?

News Of The Week

—Under the banner of Art Films of Asia, Paul Zils is making a picture entitled *Zalzala* based on a story called "Four Chapters" by Dr. Rabin-dranath Tagore. Krishenchander is writing the screenplay, Pankaj Mulklick is giving the music. The star cast is headed by Prithviraj, Dev Anand, Geeta Bali and Shakoor.

(ESTD:

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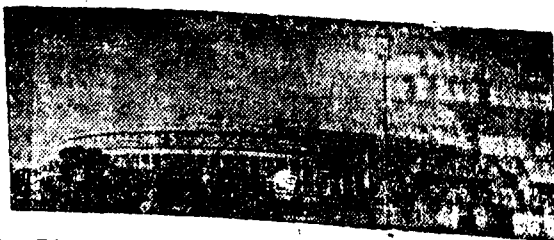
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Socialist Party gave impressive proof of its capacity for organization on Sunday. The two-mile long procession, which passed through the main streets of Old and New Delhi, was a highly disciplined affair. The procession started punctually at 5 a.m. (Thank you!) The slogans which they shouted were intelligent and effective. They expressed the seething discontent which pervades the people of this land: "A Government which cannot give us food, cloth and shelter must quit." "A Government that cannot end corruption and blackmarketing must go." The strength of the procession varied from 20,000 to 50,000. At Chandni Chowk several thousands joined the procession and marched with it for a mile or two. The route from Rajghat to the President's House was eleven miles in length.

The highlight of the procession was the meeting between the Socialist leaders and Acharya Kripalani just before J. P. and Lohia went to the President with the People's Charter. Kripalani, like thousands of other citizens of Delhi, had come to watch the procession. The police estimates of the strength of the processionists was remarkable:

First Policeman: The procession consists of 3,514 persons, Sir.

Second Policeman: I have counted them. The number of people in it is 3,814.

Police Officer: So 14 is correct. We can be sure of it. We must check up how many thousands and how many hundreds it is.

Another Police Officer: Don't talk loudly. There are journalists here who may overhear us.

Dr. John Matthai, who was Finance Minister when the Rupee was devalued, has now come out with a plea for Revaluation. The suggestion he has

made is well worth accepting. The Reserve Bank has been predicting disaster if the Rupee is revalued; but its present caution is really the result of their past failure to suggest Revaluation when the Trade Agreement with Pakistan was being negotiated. The difficulty with experts is that they must persist in their error: if they do not, they cease to be experts.

Monkeying with the exchange value of the Rupee is not advisable; but to revalue the Rupee now will not amount to monkeying. The International Monetary Fund, like our Reserve Bank, has been in favour of not disturbing the exchange value of national currencies. But the Economic Commission for Europe has suggested a Revaluation of European currencies. There has been an upward trend in prices in India, which has no chance of being arrested except by Revaluation. Jute and Cotton, which we get from Pakistan, will become cheaper—although, Pakistan will try to undermine our Revalued Rupee. She will however, be no more successful in undermining our Rupee than we have been in undermining hers.

England had expected to increase her exports by devaluation. Sir Stafford Cripps had announced that they were devaluing to a much greater extent than was needed in order to provide a great spurt in the British export trade. But even England could not export as much as she wanted, because she was a Welfare State. Practically every other country in Europe showed remarkable results because of two factors: (1) most of them were not Welfare States, and (2) some of them did not devalue to the same extent as Sterling. In India there is hardly any question at present of increasing our exports.

"I say vague language, after all, comes out of vague thought or the

lack of thought. People get lost in the phrases they use and do not connect them with any consistent or logical thought. The result is many phrases hurled at us about curbing the freedom of the Press, riding roughshod and all that; and I have been totally unable to connect them with any reality in this amendment or elsewhere. It is true that by bringing forward this amendment, Parliament is given certain powers to deal with certain matters affecting the Press." The quotation is from the Prime Minister's speech on the amendments to the Constitution. The first two sentences are an excellent description of the content of the Prime Minister's own speech.

The Prime Minister began his speech with a reference to the high level of debate which prevailed during the debate. Immediately afterwards, however, he hurled abuse at the members who "dared" to oppose the Constitution Amendment Bill. He described those who opposed the amendments as "liars." It is quite true that there are a large number of liars in this world, and that there will be few indeed who can truly claim to be non-liars. When a man claims that he never told a lie, you may be quite sure that he is telling a lie by making that statement. If the P. M. discovered only during the debate that people tell lies, he is much more unique than we took him to be.

The Prime Minister has at last agreed to the suggestion that the Government should appoint a Commission to go into the State of the Press in India today. But the P. M. says that he wants the Newspaper Proprietors to suggest the persons who should constitute the Commission. The main problem of the Press in India is the nature of ownership and control exercised by proprietors of newspapers. The Prime Minister knows that this is so. He had spoken of the "vested interests" in his speeches. "The great newspapers of the world," he said, "are mighty organs representing an enormous financial strength behind them.... The position is not quite the same in India, but it goes in that direction and it is bound to go in that direction in the nature of things." The Prime Minister then went on to speak of the operation of the Press under a

mechanical civilization. "In those States," he said, "the whole nature of the development of their mechanical civilization is such that the mind of the people becomes mechanized and regimented and you find, therefore, great countries moved by mass hysteria because the newspapers help them or for other reasons; and the poor non-conformist in that great country is as badly off as if he had no fundamental right or freedom of the Press or anything."

The Prime Minister has a wide-awake understanding and appreciation of the problems of the Press. It is a measure of his weakness, therefore, that he still wants to hand-over the responsibility of making an enquiry into the ownership of newspapers to the owners themselves. The All-India Union of Working Journalists should immediately contact the Prime Minister, and impress on him the need for appointing a Commission which has a majority of non-journalist, non-proprietor-editor members. The majority of them should be connected with newspapers only as readers. There may even be one or two members who do not attach much value to the activity of reading newspapers.

One of the foremost artists in New Delhi, K. S. Kulkarni, is just back from the U. S. after a six-months' stay under the International Arts Programme. Kulkarni was the only Indian artist in a group of about 25 artists from different countries of the world. Mr. Kulkarni was greatly impressed by the mass-hysteria which prevailed in America at the present time. "When you stay in America for some time," he said, "the newspapers and the radio and the television convince you that there will be a war in a week's time." Kulkarni also visited Europe on his way back to India. "Not even in France or West Germany do you find people thinking of war. They simply don't want it, and they are tired of it."

A member of the Delhi Silpi Chakra, Kulkarni had great admiration for the American people, who were warm-hearted and extremely hospitable. He said that young artists were encouraged to carry on experiments in the U. S. He also pointed out that an

artist had to be a very good salesman in order to sell his work in the U. S. and get recognition. The Press, Radio and Television had to be pressed into service to proclaim one's own merits. Many young artists produced work that was as good as that of the best-known artists in America; but their work was not well-known, because those who had come before them had monopolised all publicity.

THE BED—A MULTIPLE-FACETED STORY OF ALL AGES

THERE is a vast difference between one bed and another, as between persons—difference between the plain cot of the tonsured monk and silken pallet of the Sleeping Beauty—difference between the beds of Pharaoh, of P.T. Barnum, of Potiphar, of Millie the Sewing Machine Girl. Sarah Bernhardt slept in a coffin, doubtless that she might never be taken unaware by the entrance of Death. Though the deathbed scene is ubiquitous in nineteenth-century literature, Emily Bronte abjured it for herself, preferring to stand. The bed, however, is ordinarily the scene of birth and death—a fact which explains the bedposts carved with saints, angels, cherubs.

The bed, the repository of tradition, of the remembrance of things past, was often the only article of furniture carried over the Alleghenies by pioneers more visionary than practical. There have been many migratory beds, but beyond these, beds even more fabulous—poison beds, black magic or mesmerized beds, murderous beds. A celestial bed, manufactured in England in 1779, was guaranteed to assure life to the sleeper to the age of one hundred. Though the maker died at the age of fifty, still, it was for the time, when so many were cut off in the flower of their youth, a grand old age.

Shakespeare slept on a bed four hundred years old, believing that it brought him good luck. In his will he bequeathed his second-best bed to his wife. What became of the best is one of those great mysteries which literary historians ponder. Dickens always carried a small compass with him, to be sure that he slept with his head

Mr. Kulkarni was benefited greatly by the study of various art museums and art galleries in the U. S. and other countries. The International Arts Programme was serving a very useful purpose by bringing together young artists from various parts of the world. The U. S. Government has done much to promote co-operation among the peoples of the world by such Programmes.

pointed to the north. Benjamin Franklin required two beds, changing from one to another when the sheets grew warm. Thomas Jefferson, inventor of the first folding door, had a bed attached to pulleys so that it could be hoisted to the ceiling during the day.

These bed matters are nothing, however, compared with the bed matters of royalty, which would themselves comprise a literature. Perhaps because uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, Louis XIV had 413 beds, various as his moods. His was perhaps a form of dromomania. Unable to wander from country to country, he wandered from bed to bed.

Cleopatra's bed, one of the most famous in history, had a mattress stuffed with rose leaves, perfume being the sedative to her troubled spirit. Unlike the typical Egyptian bed, hers was not single but double with space for two and perhaps for the ghostly third person who, psychologists say, is always present where there are two. Her bed was ivory and gold. A gold god of love stood at the footboard and aimed a golden arrow at the sleeping queen. Her bed was, as in so many cases, the outer symbolization of the inner life, one of both redolence and torment.

Ulysses built and roofed his chamber around an olive tree trunk that was trimmed and served as a bedpost. Three more posts and a connecting frame were added and the entire bed inlaid with gold, silver and ivory.

The earliest bed of man was but the bare ground or grass or fallen leaves. The progress of the bed is the story of the progress of civilization—a multiple-faceted story of all ages, all times.—Copyright—N. P. S.

SIDELIGHTS :

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

BEHIND the appointment of Sri Kesava Menon as High Commissioner for Ceylon there is a story of intrigue that has been lost sight of in the general excitement of journalists over the promotion of one of their own order to the glamorous sphere of diplomacy. Sri Kesava Menon's exit to Ceylon created a vacancy in the editorial chair of *Mathrubhumi* at Calicut. For sometime past the Law Minister of Madras State, Sri Madhava Menon, would seem to have become attracted to journalism for rehabilitating his declining influence as a politician. The editorship of *Mathrubhumi* carries about a thousand rupees of pay per month. It is quite adequate for comfortable living in a mofussil town. Of course there is no comparison between the power and perquisites of a minister's office and those of any journalist however well placed. A minister can wangle succulent jobs for his friends and relatives. He can get them admitted to colleges subjected to high pressure of applications, irrespective of marks. He can travel luxuriously without paying, to any place, without bothering about the distinction between private work and public duty. But the one defect of ministerial office is its impermanence. There is the bugbear of periodical election to annoy would-be holders of minister's posts without disturbance for ever. The time has gone by when a Congress ticket carried with it assurance of success in elections to the legislature. Nowadays public opinion has turned so hostile to the Congress that Congress tickets have lost their old value. There is therefore a prodigious activity going on in full swing for collection of funds in order that money power may make up for loss of public confidence. The effects of adult franchise being unpredictable, many Congress stalwarts have begun to doubt whether with lavish spending they can be sure of

defeating more popular competitors unburdened with the sins of commission and omission that have come to be identified with Congress rule as such. With all the power of patronage pertaining to his numerous portfolios, Sri Madhava Menon could not win a primary election in the Congress organisation in his own constituency of Malabar.

The *Mathrubhumi* is the most powerful of Malayalee dailies, and its editorship is much to be coveted by an administrator who has to live down his official past. On the other hand, it is not easy to give up a ministership overnight. So we find foisted on the paper, in the name of editor, one unknown to the profession of journalism with a business background in the salesmanship of secondhand motor cars at Calcutta. Sri Nair the new editor is not altogether without some links with the world of literature. It is said that his father-in-law was a reputed poet and the daughter of his father-in-law translated some of the works of her father from Malayalam into English. On the strength of these qualifications the Calcutta prodigy ousted every one of the top-ranking journalists who had given years of distinguished service to make *Mathrubhumi* what it is. Apparently these could not be relied on to keep the cushion warm for Sri Madhava Menon pending the strengthening of his will in the projected change-over from administration to journalism.

One effect of the purchase of newspapers by rich men is the elevation of their clerks as editors superseding the seniormost among the journalists. After Sri C. V. H. Rao left the *Indian Republic* one Y. Subbiah was appointed editor in his place. Sri Subbiah is practically a cypher in the field of journalism. He does not belong to the profession. I gather that he is a clerk of the proprietor. It is disgraceful that a clerk who has no knowledge of any of the technical branches of journalism as a profession should be placed as the editor of a daily newspaper in a position of authority over

reporters and sub-editors, and I wish the Southern India Journalists Federation will take up the matter and see to the end of such a monstrosity. This gem of a Sri Subbiah, with no background at all as a journalist, has been selected as a member of the Press Advisory Committee. As the Committee is called upon periodically to advise on the propriety or otherwise of

passages in newspapers objected to by Government, its members should have a professional standing acceptable to the Press. It is an insult to any journal or newspaper to be judged by Sri Subbiah, and those responsible for his inclusion as a member of the Press Advisory Committee should have gone out of their senses when they recommended it.—SAKA.

SRI K. S. VENKATARAMANI

SRI K. S. Venkataramani is sixty to-day (9th June 1951). Birthdays as special occasions of joy and greetings from friends and relatives are not generally observed with such scrupulous care in this country as in the West. But the sixtyfirst birthday has for us a significance all its own. It is an event which is seldom allowed to pass without a due notice of it. High and low, rich and poor alike wish to celebrate it. Need we wonder then that Shashtyabdapoortis of men who have rendered eminent service to their country and their generation in different spheres are naturally sought earnestly by a grateful and admiring public and made an occasion for receiving a fitting recognition at its hands?

One feels at this moment that nobody deserves such honours and distinction at the hands of the public better than Sri K. S. Venkataramani, whose service in the cultural sphere is certainly not mean. His writings have not only delighted but won the regard of his people for over two decades for their literary merit as well as the depth of their ideas. Though he has preferred to write mostly in English, his mind is steeped in the culture and tradition of his country. This can be seen too well in whatever he writes.

His "Paper Boats" was first launched on its voyage with the rich cargo of his thoughts as early as 1921. It sailed bravely and reached distant shores where it made deep impressions even on men of high literary fame.

With admirable insight he found the root of Indian culture lay in the soil of its village. Hence back to the village is the message conveyed through all that he writes. His "Murugan The Tiller" is not merely a

novel. It is much more. It is indeed his dream of leaving the dust and noise of the city and going back to the village with its ease and plenty, its green fields of paddy and its running streams, told in the form of a novel.

Venkataramani is an ardent lover of nature like Kalidasa and Tagore. Take his "Sand-Dunes". What raptures he grows into over the eddied Kaveri gently gliding towards the sea even as a bashful bride going to meet her newly wedded husband. He is never tired of telling us about the monsoon clouds after a long spell of heat, the sight of which fills the heart of the village farmer with a joy such as he alone can feel.

Venkataramani is also a thinker. He dives into the many problems of today and tries to find a solution for each. His great optimism in preserving the purity of Hindu culture induced him twice to run a Tamil journal, first the *Tamizh Ulagu* and later the *Bharata Mani*, and convey through their pages his most cherished ideas even at the risk of losing his all.

We have writers who are successful in capturing the minds of their readers by their style, their imagination and their vivid narration of the story. But Venkataramani is infinitely more than this. He is a writer who has really something to say. His is the rare achievement of making art and purpose go hand in hand in his writing.

Poor in health and reduced in circumstances, he stays in his village. His Shashtyabdapoorti affords an opportunity which the public will do well to avail itself of and mark the occasion by honouring him as fittingly as he deserves.—K. Savitri Ammal

NATIONAL HOCKEY

By P. N. S.

THE umpire blew the long whistle pointing his finger to the middle, signifying it was all over. The National Hockey Championship which began on May 7 came to a very successful conclusion on May 30. The frantic rush from offices and workshops every evening, the sometimes thrilling but mostly dull minutes of play, the daily post mortem examination of the game and its participants by the Press and the public alike, have all become a memory—a pleasant and abiding memory, though, for all those who witnessed the Championship die in diem.

Punjab won the trophy for the third time in succession. Many will be prone to attribute it to "just luck" and maintain that Bengal must have won, or, for that matter, the Combined Services. Perhaps. But as time passes, it is not the victory or the defeat that will be remembered, but the colourful game with all its thrills and embellishments, the medley of characters, some of them memorable, crossing and re-crossing the turf, their good points and shortcomings, their successes and their failures.

We bite our lips with some bitterness as the picture of Manna Singh frantically kicking the ball in an effort to save his side from disaster but in fact landing it in defeat flashes before us. But we shake our heads and smile as that other picture of Manna (that was how the crowds yelled his name) appears before the mind's eye—with the ball at his legs, stick athwart, feigning to deliver a wordless oration as his eyes take in the position of every man in the field, and then deftly passing the ball with a mischievous twist to one of his men; or pointing his finger in one direction as though asking one of his men to be ready to take the ball but sending it in quite another; or moving on the field tirelessly despite his age, with a gargantuan appetite for work. "He is the same lovable fellow, age has not withered him or his spirit" declared Pankaj Gupta with a smile that lit his face, as he recaptured the aptics of Manna in his youth.

When all the excitement has died down and a calm view of the tournament emerges, the polished figure of Balbir Singh will be one of those towering above most others. Graceful in every movement, with a mastery over the stick skilful as it is delightful, Balbir is every inch an artist and a gentleman. "You must have seen him score India's first goal against England in the 1948 Olympics," said Dr. Chatterjee. It was off a pass from Babu. It was a magnificent piece that must be seen to be believed." Balbir, perhaps, did not produce such a goal here nor did he satisfy the high expectations of the connoisseur. But the touch of class was there throughout, pleasing to watch. And at the end of the tournament, when he stepped forward to receive the certificate, special cheers went up from the galleries—spontaneous recognition of the man and his art.

Another figure who will be remembered for almost similar reasons is Gurbachan Singh, Delhi skipper. Tall and imposing, dashing down at outside left with the stick held nonchalantly in the left hand, here indeed was a picture of skilled artistry. Then, when a rule is infringed, whether by himself or by his opponent, he stops short and steps aside with an eloquent shrug—and the umpire invariably blows the whistle. The gesture seems to say: "No, no; how can I proceed after this? . . . it is revolting to my nature." The Delhi skipper has indeed left an indelible imprint on all by his stately figure, his artistic play and his superb manners. Caraplet—what an odd name—of Bengal also is an answer to those that say that left-handers cannot shine well in the game. The answer is proclaimed as the short, stocky figure hurries into the field and as with the natural grip on the stick of a left-hander, he baffles his way through the rival defence, always spelling danger to his opponents by his craft. Caraplet throws a strange light on the field the while he occupies it, and makes people talk strangely too. "He is no good, sir, this jack-in-the-box," says one;

"He's great, he will bamboozle any defender by his unorthodoxy," says another. "Scooping the ball high and long is not hockey and Carapiet does nothing but scoop" says a third, a venerable critic. Meanwhile the man with the poky face—"Eddie Cantor," someone hailed him from the gallery—is the cynosure of all eyes, fitting here, there, everywhere and anywhere, keeping the crowd in good cheer. Why ask more of him?

Who can forget Padavat, right half of Mysore, dark, with a half-starved body, no one will turn to look at him off the field. But once the game starts, nobody can shift his eyes off this wiry player. The whistle blows, Padavat gets his chin down and watches the ball as a hawk. He has no eye for his opposing winger; 'why worry about the fellow when I can get the ball before him,' appears to be his motto. His battle of tactics with Gurbachan Singh of Delhi resulting in honours even, will ever remain fresh for years.

As the Bengal team ran into the field to face Punjab in the semi-final, someone remarked, "What can such poorly built fellows do against the stalwarts from the Punjab? Look at those two, fragile like ladies. May God protect them." These two were Jaswant Rai Rajput and Cladius. But how magnificently they played throwing back the redoubtable Punjab forwards with impertinence, if it can be so termed, and holding them there on the defensive with grand and inspiring generalship. No doubt, Jaswant was small, and Cladius, small and delicate too. But they were small unbreakable diamonds shining brilliantly in a string of half-backs that took part in the Championship.

Herbert Sutcliffe is held, even to this

day, as an example for all cricketers for equanimity of temperament, unruffled in the gravest moment. So is Desamuthu for goal-keepers. The Mysorean, tall and lanky, came out of every tense struggle amazingly non-chalant, evidence of the faith of the man in his abilities; not a hair of his well-combed head was out of place at the end of the hour.

One can go on delineating such players—Rajagopal, master of the dribble; Richtor, stolid, steady, ever-dependable at the back; Kishenlal, always moving from the in to the out drawing away the defenders from the goal mouth; the tall, majestic Tiflochan Singh defending his domain with polish and grandeur; Major Lakshman Singh of the Services, who preferred the grandstand to the field to direct the operations of his contingent; brothers Balwant Singh of PEPSU playing with dash, abandon and skill; Cowasjee Merchant, incongruous at the goal mouth with bent shoulders and an evening hat on his head; and the one and only Dhyhan Chand in the Selectors' box, a silent spectator except when the Services were on the field, marking the players in his mind.

