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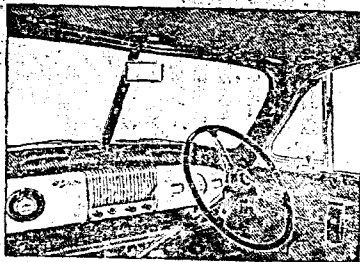


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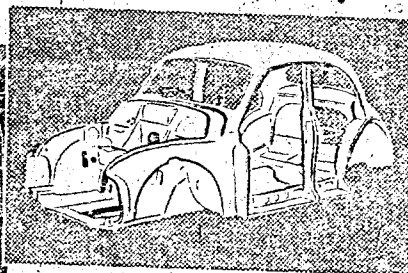
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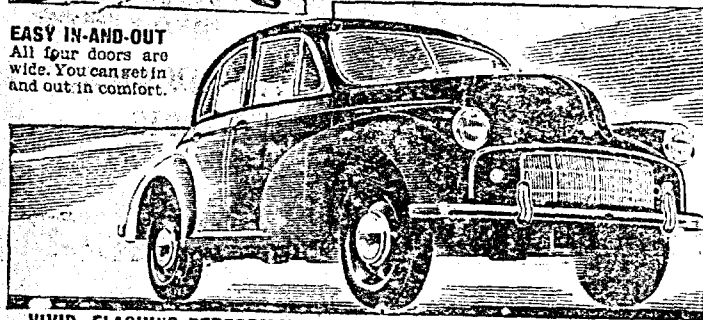


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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI, NO. 20.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1951

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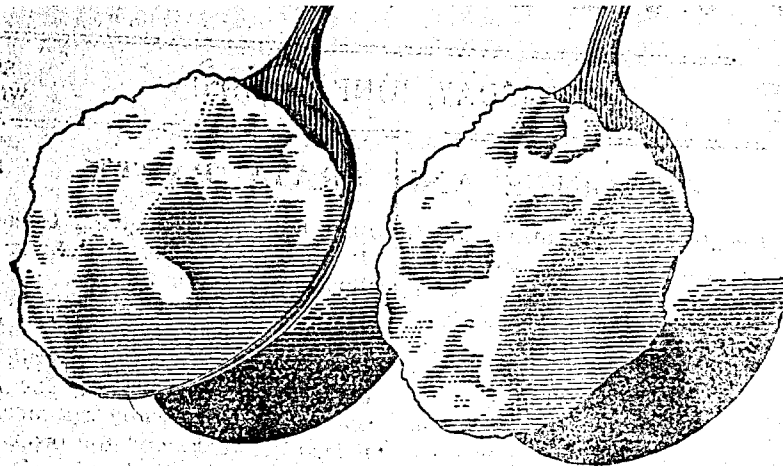
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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1951

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CONGRESS AND PRAJA PARTY

AT the Patna Convention which ushered in the Praja Party, it is reported that the loudest cheers went up for the strongest anti-Government speeches. Popular applause of denunciation of Congress rule is by no means an isolated phenomenon. It has become a common feature of the political situation in practically every State. The failure of ministers to deal successfully with the food famine and the cloth shortage has made the masses disgusted with Congress rule, and official propaganda about the glories of the present regime no longer convinces people, it only enrages them. Ministers are not listened to with the respect that greeted them four years ago at the outset of their administrative adventure. They are heckled. Sensitive to the new atmosphere, the Congress leaders have begun to make themselves scarce in public meetings except in obscure places where large gatherings likely to give trouble need not be expected. They have taken to the press conference and other conferences with restricted admission. Nor is there any lack of police bundobust to emphasise the need of protection of the Congress leaders from the people whose representatives they profess to be and whose votes they proclaim themselves well qualified to receive at the coming elections.