Such was the panorama that passes before the eyes as we look back on the days at good old Chepauk grounds. And lastly one remembers the end of the final day when a person suddenly jumped at another who tried to cross the piece of turf inside the ringed area behind the grandstand and shouting "Keep off, you fool. How dare you step into a place from where Hutton will be entrancing us soon?". Yes; Hutton, Compton and Bedser; Hazare and Mankad; they will be there in a matter of months. We will be there too to cheer them to the echo.

Certainly, anyone with even a modicum of intelligence looking at the world today will agree that it is impossible to think of historical progress as cumulative and inevitable. The Greeks had no word for "progress," which seems to have been a by-product of nineteenth century thought, derived from the popularization of the Darwinian theory of evolution. We shall have to return to Heracleitos, the ancient Greek "Naturalist," who taught that "the same path leads up hill and down." No solutions of our problems will be possible unless we change our way of looking at things. Ideas are not enough. We have to effect a transition of human consciousness in all its phases to a basis of universality.—MANAS.

'NEW BISMARCK' OF GERMANY

By EMIL LENGYEL

DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, the 75-year old Chancellor of the German Republic, who has ranged his Government and his people strongly with the West, stands out today as one of the strong men of Central Europe. Since he represents West Germany's steadfast resistance against the Soviet-sponsored East German Reich, the Iron Chancellor has become an important figure in the West's plans for a united Western Europe. With Adenauer at the helm, the integration of the German Federal Republic into Western defence is only a question of time. He has already told the Western Allies he is ready to sign a separate peace treaty with them and would oppose the Soviet satellites to the last.

Sometimes referred to as "The New Bismarck," Adenauer has managed to steer a definite course in the storm-tossed seas of post-war Germany. Always he has been a massive figure of strength.

The Chancellor has come out strongly for Western union and, unequivocally, for an understanding with France. Among all the Western statesmen, he feels closest to France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, and believes in the "Schuman plan" for an iron and steel pool.

When Adenauer took over, the Reich was falling apart, a void in the heart of Europe. Today, Western Germany produces more than she did in the lushest pre-war years. The future certainly holds no such terrors for Adenauer's people as did the past.

On essential domestic issues the Chancellor has shown himself remarkably pliant, even though he is called a conservative and an "ultra." While he will have no truck with what he calls the Welfare State and sees little difference between Socialism and National Socialism, it was he who recently obtained Labour's participation in the management of the crucial steel and coal industries. He spoke up for public ownership of the Ruhr industries.

How has Adenauer been able to maintain himself on the bridge so long, in such a storm?

His countrymen respect him, even though it would be too much to say that they like him. They consider him a "Karaktermensch," a man of character, who has principles and will stick to them. They like his outspoken way. When members of his own party started to harass him, he asked them calmly: "Who do you think lost the war, anyway?" Consistently he has opposed the Western Allies' programme for dismantling the German industrial plants and his language is strong. He wants the Federal Republic accepted as an equal before he gives the final "yes" to projects of armed integration.

In appearance, the Chancellor is immobile, stolid. He is six-feet-two, square-shouldered, erect, with parchment-like yellow skin and high cheekbones.

Dr. Adenauer has an incredible collection of honorary doctor's degrees, in the social sciences, jurisprudence, philosophy, theology and medicine. He is an artist at outsmarting his political opponents, who delight in attributing his success to the fact that Hitler exterminated all solid political timber.

At his office in the old Scheunberger Palace of Bonn, the aged Chancellor is at his desk early in the morning, working sometimes as many as 12 hours a day with no sign of fatigue. Here he has many callers and makes many calls himself. A believer in grass roots contact with the public, he travels about like an old trouper. He attends sessions of the Bundestag, the Federal Parliament, at all hours and is always ready for reporters.

In his country house in the beautiful Rhenish district of Rhoendorf, he is a patrician of the West. The grand piano in the spacious drawing-room is there, not for decoration, but for pieces by Beethoven and Bach. The bookshelves contain volumes that have been well read. He speaks French with barely a trace of accent and likes French books. The Chancellor does not speak English but can read it, and his library contains several U. S. books on advertising. He gives a high

rating to overseas authorities' views on the vagaries of public opinion.

The walls are decorated with etchings, small paintings and family portrait miniatures which are works of members of his household. The Chancellor has seven children. The youngest, Lisbeth, 22, looks after the house. Frau Adenauer, the Chancellor's second wife, died two years ago. One of his sons is preparing for the priesthood, while another, Max, is a member of the Cologne city administration, thus carrying on an old family tradition.

Konrad Adenauer has had two periods of political bloom. This is the second. For a quarter of a century he was connected with the Cologne city administration and, for 16 years, he was the lord mayor of that metropolis. It was during his administration that it became the great transport and trade hub of the German West. He launched the important Cologne trade fairs which bade fair to eclipse the famed ones of Leipzig. He gave effective aid to the advancement of education, for which he received his collection of doctors' degrees. Low-rent workmen's housing, parks and social services of many types turned Cologne into a model emulated all over the land and even in distant countries.

The Hitler regime had no use for a man of strong principles such as Adenauer. It had no use for Roman Catholics either, and he was a prominent layman. It was during the Third Reich that Adenauer had his country house built so it could be reached only by mounting three score steep stone-steps, having no direct connection with the roads. The Gestapo found him just the same and he was placed in concentration camps

twice. His wife was jailed with him in 1944 after the attempt on Hitler's life, for which he was suspect. It was in the Brauweiler camp of the German secret police that he and his wife celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

When he was freed, Adenauer turned to gardening, the only thing he was permitted to do. "That is something I really know about," he says.

When the war was over, Germany's political life was a complete vacuum, the old guard dispersed or dead and the new generation infected with Nazi poison. It was then that the consummate organizer, Konrad Adenauer founded the Christian Democratic Union, the leading party in West Germany today. Different from anything the Reich had ever had before, the C. D. U. included both Protestants and Catholics.

From then on, the history of West Germany was linked with that of Adenauer. He served as the master craftsman of the Basic Law, which eventually became the Constitution of the Federal Republic. The Western Allies finally authorized formation of a Government and in mid-September 1948, Adenauer was elected its first Chancellor.

In his expert hands, the Chancellorship has become the key position of the country. The Soviet-sponsored East German Government denounces him as a "war criminal" and "traitor" but Adenauer is used to vituperation. There is a hole in the iron curtain right in the heart of Berlin, where the East is in a position to compare itself with the West. Chancellor Adenauer has played an important role in making this comparison favourable to the West.—Copyright—N. N. F.

The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. It is a disease which arises from men not having sufficient power of expression to utter and get rid of the element of art in their being. It is healthful to every sane man to utter the art within him; it is essential to every sane man to get rid of the art within him at all costs. Artists of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, as they breathe easily, or perspire easily. But in artists of less force, the thing becomes a pressure, and produces a definite pain, which is called the artistic temperament. Thus, very great artists are liable to be ordinary men—men like Shakespeare or Browning. There are very many real tragedies of the artistic temperament, tragedies of vanity, or violence or fear. But the great tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

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.

Amendments To Constitution

The foreign policy of control and favouritism which exploited our motherland for two centuries seems to be still thriving in free India, thanks to the doping effect it left on the power-seekers. When the news was flashed, not long ago, that thenceforth communities of candidates should not be mentioned in applications for the Central Government jobs, one welcomed it as the heralding of a dawn of equality. Alas, that is not to be. Was there any cognisable upliftment for the so-called backward classes because of the foreign-manufactured policy of special favouritism to these classes in all spheres for so many years in the past? A few persons, second rate brains were elevated to undeserving high places, undermining the national effort to that extent. That was all. The backward classes perhaps would perpetually remain backward for the purpose of jobs and positions of vantage. For, it was nothing but a hoax to favour deliberately a few. On the other hand, if one is keen on the general upliftment of any backward community, an intensive programme with a set duration should be adumbrated to elevate that particular community to the general advanced standard of the nation, rather than the ineffective policy of distributing loaves and fishes to a microscopic few in that community. National standards must be promoted by general policies such as compulsory education, employment and amenities to be availed of by one and all. Otherwise it would be putting a premium on inefficiency.

Control of free speech now sought to be reimposed in the name of certain exigencies has all the logic of the familiar anti-national policy of the foreign Government. The various Press organisations in our country have already been rendering national service by evolving a code of ethics for the profession. Why not leave this Press Code in the competent hands of those responsible bodies representing the profession? The need of the hour seems to be, not amendments to the Constitution, but a healthy check over the capacity of the steamroller majority to modify the Constitution and its sanctity to a mere farce.

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

Bellary.

II

The Union Parliament has at its pre-

sent session an Amendment Bill. The proposed amendment includes an Article in Part III of the Constitution and that is Fundamental Rights.

We need not worry about the necessity or otherwise of the amendment. But so far as the Fundamental Rights are concerned, they cannot be taken away by any law. Any law which is made in contravention of this shall be void to the extent of the contravention, according to the Articles of the Constitution.

"Article 13 (2) reads as follows:

"The State shall not make any law which takes away or abridges the rights conferred by this part and any law made in contravention of this clause shall to the extent of the contravention be void." And for defining the term 'The State' we resort to the preceding article namely Article 12.

"The State includes the Government and Parliament of India and the Government and Legislature of each of the States and all local or other authorities within the territory of India or under the control of the Government of India." So it is clear that Part III of the Constitution cannot be changed under any circumstances either by the State Legislature or by the Union Parliament. Parliament has no JURISDICTION over the amendment of the Fundamental Rights.

S. VENKATACHARI.

Vridhachalam.

Sheer Injustice

From 1946 Harijans of Malakapatnam and Musthakhanpet of Masulipatam Town have been cultivating the banjar lands in Chilakalapudi under the Grow More Food Scheme and have been paying taxes to Government. Now that the lands are rendered cultivable by the hard work of the Harijans, the Congress Government has been contemplating to take away these lands from them and give them away to Congress Political Sufferers. Such an act, if carried out, will be sheer injustice. The Congress political sufferers are not poorer than the depressed Harijans.

P. RAMALINGIAH.

Masulipatam.

Table-Tennis In India

Mr. P. S. Viswanatha Iyer, M.A., I.C.S., captain of the Indian Team and a very important office-bearer of the All-India Table-Tennis Federation has just returned

to India along with the Indian Team after a most successful tour in foreign countries. Table-Tennis fans all over India owe a deep debt of gratitude to this prince of sportsmen. It would be difficult to think of any one who has toiled with such a missionary zeal to popularise and promote Table-Tennis in India. The game in India bids fair to come up to the world standard in the near future. India will have the rare privilege of staging the World Championships in 1952. All this is to no small extent due to the indefatigable energy, zeal and single-minded devotion of Mr P. S. V. Iyer.

South India in particular is deeply indebted to this gentleman. Organising excellent tournaments wherever he happened to be, giving monetary help to players, cheering them up with his words of encouragement, giving practice to players for hours and hours not minding the inconvenience caused and giving them useful tips, he has contributed much to the popularity of the game in the south. His matchless enthusiasm which endears him to one and all is amply borne out by his finding time to conduct major tournaments in places big and small in

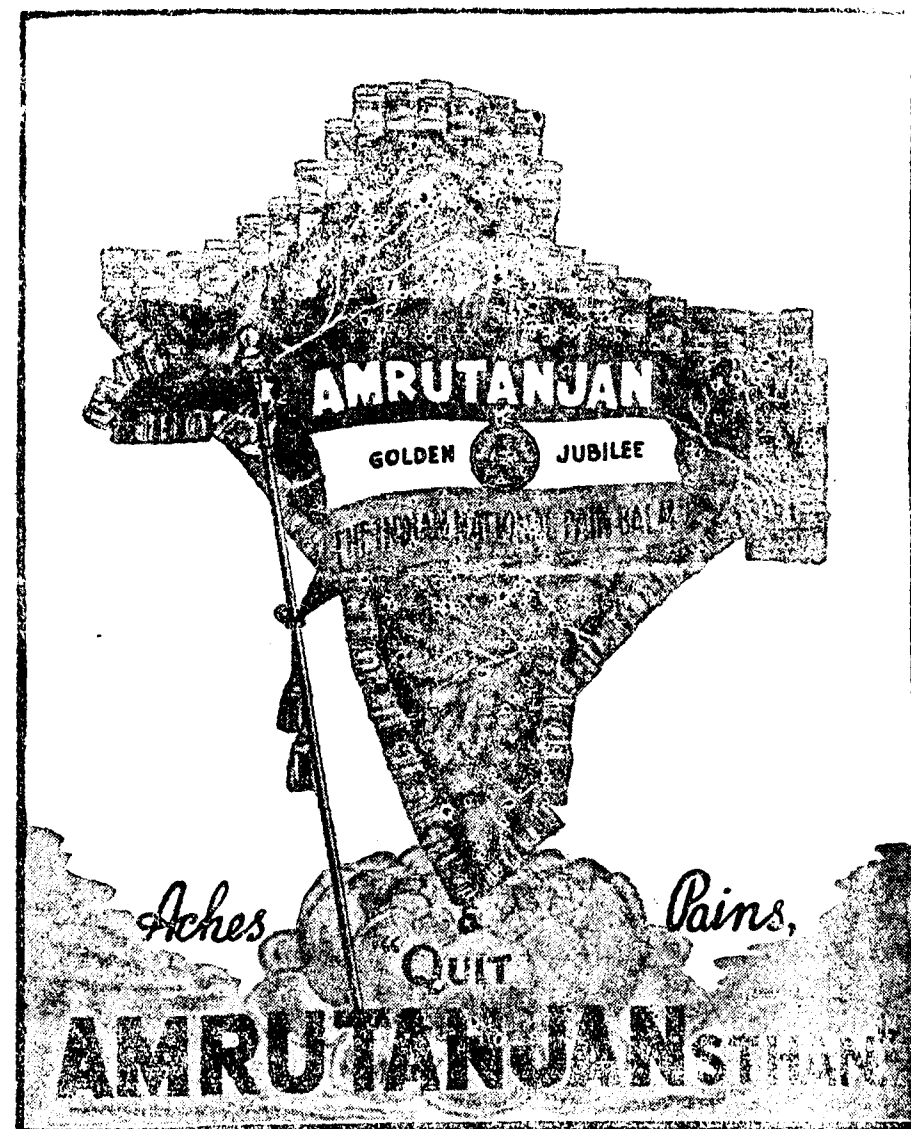
the south in spite of his numerous official duties. Players like Sivaraman and Thiruvengadam learnt the game from him. It was he who was responsible for teaching our players the technique of chop-defence. Of all places in South India, Coimbatore has benefitted most from him. Staying as he did for quite a number of years there he did a lot for raising the standard of the game and during his stay there a record number of tournaments took place. It was he who suggested to the Mysore players when they were in Coimbatore for the Table-Tennis Tournament about 12 or 13 years ago to form a State Table-Tennis Association, get it affiliated to the All-India Table-Tennis Association and take part in Inter-Provincial and All-India Tournaments. Mysore players took intense delight in participating in Coimbatore Tournaments often and profited immensely by the useful tips of Mr. P. S. V. Iyer.

Such, in brief, is the priceless service of Mr. P. S. V. Iyer to Indian Table-Tennis. It is no wonder, therefore, that his is a house-hold name in Table-Tennis circles in our country

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE CHIANG WAY

PANDIT NEHRU has spoken with great firmness on the Kashmir issue. So has Zafrullah Khan on behalf of Pakistan. While the two Foreign Ministers counter each other in wordy war, the situation gets worse daily. It has in fact progressively deteriorated since the Congress took over office four years ago. That, to some extent, is a measure of the deterioration that has taken place in the same period in the internal conditions of the country. In international politics, it is not the theoretical excellence of particular policies that counts. The authority behind the policy is no less important. A suggestion from Stalin goes a longer way than one from the head of a comparatively weak country like Iran or Afghanistan. Policies are measured against power and not against reason. China under Communist rule is listened to with a respect that Chiang never commanded, because the hold of Mao Tse Tung on the Chinese is firmer than Chiang's ever was. The international influence of statesmen is less dependent on their personal qualities than on their respective strengths within the sphere of their domestic politics. A nation has to grow strong, united, with a population efficient and contented, if its leaders are to command influence in the international sphere, and if Pandit Nehru's aspiration to world leadership is to be fulfilled, its foundations must be laid securely in improved conditions within the country resulting in a loyal, prosperous population.

There can be no doubt that the steep decline in Pandit Nehru's inter-

national influence during the past four years is but a reflection of international comprehension of the rapid decline in popular esteem of the Government of which he is the head. The potential power of the nation ruled by Nehru is less to-day than when he embarked on his career of Prime Minister, and he is of less account internationally in consequence. On the world stage our influence cannot be built with speeches. It can be built only on the successful solution of vital problems affecting mass welfare. Pandit Nehru asserted recently in a very casual way that if a few starvation deaths took place, it was a matter that could not be helped. This was a deplorable descent from the earlier position that no one would be allowed to die of starvation in the country. Already Ministers in the States have become callous to starvation deaths, and when newspapers bring to light such cases, their concern is less with affording relief than with propaganda and counter-statements to minimise the gravity of the distress. It is the tragedy of the Nehru leadership that instead of pulling up the administration to his level, he is himself being pulled down to its level. No wonder that black marketing and corruption should flourish as they have been doing.

The Prime Minister has become the prisoner of an organisation which he is unable to control, and which has become divorced from the old ideals that won for it immense prestige and popularity. While the Congress has become a liability to the country, the Prime Minister, on account of the hold

he still exercises on the people, is himself the greatest asset of the Congress. He is the one force preventing the Congress from falling to pieces. This is not a service to the nation in the altered conditions of the present. An organisation that has exhausted its ideals and vitality does not deserve to be artificially kept alive, and Pandit Nehru's titular association with the Congress is blocking the way to new life on the expiry of the old one that has served its purpose.

In its hour of victory the Congress failed to fulfil expectations, because the leaders who came to the helm were victimised by interests who could not place national welfare first. In every sphere of Congress adminis-

tration there is the triumph of the smaller interest over the larger, which is just what is meant by corruption. The people feel left out, while sectional exploiters strut about like cocks of the walk, decked in the trappings of freedom and democracy. In conditions such as these it is futile for Pandit Nehru to seek the path of distinction in the international sphere. The masses who are disheartened have to be inspired to enthusiasm for the ruling regime, and a new organisation with the corrupt and the self-seeking weeded out, is called for. There is no future except that of Chiang for Pandit Nehru unless he liberates himself from the corruption-ridden Congress of to-day.

Sotto Voce

THE MODERN MYSTIQUE



MODEST men are apt to find their physical resemblance to great personages a constant source of embarrassment. You may be tickled when people instinctively rise on your entrance mistaking you for Edward VII. But they feel cheated and exact subtle revenge. Good looks do not always go with eminence and they fasten with avidity on your natural imperfections. Large ears or a splay-foot attain the enormity of a moral delinquency because they are not excused by the glamour of power or position. And you yourself cannot help feeling that it was monstrously unfair of Nature to have given you the appearance of Socrates without his brains.

But not if you happen to be a cinema actor or entertain ambitions in that line. A sexagenarian employee of an oil firm in Delhi hopes to play the leading role in an American film

on the life of the Mahatma. "Besppectacled, shaven-faced, draped in a white sheet and leaning on a staff," says the report, "he attracts crowds wherever he goes." But, unlike King Cophetua's beggar-maid, whose face was her fortune, Lakshmi Chand does not wish to hug his obscurity. He has immortal longings. "By the way the people are attracted to me I feel the mantle of the Mahatma has fallen on my shoulder," he told the Agency. Here is the perfect explanation of the modern mystique.

Megalomaniac delusions have of course nothing specifically modern about them. From Poundraka Vasudeva to the Great Mahdi there have been zealots in all ages who were spurred to glorious or fantastic deeds by the overpowering conviction that they were possessed by a superior force. But they were rarely accepted at their own valuation. There

was usually a rival to challenge the claimant to plenary inspiration; or the representatives of the established order whose security he threatened promptly denounced him as an impostor. And there was no ready-made crowd to follow him. The historic role of the mob in the evolution of prophets was the (on the whole) healthy one of stoning them.

The spiritually tough, who survived the ordeal, thereby established themselves as a fact with which the commonsense of the community had to come to terms. The Pharisees and the Sadducees, sorely troubled, scanned the scriptures for a sign and sooner or later found one. And then began the long and tedious process of reconciling the old with the new. The mass came last and when it came it came in a flood; but it was orderly and irresistible like cavalry charging, because it responded to the pressure of intelligent natural leadership.

The miracle-men of our age, the Hitlers and the Mussolinis and their living counterparts, have never known this inner compulsion which acted as the starter (in the language of chemistry) in the making of the old cults. They were never for a moment genuinely inspired or self-forgetful. They shunned the intellectual till they would send him to Belsen or Buchenwald. They were fascinated by the image of themselves they saw reflected in the dull bovine retina of the mob, and like Lakshmi Chand (though with rather less reason) concluded they must be great; but,

unlike him, they must be ever on the rampage, remembering Alcibiades and others of that ilk.

The urge to move men to action is a temptation that assails the honest man as well as the rogue. It must not be blindly resisted, as that might be to set yourself athwart the cosmic purpose. So it is recorded of the saints and the prophets that when they felt this pressure from within they went up to some secluded place to pray and fast and keep vigil. That was their way of distinguishing the true vocation from the false promptings of egoism. The Mahatma in our own time wrestled with his own spirit constantly; nor did he hesitate to confess error. But, alas, one can no more become a Mahatma by going through the motions of this formal discipline than by the fortuitous physical resemblance on which Lakshmi Chand prides himself.

It was no part of the Mahatma's intention to attract a crowd merely for the sake of attracting one; and so far was he from wishing to keep it milling about him that he broke his staff, not once like Prospero, but again and again. His ambition was to teach the crowd to cease to be one, but that hardly accords with our democratic purpose. And now that he is gone there is no dearth of pretenders. They too pray and fast and keep vigil after their fashion; but they follow the crowd which is supposed to follow them, trembling to read their fate in its Cyclop eye.

VIGHNESWARA.

U. S. TRAINED INDIAN ENGINEER TO AID INDONESIA

K. Nagaraja Rao, a young chemical engineer from India with American training, has gone to Indonesia to help set up a programme of small-scale industry designed to raise the rural standard of living there.

Rao was working as a chemical engineer with the Institute of Gas Technology in Chicago before being selected for the job of aiding some of his fellow Asians under the technical assistance programme of the U. S. Economic Co-operation Administration (ECA).

A native of Bangalore, the 30-year-old chemical engineer has been in the United States for five years, except for an ill-fated mission to Seoul, Korea, in June, 1950, to set up a department of chemical engineering in the Korean Technical Institute. He had been there only two weeks when the Communists attacked.

One of the principal fields in which Rao will be working is that of food preservation, a field in which he is an expert. A paper of his on the drying of foodstuffs for preservation has been accepted for publication by the American Chemical Society.

Rao came to the United States in 1946 after receiving bachelor of arts and master of arts degrees from the University of Mysore.

RENAISSANCE IN LOCAL LANGUAGES

By "KRIPA"

THE spirit of renaissance which has come to prevail among most of the Indian languages is at once a part and a legacy of the multi-pronged drive for freedom launched by the great pioneers of the national liberation movement, the greatest of whom was undoubtedly Mahatma Gandhi.

If today the Tamilian, the Telugu, the Malayali, the Kannadiga, the Maharashtrian, the Gujarati and the Bengali are all proud of their respective mother-tongues, it is entirely due to the forces of patriotism released by the national leaders of the Gandhian period.

Biggest Growth Under Gandhiji

In the pre-Gandhian era emphasis was on English. In the post-Gandhian period there has come about a swing of the pendulum to the other extreme—an immoderate, fanatical, almost aggressive stress on Hindi.

But the Mahatma in general and the national leaders in the different States in particular managed beautifully to harmonize the claims of a renaissance in the regional languages with the development of Hindi as the lingua franca.

Thus both before and after the Gandhian era there was a lack of proportion.

If during the time of Dadabhoy Naoroji and Phirozshah Mehta (in fact even during the time of Tilak and Gokhale), if during the days of Surendranath Banerjee and Bipinchandra Pal, masses of people adored the man who was able to speak impressively and eloquently in the language of our rulers, during the palmy days of the Gandhian era admiration was for the man who could wield his native tongue with facility and elegance.

Decadent Days Before

Before the Father of the Nation came on the political scene it was even considered *infra dig* to speak or write in one's mother tongue not only

at political meetings but even in small gatherings of friends or relatives.

College students wrote to their friends and relatives only in English. Even private conversation between English-educated Indians used to be carried on only in the language of the rulers.

I remember how the biggest ambition of every student in the high schools and colleges of the pre-Gandhian period was to become capable of expressing himself clearly and cogently in English language. Nobody cared to speak or write in his mother-tongue, much less to foster its development.

Indian language newspapers and periodicals were very few and their circulation was negligible.

Poets, dramatists, great scholars who had enriched the different languages were seldom remembered, much less honoured. Everybody thought only of Shakespeare and Milton, Bernard Shaw and T. S. Elliott. Few cared for the Indian giants of the past, for Kambhar and Tiruvalluvar, for Tulsidas and Surdas. As for the scholars of India who were then alive, theirs was a neglected, almost miserable lot.

Fillip To Local Languages

What a big change came, and how suddenly and swiftly did it come, as soon as Gandhiji appeared on the scene! Everywhere national leaders began to practise the art of speaking to the masses in the language of the region. To men who were brought up in an earlier tradition this was very difficult indeed. But they made a big and sincere effort and they did succeed. Others who were not handicapped by decades of habit took to the new movement with gusto. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, the great leader who presided over the Gauhati Congress, addressed countless meetings in Tamil; but it meant much effort in the beginning. But as days passed by, he spoke with greater and greater

ease and crowds used to admire him and applaud him.

But to leaders like the late lamented hero Satyamurthi, and to our inimitable Rajaji, speaking and writing in the mother-tongue was extremely easy and natural. Scores of others followed their example in Tamilnad.

In Gujarat, Maharashtra And Andhra

The same movement was found in every part of the country. In Gujarat, the Sardar enthused the people in homely and appealing Gujarati. In Maharashtra, Kakasaheb Gadgil, Shankarrao Deo and Gangadharrao Deshpande, in Malabar Narayana Menon, Kuttan Nair, Mannam and others, Prakasam, Pattabhi and Konda Venkatappaiya in Andhra—indeed dozens of people in every region made it a point to speak and to write in the local language and to take active measures to develop and enrich it.

The language newspapers and periodicals became increasingly popular. Poets, essayists, dramatists, novelists—people who excelled in any form of literature were encouraged as never before.

Not only great contemporary writers, but even the memory of famous men of letters of the past began to be cherished and honoured. In Tamil Nad, for instance, the anniversaries of giants like Tiruvalluvar, Kambar and Subramanya Bharathi came to be celebrated with much eclat. Competitions in singing the songs of Bharathi were held in many parts of Tamil Nad.

The atmosphere was extraordinarily favourable for the development of indigenous talent. This period of renaissance threw up many deft writers of great promise.

Doyen Of Tamil

Among those who helped this natural flowering of Tamil culture in general and Tamil literature in particular, prominent mention must be made of the late Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer. Seldom did a man carry so much scholarship so lightly. Many were the excellences which adorned him. Modest, always learning from every experience and from every contact with books and men, friendly and courteous to the hundreds who came to talk to him, prodigious in patient and painstaking research—he came to be regarded as a

true symbol of the strength, culture and tolerance of the Tamil people.

Revival Of Malayalam

Equally striking has been the fillip which the Gandhian school of nationalism gave to the renaissance of Malayalam language and literature. Kumaranasan, Vallathol, and Ullur Parameshwara Iyer were the outstanding examples among dozens of men and women who were actively contributing to the revival and popularisation of indigenous literature in Kerala. Mathrubhoomi, Manorama, Malayala Rajyam—these are only examples of a large number of local newspapers which were gaining bigger and bigger circulations.

Literary giants of the past like Kunjan Nambiar and Ezhuthachchar came to the quoted, and their memoirs revered, by an increasingly large number of English-educated youth.

In Tamil Nad, however, the movement has been perhaps sustained and more successful than in other parts of the country. It is perfectly true that Desika Vinayakam Pillai, Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, Namakkal Ramalingam Pillai, V. V. S. Iyer and a host of others have done a stupendous amount of first-class work to make this renaissance of Tamil language and literature rich and powerful.

It is also true that the time-spirit was very favourable. But all these favourable factors should not blind us to the truth that if any one can be said to have taken full advantage of all these wholesome influences, and kept this movement continuously before the eyes of the Tamil people, it is the versatile R. Krishnamurthi known, not only all over Tamil Nad, but wherever Tamil is known (India, Burma, Ceylon, South Africa and so on) as Kalki.

There was, it is true, the great pioneering work done by stalwarts of an earlier generation like Sri G. Subramanya Iyer and Sri Swaminatha Iyer (the father of Sri S. Sadanand) of "Viveka Chintamani" fame. Equally true would it be to say that the contribution of a large number of periodicals like Ananda Bodhini, Manikkodi, Kalaimagal and Amuda Surabhi, coupled with the talents of a host of writers like Nadodi, Va Ra, K. V. J.,

and *Thumilan* has been substantial and significant.

Biggest Contribution

However, one writer has *rejuvenated, enriched and popularised* not only the sweet Tamil language but also the culture of the Tamil people, as no other person has done during the last many years. And that is a small, rather frail person popularly known as Kalki.

During these many years when Sri R. Krishnamurthi has been steadily rising in love and esteem, many are the litterateurs who rose to fame, illuminated the literary sky for a while and then passed away into the dim region of the half-forgotten.

Simple But Not Easy

What is the secret of the well-merited and ever-increasing success of this writer? The answer is that his art is simple but not easy. Like Ariyakudi's music, it will tempt you to imitate; and many are the musicians who sing after the Ariyakudi style but few have been able to do it successfully. You can imitate the superficial aspects; but deep down there is something inimitable, something in the richness and in the volume which he is able to develop in his voice which makes the same song ineffably beautiful when rendered by him, and bold when sung by imitators. Similarly, many are the writers who have attempted to follow the Kalki style of writing. But none has succeeded.

In the first place, his talent is many-sided, his range wonderfully vast. Short stories; novels; essays on politics, economics, and any number of current social problems; criticisms of music and other forms of art—there is no subject in which the public are interested which is not tackled by Kalki.

Judicious Use Of Talent

When he chooses, he can impart the savour of scholarship by a profusion of apposite quotations from every wellknown Tamil poet of ancient, medieval and modern days. On other occasions he can write in a manner which even a child or a rustic can follow with ease and interest. He can be wholehearted and powerful in his praise where praise is due. Where an evil has to be attacked, he does it with shattering, devastating thoroughness.

Wit, humour, sarcasm, irony, lyrical praise and vitriolic condemnation—choosing any of these as occasion demands, and using it with force and adroitness, Kalki has become a power in the land. And well does he deserve that position; for he uses it benevolently and wisely.

How many have been the causes that he has championed with such success and zeal! Whether it be the Tamil "Isai" (music) movement or a building for commemorating Subramanya Bharathi, Sri Krishnamurthi not only took the lead but maintained its tempo by constantly writing on it with matchless powers of persuasion.

Not many perhaps are aware of the fact that his is the genius which accounts not only for the present pre-eminent position of the Kalki but also for the firm foundations on which the other most popular Tamil weekly, the Ananda Vikatan, were laid. Ananda Vikatan did not come with the bang with which the Kalki came. When the Kalki was started, the ex-editor of Ananda Vikatan, Sri R. Krishnamurthi, was already famous as the gifted author writing under various pen-names like Kalki, Ra Ki and Karnatakam. But when the Ananda Vikatan was started, neither the journal nor its editor was widely known.

I remember the small, the humble way in which the Ananda Vikatan was functioning in small, rented rooms in Mint Street. Sri Krishnamurthi then applied his amazing powers of observation, shrewdness and perspicacity to introduce one feature after another to make that journal grow from strength to strength. By the time he left it, it had already become a "must" in every Tamil home. What a master of human psychology he has been! And never did he abuse that knowledge of human psychology. Every progressive cause found in him a powerful supporter. And every retrograde movement found in him a relentless enemy.

The Late Morgan And Mali

Among the forces which brought Congress to power and which buried the Justice Party many hundred fathoms deep, one of the most important was undoubtedly the countless articles of irresistible charm and

strength, written by Sri Krishnamurthi in the Ananda Vikatan.

He has a remarkable flair for choosing talented assistants and encouraging them. Artistes of the calibre of Morgan and cartoonists of the genius of Mali were all known to the world only through their convincing illustrations of the forceful writings of Kalki.

What Bernard Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism" did for the British Labour Party, Kalki's writings in the Vikatan did for the Congress Party in Tamil Nad during the most crucial days of its early struggle against reaction within and imperialism abroad.

It would be difficult to precisely estimate which is his strongest point—short story, full-length novel, descriptive accounts or leading articles. In every form he has produced master-pieces. Short stories like "Kedari's Mother", "Sivakami's Pledge," biographies like "A God among men"—all these will live for ever.

However, while it is true that he excels in every form that he chooses, it is in polemical writing that he is at the height of his powers. When he enters into a debate—be it a political question or a controversy in music or dancing—he always carries everything before him. So lucid, so convincing and so effective are his replies to those who "rush in" where wiser men will fear to tread, that they dare not speak or write again in the same strain.

Like Srinivasa Sastri among speakers in English, like Bradman among batsmen, and like Rajaji among philosopher-statesmen, Kalki is matchless among wielders of simple, idiomatic, beautiful, and forceful Tamil prose.

It is to be hoped and trusted that in the years to come there will spring up many more writers of high calibre so that the renaissance in Indian languages and in the cultures pertaining to them may prove lastingly beneficial to mankind.

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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PANDIT NEHRU is feeling shaky. He made one of the most revealing speeches on the occasion of the 84th birthday of Baba Kharak Singh; but only one newspaper in Delhi gave a detailed report of it. Panditji told the meeting that doubts about his own ability and capacity had begun to assail him after reading the criticism in the Press of himself and of his Government. The Pandit said that he was not surprised by the criticism directed against him which appeared in the Pakistan Press. Nor was he perturbed, he said, about what the Anglo-American Press had to say about him. "These papers are very angry with me. All the criticism in these papers is directed against me," he said. This almost looks like persecution-mania, but it is just possible that the reporting of the Hindi speech is not word-perfect.

As to the general accuracy of the report, there need be no doubts, because I put a question to Panditji, and he replied to me that the speech was the result of the mood he was in at that particular time. A reference was made to Upton Sinclair's *Presidential Agent* in this Column a few weeks ago, and a comparison was drawn between what Roosevelt said and what Nehru might say. Nehru has since said what was anticipated: "The politicians and the high officials are not generally big people. They have to strike a middle path between ideals and expediency. This course is fraught with great danger. In the choice that lies before politicians, lofty principles tend to disappear. However true the intentions may be, the result is not good. In a democratic set-up, a leader has to contend against the difficulty how far he can carry his people with him. How long can a leader go alone? However big he may be, his legs fail him if he walks alone."

On the question of favouritism, Jawaharlalji was very frank: "When we are not functioning in a jungle and have to deal with millions of people, how difficult it is not to be partial to certain individuals! We have to favour tens of men. Hundreds of thousands of people leave their impact on our policies. The social system is also most complex." The Prime Minister said: "For sometime past, the newspapers in this country also are angry with me. This really makes me think seriously how long I can encroach upon your time, how long I can place my humble views before you. Such anger and lack of confidence shut up minds and ears. An angry mind is incapable of understanding any argument." The reference to anger was not intended by the Prime Minister to refer to himself.

At the Press Conference the next day, Panditji said that his reaction to the criticism in the Press in Pakistan, in U. K. and U. S. A., and in India was that he was very highly flattered by it. It was pointed out to the Prime Minister by the present writer that this feeling of being highly flattered was somewhat inconsistent with the state of being assailed by doubts about his own ability and capacity, which he had mentioned the previous evening. Panditji replied that he was giving expression to his mood of the evening in a frank talk with his colleagues—the masses. The fact that he was flattered by the criticism in the Press did not mean that he approved of it, he said. That was the end of his answer.

The Prime Minister made a very neat point about Kashmir, but he made it with such vehemence and amid an exhibition of such great anger that the Anglo-Americans might well quote him thus: "An angry mind is incapable of under-

standing any argument." There is no need for anger if you have a good argument. Panditji's point was that simply because a certain matter was referred to the Security Council for consideration and action, it did not give it the right of posing as "Father Confessor telling us that we are wrong."

The rest of the Press Conference was a meandering thing. Panditji seemed a dreadfully tired man, sick of many fevers. He must take rest. He should retire. His reputation is sinking fast. If he wants to keep whatever reputation he has, he will be well-advised to withdraw from active political life. In the Kharak Singh speech, Jawaharlalji said: "We are ageing. Others must come and relieve us. My satisfaction lies in the fact that I have employed my physical and mental powers in serving the country. Wherever I may be, I shall continue to serve the country in one capacity or the other." We want him to serve the country as a writer of reminiscences and of popular history. Even Churchill had to make his bow as soon as the war was over. The British public very wisely showed anxiety to kick him out. But the poor old man is still itching for power. May Nehru be granted the wisdom that has been denied to Churchill!

It was wonderful of Panditji to straightaway modify his earlier pronouncements on the proposed Commission to enquire into the state of the Press in India. He has now agreed to our demand that the body should be composed mainly of lay men, with one or two proprietorial representatives and another one or two professional journalists. Nobody asked him a question on the Commission at the Press Conference. Someone asked something about the amendments to the Constitution. Panditji immediately switched on to the theme of the Press Commission, because, I know, he was told about the views of certain working journalists on the question.

What Panditji said about passports to Soviet Russia, however, was not very edifying. He said that out of about 39 who had applied, about 30 had been given passports. (The correct figures probably are 29 and 20).

To deny them to nine applicants did not strike the Prime Minister as objectionable. Panditji mentioned that several of these who had been given passports were Government servants. Therefore, he argued, the Government could not be against Indians visiting the Soviet Union. Tomorrow he may say that even the Prime Minister and the President have been given passports to visit the Soviet Union: how could the Government be said to be against travel to Soviet Russia under the circumstances? The criterion is not whether Government officials or the Prime Minister or the President can visit the Soviet Union; it is whether any subject of the Indian Union is free to go wherever he wishes to go. The Government should explain the reasons for denying passports to certain individuals. The explanation should be set forth in detail in an official communique. If 25 per cent of those who wish to obtain passports are denied passports, it is not right to pretend that there is nothing extraordinary about it.

We are extraordinarily ignorant about our real great men. It was a mere accident that brought me into the presence of that *swanubhava* and *mahanubhava*, Shri K. S. Venkataramani, whose *shashtiabdapoorthi* we are celebrating this week. The so-called great men of today are paper men, for their reputations are made by newspapers. Shri Venkataramani is not a paper man. He is only paper-thin. Like all great *gurus*, he seeks out his *sishtyas*. For the judgment of a *sishtya* about a *guru* cannot be as sound as the judgment of a *guru* about a *sishtya*. When I first met him in Delhi three years ago, Shri Venkataramani had just climbed up the steep stairs leading to Dr. Lanka Sundaram's flat on the second storey in Connaught Circus. K. S. V. was quite tired. Even a much younger man—less than half his age like myself—would find it hard to speak normally after collapsing in Dr. Lanka's sofa. K. S. V., however, recovered his breath as quickly as any of us. The first thing that struck me about him is his Gandhian physique. I make bold to say that Shri K. S. V. is a much more scientific exponent of village economy than the Mahatma.

Few indeed are the persons who know that it was Shri Venkataramani who persuaded Gandhiji to give up his total obsession with the charkha, and to make the charkha a part of the real economic unit in India, namely, the village. The Mahatma was quick to grasp the significance of Venkataramani's suggestion.

Lately, K. S. V. has become one of the most trenchant critics of the Congress Raj in India. His critical articles have been appearing in *Swatantra*. He has personal contact with most of the present leadership; but lots of people have that. What Shri Venkataramani possesses in addition is something which practically

none else does: deep insight and divine intuition. As a thinker of great originality, he has few equals in this country. Original thinking is a dangerous thing. Those who indulge in it in this country must be prepared for a life of poverty and happiness. Venkataramani is poor and happy. His health is none too good either. Many may say to him what the King said to the healthy Miller of the Dee: "Thy mealy cap is worth my crown, thy mill my Kingdom's fee." K. S. V. can reply, "I envy nobody, no, not I". But he cannot say, "Nobody envies me." Lots of people do—including some in the highest positions in the

MY ADVENTURE WITH SNAKES

By D. S. GORDON

IT is reported that more than two lakhs of people die of snake-bite in India every year. If this is so, then many more people should have had narrow escapes from snake-bite. Few, however, write about these escapes, probably because encounters with snakes are so common in our country that they are not considered to be 'news'. But considering the danger involved, it would appear that adventures with snakes can sometimes provide a very good story.

A Snake In The Wood

It has been my custom, for many years now, to do Gladstone's exercise every morning. I am sure most of my readers do not know what Gladstone's exercise is; they will not find it explained in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. For their benefit, therefore, I must say here that it is just firewood splitting. Every month or so I buy a cartload of firewood and split it all by myself at the rate of one big log each day. A log a day keeps the doctor away.