The Praja Party has the advantage of having come into being in response to a felt need of the people to oppose the Congress and if possible get rid of it as the ruling party. The certificates which leaders like Sri Kamaraj Nadar and ministers like Sri Bhaktavatsalam

have been lavishly giving themselves do not dispose of the bitter disillusionment with Congress rule that has become the all-pervasive feature of the political situation of the present. One's own good opinion of oneself is no substitute for public opinion however loudly and repeatedly it may be proclaimed and propagated. It is noteworthy that in the Congress hierarchy itself there are some who are far from blind to the degradation that has overtaken the Congress since its assumption of office. Here is what Pandit Nehru himself said at Patna this week: "Congress was a live organisation during the freedom struggle by reason solely of its high ideals and the enthusiasm that it generated. Today the Congress seems to be shorn of its vitality. Degeneration has definitely set in." Yet in the same breath Pandit Nehru says that "he somehow felt that the Congress remained a mighty force which was destined to bring the country to its goal of happiness and prosperity." How can a degenerate body shorn of its vitality become a mighty force destined to bring national happiness and prosperity? The nimble intellect of the Prime Minister may grapple with this riddle, but not ordinary people who have no impetus for wobbling in conflict of loyalties. There is nothing left in the Congress except Pandit Nehru's leadership, and the moment that leadership is withdrawn the collapse of the Congress would be instantaneous.

The glamour that Pandit Nehru still exercises on millions might give some success to the Congress in the

elections, but that is the sort of success that will pull the Prime Minister down as emptiness alone lies beyond the enthronement for another term of administrative failure. Whether defeated or successful, the Praja Party is the one round which popular hopes would rally, as it would be sharing with the Socialists the purposeful mission of combating an admittedly degenerate administration. In Andhra the Praja Party has the advantage of being guided by a leader of towering eminence with an unrivalled hold on the mass mind. Some of his followers, it is true, are no better than the ministerialists against whom they are arrayed, and the policy of the party itself seems to be too dangerously steeped in the primitive economy of an outworn Gandhism for which modern society, with its intensities of economic strain, has no need. Doubtless the Praja Party will have to move in directions that may not be palatable to its present leaders, if it has to play a significant part in national politics. But at the moment it has rendered an invaluable service to democracy by saving the Congress from the

authoritarianism of having no Opposition to contend with.

College Admissions

IN some of the rules they have framed for admission to colleges, the Madras Government have taken complete leave of commonsense. What has physical fitness to do with admissibility to training as a doctor? Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar is not physically a very impressive figure, but he is one of the best doctors that Madras has ever produced. The association of the vice-chancellors with the selection committees is another doubtful innovation; it is not likely to enhance the integrity of the admissions, as some of them have placed themselves on record as notorious advocates of the communal spirit. The *viva voce* has acquired an evil reputation as a device to counter the assessment of merit through marks in written examinations. It is to be feared the Madras Government's rules will result in just what the Chief Minister promised the Prime Minister not to do, introduce the Communal G. O. by the backdoor after ostentatiously closing the front gate against it.

Sotto Voce

MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN



"THE title to property in a book is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same": such was the theory on which Comberbatch justified his depredations among Elia's tall folios. The *Manchester Guardian* would impound the treasures in the India Office Library on some such

pretext. India wants the Library to be handed over to her now that she is on her own. The astute Mancunian, so apt in the business of the Rialto, has a slick solution. It wants a trust established, representing India, Pakistan and of course Britain. Oriental face would be saved, and Britain would remain in possession.

Of course it is not vulgar grab, you will understand, but disinterested zeal for culture in the best Lancashire tradition of scholarship *cum* thrift. London, being the hub of the universe, is the right place for a Library which scholars from all over the world would wish to consult. Besides,—as an extra reason thrown in for good measure—the Library should on the whole be safer in London than in Delhi. With luck it may survive the next blitz. In India the white ants, far more inexorable than the hordes of Attila, would get it sooner or later.