One morning I bought a cartload of fresh forest logs which had just come into the town and started on the first log. There was a hole in the log, and by the sound of the axe on it I could guess that it was hollow inside. The splitting was therefore easy; but the third or fourth stroke gave me a terrible fright. Along with the splinter,

and carried away by it, there flew out a snake about two feet long. Stunned by the swift and sudden transportation the creature lay still for a moment. But I quickly recovered from my fright and went up to the snake. "My friend," I said to myself, "I cannot take chances with you. I do not know from what distant forest you came. But you had no business to invade my house." With that I despatched him with one blow of my axe. It was a species of viper.

A Snake Rides My Bicycle

Some thirty years ago I had planned a long hike on my bicycle. Part of the road lay through a dense jungle, and the terrain was of the undulating type so characteristic of the Deccan Plateau. You go down the slope without exertion and then you clear the rising ground with the help of the momentum. I had gone on in this fashion for several miles when I suddenly perceived a cobra crossing my path. The cobra too had perceived me and was trying to do its best to cross the road before I came upon it. But it was no use. I had of course no intention of running over the cobra; I wanted to avoid the snake as much as the snake wanted to avoid me. But it was impossible, for if I applied the brake I would be thrown upon the snake; and if I tried to swerve or change direction at the speed at which I was going down-

hill, I would lose my balance. So I took a chance and let my bicycle go. The whole zig-zag six foot length of the snake lay before me across the road. The creature reared its head as my bicycle caught its body somewhere. I do not know what happened next. I found myself some distance away from the bicycle, stunned, bruised and frightened. And when I went to recover the bicycle the snake was still there, entangled among the spokes, bleeding and writhing. Even then it was very much alive, for nothing had happened to its head which stood erect and menacing from the fallen bicycle. I killed the snake with some stones and extricated its body from my vehicle.

Road Sense Among Snakes

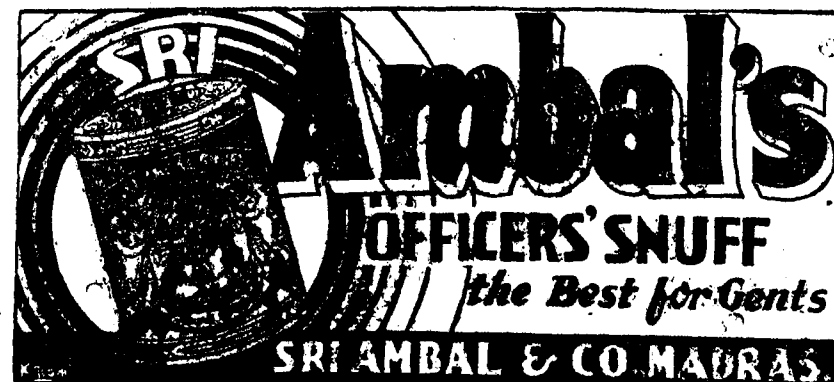
On two other occasions I have come upon a snake crossing a road but without danger to myself. I was driving a car, and suddenly round the bend of the road I came upon a cobra, a big, black creature about eight feet long. It was a surprise meeting for both of us. But the cobra was well ahead of the car and stood in no danger of being run over. Nevertheless it reared its enormous hooded head as if to threaten the car and remained in this posture until I had passed the spot. I do not think that the snake was so foolish as to try to attack the car; it was a case of making assurance of safety doubly sure.

But on another occasion and under similar circumstances another cobra behaved in an even more remarkable manner. This snake had already safely crossed the road when I neared

the spot by car. For some distance on either side of the road the ground had no bushes in which a snake could hide. So this cobra had to travel a good distance before it could be sure of its safety. I stopped the car and watched the creature. Every few yards it halted and raised its head about a foot from the ground without expanding its hood so as to make sure that no one from the car was following it. Not until it was almost invisible in the distance did the creature cease this precaution.

Between Snake And Tiger

The popular belief that snakes seldom attack a person except in self-defence seems to be well-founded in experience. As far as possible they keep out of your way, but if by any chance you are in their proximity they warn you of their presence. It is then up to you to move out of their way or to let them go their way. Some years ago I was invited to shoot a tiger reported to be causing havoc in a forest village. I sat on the fork of a tree near a water hole and waited a whole afternoon for the tiger to appear. But no tiger came and the sun was sinking in the horizon. Disappointed and cramped from sitting in such an uncomfortable perch I came down the tree and prepared to go back to the village. Hardly had I taken two or three steps when the tiger appeared about twenty yards from where I was. Simultaneously an enormous cobra reared its head two or three steps in front of me. Its glistening eyes and forked tongue seemed to say, "If you move I will



strike at you." We understood each other. I stood still. The cobra passed, and so did the tiger without noticing me. It was all to my good, for if the cobra had not appeared I would have moved forward and would certainly have been seen by the tiger. In the forest, movement always betrays, and only a very brave or foolhardy man can shoot a tiger at close quarters standing on the open ground.

A Snake Guest

Zoologists tell us that snakes do not hear by the ear, they hear by the vibrations of the ground on the undersurface of their body. In a country such as ours where so many people walk barefoot, these vibrations are often very faint; hence cases of accidental snake-bite are more numerous than they would otherwise be. I was once invited by a friend to his village home for a few days' stay. Late one evening on returning from our usual walk my friend stood outside in the verandah while I went in and tried to enter my room. There was a dim kerosene oil lamp hanging from the roof in the hall, but my room was in darkness. I pushed open the door and lifted my foot to get in. I heard a hissing noise and took my foot back. I made some noise and tried to get in again. Again the same hissing sound! Evidently the creature had not moved away, whatever it might be. I told my friend about it and he brought a hurricane lantern. By its light, we could see a huge brown cobra coiled on the floor, its head erect and dancing from side to side.

Our shouts of Snake! Snake! soon brought in a number of neighbours armed with sticks. But by this time the snake had moved under my cot, and there it lay quietly and comfortably coiled in many folds. The head lay flat in the centre resting on the folds. The snake seemed to ignore us completely and took no notice of the noise we made. How to kill a snake in such a position was the problem, for there was no room under the cot to swing a stick. At this juncture somebody had a brain wave and suggested that the village

shikari should be invited to come and shoot the creature. In a few minutes the shikari came after hastily loading his gun. It was a muzzle-loading weapon. The man was obviously full of his own importance at such a juncture when the whole village community seemed to be in dire need of his services. He ordered us all to leave the room, called for a stool upon which to stand and fire. We did as we were told. He took steady aim and fired.

A Snake Has Nine Lives

There was a deafening report and the room was filled with smoke. Nobody could see anything for some time, but when the smoke cleared away the snake was seen moving leisurely towards a hole in the back door through which it had evidently come. It did not seem to be hurt anywhere! On the other hand, it seemed to say contemptuously, "Why do you people disturb my rest with your shouts and your gun-fire?"

Before we could recover from our surprise at the failure of the gunshot half the snake had passed through the hole, but strangely enough the rest of the body remained inside the room long enough for some men to go and kill the snake with their sticks. But the wonder of it was why the snake gave us so much time. This mystery was solved later. It was found that the cobra had caught and swallowed a rat in the room, and the bulge in its stomach could not pass through the hole.

Meanwhile the village shikari became the laughing stock of the village. He felt humiliated and all his sense of self-importance had vanished. The shikari himself wondered how he failed to shoot a snake only ten feet away. The mystery was soon cleared. In the hurry of his loading the gun he had forgotten to put a wad on the top of the shots, so the shots had all rolled down the snake barrel and lay scattered near the stool upon which he had stood.—P. M.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT BHARATA NATYA

By E. KRISHNA IYER

WHEN Anna Pavlova, the celebrated Russian ballerina, visited India with her dance troupe in 1929, and wanted to see for herself the much heard of 'bayaderes' of great beauty and grace dancing sacred dances in temples and secular ones at feasts, nobody could give definite information about the existence of Bharata Natya and its exponents in South India. Her biographer has written, "Those Hindus who had seen these dances in certain temples in far away places spoke without any particular enthusiasm. There are no schools of dancing in India and it is an art in which nobody is interested." Such was the pitiable condition of Bharata Natya in the 1920s. When Rabindranath Tagore revived the Manipuri style, Uday Shankar and Menaka the Kathak mode, and Poet Vallathol the Kathakali, Bharata Natya was only a distant and mysterious name and not an art known enough to be worthy of being handled by the then globe-trotters or seen by respectable cultured people!

Though neglected, it was fairly intact in the hands of a few traditional dancers and teachers known to limited circles in South India. But it was then under a heavy cloud of prejudice and disrepute fostered by foreign rule and education and their bye-product the anti-nautch movement. It required the pioneering services of an art-minded young advocate of Madras to take it up boldly, initiate its revival by his own precept and practice, fight for its cause against the anti-nautch leaders, create respect, popularity and a cultured audience for it and to usher in its renaissance in the early 1930s after years of hard work. In the wake of that renaissance came successive artistes of repute like Balasaraswathi and Rukmini Devi who pushed it up and Ramgopal crowned it by presenting the art to Western audiences and gaining appreciation too for it, as the most classical and refined among Indian dance styles.

Though as a result of all these,

Bharata Natya has become immensely popular in India and Ceylon and earned much esteem in Western countries, it is not free from another set of misconceptions entertained by many Indian and foreign writers about its real nature. Most of these writers facily assume that it is nothing but a solo dance of women, that it is intended to interpret only love themes, that it is not to be touched by men, that it cannot have any dramatic interest and that such interest is to be found only in Kathakali. Such misconceptions are perhaps due to the fact that most of those who deal with Indian dance art, have seen only one form of Bharata Natya whose revival has been well established and do not know enough of other forms which are just being revived now.

As a matter of fact, what is now popularly known as "Bharata Natya" is only one of three forms of the old generic system of dance art which went by that name. In South India, that form was for long known only as 'Sadir Natya' or 'nautch' or 'Dasi Attam.' It was in the hands of professional Devadasi women and it is that solo-dance form that is now practised with enthusiasm by cultured family ladies also. Besides that, there have been and there are still two other forms of Bharata Natya, namely, the 'Bhagavata Mela' dance-dramas of Tanjore villages depicting heavy Puranic stories and the lighter 'Kura-vanji' ballets wherein the love-sick heroine is encouraged and helped to attain her object by a fortune-telling gipsy woman.

In all these three forms, the same technique of Bharata Natya with its rhythmic patterns of Adavujathis, Sollukattus, Thirmanams and Abhinaya is employed, though in different degrees for a different purpose in each. From before the time of Saraboji, the Tanjore King, the Devadasi Sadir-nautch as the Nattuva Mela and the dance-drama of Brahmin Bhagavatars as the Bhagavata Mela had been flourishing side by side

and the latter is still surviving in some of the Tanjore villages and in a decrepit stage in Kutchpudi village of Andhra Desa also.

In these dance-dramas, as in Kathakali, it is only men that take part and personate male and female characters. Female characters expound not only their respective character dances but also items familiar in Sadir-nautch, like Alarippu, Jathiswara, Varna and Thillana on appropriate occasions. One has got to be well trained first in the same technique as that of Sadir-nautch before he can take up a character in these dance-dramas. The dances of male characters pertinently differ from those of female characters. But both are based on the same technique.

Soolamangalam Sitarama Bhagavata, Merattur Natesa Iyer and Oothukad Swami Bhagavata among others of the last generation were renowned as great experts in Bharata Natya dance and abhinaya, whose art had been the envy of even reputed Devadasi artistes of their time. Even in these days of comparative decadence in this dance-drama tradition, the famous Varnam 'Dhanike Thakujana' in Thodi raga is a coveted item. The abhinaya of the Bhagavata Mela art is considered to be purer and more Shastraic than that of the Sadir-nautch. The sollukattus or rhythmic syllables of its dances are rendered in tune with sruthi and hence more melodious than those of the Sadir-nautch. While the Nattuva Mela form of Sadir-nautch is solo and lyrical with Sringara or love theme cloyingly predominating, the Bhagavata Mela form of Bharata Natya is full of dramatic interest with many actor-dancers taking part in it and of varied themes and rasas.

It may also be noted here, that in a former generation, the illustrious Krishna Bhagavata of Kalakshepam fame had danced and expounded abhinaya as a man with great effect in his performances. Even in Sadir-nautch, the oldest and greatest living teacher Meenakshisundaram Pillai of Pandanallur himself has given his considered opinion that certain aspects of it can be handled by attractive young men also and he followed it by teaching it to Ramgopal of international repute with pleasure. That

great dancer as a man presented it before Western audiences and earned appreciation too for it. Above all, the great Bharata himself never intended his Bharata Natya to be any exclusive preserve of women. According to him, it meant a drama enacted with dance and abhinaya among other things in his technique and the extant Bhagavata Mela dance-drama tradition happens to be the nearest approach to it.

In view of all these, Bharata Natya is to be taken as a great generic system of classical Indian dance art, the common technique of which is applied and applicable in different forms for different purposes. It is not exhausted by the lyrical solo Sadir-nautch of the Devadasis, nor is it devoid of dramatic interest, and value, nor are men taboo in it. Present day development of art and its conceptions being what they are, some critics cannot be satisfied by Bharata Natya except perhaps by the sex appeal of a woman in it.

Social inhibitions have for ages disapproved of women mixing up with men in ordinary dramas and dance-dramas on the stage in India and later prejudices stood in the way of respectable people witnessing and appreciating the dance of Devadasi women. Hence arose the practice of young men personating female characters in dramas and acting and dancing in female costume. In spite of present day trends in relaxing such social inhibitions, they still persist. It may remind one of similar practices in Elizabethan days of England. However much we may wish to modernise our notions and practices, we have also to face facts as they are and look at things in the proper perspective, especially regarding our traditional arts and their associated conventions and make the best use of them for further progress. No purpose can be achieved by merely misconceiving or misrepresenting the nature of our traditional arts or ridiculing long recognised conventions like attractive young men taking to dance as men or in female costume.

After all, art experience in one sense is the result of successful illusion transcending realism and understanding people judge of art more by the quality of its form as expounded on the stage than by looking into the

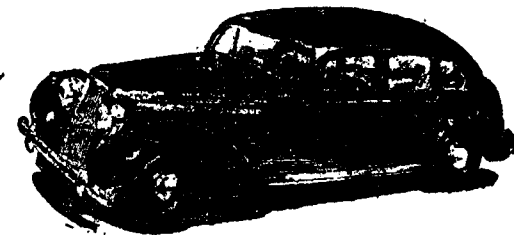
sex of the dancer. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. If a young man gifted with a specially attractive personality is actually found to expound Bharata Natya more convincingly and charmingly than many girl artistes, there need be no further argument about its propriety or otherwise. According to a Western writer on art, "there can be no real artiste who has not the characteristics of both the sexes." The late renowned Nijinsky of Russian ballet was one such real artiste and he is said to have excelled his contemporary ballerinas in dance to the extent of rousing envy in the latter.

No doubt there is a special charm in the lyrical solo Sadir-nautch form of Bharata Natya. But by its very nature, its interest and appeal are limited and it may get hackneyed to the point of boredom. The future of dance art in India lies in develop-

ing dance-dramas and ballets of varied themes and interest. Perhaps it is some consciousness of this trend, that has induced Rukmini Devi to go in more for this aspect of the art than the solo one nowadays and Bala-saraswathi too to take to Kuravanji.

Ballet—a sort of dance-drama—is considered to be the highest and most spectacular form of dance art in Western countries. Some of our art lovers in their enthusiasm to develop similar forms in India also want to import Western modes into our arts. That it is not necessary and that we have ample materials in our own country to help towards such consummation, can be realised from the still surviving classical dance-dramas and Kuravanji ballets. It is enough if we take in some ideas from Western modes for improving our stage settings and presentation and we need not borrow any technique from elsewhere.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAYS

By RAJARAM

WE had the Southern Roadways first, a T. V. S. auxiliary concern. Its buses covered the districts in the extreme south and moved about with a high disdain born of some obvious efficiency. If Southern Roadways, why not Southern Railways? The germ of the idea buzzed, flapped its gilded wings, and everybody shouted, Bravo! Southern Railways was born. Southern Railways is now muling and puking, and many have blessed it at the time of the *beeja-dhana* (seed-presentation) ceremony. Who can doubt that its future will be worthy of its parents and foster-parents?

Being a loyal citizen of the Republic of India, I am proud of this significant feat of integration. Hasn't nationalization of Railways achieved wonders of economy, efficiency, and rationalization? "Look on our feats, ye sceptics, and despair!" Haven't we seen with our own eyes, having waited in queue for hours, the celebrated Silver Arrow? Ah, those charming cradles—one wished one were a baby again and slept in them and was rocked to sleep to the tune of bison-scows and guards'-whistles. Then, again, consider what a revolution the Janatas have brought about! Proletarian Expresses have indeed come to stay. Aren't we stealing Stalin's thunder and putting him to shame?

In the matter of Passenger and Express trains, Nationalization has performed miracles of correlation and integration. You'd think that Expresses are necessarily fast, and Passengers necessarily slow. That was so in the bad old British days. There is an adage which says that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so. Our Railway Administrations likewise boldly affirm that Express or Passenger means nothing, the mere naming is all. I shall give examples:

Take the Madras-Calcutta Mail, a very Express train on all accounts. According to the latest Time Tables, this train leaves Anakapalle at 14.3 and, after a non-stop run for 20 miles, reaches Waltair at 15.30—the speed working out at 14 miles per hour. The

Madras-Calcutta Passenger leaves Anakapalle at 7.30, stops at two intervening stations, and reaches Waltair at 8.50, taking seven minutes in all less than the Mail! By making a comparative study of the timings of the 5 trains that run between Anakapalle and Waltair, one reaches the conclusion that the Mail, although it is a non-stop train, is about the slowest of the lot! "But doesn't it levy higher fares on III and Inter passengers? What would you more?"

Another example, this from the S. I. R. portion of Southern Railways. South of Virudhunagar, an Express was run to Tinnevely and beyond. After a few months, "beyond Tinnevely" was found to be too uncivilized to merit a Mail Train, and hence the Express from Virudhunagar was pulled up at Tinnevely. Now consider the timings of this truly wonderful Express. While it takes 51 minutes (from 11.24 to 12.15) to cover the distance from Maniyachi to Tinnevely in a single run, a shuttle train covers the same distance, making three stops on the way, in only 48 minutes. Under the circumstances we may almost define an Express as a slow train!

Southern Railways has not only exploded the absurd notion that Expresses are fast trains, but has likewise vaporised the sister-notion that Expresses don't stop at intervening unimportant stations. The revolutionary Janata stops at every station from Dindigul to Madura; the even more revolutionary Bangalore-Trichinopoly Express stops at practically every station between Erode and Trichinopoly.

Nor is this all. The ingenuity, resourcefulness and efficiency of the integrated Administration is beyond praise and beyond cavil. We have Expresses that are not Expresses, non-stop trains that stop wherever you please, and trains that are but trumped-up affairs. If we are wizards of integration, we are paragons of disintegration as well! The microbes, are said to divide and double themselves, and so do our Express trains.

A train leaves Egmore or Bangalore. On the way—at Jalarpet or Erode or Virudhunagar—it suddenly breaks up; three carriages move in one direction, three in another, two in a third,—and lo behold! here are two or three Expresses, if you please! All this helps statistics.

It is a hard thing to say, but it has to be said: when the foreigner controlled the Railway Administrations, there was less talk but far more efficiency, there were no Public Relations Officers but the legitimate grievances of the public were honestly and promptly inquired into, and although there was no giant integration on a peninsular scale, at least one got one's connecting trains at a Junction and one generally reached one's destination. Today CHAOS is the supreme General Manager of all the Indian Railways. Every copy of our printed Time Tables should carry this inscription in bold letters: "Don't rely on the timings given here." Because the Administrations are careless, callous and inefficient, every day millions of us wait in vain at stations, lose our connecting trains, and put ourselves to endless worry and discomfort.

The crowning folly of all was the tragi-comedy of reclassification. Before 1939, we had four classes, and the fare-schedule was as follows:

I Class—24 pies to a mile.

II Class—12 pies to a mile.

Inter Class—6 pies to a mile (passenger trains).

Inter Class—7½ pies to a mile (Express trains).

III Class—2½ to 4 pies per mile, the Mail fare being higher by one pie, and long-distance fares being lower than short-distance fares.

During the war, surcharges were levied, first at 1 anna in the rupee, and later at 2 annas in the rupee. The Congress leaders raised a veritable hue and cry, although the rise was proportional and all classes were equally hit. When the surcharge was

2 annas in the rupee, the fare-schedules would have worked out I Class—27 pies; II Class—13½ pies; Inter—6½ and 8½ pies; and III Class—3 and 4½ pies. Then came the first fruit of Independence. The war-time surcharges were done away with, the concessions given to long-distance III class passengers were withdrawn, and new fare-schedules were drawn up: I Class—30 pies; II Class—16 pies; Inter—7½ and 9 pies; and III Class—4 and 5 pies. Here, for better or for worse, things might have been allowed to remain. Although it was then contended that the III class passenger was touched least, the withdrawal of the lower fare-concessions to the long distance passenger was a heavy blow to the poor, and it came with very bad grace indeed from our so-called People's Government. Yet worse was to follow.

The itch for reclassification grew and grew, and Government acted at last. The "Inter" class disappeared, but reappeared as Class II in name though not in convenience; Class I remained, but with the fare reduced to the pre-war level; the Third class was unaffected. The I class passenger alone gained under this scheme.

Soon there were complaints from the II class passengers, and hence this category acquired a Janus-Head—II Ordy. and II Special, with an earlier embryonic stage when sleeping berths were offered for Rs. 8 or Rs. 10. Ultimately, there was one more bout of transformation, and all the four old classes returned, with fare-schedule as under; I Class—24 pies; II Class—14 pies; Inter—7½ and 9 pies; III Class—4 and 5 pies. The net result of the series of changes was to leave I class travel as cheap as in 1939, and render other classes progressively more expensive.

But with so energetic a team of Ministers as ours, can we draw the line anywhere whatsoever? One more push upwards, and the present fare-structure is—

I Class	27 pies per mile	..	12½% rise on the 1939 level;
II Class	16 do	..	33-1 3% do
INT (Passr.)	9 do	..	50% do
(Mail)	10½ do	..	50% do
III (Passr.)	5 do	..	66-2 3% do
(Mail)	do	..	50% do

When it is remembered that for long-distance III class passengers the fare was formerly calculated at 2½ and 3½ pies per mile, the present fares will be found to register anything from 80 to 100% increase on the fares current in 1939. Be that as it may, the conclusion is irresistible that our Swaraj Government has been increasingly discriminating against the poor and in favour of the rich. III-Class travel is nearly 100% more costly than in 1939, but as for convenience, III-Class travel is today just Hell-Class travel.

One tangible result indeed has been achieved: the burden on the III Class passenger has been nearly doubled, while that on the I-Class passenger has been left more or less where it was. This could have been done straightaway, without all the Pickwickian eccentricities of reclassification which have made our

Railway Administrations the laughingstock of the civilized world. We have carriages which exhibit various marks of composition and decomposition, and indeed our carriages are not seldom geological museum exhibits. I converted to II, II to Inter, Inter to II, III to Inter, Inter to II (Special), I to II (Ordinary)—and so on; how much hacking and hewing, how much translation and obliteration, how much painting and repainting, how much pasting and paring, how much wiring and unwiring has gone on! What a waste, what a stupendous hoax!

Let me not be censorious. All's well that ends well. Southern Railways has made history. The poor man is puzzled, uneasy, miserable—what of that? Liberty, Equality, Justice, Fraternity are guaranteed under the Constitution. We are a free nation; we are free to suffer. Let us watch for the next rise in the fare-schedule.

MY LECTURES IN THE U.S. AND THE FOOD BILL

By BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

ON my return to India recently, I find to my great surprise that my lectures in the United States three months ago had received a great deal of publicity in India, as having been instrumental in postponing consideration of the U. S. Food Aid to India Bill. That they should have had this effect is regretted perhaps by none so much as I. The Indian public has a right to know what provoked this reaction amongst U. S. Senators.

The Texas papers which carried on a crusade against me reported, on the basis of second-hand information supplied by a man who had not himself heard me, that I had declared that America was the most violent nation in the world today. Actually, what I said was that America's feverish arms and draft programme, her enormous defence-budget, together with America's urging Japan and West Germany to take to arms, and America's enterprise in Korea gave us the impression that America was today the most militaristic-minded nation in the world. What Soviet Russia was doing behind the Iron Curtain, I said, we did not know, but what America was doing all the world could see. Hence we could not be blamed if we gained such an impression.

Another statement of mine which was much quoted against me was that for us in Asia, western imperialism was enemy no. 1, not Communism. Anyone who attended my lectures understood what I meant, namely, that in Asia we are today self-conscious and sensitive to anything which savours of foreign rule or interference in our affairs. Many persons in India of the present generation, I said, have spent their lives in fighting imperialism. Having fought and won their freedom, they incline to scrutinize every step taken by the great powers to see if there is any trace of the old imperialism still left. I admitted that America has not had in the past any imperialist record. On the other hand, she was content to be left alone and

to leave others alone. But today we find America in Asia. She is in Japan, Korea and Formosa. She is helping imperialist France to suppress the freedom-movement in Indo-China. She is in the camp of Britain and France in the Middle East, and both these countries have a bad imperialist record in Asia. Because of all this, I stated, America was fast losing prestige, and coming to be suspected of also perhaps developing imperialist ambitions of her own. I was speaking of India's attitude to the United States and therefore, had, in the interests of truth, to tell my audience what I considered to be an important element in our present attitude to the United States.

In regard to Communism, I had made it clear that we were definitely opposed to its violence and totalitarianism. But its goal of establishing a social order where all exploitation would cease, and the amenities of civilisation would be available to the 'lowest' and the lost, I said, appealed to us, especially as most of our masses were under privileged. Unfortunately, however, Communism sought to reach this goal by questionable and ruthlessly violent means. Therefore, I said that if India adopted the Communist goal, she would have to follow a different method—the method of truth and non-violence taught by Gandhiji.

In this connection I suggested that there was a fundamental difference in the attitude of India to Communism as compared with the attitude of the U. S. to Communism. For us Communism is chiefly a philosophy which can be developed according to the genius of each country in its own way, not necessarily according to the Russian pattern, and even possibly in opposition to Russia, as for example in Yugoslavia; while the U. S. regards Communism as nothing but Russian imperialism. Since we look upon Communism as something which we may shape as we will, it does not appear to us so formidable an enemy as

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imperialism does. Indeed, it would have the attraction of possibly bringing new life and hope to vast sections of our people. If, on the other hand, Communism comes to us as Russian imperialism, it cannot, I claimed, last long in Asia, for all Asia is afire today with nationalism and will not tolerate dictation by any foreign power. China and India, I asserted, were huge nations with age-old traditions and today surging with new life. They cannot, therefore be swallowed up by Russia like some of the smaller countries of Europe after the last war. We would preserve our national independence at all costs. This, I submitted, was an important point to remember in relation to any fear of Communism, in the sense of Russian imperialism, spreading in India.

I admitted that aggression on the part of a powerful country on weaker peoples must be stopped. The United Nations were therefore right in being in Korea. But I said that the best way to bring about peace was not for any one nation, like the United States, to act unilaterally by means of pacts, agreements and military and economic aid, but for all of us to leave the task of maintaining international law and order in the hands of the United Nations Organization or a world government, where no nation overrides or dominates over others by its economic or military strength. I pleaded that America should use its position of leadership among the nations, its great resources, and its traditional love of peace and liberty, to re-organize and strengthen the United Nations and make it a truly democratic organization capable of upholding these great ideals.

Naturally, the critical aspects of my speech could be used for propaganda purposes, by interested parties, to withhold consideration of supply of food to India. But as I see it, the factors which really determined the Senators' attitude to the question were, (1) the fact that India was not prepared to side with the U. S. in her Far Eastern policies, (2) the fact that India had certain strategic raw mate-

rials which America wanted, but which India, in accordance with her general policy in this matter, was unwilling to supply, and (3) the fact that American domestic party-politics demanded that the present administration, accused of being a spend-thrift administration, show adequate return for every dollar's worth of goods sent abroad.

A matter which one came across frequently in the U. S. to suggest that there was hardly any need for America to supply food to India was that Pakistan was quite willing to supply food, but that India out of spite refused to take it from Pakistan and was paying enormous prices for what she could get cheap from her next-door neighbour. I was surprised to find this view held in Europe also.

On my return home I find that America has lost a great deal of prestige with us owing to the manner of her handling our food shortage. Nevertheless, I owe it to the American people to say that so far as the average American goes, he is essentially generous and eager to help anyone in need. Many Americans are quite distressed at the way their Government has been dealing with this problem. They have been most anxious that innocent starving masses should not be denied food because of political wranglings. The fact that private individuals and organizations in the U. S. have started collecting food for India is a truer indication of the real American mind than the cold calculations and the hard bargaining of the American politician. Let us, not, therefore, allow our experience in regard to our food problem to embitter our relations with the U. S. The American people still remain lovable, generous-hearted and deeply interested in India. In fact several continue to admire India and its Prime Minister for our independent stand in the United Nations, in spite of adverse propaganda, and in spite of the great hatred and fear of Communism and Russia which has been worked up into a universal passion in the U. S., and the growing suspicion that India is pro-Communist.—Copyright—N. P. S.

1951 NATIONAL HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

By M. S. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

THE memorable festival of the sport has ended. Here at Chhapk the blade of the grass and the shoot of the tree had echoed to the effortless strokes of the giants of the willow, and they have now been hypnotised by the speed and technique of the giants of the stick. We have been served a gargantuan fare for more than three weeks.

What does the National Hockey Championship signify? It marked its inception, and has justified its existence, by the unique gift of the greatest exponent of the game it can ever give birth to. Dhyani Chand, like Ranji in cricket, is "the king of a great game." He is the limit of human possibility with the stick. His movements on the field have been those of a superlative artist, and when his stick is married to the ball, as it always is, the on-lookers witness the perfect poetry on the move. He is the cynosure of all eyes, including those of his opponents who could not, in fighting back to their goal-post, but succumb to the seductions of the progress and rhythm of the ball. Grace, subtlety and finesse achieve minute after minute what Herculean might can never achieve within an hour—goals scored in galore. To study the artistry of Dhyani Chand is to understand that of his brother, the incomparable inside-left, his 'alter ego', Roop Singh, the great master of the art of dribbling. In fact the wizardry of the brothers was more potent and educative than the wizardry of 'the Wizard' alone. Dhyani Chand refers to hockey as "a beautiful game", and it would not be worthy of this attribute if it had not produced this peerless pair. The last quarter of a century of Indian hockey can well be spoken of as the Age of Dhyani Chand.

The National Hockey Championship marks the supremacy of the Punjab in Indian and India in world hockey. By their strength, stamina and speed, the Sikhs have made the game faster and more aggressive than it ever was. The success of Punjab for the third year in succession is a tribute to the

State which has contained a wealth of talents—its Balbir, Udham, Trilochan, Bakshish and Ram Swaroop. It has brought its record of win in the Championship, which was inaugurated in 1928, bi-annual first, and later annual, to six. Bengal, Bombay and Bhopal have each won twice, and Uttar Pradesh and Delhi once. Moreover, in successive Olympiads, since 1928, we have held the unbeaten record of championship, and in our visits to the countries of the East and the West we have scored, especially in the Age of Dhyani Chand, goals which might be the envy of run-getting cricketers.

Will we retain our title at Helsinki in 1952? Is our standard of hockey, as our critics contend, very poor and on the decline? Must we be pessimistic with Dr. A. C. Chatterjee, the Vice-President of the I. H. F.? What is the answer of the tournament at the M. C. C. to these questions?

Before assessing the true value of the N. H. C. let us review its games.

In the early rounds two matches were worthy of note, the triumph of Madras and the exit of the PEPSU. A day before the tournament commenced, the local Press was critical of the M. H. A. Reference was made to "the belated selection and lack of adequate practice" and it was asked whether Madras would be knocked out even in the preliminary stages. The match with Orissa on 7th May, which commenced the tournament, was an agreeable surprise and a portent of what Madras could do, given proper opportunity and encouragement. Madras beat Orissa by nine goals to nil and Govindaswami, the centre-forward, performed a good hat-trick. The vanquished were new-comers to national contest and yet the superiority of the victors was never in doubt. Madras next met Rajputana, which had beaten Baroda through Ramchand's useful work as inside-left and his ability to find the net three times consecutively, and won by a convincing margin. Again their forwards were seen to advantage. So well did

these victories serve as a pep and index that it was decided to have the instructional training of 'the Wizard' for the next ten days with two changes in the team, Newman and Cleur in the place of Royappan and Hurmat Ali, so that in the Quarter-final Punjab (the holders) might be given the fright of their life. Madras were very near fulfilling this mission, a tribute to their grit and zest.

That the game of hockey is as uncertain in its final reckoning as cricket was demonstrated by Hyderabad defeating PEPSU. They did everything but win the match. Balwant Singh (Senior), who helped India to win 4 X 400 metres relay in the Asian games, thrilled us with his sprinting prowess; Sadhu, the inside-right, and Rajbir, the centre-forward, threaded their way up to the opposing circle, and Swaroop Singh at the back was steady as a rock. In spite of all this they failed because they were hoisted with their own petard: their speed upset the pace of the game to such an extent that they sent the ball anywhere but the opponent's box. If PEPSU had come as far as the Quarter or Semi-final the tournament would have had added thrill and excitement.

Narley of Baroda, Ramchand of Rajputana, Venkat Mudaliar and Cabral of Madhya Pradesh, D'Souza of Maharashtra, Kaka of Delhi and Ibrahim of Hyderabad played well for their teams which were losers early in the tournament.

The mantle of wresting the honours from the northern invaders had fallen on Mysore, more than on Madras, for were not the majority of their players drawn from the Hindustan Aircraft, the winners of the Beighton Cup? But their star forwards, except Kothandapani, disappointed. Fitzgerald was not himself in any of the four matches he played and struck, in fact, very poor form. His one-handed flick or push was never in evidence; he fumbled when he attempted to dribble and 'turned' often when he sought to pass. Rajagopal, as usual was clever, but as a leader he showed little tactical or strategic skill. Moreover, he let down his team against Bengal when he had two open chances, real 'sitters', of scoring. Yet Kothandapani by his splendid opportunism won the match against Delhi. Desamuthu was plucky

as a custodian and Veeraraghavan and Padavat were effective in their defence and tackle. Bengal won the quarter-final against Mysore owing to the composure and brilliance of Jaswant Rajput, the unorthodoxy of Carapiet and the solidity of Das and Paul, Claudius and Da Luz.

Of the other quarter-finals the most memorable was that between Punjab and Madras and the most disappointing between Bhopal and the Combined Services. Ten thousand parched throats cried almost hoarse with excitement when Madras were able to match, and even challenge, the speed and skill of their rivals with their pluck and resoluteness. They could have witnessed the feat of the giant-killer, as they were to do in the Exhibition match on the 31st, if only the forwards had been as nippy and determined in the second half as in the first and emulated the classic goal-keeping of Francis and the titanic defence of Richtor and Scanlon, and if Umpire Tremenhare had not cast the spell of a riddle which is yet, as that of the Sphinx, to be solved.

If there is a case for Bhopal's 'merger,' it is well made out by another quarter-final in which the Combined Services won. Bhopal played, like some other teams also, far below the standard of the tournament. In their physique and stick-work they made us wonder whether they were worthy descendants of Munir and Shakoor of the redoubtable Wanderers. The Combined Services were content with five goals and it was only as they felt their way through experience and the tournament they became a 'combined' team in fact as in name. They improved with every match: seven players from the Army, three from the Air Force and one from the Navy showed their mettle as real fighters and warriors by beating Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Bhopal and Bombay, and reached the final. Bombay's defeat was unexpected, for who is not familiar with such names as Pinto, Gentle, D'Souza, Rodrigues and Coutinho? They gave a disappointing display and were themselves to blame.

The semi-final between Punjab and Bengal was a Marathon struggle lasting for three days. In 220 minutes of gruelling test of strength, skill and stamina, Bengal dominated the play, except for about twenty minutes on

the second day. On the third day, in particular, they had the forwards and defence of the rivals at their mercy and could have trounced them by at least three goals. Their own backs were invulnerable; the half-line was always saving and serving and Jaswant's 'feeders' always spelt danger to the massed defence of Punjab; and yet they failed to win the match because, as it usually happened in the tournament, their forwards showed that it was individual ability, not combined skill, that would pay. Only one or two of their attackers were within the opposing ring and even they would not 'follow up' after the ball rebounded from the post. For instance, Carapiet would rather go as far back as his own goalpost than attack the rivals, and Gurung's shots would speed but not hit the target, and the ball bouncing back into play found none to thrust it again into the post.

The final between Punjab and the Combined Services was not worthy of a great contest. No doubt the latter played far above expectations, but that does not justify the mediocre stuff that was served. Punjab scraped through in winning against Madras and Bengal, and she did more so here also. The old guards, Balbir, Udham & Co., could exhibit only occasional brilliance that won them world renown. They were not their usual selves and we have to hope that they have not yet become shadows of their former selves. The match demonstrated the fact that the chance of a win was always open and that Madras, Mysore and Bengal could have as well got the Rangaswami Memorial or Uberoi Cup. For the losers Midha, Hardayal Singh and Upadhyaya worked hard and they were within an ace of victory before Manna Singh, their Captain and the Charlie Chaplin of the game, performed the tragi-comedy of a fall, kick of the ball and loss of a goal before their post.

The Championship has shown that nothing is wrong with our game and that our players are as good as ever. The play is as fast and aggressive as it was a few years back. We have talents enough to match and rout the countries that are fast emulating our style and standard. If the I. H. F. implements its blueprints properly and systematically and chooses the best man for the right post, nothing

can deter us from retaining the title at Helsinki.

No problem worth the name faces us anywhere till the half-line. Probably as a sequel to and reaction against the memorable days of the great forwards, Dhyan Chand, Roop Singh and Jaffar, we have the finest defence that we can ever think of. Our international contestants would find it very difficult to score against us, even if we take it for granted that our forwards are too weak to score against them. The three deeps present an impressive array: Pinto, Francis, Desamuthu, Ram Prakash and Sethi at the goal; Richtor, Scanlon, Paul, Das, Gentle, Dharam Singh, Iqbal Singh and D'Souza as backs; and in the half-line Claudius, Jaswant, Sahib Singh, Gurucharan Singh, Bakshi, Trilok Singh, Padavat and Da Luz. Many of these have been selected for the Olympic trials and a few have played in the 1948 London Olympiad.

It is the forward line that really troubles us in two ways. Our veterans like Balbir, Kishenlal, Nandi Singh, Rodrigues and Laurie Fernandez suffer from either too much hockey or the lack of practice. Several of those selected for 'trials' have to be 'groomed' in time. Let the I. H. F. act up to the plan which it had already chalked out; and let it also present each of these 'possibles' and 'probables' with a copy of the masterpiece 'Hockey Hints' and place him under the tutelage of the master who knows, Dhyan Chand. We who have held aloft the flag of an alien nation for quarter of a century must hold higher still the flag of a free nation.

The impressive ceremony of the unfurling of the national flag daily, the replays that protracted the tournament by a week, the umpiring that was more important than the official routine, and the crowd with the full-throated ease and becoming gusto that enlivened the tempo of the game, and the severity of the Sun—these will live in our memory as the hallmarks of the N. H. Championship of 1951. May the craftsmanship and sportsmanship of our players delight and thrill sport-lovers of the world so that they may feel with us that the Age of Dhyan Chand is not yet over!

THE LICKING

By C. N. N. MENON

IT all happened pretty fast. The workers met in a big open air meeting in the morning. The union executive gave the call in the afternoon. And the strike began in the evening. When night fell, there was no one in the foundry except a few of us in the administrative building. The entire night shift men had obeyed the Union's fiat to strike work and stayed away to a man.

The General Manager was slightly nervous as he lifted the phone to contact the Managing Agent on trunk. And no wonder, for in spite of his kind appearance our Secretary was an utterly ruthless man and very difficult to work for. Only a couple of weeks back he had motored down to the foundry from the Head Office and raised the roof over what he called a "stupid document" which in reality was an honest report from the Works Manager stating that in order to raise production certain machines had to be scrapped and replaced. Now to make matters worse, we had this lightning strike on our hands and we knew well enough that when the old man arrived the next morning we had hell to pay.

As the Labour Welfare Officer of the foundry, naturally, it fell to my lot to try my hand in arriving at some sort of a settlement with the workers. But it didn't need lots of intelligence to guess that this was going to be a thankless job. Had the workers downed their tools for a rise in wages or lesser hours, it would have been far easier. But they had struck this time for something different, something that had more to do with prestige than with wages and experience had taught me that to hope for a quick settlement in such cases would indeed be asking for the impossible.

The trouble arose over an alleged attack on a Grade Three charge hand named Kishore Lal. This man, Lal, according to the workers, had

gone to our Assistant Works Manager Mr. Ram Singh to plead for two men who had been summarily sacked for some trivial fault. The Assistant Works Manager, they alleged, had attacked him brutally for no provocation whatsoever. Lal was later found unconscious, bleeding and with his jaw broken in the ill-lit and deserted junk yard adjacent to the stores building. That he was a minor official of the Union made it all the more difficult and the workers viewed the matter very seriously. They demanded that Ram Singh be removed from office forthwith and turned over to the police. The Management naturally was not prepared to agree to this request and the workers, long itching for a show-down, immediately voted for the strike.