I read as a small boy a story which must have had a Lancashire locale. A man asked for the loan of a book from a friend's library but was told to come and read it in the library as the books were not for lending. Some time later the book-owner wanted to borrow his friend's bellows and was sweetly informed that he could come and blow them as much as he liked! The Manchester paper goes one better. It wants to keep India's property in London, but would graciously allow Indian scholars to use it if ever they managed to get thus far. If they didn't, well, the world wouldn't be very much the loser,—though, of course, the *M. G.* is too well-bred to say so.

I for one should not be vastly sorry if somebody put an end to the trek of our young hopefuls England-ward for finishing (nice word that!) their Samskrit studies at Oxford or getting inducted into the mysteries of Indology at Whitehall. But it is far more important to trip up the idols with feet of clay at whose shrines our greenhorns offer joss-sticks and genuflections. If Comberbatch *alias* Samuel Taylor Coleridge raided his friend's little store of books, Elia was secretly glad. As the Kaveri overflowing its banks left a rich deposit of silt, so he "returned them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury, enriched with annotations tripling their value." But there is nothing which the Occidental 'Orientalist' touches that he does not disfigure.

Uninspired philology and pseudo-

history in the service of political prejudices have too long been allowed to masquerade as Oriental scholarship. For one Max Muller we have had a host of duds who could not read a Samskrit sloka without difficulty, but spent a life-time counting all the aspirated gutturals in the Vedas and acquiring a monumental reputation among the ignorant. It is to these asses in lion's skin that our university graduates (hoping for a well-lined niche in a Government office) were wont to pay court. Those rare souls who had a true insight into the genius of Samskrit culture—the Woodroffes and the Bains—are barely names to young India, as they flaunted no academic label.

We, the dispossessed, undoubtedly owe to Europe the rediscovery of our heritage. Western scholarship had a historic role to play, and it is our fault if it overstepped its limits. To recognise this and to take the reins into our own hands is not to be ungrateful but to be sensible and loyal to the service of truth. Weber said that Valmiki copied Homer, while some other imbecile said that the Buddha figure was borrowed from Alexandria. The sedulous apes of our universities were mostly content to echo them till other European savants came forward to contradict these absurdities. With no less stupid devoutness does the tribe continue mouthing other glib lies still current.

Ezra Pound told a correspondent who had complained of inaccuracies in his *Propertius*, "My job was to bring a dead man to life, to present a living figure." And the poets of ancient India (and this applies *mutatis mutandis* to the painters, sculptors, *et hoc*) require, even more badly than the poets of ancient Greece, to be delivered of the philologers. They are at two removes from the modern analytical European mind. Besides, Indic scholarship must be pursued in the living context of India, not in a mortuary of books plumb amidst the slums of Soho. India will not go to the Library; perforce the Library must go to India.

VIGNESWARA

DR. S. CHANDRASEKHAR

By E. K. RAMASWAMI

EVEN before the advent of freedom India commanded respect among the free nations of the world through Gandhi and her other eminent sons like Raman, Radhakrishnan, and



Dr. S. Chandrasekhar

Tagore. The latest addition to that galaxy that has won international repute is Dr. S. Chandrasekhar.

An illustrious nephew of an illustrious uncle Sir C. V. Raman, Dr. Chandrasekhar is now the Distinguished Professor of "Theoretical Astro-Physics," University of Chicago. His proud father is ex-Accountant-General C. S. Aiyar, a brilliant mathematician and well known music critic.

At a time when it has become the fashion to send our students abroad for higher studies or invite foreign experts to teach us technical subjects, it is indeed a phenomenon to find a young Indian who is not only holding a distinguished professorship in an American University, but is also considered an authority by the Americans themselves in that branch of Physics in which that country has made great strides.

Forty year old Dr. Chandrasekhar took his honours degree from that

great nursery of scholars, statesman and scientists, the Madras Presidency College. He then went to Cambridge where he worked under the famous physicist Sir Ralph Fowler and obtained his doctorate degree in 1933. For sometime after that he was Visiting Lecturer at Harvard.

In 1937, Dr. Chandrasekhar received his permanent appointment in the University of Chicago. After nine years of brilliant work he was offered the coveted post which he now holds, the Distinguished Professorship in "Theoretical Astro-Physics," University of Chicago. His place of work is Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay which is part of the Astronomy Department of the Chicago University.