While the workers considered the attack as an issue to be fought to the last, Ram Singh tried to laugh it off. According to him, the whole thing was "awfully twisted and exaggerated." He didn't attack anyone and what actually happened was the other way round. When Lal came to his office to intercede on behalf of the two sacked men, he had point-blank refused even to discuss the matter. Lal had got furious at this and started abusing him. Naturally, Ram Singh had asked him to get out. Lal, no doubt, had left immediately but not before he had held out the threat that if Ram Singh would not listen to reason, the workers knew how to get it rammed into his head. He hadn't paid much attention to it and, as usual had stayed in the office till late at night. He had left at about eleven and as he was crossing the deserted junk yard, two men had suddenly sprung upon him from behind. But he was quick on his feet and knew a thing or two about how to use his hands to advantage on such occasions. He had gone to work for all he was worth on the fellow nearest and before you could say Jack Robin-

son twice, had knocked the daylight out of him. The other chap no doubt seeing his prowess had made himself scarce. Ram Singh himself didn't wait there any longer for fear of further attacks but had gone home straight. It was only in the morning he knew that Lal was the person who was found injured in the junk yard and that his lower jaw had been broken necessitating long hospitalization.

"All this talk about myself attacking him is pure bunkum," he said innocently. "The truth is these fellows hate me like hell and now they are doing all this out of mere spite. Personally, I don't like this Lal fellow very much. But you don't go about busting people's jaws simply because you don't like them. The fact of the matter is they tried to what they call "teach me a lesson" and naturally I protected myself. If in the process somebody got hurt it ain't my fault. If I wasn't alert, I would be the one to be in the hospital ward by now. But thank God, things didn't work out that way."

Of course it was possible for the affair to happen as Ram Singh had put it. But the workers dismissed his self-protection story as pure fabrication and insisted that he be given the sack rightaway. This was not the first occasion, they argued, that Ram Singh had man-handled men under him. They had put up with his brutal ways long enough and would stand it no more. The Union, we knew, was after his blood and Ram Singh had so antagonised the workers that in this case it had the solid backing of the whole lot of them.

But Union or no Union, Ram Singh was no fool and he stuck to his version. So the Secretary, when he arrived the next morning, found himself saddled with a real problem. But from the beginning he made it clear that he was dead set against taking any action against Ram Singh. This was not due to his having any special liking to Singh but because of the fear that if he agreed to the workers' demand so meekly now, there would be no stopping them afterwards.

At his instance I tried my best to effect a settlement. But with either side refusing to budge even an inch from their respective stands, no

wonder I made little leeway! Finally, as an alternative, I suggested that Ram Singh, because of his none-too-happy record, be removed temporarily and then transferred to some other factory of the Company. But even this the Secretary refused to do.

"We can't do that sort of a thing, Ramesh," he said to me. "We can't agree to anything that might help the workers get funny ideas into their heads. The Management can't afford to be in the wrong, young man. If these Union fellows are too thick-headed to listen to reason, let us try some other method to effect a settlement. For a change I would suggest you go over to this man's place and see if you can get his wife, if he has one, over to our side. If she can be made to persuade her husband to keep his mouth shut about this stupid business, the bottom will drop off this "grievous hurt" charge and then we can easily break up this racket. Why, if she would make Lal agree to this sensible arrangement, we shall do something for him, say, like a sudden promotion or a rise or both. If coming to a settlement with us directly will make his position here embarrassing, we shall shift him to some other convenient place."

I went over to Kishore Lal's quarters that evening. The place was a modest two-room affair and contrary to my expectations, quite clean. I was met at the door by his elderly wife and a sweet-faced fresh skinned girl of about eighteen whom I took to be her daughter. The girl turned her head and looked at me questioningly.

"Madam," I began haltingly, "I am from the foundry and have come in connection with that unfortunate incident involving your husband. We are very sorry about the occurrence but no useful purpose can now be served by talking about things already happened. The Union, as you know, has made certain demands on us which we are not in a position to concede. For, that would do irreparable damage to the factory discipline. After all, the matter primarily concerns your husband and I don't see why we couldn't be a little more accommodating to each other and talk things over."

The woman did not reply. She just stood there looking at me in

painful silence and I saw she was struggling hard to control her grief. Two tear drops rolled down her lined cheeks and dropped on her cheap saree. I knew she was thinking of her suffering husband lying in the foundry hospital, his head swathed in bandages. All this talk of conciliation mattered but little to her.

After some time the girl answered me. "Sir," she said politely, "what exactly do you mean?"

I felt at ease. Here, I thought, was a sensible one at last.

"Why," I said with a sigh of relief, "if your father will listen to reason, we can do a good lot for him. For instance, there is a first class supervisor's vacancy coming up and if only he will conduct himself sensibly he may be the one to fill it up. Again, the management may further show their appreciation by giving him some sort of a compensation, say, a special bonus or something. And what do we ask in return? Not much, I should say. Just forget the whole incident. Let him go and tell the Union Secretary that whatever complaint he has had against the Management is all settled. Certainly that isn't asking too much."

I was shocked at the effect of what I said on her. She reddened and into her kind eyes came a steely gleam.

"No, Sir, No," she said emphatically. "You can't expect that of us. That man beat up my father for no bigger a crime than asking him to give the two dismissed men a chance to explain. We know there is a law against offenders and the Union has promised us all help in this matter. Perhaps he thinks that since there were no witnesses he can cheat the law by putting out a countercharge against my father. May be he can or may be he can't. But that is not going to influence us one little bit."

To say I was surprised will be, indeed, putting it mildly. I was taken aback at the vehemence with which she spoke. I could not believe a little girl with her gentle face could be that hard.

I made another attempt.

"You mistake us," I said gently. "We are really sorry for your father. But, then, no useful purpose can be served by being spiteful. We are go-

ing a long way to meet you. Can't you be a little more considerate?"

"Considerate?", she asked incredulously. "The trouble is we are or rather have been, far too considerate. No, Sir, that is the one charge you can't place on our heads."

I knew no useful purpose could be served by remaining there any further and so I took leave of them. When I reported back as to what became of my mission, the Secretary blew his top.

"What sort of a Welfare Officer are you, anyway," he shouted in my face, "who can't talk even illiterate old woman round? And you are the chap who is supposed to keep the four thousand odd workers of this foundry in good humour. Go to them again and work on that bonus angle more. Be more specific. Tell her we will give him a gift of, say, a thousand. If they do not come round, raise it. Flatter them, cajole them or even threaten them. Raise the amount if need be. Make it fifteen hundred or even twenty. Do something, anything, only get them to our side."

I went over to Kishore Lal's place again. I put up the whole matter to them as nicely as I could.

"Nobody need know," I said gently. "Not only your husband will get promoted to a grade, which he cannot expect even if he slogs throughout his life but also you stand to make a tidy sum in the bargain. Surely, you can't be so foolish as to refuse these generous terms."

As on the previous occasion, Kishore Lal's wife did not speak. This display of sudden generosity on our part was indeed perplexing her. She looked appealingly to her daughter to give an answer.

"Sir," said the girl gravely. "Please go away at once. Do not worry us any more. We are not interested in any gift or reward. We only want you to leave us alone, in peace. That man has been at this sort of game for long and every time, thanks to his oily-tongued friends, he got away. But not this time if we can help it. No amount of cajoling will make us change our minds."

I knew it was of no use but I made a last fling.

"There may be some truth in what

you say," I replied. "But one has to be practical these days. You can do a lot with a thousand rupees. Or may be I can make it two and that is a cosy little sum for a small obligation. My dear girl, you are being foolish."

She wavered a little or that was what I thought. But then I did not know this girl.

"Sir," she said hoarsely. "Please stop and go away at once. Why do you pester us like this?"

I could not go further. I returned.

At the foundry office, the Secretary, the Works Manager and the rest of them were waiting for me. As I narrated in detail what actually happened, you could hear a pin drop.

But when I finished, the Secretary was besides himself with rage. I had never seen him so mad before. He ranted and raved. He shouted first at Ram Singh, then at me and then at everybody else in the room. The rest of us did not utter a word for we knew it would only make him madder. After a while he calmed down. He walked over to the window and looked out through the glass panes at the deserted entrance of the machine shop that lay across the well-kept courtyard. An armed sentry stood there bored to death.

After a while he turned round and spoke. "Fine bunch of fellows I have collected around me!", he said acidly. "First one chap goes and sacks two men. Then he gets mixed up in a jaw-breaking melee that threatens to go to the police courts and when the workers strike he shrugs his shoulders and says the whole thing is a frame-up. Then another fellow who is supposed to keep four thousand fools in good mood throughout the year is sent to get some sense into a mule-headed woman and her equally mule-headed daughter. But he too comes back and says he can't do a thing. Just think of it! A stupid old hag can't be talked round to do such a simple thing. I have half a mind to sack the whole lot of you and by God, I would have, certainly, had it not been for the stink it would create. The Union chaps are just waiting for something like this and you fellows play right into their hands. No, we have gone too far into this business to back out now without harming ourselves. I don't care what we do or how much we lose, but we

have got to break up this strike. Yes, we have got to, or we are sunk."

But it was easier said than done. The strike continued and entered its seventh day. Except for the armed guards, the entire factory lay deserted. Its giant machinery that used to boom day and night, non-stop, on a three shift basis, lay dead and rusting. The Management lost heavily. And so did the workers.

These were difficult days for me. For all practical purposes, I was considered part of the Management. But I knew well enough with whom justice and incidentally, my sympathies lay. I could not continue like this much longer. I resigned my job and left the foundry. Afterwards I read in the papers that the Management had lost the fight.

I drifted apart for a while and finally secured a job as an assistant in a commercial firm at one-third my previous salary. It was tough going for a while. But I did not repent. On the other hand, I felt rather happy that I left in time, for I could not fancy myself on the side of a group that mobilised its entire strength to fight a simple old woman and a slip of a girl and—lost.

I do not know what became of the girl. Most probably, she might have forgotten the incident itself and me.

But I cannot forget her. At times I feel embarrassed, when I catch myself saying, for no apparent reason, "If only we had some more of her kind, if only...."

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WHY AMERICAN PROPAGANDA MISFIRES

By CHITRA BHANU

SRIMATHI Kusum Nair's article on the "American and Russian Propaganda in India," circulated by the NPS and published in a recent issue of *Swatantra* is remarkable for the wrong impression it will create in the readers.

Srimathi Nair's main contention is that American propaganda in India, though technically superior, is less effective than Soviet propaganda. The main reasons she assigns for this phenomenon are these:

1. "American propaganda is conducted officially through State agencies. Russian propaganda is put across through unofficial Indian agencies, through the Indian Communist Party, Communist controlled trade unions and peasant organisations and sympathetic indigenous artists' and writers' societies. In every province and in every language sympathetic Indian-owned and Indian-run dailies, weeklies and monthlies are doing more effective propaganda in favour of Russia than the *American Reporter* could ever hope to do in favour of the United States."

2. "American propaganda is strictly neutral on Indian affairs. On the other hand, Russian propaganda primarily concentrates on the Indian problems as they affect various levels of Indian society."

3. "Where Russian propaganda is conveyed directly, as through the monthly journal published from Moscow and called *Russia Today* (is it the 'Soviet Union?'), it is more direct and purposeful than any equivalent from America (like 'Life'). Similarly, the Soviet Film Festival organised last year has been able to produce more admirers of Soviet films than the American films have been able to do during the last half a century."

4. "Since little is known of modern Russia as compared to America, England or Europe, anything Russian gathers a halo which is difficult to dispel and which is cleverly exploited by the propagandists."

The American propaganda machinery in India is even more powerful than the publicity department of the Government of India. It enjoys vast facilities compared to the meagre facilities the TASS has at its disposal. Yet American propaganda misfires! Really puzzling!

The USIS sends out to Indian newspapers and thousands of individuals "a stream of American news, views and features. They are well edited, neatly produced and put across in an interesting manner." The TASS, on the other hand, issues only a cyclo-styled hand-out called 'News and Views From the Soviet Union' and a fortnightly called 'The Soviet Land,' both "blatant and poorly written and produced." Yet American propaganda misfires! How strange!

The USIS is maintaining libraries and reading rooms in all the big cities in India. They are giving all facilities to study the "American way of life." The TASS maintains no such libraries or reading rooms. Yet American propaganda misfires! How mysterious!

About 300 films depicting "life" in the land of Almighty Dollar are being shown in the Indian cities and towns today. In fact, more American films are shown in India each year than Indian, Soviet, French and other films put together. Besides, short "educational" films are loaned free by the USIS for exhibition in schools. USIS vans, fitted with portable projectors, freely tour the countryside selling American culture through these films. No such facilities are allowed to TASS. On the other hand, Soviet films are only after severe censoring by the Indian Government. The censorship became so intolerable that the Soviet Ambassador in India was forced to lodge a protest with Prime Minister Nehru some months back. Even after such severe censorship, these films are banned in some States like Hyderabad. And yet, the admiration of the Indian people for the Soviet films

increases and that for the American films decreases. Here too American propaganda misfires!

Why?

Is it because, as Srimathi Nair says, American propaganda is "official" and Soviet propaganda is "unofficial"? Let us see the extent of the propaganda carried out in favour of both American and the Soviet Union in India.

It is said that Soviet propaganda here is put across through the Indian Communist Party and Communist controlled organisations. But these organisations have been under virtual ban (in some States actually banned) for the past some years. All kinds of freedom including freedom of the press have been denied to them. Still in recent times, a few papers have arisen which are pro-Soviet in outlook. But their work is nothing compared to the flood of pro-American and anti-Soviet propaganda of the press in India.

I have before me the files of two prominent English dailies of Madras. I have counted the columns of these papers published during the last one week. And it has been found that approximately for every inch of pro-Soviet news twenty inches of pro-American or anti-Soviet news is published in the columns of these papers. I think this is true of all the capitalist-controlled newspapers in India which also publish, besides pro-American news, articles, stories, cartoons, comic strips and other features supplied by American syndicates. Moreover, whatever pro-Soviet news they publish is written with an American slant and some newspapers even publish more of pro-American news than of Indian news!

As regards American and Soviet journals and books circulated in India, it can be seen that the number of American journals and books is greater than the number of Soviet books and periodicals. Our book stalls are full of American crime novels, "True Romances" and similar literature. As against this, there are only one or two bookstalls here which sell Soviet books and periodicals. Their selling organisation is often shattered due to unwarranted police interference. And yet, the Indian people appreciate Soviet books more than

American books. Here, again, American propaganda misfires!

Why?

Is it because "American propaganda is strictly neutral on Indian affairs" while "Russian propaganda primarily concentrates on Indian as they affect various levels of Indian society"? It is true that the Soviet Union is interested in what is happening in India. It desires that India should develop into a democratic country, having friendly relations with it. But to say that America is neutral on Indian affairs is not true. For, America too has interests in India. It wants to make India a war base in case of a showdown with China and the Soviet Union. The contrast between the Soviet and American attitude can be clearly seen from the reception India's food request got at the hands of the two Governments.

It is true that comparatively little is known about the Soviet Union due to the various restrictions imposed by the powers that be. The India Government, while allowing free entry to hundreds of Americans masquerading as journalists, observers, cultural missionaries and the like, very rarely allows a Soviet visitor entry into India. Similarly, while hundreds of Indians are allowed passports to go to America, those who want to visit the Soviet Union are denied the same facilities. But in spite of all this, the Indian people cherish great love and respect for the Soviet Union.

Why?

The Indian people love the Soviet Union because their own leaders have taught them to do so. For was it not Srimathi Sarojini Naidu who said in a message to the Soviet people: "With the blood and tears of your supreme sacrifice, your unconquerable hope and invulnerable faith in your own destiny, you have built, out of the ruins of a shattered empire, a splendid new world of democracy. You took the broken wagon of your peasants and hitched it to the star of freedom; you gathered the trampled clay of humanity and shaped an invisible legion of heroes who today are the defenders and guardians of the world's liberty and civilization."

Tagore, Iqbal, Bharatha, Vallathol and all other true representatives of India's culture have spoken in the

same vein. Even Pandit Nehru once taught his people to love the Soviet Union. Today he seems to have forgotten those very lessons which he taught, but his people cannot be untrue to him at least in this matter.

But this does not mean that the Indian people have no love for the American people. We love the American people, the freedom-loving, vast common people of America who today

are carrying forward the brave tradition built up by Abraham Lincoln, Tom Paine and Walt Whitman. We love the American people, not the Wall Street money-minters. We love the American people, not the Negro-baiters, the witch hunters, the lynchers, the Klu Klux Klan and the Chicago Gangsters, but ordinary Americans who are today fighting against them.

ELECTIONS IN BURMA

By S. CHATTERJI

FREE Burma's first general elections start on June 12 and Burma's 11 million voters are approaching the polls with an all-pervading enthusiasm. Since the Election Supervision Commission announced in March that the elections, repeatedly postponed because of internal unrest, were at last to be held, political parties have been founded, reorganised, revived and reformed to an extent confusing to the non-Burman observer.

Dominating the complicated political scene is the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, founded in 1945 by the late Major-General Aung San and led, since his assassination in July 1947, by Premier Thakin Nu. The success of this party, now forming the provisional Government, over all other parties is generally anticipated, though some have read into the strong criticism against the Election Commission by *Mandaing*, the official AFPFL organ, a preparation of the ground in case things should go badly with the party.

The disunity of the other parties is in itself a strong ally of the AFPFL. Most of their manifestoes, published within the last few weeks, betray Communist influence or leanings. All without exception demand the release of political detenus before the elections. Only the AFPFL is moderate in its tone and promises.

The only party not contesting the elections is Thakin Than Tun's Communist Party, which is continuing armed insurrection against the Government, directed, it is said, from a secret hide out in the Pegu Yomas.

Many of the other parties which previously had been revolutionary, including the People's Volunteer Organization and the Karens, took advantage of the general amnesty on January 4 last with the purpose of entering the elections.

They will be ranged not only against the AFPFL but also against such pre-war parties (in revived versions) as the Mahabama, Dobama and Myochit. They face also two newly founded parties, the Union League, started by veteran politicians U Ba Pe and U Chit Hlaing, and the Burma Democratic Party under Thakin Ba Sein. The former has been already discredited by a report that its two leaders favour return to the Commonwealth. Though there may be an undercurrent of feeling that Burma was a little hasty in leaving the Commonwealth and might have made an arrangement parallel to that of India, any suggestion of return now is extremely unpopular.

The Socialist camp has also suffered a rift. Hitherto entirely loyal to the AFPFL the Socialists have now given birth to a new off-shoot known as the Burma Workers' and Peasants' Party. Finally, independent of any former political affiliations, and attempting to cut across them all, is the People's Democratic Parliamentary Front, under the leadership of U Aung Than.

The June elections will affect only about 4 million voters and limited areas of southern and central Burma. Elections throughout the country are to be completed by next Independence Day, January 4, 1952, on the assumption that the disturbed areas will be at peace before then. The centre of

interest in the current polling is Rangoon where 267,000 voters will cast their votes for the 66 nominees to the City's seven seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Thakin Nu has eleven candidates against him including a Burma-naturalized Pathan called Tilla Mohamed Khan. A Rangoon constituency has the only Anglo-Burman candidate for election—lawyer H. M. Fisher who is contesting the seat held by Commerce Minister U Kyaw Myint.

The election campaigns are healthy, full-blooded affairs, where a spade is called a spade and one's opponent a scoundrel. In a Mandalay constituency a father is opposed by his son—living still under his roof! The election ball was started rolling early in May by Co-operative Minister U Kyaw Nyein who classed all the opposition candidates together as "devils and ogres whose return would land the country in chaos and invite the Communist demons to devour the land." As against these demons, the AFPFL, averred the Minister, was the protective Nat (spirit) which would guide the country towards a clearly marked path of peace and prosperity.

Thakin Nu, addressing AFPFL-sponsored meetings, pointed out soberly that it had been the AFPFL which had brought the country independence and demanded to know what the opposition leaders, now so loud in their criticism, had been doing in these dark days.

Another Cabinet Minister, U Than Aung, who holds the Education portfolio, was declared elected unopposed for the constituency of Wundwin near Meiktila. Thereupon the Election Commission cut down the number of constituencies from 82 to 77, Wundwin being among the five excluded. The Election Commissioners gave as their reason for this reduction the questionable activities of the AFPFL "Peace Guerillas" in the areas excluded.

Mandaing meanwhile maintains that U Than Aung is duly elected and

has used the affair as a stick with which to beat the Election Commission. The party organ also alleges that one of the Election Commissioners, Henry Po Dan, was once sacked from his post of welfare officer by U Than Aung and that the cancellation of the elections was engineered by Henry Po Dan to pay him back.

The Election Commission, however, is responsible only to Parliament, which elected it. It is a distinguished body, presided over by Sir Ba U, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. If anything goes wrong with the elections, the Commission will have to answer for it. The AFPFL makes much of the fact that the Government has voluntarily handed over control of the elections to this neutral body.

The AFPFL maintains that its candidates can beat any party anywhere and is prepared to accept and fight out whatever elections the Election Commission arranges. The party publicly expressed doubt, however, whether some of the elections will be held under the conditions of fairness laid down by the Commission, and has tried on these grounds to press for a further postponement.

But the elections are going through this time. All observers forecast a triumph for the one man who seems to be more detached from politics than anyone else—the Prime Minister. His frequently expressed desire to retire from politics and become a monk has given him a deserved reputation for integrity which carries more weight than political brilliance. On May 20 Thakin Nu flew to Mandalay accompanied by numerous dignitaries and press representatives. His purpose, however, was not electioneering, but the celebration of the Full Moon of Kason—the thrice blessed day on which the Lord Buddha was born, received enlightenment and died. In fervently Buddhist Burma this kind of devotion may prove to be more telling than long hours of declamation at the hustings.—Copyright N. P. S.

LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

NEED FOR A UNITED OPPOSITION IN INDIA

THE illness of His Majesty the King has once again reminded the people of Britain of the amount of work involved in being a King these days. Already, those other members of the Royal family who are so willingly easing the King's burden at this time have seemed to be extremely busy at this, that or the other function. It is not easy to explain just what place the Royal Family holds in the affections of the British people. There is no doubt at all that, as a family, the present King and Queen, with their children and grand children, are looked upon as examples that the rest of the nation might well follow. The standard they are expected to set is very high. The Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were recently criticised in some circles for attending and playing in a polo match on a Sunday in Italy. The Princess was also criticised for courtesying to the Pope when she paid her courtesy call on His Holiness when she visited Rome. The Princess Margaret's activities are followed very closely, and although we all recognise that she is a gay and attractive young lady who is entitled to enjoy her youth, still there are those who would have her attending fewer late-night parties. So many young ladies can say, "But Princess Margaret can do it," and that example can hardly be answered by straitlaced parents.

So, the Royal Family play their part as an example of what a family should be. There is another way in which some of us are able to appreciate being subjects of a King. As Government servants, we are not the servants of any political government but of His Majesty's Government, servants of the King, not of the Prime Minister. This ensures two things of value, one, that there shall be continuity of office within all branches of the Civil Service and, two, that there is very little, if any, chance of politicians being able to give any promises of future benefits to their more loyal supporters. When I was in Madras, dispensing

information about Britain, I was not telling the virtues of the Labour Party but of Britain. I received copies of the various political pamphlets put out by all the leading political parties and displayed them together, without favour to any one political party. A non-political Civil Service is, I think, an essential to full democratic government. And so is a strong Opposition party.

The need for a strong Opposition party in a democratic government naturally leads to the divisions that have recently sprung up within the Congress party in India. These divisions have been noted with interest in Britain and some of us are still hoping that there will be some unity possible between all the opposing parties, not because we have any ill-will towards the Congress Party, but because we have this belief in the value of a strong Opposition. The coming election in India will be watched most carefully by outside observers. I want to see Congress returned after a free election, with Opposition parties having full freedom to try to win over the voters by orthodox political methods, and gaining sufficient seats to make Congress fight to carry out its plans, and to stimulate Congress to eliminate any sign of weakness from the party.

Last week-end, one of glorious early summer sunshine over all England, I took the opportunity of having a day out in the country with my wife and son. We decided to go to the Lake District. This part of England, which I unashamedly say is the loveliest part of the world I have seen, is about fifty miles from where I am living at the moment. It is partly in Lancashire (and Lancashire is very proud of that, for it is too often said that Lancashire is a county of factories and smoke), Westmorland and Cumberland. It has recently been nominated as one of Britain's National Parks. It can be reached by train or bus from the Lancashire and Yorkshire factory towns in an hour

or two. We first called at the largest of the Lakes, Lake Windermere. This lake is twelve miles long and, I should say, three or four miles across at the widest point. It is set amidst wooded hills rising to between one and two thousand feet in height. It is very beautiful. The nearest approach to it that I have seen in South India is Kodaikanal. Think of Kodaikanal Lake enlarged and multiplied many times, with long valleys and stretches of downland over which one can walk at will, and you will have some idea of what the Lake District of England is like. Lake Windermere is used for boating, bathing and fishing and was very busy last week-end. We went from there along to the lakeless valley of Langdale, at the end of which stand two peaks, each over 2,000 feet high. There we had a picnic lunch and met a young man about seventeen years old, who goes by cycle to Langdale every other week-end. He has to cycle sixty miles to get there, but he has Saturday and Sunday off work, so leaves home after tea on Friday and returns from Langdale after lunch on Sunday. He, with his companions, sleeps in a barn belonging to a friendly farmer and spends his time in the Langdales climbing the dangerous rock face of the mountain. Such adventurous exploits are available to any young people who want to take part in them, for even if there is not likely to be enough accommodation in the barns of friendly farmers, there is plenty of room in Youth Hostels and other similar places. I should perhaps tell the whole truth of my visit to Langdale, for I had the mortification of having to give up when only part way up a mountain walk and had to watch my wife and son go climbing on ahead! As I told my wife, I did not have as much weight to pull up the rocky steps when I last tried mountain climbing.

The day was a great success and we felt the benefit of the fresh, inspiring mountain air and the magnificent countryside. We were not alone in our enjoyment of these pleasure, as we found on our return journey. The roads were very busy indeed and at times, where there was a piece of the road under repair, there was some delay. I was not surprised to read the next day that the cars were travelling

along the main roads to the seaside and country at over 4,000 an hour. Still, we all reached home and were able to face the work of the week with renewed spirits after the day's relaxation. As I have written before in these notes, the weather plays a great part in the outlook of the British people, and with nearly a fortnight's lovely weather behind us, and little sign of real change as yet, our spirits are high, we are almost in Festival mood and even the politicians can sit through a 20-hour debate and be polite to each other at the end of it!

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By V. P. SATHE

A film star's life is not a bed of roses. True, he or she gets fabulous amounts, compared to others; but considering the insecurity of the profession, and the hard work that he or she has to put in, it must be conceded that the price that the industry pays to its stars is not very high.

As an example, take the case of Prithviraj. The other day, when I met him at the station when he was on his way to Indore, he was looking absolutely exhausted. When I asked him the reason, he disclosed that for two days he has been working day and night—shooting in the day at Filmistan Studio where he is working in *Anand Math* and at night at Chembur working in *Awara*.

Naturally I asked him "when do you sleep"? In between the two shootings, mostly while going from Goregaon to Chembur and vice versa in a car. In addition to this shooting, he was working in his play on Sunday mornings. And Prithviraj is not doing all this hard work just for money. He is doing it for his art, his love for theatre which he is serving in a manner that everyone of us feel proud of Prithvi Theatre.

The same is true of his son Raj who is devoted to his work. During the day he works in other producer's pictures, at night he works in *Awara*. If you say he should not be so avaricious and just be content with his own production, you are under an illusion. For, it is not for making money but for running his own show that Raj is forced to work outside. The higher the standard he seeks for his own picture the more he has to work in other pictures. So, stars do not work only for money; they have other

ideals. And it is the ideals of a few such artists like Raj and his father that give the motion picture industry the status as an art that it claims to be today.

Picture Of The Week

Three significant foreign films were released recently in Bombay—20th Century Fox's *No Way Out*, Stanley Kramer's *The Men* and J. Arthur Rank's *The Trio*. Each one of them was good; but obviously *The Trio* was the best of the lot.

The Trio presents three short stories of Somerset Maugham. This is not the first picture of its kind; that honour goes to *Quartet* produced by the same organisation based on Maugham's four popular stories. In fact it was the amazing success of that picture (which, however, had a poor response in Bombay so that it did not run even for one week and consequently many like me missed seeing it) that inspired the producers to make *Trio* as a sequel to *Quartet*.

So successfully is the spirit of Maugham's famous short stories—*The Verger*, *Mr. Know-All* and *Sanatorium*—conveyed through this film that to see them on the screen affords greater pleasure than to read them in print. For, in presentation the Maugham stories have lost neither the original wit nor the beauty of characterisation. In fact, the experiment of presenting three short stories, whose appeal depends not on plot but on dialogue and characterisation, is eminently successful, thanks to the directors' ability to capture the wit and atmosphere, and the brilliant performances by all artistes without exception.

The first two stories are very short; but what makes them great is their subtle 'surprise' ending. "The Verger" recounts the tale of a man who can neither read nor write. After serving for seventeen years he loses his job in the church, but makes good in life as a tobacconist. His last words that had he learnt to read and write he would have remained a poor Verger are very significant—and point out the social reality that success in business often comes to those who are otherwise completely illiterate. "Mr. Know-All" is the story of a smart young man who is a bore and pesters every body, blowing his own trumpet. He thinks he is a very popular man, though every one else avoids him as a bore and detests his over-confident and over-bearing manners. The last good act he does—in saving the honour of a girl—proves that even such a bore and "know-all" had his good points.

The story of *Sanatorium*, based on Maugham's own experiences in a tuberculosis sanatorium, is the most human and moving of them all. The various inmates of a T. B. Sanatorium, their lives, their romances and their quarrels, all contribute to make a very rich human story which ends on a very optimistic note. It is the longest of the trio and it will remain longest in the memory of those who see this picture.

Stanley Kramer's "The Men" is the story of cripples in general and particularly of a young soldier who lost his legs in the war, and consequently lost all interest in life—even in love. It is the story of crippled men and the doctor who tries to help them to renew their interest in life, and to make them used to their "wheel-chair" existence. Can such crippled men marry? Can they expect and receive love from their women? Can they distinguish between love and pity? These are some of the psychological posers which are sought to be poignantly answered through the emotional conflict between the hero and the girl he loved.

Told in stark realistic manner, acted with sensitiveness and conviction *The Men* is indeed a very human and touching motion picture, which in a way, makes us conscious of the horrors of war.

No Way Out deals with racial dis-

crimination and goes a step further than all previous Hollywood pictures on this theme. Mainly it deals with a Negro Doctor, working in a white hospital. While the head of the Hospital has full faith in him, a patient—a criminal who has always hated Negroes—is against him and accuses him of the murder of his brother who dies while being treated by the Negro Doctor.

The story recounts the efforts of Negro Doctor to get his name clear and the insane wrath of the Negro-hater white man who runs away from hospital and chalks out a plan to murder the Negro. While the abnormal character of Richard Widmark lends dramatic force to the tale, it also robs the story of realistic normal approach to the problem. For while the Negro Doctor and other Negroes in the picture have a representative character of their race, the white men who hate them and plan riots, arson, and murder are all gangsters and not normal white men and women. The normal white men are shown to be good without any race prejudice, which is far from the truth.

Once this basic social weakness is realized, it must be admitted *No Way Out* is a stirring human drama presenting the Negroes, in a dynamic, upright, human light. The last scene in which the gangster burst into tears and the Negro Doctor who having overpowered his white assailant tends to his wounds and helps him to live so that he too can live, is poignant and sublime, and sums up the human side of the problem in an effective manner.

A synthetic screenplay, it is vigorous in its conception and narration worthy of the academy award winner Director Joseph Mankiewicz.

Star Of The Week

Ashok Kumar is again the star of the week. In fact, he is the star of the year. For today he has more contracts than any two leading male stars put together.

There was a time when Motilal and Ashok Kumar were the top stars together. Today, though in age there is hardly any difference between the two, Motilal has taken to character acting while Ashok Kumar is still the Matinee

idol, playing the romantic hero at the age of forty. In fact, a new career has begun for Ashok at the age of forty, reminding us of Will Rogers' famous sentence: "Life Begins at Forty."

That is why perhaps at the age of forty Ashok Kumar, handsome as ever but rather flabby and bulky, is more in demand than he was five or ten years ago. True he looks still young; and what is more he is in the best acting form with such sterling performances in *Sangram*, *Afsana*, *Mahal* and *Deedar* to his credit. The producers and directors believe that he can play any kind of roles from gangster to Sheikh, from Romeo to Shylock. Hence the spate of contracts that are being showered on him.

Here are some of the pictures for which he has signed recently: (1) S. K. Films *Naaz* co-starring Nalini Jaywant (2) KAY Arts *Poonam* co-starring Kamini Kaushal (3) Art Centres' *Bewafa* co-starring Nargis and Raj Kapoor; (4) Premier Films *Nav Bahar* co-starring Suraiya (5) Film Co's *Nagma* co-starring Nalini Jaywant (6) Film Forces' *Irada* co-starring Nimmi (7) B. T.'s *Shamsheer* co-starring Bhanumati (8) Heera Films *Shole* co-starring Nalini Jaywant (9) Goodluck Picture's *Chanchal* co-starring Nalini Jaywant (10) J.V. Production's *Bagdad* co-starring Naseem (11) Munshi Productions untitled film co-starring Nalini and Ranjan (12) Bali Sisters *Raaj Rang* co-starring Geeta Bali and at least half a dozen more pictures whose names I cannot recall at the moment.

Of course all these pictures will not be made at once. They will take at least two to three years. But it would be nothing short of wonder if Ashok Kumar does manage to complete all these pictures at all. That will be another miracle of the motion picture industry.

Meanwhile Ashok Kumar who is a great believer in astrology seems to have decided to sign every contract that comes his way. That is perhaps

what the stars seem to have foretold him.

But the strangest part of the whole story is that though Ashok has over a dozen contracts in his pockets actually he has very little work in hand. Last month he spent a fortnight at Matheran just because there was no work. That is how the film industry works.

News Of The Week

—Sabarwals performed the Muhurat of their maiden picture *Ashyana*, at Rang Mahal Studios on Saturday 9th June at two P.M. Nargis and Raj Kapoor faced the camera for the Muhurat shot. Gyan Mukerjee is the author, Madan Mohan is giving music while Rajendra Krishen is writing the songs.

—The dispute between Filmkar and K. Asif over *Anarkali* has been settled with the assurance given by Filmkar and Kamal Amrohi, that their script will be absolutely different from that of *Mughal-E-Azam*. Now both the pictures will be made independently. Meanwhile at Filmistan Studio Nandlal Jaswantlal has already started the shooting of *Prince Saleem and Anarkali* with Mubarak as Akbar, Sulochana (sr.) as Jodhabai, Pradeep Kumar, the Bengalee Artist, who is playing the lead in *Anand Math* is likely to be cast as Saleem. The choice for *Anarkali* varies between Suraiya and Bina Rai.

—Kidar Sharma has been signed by Kishore Sahu to direct Hindustan Chitra's forthcoming picture *Sapna* in which Sahu will be starred.

—Chandulal Shah will wield the megaphone again after eleven years. He is directing Ranjeet's next picture starring Nargis and Raj Kapoor.

—Prahelad Dutt is in Madras these days negotiating with S. S. Vasan. He may direct a picture for Gemini Studios.

—Nutan and Prem Nath are the stars of Varma's new picture directed by O. P. Dutt.

A society composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth, for where there is no integrity there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.—COLTON.

SIDELIGHTS :

Duty performed is a moral tonic; if neglected, the tone and strength of both mind and heart are weakened, and the spiritual health undermined.—TYRON EDWARDS.

NOW that Madras ministers have begun to concentrate on electoneering, treating all other work as comparatively unimportant, it is time that their estimate of themselves is checked in the light of the effect of their administration on others. The Chief Minister began his term with the advantage of succeeding Sri Omandur. In all externals Sri Omandur was of repellent and forbidding aspect. Sri Kumaraswami Raja, on the other hand, carried to his office, from the practice of his non-official days, a tradition of pleasant courtesy. He cannot be accused of heartiness. But from politeness, he never departed. He made no enemies with offensive manners. He has been unwearied in the desire to give of his best to the duties of his office. He has not been a success as a Chief Minister. But the failure has not obtruded itself on public attention as a personal responsibility of his. In future he will come to be looked upon as a good well-intentioned man not strong enough or capable enough for the tasks that devolved on him as the head of a State.

Sri Gopala Reddi, the Finance Minister, committed the mistake of taking up a portfolio that cannot be administered properly without intense study and special technical knowledge. Before he became Chancellor of the British Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps had a brilliant reputation as a lawyer, and outside politics his work lay mainly in the courts. But he had a master-mind that could be switched on to any subject, and in a few weeks of intense application he could learn more about finance and economics than acknowledged masters of those subjects gathered in as many years. The secretaries of the Treasury with lifelong experience to their credit, stood in awe of him. The utmost that could be attributed to Sri Gopala Reddi when he became Finance

Minister was a superficial versatility. Ignorance shone through chinks for all the armoury of pretentious economic knowledge with which he covered himself. The civil servants ruled from behind while the Minister maintained the facade of authority in front. His real flair is for the lighter side of life lighted up by music and dance and social contacts with fashionably attired comely damsels—and his expenditure of time on it has been lavish. Having taken up a very exacting branch of the administration, he could not bestow on it the austerity and application it demanded. As floor leader of the Assembly, however, he has proved to be remarkably successful. At first he mistook rudeness for wit. Later on he passed that stage, and now, he has gained a bonhomie which when not overdone can pass muster as a fine parliamentary manner. There are wild stories going round of the liberties taken with local administrators of the district by the cronies of this Minister. But they are not so frequent now as they used to be. The excess of initial arrogance would seem to be yielding place to a new balance and restraint which promise well for the future if they are not merely for the sake of tactical exhibition on the eve of the elections.

Sri Madhava Menon is not without some distinctive merits. No slander of corruption has touched him. His personal honesty cannot be impugned. He is capable of hard work and can take quick decisions. He is without active illwill to leaders of dissident Congress groups which is so deplorable a trait in the case of some other Ministers. It is also to his credit that he is not impervious to human considerations on grounds of the exigencies of administration. His one defect is his chronic proneness to clannishness. Just as in the old days there could be no justice as between Britishers and Indians, in the departments administered by Sri Madhava Menon there is no justice as between the men of Malabar and the rest. This is not an anti-Malayali sentiment. Most people are on a par in the matter of exploit-

ing communal partialities of their superiors from whom favours can be expected, and Malayalees are no exception. But ministers with a sense of duty should be on their guard

against creating a favoured caste in the services under their jurisdiction. Sri Madhava Menon has not revealed such a sense of duty. Other ministers, next week.—SAKA.

THE SASHTIABDAPOORTHY OF SRI K. S. VENKATARAMANI

From A Correspondent

THE religious and social function in connection with the *Sashtiabdapoorthi* of Sri K. S. Venkataramani was celebrated in his home village of Kaveripoompattinam, Tanjore Dt., on June 9. His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Kama Koti Peetam and Sri Sivananda Swamiji of Ananda Kuteer sent their blessings. Messages of good wishes were also received among many others, from Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Pandit Nehru, Rajaji, Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri K. Santhanam, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Sri N. Chandrasekhara Iyer, Sri T. T. Krishnamacharyar, Sri P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja, Sri P. V. Rajamannar and Sri B. G. Kher.

Rao Sahab N. Natesa Iyer, Messrs. K. Balasubramania Iyer, K. Chandrasekhara Iyer, Manjeri S. Iswaran, T. J. Ranganathan and some of the leading mirasdars of Tanjore district were present. The function was well attended by the numerous friends and relations of Venkataramani.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad's Message
Government House,
New Delhi,
4th June 1951.

I send my greetings and good wishes to Shri Venkataramani on the happy occasion of his completing his sixtieth year. He has been a source of light and delight for numerous men and women and I hope that he will continue to be in our midst for many many years to come to give us all the benefit of his mature wisdom.

(Sd.) Rajendra Prasad.

Swami Sivanandaji's Message
I have often said: "Life begins at Sixty". But that was with reference

to people who had spent the first sixty years in worldly pursuits. In the case of Sri K. S. Venkataramani, however, I shall say that his *Sashti Abdapoorthi* heralds the dawn of a new era of renewed, vigorous, selfless service unto humanity, in which he has well utilised the best part of these sixty years, too.

Defying delicate health, discarding all earthly ambitions, disregarding personal discomforts, Sri Venkataramani has directed his endeavours towards the achievement of his life's mission—a reorientation in the outlook of the average citizen of India upon life generally and life in villages, in particular. His facile pen, in wielding which he is a master has achieved what swords would have failed to—a transformation of the heart of man. In this he is a true follower of Mahatma Gandhi and the other spiritual leaders of India whose mighty force lay in their faith in God.

The *Sashti Abdapoorthi* of such a great soul as Sri K. S. Venkataramani is a day of national rejoicing. Thousands of hearts all over the world would today be offering a sincere prayer to the Almighty Lord to bless Sri K. S. Venkataramani, with radiant health and a long life of service to humanity. A selfless servant of humanity, a karma yogi, ought to live a full length life—hundred years.

I pray to the Lord to bless Sri Venkataramani with health, long life, peace, prosperity and *Atma Jnana*! May the Lamp of Wisdom that he has lit grow bright and ever more brighter and shed light on the path of humanity towards peace, plenty and prosperity.

THEN SUBHAS, NOW KRIPALANI

By "KRISHI"

THEN it was Subhas. Now it is Kripalani. As the former, so the latter is quitting the Congress to serve the country better. Whatever differences the Congress High Command had with Subhas, none of its members dared question his motives. Later events helped to spotlight the burning sense of patriotism that impelled his actions. It is too late in the day now to estimate the effect which his organisation, the Forward Bloc, would have had on the country and the Congress, if he had remained in India. His escape to foreign countries, however, enabled him to build up a well-knit and disciplined army to fight for his country's independence. It cannot be gainsaid that the departure of a dynamic personality like Subhas was a great loss to the Congress. Yet the Congress was not slow to cash in on his achievements, even after he had left it. Not a little of the Congress success in the last elections was due to the presence of a large number of I. N. A. men in India. When their propaganda began telling on the loyalty of the country's armed forces and police, the foreigner got frightened. The Congress was not slow to play on this as its trump card in its parleys with the Cabinet Mission.

If the Congress did not break up with the defection of Subhas, it was because of other equally powerful factors that compelled it to keep together. The foreigner was yet on the soil as ruler and his removal was the primary objective of the national organisation. Gandhi was still alive. So long as he was there and gave his moral support to the Congress, any attempt to pull down its citadel would have proved infructuous. The masses trusted Gandhi. He in turn pinned his faith on them. And what he said was law unto them.

Kripalani's exit from the Congress is equally dramatic though many foresaw this eventuality as inevitable. His

writings bear the unmistakable impress of a rebel's pen. His speeches reflect his disgust at the way the Congress organisation and the Congress Governments have been helping to maintain the *status quo*. For the past three years he has demanded radical changes in their policies. There is no point in pledging the country's interests with the capitalists. The nation can be reconstructed only on the strength and support of the common people. A direct approach has to be made to them. Their needs have to be met, their aspirations fulfilled. They must at least come to believe that efforts are being made in this direction. This they will do if they feel a change in the administrative set-up and see that corruption, black-marketing, profiteering, nepotism and jobbery are being ruthlessly put down. The present emphasis on improving the standard of life of the urban population at the expense of the villagers should give place to a co-ordinated plan to place the interests of the latter in the forefront of our national endeavour. The Constructive Programme of Gandhi must be worked by the Governments instead of our Ministers paying mere lip-service to it. Only thus can this unfortunate country be lifted out of the morass into which it has fallen. Such has been Kripalani's argument. His logic is irrefutable. He himself could not escape from it. Hence his resignation.

When Kripalani quit the Congress, he did so in a situation far different from what it was when Subhas left. Four years ago the British withdrew from the country for good. Since then Congress Governments have ruled the country. But the masses have benefited very little by this change of masters. If anything, their condition has grown worse. Their wants even as regards the primary necessities of life remain unfulfilled. Anti-social elements have come to have a clear

field and the common people are the worst sufferers. They witness the ignominious spectacle of the snapping up of the fine bonds of private and public morality largely due to the misdeeds of those very people who had once held up to them the sanctity of these bonds. The masses cannot be blamed if they have become cynical, for they notice a ring of hollowness in the professions of their leaders. However, they cannot overthrow them. Those who could once uproot the mighty British rule today find themselves powerless before their own Government. Systematically they have been clipped of their strength. And yet this state of affairs cannot continue for long. Sheer force of circumstances will drive the masses to despair. If it is possible, they will remove the unwanted Government by constitutional means. Otherwise they will take recourse to violent means to destroy it when it continues to work as a hindrance in their march towards progress. The most unfortunate thing is that Gandhi is dead. Were he alive today, he might have been able to bring the Congress leaders back to the path of sanity and reason. As it is, his only link with the Congress today is that it can use his great name as a cloak to cover up its sins. But even that it can do only for a short while.

True, Jawaharlal is still in the Congress. He is the idol of the masses. Yet his influence with them is not similar to that of Gandhi. When Gandhi said the masses should spin, thousands of them took to spinning. When he gave a call for the abolition of untouchability, even the members of the so-called higher castes came forward to propagate the cause of the Harijans. He could fire the enthusiasm and imagination of the people by placing before them great ideals and concrete programmes. With Jawaharlal it is different. Undoubtedly his glamour has increased since the death of Gandhi. He is the Number One man in India today. With all that, he does not carry the Indian masses with him. There is no point in shutting our eyes to it or denying it. People come to see him, hear him and

perhaps to feel him. They will cheer him wildly and occasionally keep quiet when he shouts at them. Beyond that, however, his writ does not run. He cannot bid them do things. Gandhi was of the masses. He ruled their hearts. Jawaharlal only rules their fancy. The masses would never have risen against Gandhi. But if circumstances compel them to take that course, they may not hesitate to treat Jawaharlal even as the Chinese treated Chiang.

Such are the circumstances under which Kripalani is leaving the Congress. He too like Subhas enjoys a reputation for integrity, sincerity and fearlessness. For over three decades he has served the Congress, and through it the country, in a disciplined manner. He joined Gandhi as early as 1917 and never wavered or faltered in his loyalty to him. He stood steadfastly beside his Master. His faith in the principles preached by Gandhi has remained undimmed. If anything, that faith burns brighter today. During the past four years, since his resignation from the Presidency of the Congress, he has been ploughing a lonely furrow in Indian politics. Today, however, he is fast gathering strength both from the generality of people and the rank and file of Congress workers, as well as from other progressive forces. There is little glamour about him. He has not practised the fine art of playing to the gallery. By nature he is accustomed to calling a spade a spade. But he can command the loyalty of his followers as few can do in this country. The allegiance he draws is not based on any power or influence he wields, but flows out of the affection and respect which those who work under him and with him have always for him. He may not be as dynamic as Subhas. But he has his strong points—his courage of conviction and boldness to break new ground. His revolt signifies the revolt of the common man against the tyranny of the Congress Raj. And the revolt of the common man against injustice and oppression is always welcome.

INDIA FOOD EMERGENCY AND AMERICANS

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: Americans who have worked in India in the Christian missionary field have issued this appeal to their fellow citizens here:

"It is hard for many American friends in India to understand the delay in sending grain to help meet the Indian food emergency. They need it so desperately and we can spare it. That would seem argument enough. It should be given as a spontaneous act of goodwill toward a friendly new nation that is planning to follow the democratic way of life.

"We are pouring both money and men into Korea in an effort to stop the spread of Communism. At the same time we are losing an opportunity to prevent a situation in India that will foster the very thing we are fighting in Korea.

"The Government of India is not Communistic. The Constitution adopted in November 1949, promises justice—social, economic and political; liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship; equality of status and opportunity. India has far-reaching plans for the realization of these ideals.

"Now, at the very beginning of India's new national life, a succession of natural calamities in various parts of the country—floods and droughts and untimely rain, locusts and earthquakes—has created a food shortage affecting millions of people. Not only malnutrition with consequent epidemics of disease but actual starvation threatens sections of the country unless help is received speedily. Unless relief is given soon there will be increasing unrest and discontent, and this will be the opportune time for those who so desire to spread the deadly germs of class and race hatred. We should not delay.

"Wheat sent next year will not feed this year's hungry people. Let us send wheat to India now." The American Press as a whole is bewildered by the Prime Minister of India's recent attitude towards the Press in general.

One liberal paper commented thus:

"Mr. Nehru suggests that if the press of the world were to keep quiet for a few months, it would advance the cause of peace. What kind of peace? The 'thousand years' which Hitler proposed? One of his first steps was to insure the silence of the press. The kind of peace that Mussolini would? One of his first steps was to insure the silence of the press. Or the kind of peace that Stalin seems to be striving for? Certainly there is no press to worry him in the Soviet Union or any of its satellites."

Iran Asks "Mexican" Pact

Iran has made a secret offer to settle the sinister oil dispute.

The feeler was put out through U. S. diplomatic channels.

In substance, the proposal amounts to the following: Iran is willing to consider working out a solution similar to the one negotiated by Mexico and U. S. oil companies following the expropriation of their properties. This agreement is known as the 1938 Mexican Settlement of Foreign Claims.

Significance of the secret offer is that it is the first of any kind to come from the inflamed Iranian Government.

For that reason, U. S. authorities strongly favour accepting it as a basis for negotiations. This viewpoint has been forcefully conveyed to London. At the same time, the State Department has suggested a supplementary proposal to Iran.

This is that Supreme Court Justice William Douglas be named impartial arbiter to conduct settlement talks.

As a result of extended tours through Iran the past two summers, the jurist is highly esteemed in all circles there. He is a warm champion of Iranian political and economic independence and his acceptance by Iran as neutral negotiator is considered virtually certain.

The attitude of the British is another matter. Because of his open

friendliness toward Iran and his militant New Deal viewpoint, London may eye Douglas with suspicion.

The matter has been discussed with him informally, and he has expressed willingness to undertake the mission. It would not require his leaving the bench.

(Note: Under the Mexican settlement, the U. S. recognized Mexico's right to expropriate foreign-owned oil properties. In return, Mexico gave U. S. owners a relatively small cash settlement in three payments. The money was obtained by sale of oil from the confiscated properties. The Mexican oil industry is operated by a Government corporation. It does business with U. S. concerns.)

Russia Raising Army Of 'Volunteers'

Russia is secretly organizing a large army of foreign mercenaries.

It will be known as the "People's Volunteer Army," and will consist of 200,000 European and Asiatic satellites.

An estimated 150,000 of these Red legionnaires already are in training in Poland, Romania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Manchuria. In the latter, the force is put at 20,000, composed chiefly of Mongols, North Koreans and indoctrinated Japanese prisoners of war.

The Joint Chiefs believe there is more to this so-called "Volunteer Army" than merely another powerful Communist military force.

On the basis of extensive Intelligence reports, the Joint Chiefs strongly suspect the Kremlin is secretly setting the stage to establish a rival United Nations, and that the "Volunteer Army" will be the International police force of this Red-dominated "World Peace Council."

Margaret Truman's Trip Seen As Auguring Eased Tensions

The Washington Diplomatic Corps is confident that President Truman does not expect any general war this year and that the beginning of a settlement of the Korean war is in sight. One of the elements on which they base their feeling is that Truman would never have permitted his daughter Margaret to visit England, France, Italy, Belgium and Luxembourg now if a relaxation of tension were not imminent.

Washington diplomatic quarters also believe that any Korean settlement at this particular time would be the coup de grace to General MacArthur's pretensions; and they believe that MacArthur has been thoroughly discredited.

There is much admiration among diplomats in Washington and the U. N. for Truman's strategy in letting MacArthur's fellow generals "kill off" the former Far Eastern Commander-in-Chief. Bradley, Collins and Vanderberg—with skilful understatement of their criticism of MacArthur's strategic prowess—have exposed the fact that MacArthur is anything but a military genius. This has been pointed up further by the fact that Gen. Ridgway has proved himself a superior strategist to MacArthur and Gen. Van Fleet a better tactician than MacArthur's lieutenants.

Several Washington diplomats have advised their Foreign Offices that, in their view, Truman now has a definite chance for re-election, and that the Republicans have permitted themselves to be outmanoeuvred and are stuck with MacArthur and the label of a global war party.

MUSIC: ABSOLUTE AND REPRESENTATIONAL

By W. B. R.

FOLK-MUSIC like any folk-art is mainly representational. It is the primitive man's individual or collective reaction to external circumstances in the shape of benevolent or malevolent influence of nature, or expression of personal emotion on festive occasions or on some occasions of loss or grief. At a later stage, art

assumes a more symbolic aspect; art is meant to please, to beguile the hours of hard-earned leisure. Art is mainly decorative in its function. At a further stage of development, the cultured man demands a more intellectualized mode of expression and a technique is elaborated to cater to his fastidious tastes. The highly intel-

lectualized art brings in its turn a reaction; and the emotional and spiritual aspect is emphasized. The history of any art shows similar trends, succeeding one another or sometimes running along parallel lines: representational, decorative, intellectual and spiritual.

A raga is defined as a sequence or combination of appropriate swaras, which when elaborated gives pleasure to the listener. The music represented in the raga exposition (alapana) may be taken to be the type of absolute music. The music of a raga is enjoyed in its own right and not because of its interpretive value, or of its ability to conjure up before the mind's eye a definite picture or to stir up any desired emotion. No doubt at an earlier period in the conception and development of the raga system, certain principal ragas were represented by pictures. Such pictures might have served as visual aids or as pneumonics to the musician of a particular school in the elaboration of ragas. The pictures might have been suggested by mythological or historical anecdotes connected with particular ragas or even by their names; or the picture might have been a device to stir up a particular type of emotional response and later to transfer this response to the raga itself.

Music in its earliest history, being the spontaneous outburst into song by the primitive man in moments of ecstasy, folk-tunes have the distinguishing quality of directly appealing to the heart and unlocking the flood-gates of emotion. But in the course of centuries of refinement, scientific classification and perfection of technique, the emotional significance of music has suffered more and more, and the charm of present day classical music lies in its ability to convey a profound sense of intellectual satisfaction to the cultivated ear. This is true to a greater degree of the classical music of South India. The present scheme of raga classification is based mainly on a scientific and mathematical process of permutations according to certain laws governing fixed, variable and minimum swaras. A raga which is defined by its 'arohana' and 'avarohana' should be capable of being elaborated by definite stages; should present an individuality of its own, distinguishable from every other,

embody a distinct musical idea or mood and present a characteristic design. Though, theoretically, almost an infinite number of 'arohanas' and 'avarohanas' are possible, comparatively a few are developed into ragas and used in musical compositions. The number of ragas brought into currency and embodied in compositions depends on the degree of musical culture prevalent and the refinement of the cultivated ear, so that new beauties may be apprehended in swara combinations which were formerly unpleasant dissonances.

It is doubtful whether a raga when sung produces a definite emotion which may be identified as love, fear, wonder, sadness, as they are understood in every-day experience. It may be true that a few ragas produce definite feelings, but such ragas are those which are nearest to the primitive folk-tunes. Normally the emotional response evoked by a raga cannot be identified as any type of feeling but may be recognised as a vague disposition of the mind or mental colour which may be determined by convention or may vary from listener to listener according to past associations or present mood. Advantage is taken of the power of raga to produce a vague disposition of the mind by the composer of a kriti, and by means of the appropriate language (sahitya) the composer evokes intuitively or otherwise the desired emotional response. It is primarily the language of the composition that calls the particular feeling, while the musical setting or the raga imparts the depth or the chastening quality of art. The relation between the raga and the language (sahitya) of a kriti is often over-emphasized by some scholars. The language of the kritis of Dikshitar, one of the 'trinity' of South Indian music, is relatively non-emotional, and no particular relation can be deduced between the language (sahitya) and the raga of the composition. It is only in the Kritis of Thyagaraja that a parallelism between the language and the raga may be looked for. While the other composers were religious men and devotees of music, Thyagaraja not only accepted music as a mode of religious discipline, but he was primarily a Rama Bhakta; and the emotional fervour that informs his kritis is due to their

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being the outpourings of an agonised soul longing for union with the beloved Rama. The emotional values of the kritis range from extreme joy to despondency of a Bhakta, from defiance to a fit of pique of a lover, and they may not suffer in their appeal, whatever may be the musical set-up; and the charm of the kritis is not a little due to the transfiguring beauty of the soul of the saint.

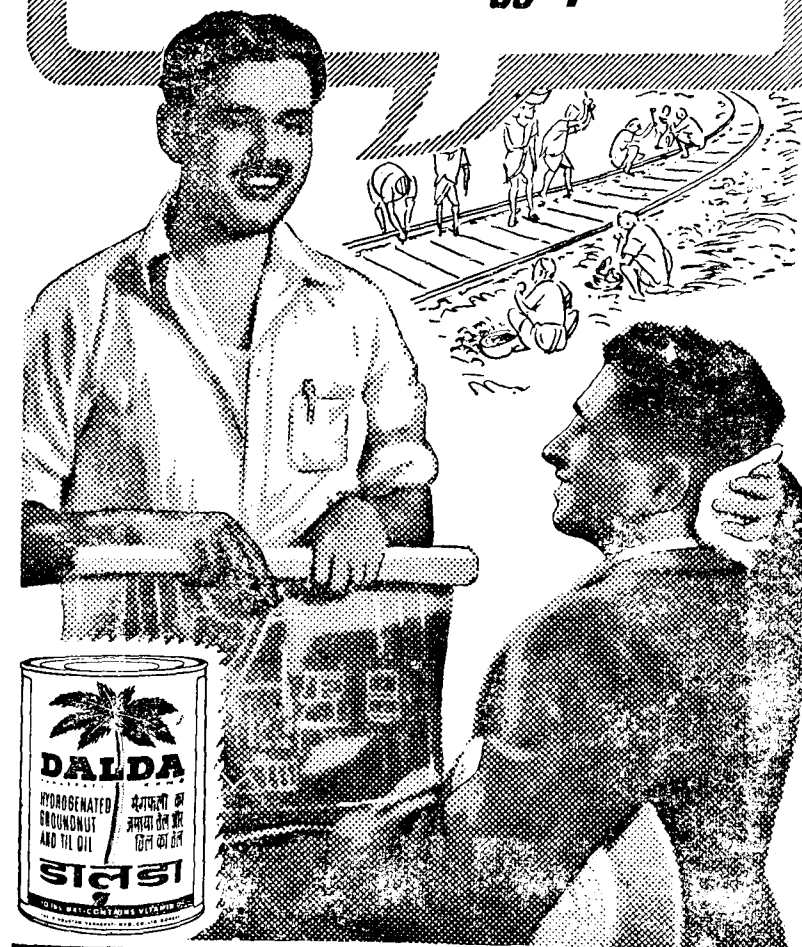
Traditionally, Indian music, and South Indian music in particular, is regarded as a discipline (sadhana) and requires a religious humility and a spiritual bent of mind for its full appreciation. But for the present day artist of the concert hall (sangeeta sabha) music is a profession, and for the concert audience music is a source of refined pleasure. The music sabha enthusiast is not disposed to sense the devotional appeal or the spiritual sublimity of the kritis, which mark the acme of Carnatic music, but is an aesthete who is preoccupied with the non-emotional or abstract elements. The ear is directed to the tala aspect and to swara improvisations. The applause of the audience normally follows a particularly long exercise in swara kalpana culminating in a virtual physical breakdown out of sheer exhaustion. At the end of a successful performance the audience comes out of the hall not so much with a sense of chastened emotional or spiritual experience, but with an appreciation of the technical skills displayed, which marks the stage of decadence in South Indian music.

While the music sabha enthusiast has a fair acquaintance with the science and art of classical music, and affects to understand the "music in music," the large numbers of ordinary men have not the background for an appreciation of classical music. Yet they have a genuine thirst for "music with a meaning," music which is intelligible without the impediment of technique. The ordinary men long for a music which reflects the changing colours of the sky and of the earth, a music which interprets their joys and sorrows, hopes and aspirations. This the classical music denies to them, while the film music partially fulfils their need. It is a fashion among pandits to deplore the lowering standards in classical music and to

attribute this to the corrupting influence of the taste of the uninitiated, or of the music of the films or of the cheaper tunes from the North. The purists fail to diagnose the cause of the malady which is the result of a certain stagnation in South Indian music. Though classical Carnatic music is destined to live for all time as a high achievement in culture, the music of yesterday which grew under the patronage of princes and the elect and in an atmosphere of religious orthodoxy fails to satisfy the needs of today. It is acknowledged that much of the film music in our part of the country is of a low standard, a hotch-potch of shreds from all lands and not racy of the soil, but the popular preference for this music serves to show which way the wind is blowing. A new music which takes fresh inspiration from the rich folk-music of our land and adopting the western technique of orchestration for Indian instruments and treating of themes that have a meaning for the average man has to be brought into vogue; and this requires the thought, understanding and co-operation of the scholars. The new music is not to supplant or even to supplement the classical music, but to provide more channels for the ever widening stream of art.

Classical music is tending to lose its emotional fervour and spiritual values. It is only the abstract non-emotional and intellectual element that calls for appreciation from the elect. The large majority who are music-minded are not attracted by the technique of classical music, but long for a music with meaning, music which appeals to the heart and interprets their thoughts and aspirations. They turn to film music as the next best thing. As the artists of classical music today depend partly on the patronage of the ordinary man, the standards of classical music tend to be lowered. As the scholars scoff at the popular music, the music of the films is tending to become repugnant due to lack of standards. It is necessary, therefore, that scholars should apply themselves to a study of the so-called lighter music to establish standards and impart to it the quality of art. This will raise popular taste and will also serve to preserve the purity of classical music.

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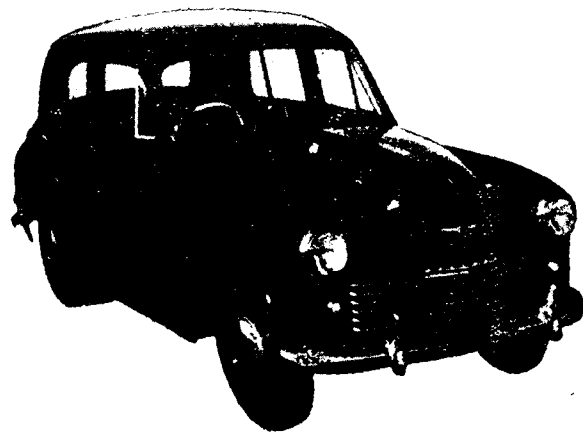
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