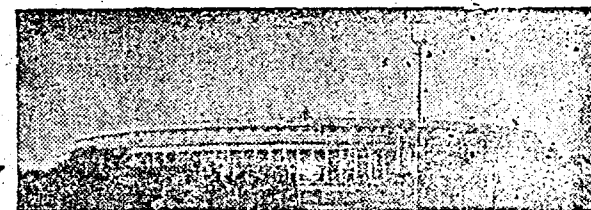
Dr. Chandrasekhar joined his great uncle and other select band of scientists when he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1944. In America he was honoured by being elected a member of the "American Philosophical Society," the oldest scientific academy in America founded by Benjamin Franklin.

It would be difficult to catalogue Dr. Chandrasekhar's achievements in Astro-Physics. Suffice it to mention three of his books "Introduction to the Study of Stellar Structure," "Principles of Stellar Dynamics" and "Radiative Transfer" greatly appreciated by physicists all over the world, which bear testimony to his calibre.

Recently Dr. Chandrasekhar was in India on furlough to see his parents. During his stay in Madras he gave a number of interesting lectures. Those who had not seen him before were surprised to find a handsome well dressed young man with a clear American accent instead of an aged person with a bald head or horn rimmed spectacles, characteristics usually associated with scientists. The audiences were happy to find that like his uncle Dr. Chandrasekhar possessed the ability to explain highly technical subjects in a simple way so as to be understood by the lay man.

Everyone felt proud of Dr. Chandrasekhar and if free India is to progress rapidly we need more Dr. Chandrasekhar.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

KIDWAI SAHEB is merely conducting a friendly war of nerves on Nehru Sahab. If this point is grasped, all his antics become explicable. Kripalani's description of Jawaharlal as his "blood brother" forms part of the Praja Party's plan to win over Panditji to their side. If Kidwai had left the Congress already, there would have been little chance of Pandit Nehru leaving the Congress. For Panditji can face any situation, once the situation presents itself before him. Panditji, however, fights shy of creating a situation. What Kidwai is trying to do is to impress on Panditji the futility of continuing in the Congress organisation when he will be continually isolated—all his political friends having left the Congress and joined the Praja Party or the Socialist Party. Once Panditji sees the light, Kidwai wishes to leave the Congress along with him. Kidwai seems to expect that the Bangalore session of the A.I.C.C. would lead to Panditji's resignation from the Congress.

Jawaharlal Nehru's indecision has been the tragedy of Indian politics during the past twenty years. Nehru, it has been said by his most ardent admirers, can never give a lead. What is worse, he will never follow somebody else's lead. That is why Nehru is not leaving the Congress to join the Praja Party. Nehru knows, however, that once the Congress wins the elections, he may no longer be the chosen leader. The leadership of the Party, like a plug of tobacco, is expected to pass into the hands of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. Rajaji knows his own mind, whereas Panditji does not. Administration under Rajaji would have been more efficient, less corrupt and less nepotistic. In the field of Foreign Policy, it would have been more amenable to Anglo-American influence.

Rajaji has many great qualities. He is capable, sometimes, of being highly impersonal—like a natural force. He has also some very undesirable qualities—suspicion of everybody, attributing mean motives to others' generous actions, and the like. But Rajaji's main defect is that he is completely out of date. He lives in the age of the mechanistic Universe. (He is, of course, familiar with the crisis in Modern Physics, and with Einstein's equations).

Panditji is a Twentieth Century Man—one of the very few of us who are Twentieth Century Men in this country. Panditji's ideas on many subjects are completely woolly. But he is one of the biggest vote-catchers that ever lived. That is why both the Congress Party and the Praja Party are keen on securing his services. The country will gain if the Prime Minister joins the Praja Party. The return of the Congress Party to power would mean collapse of the administration and a revolution of the Left.

Vinoba Bhave (pronounced Bhavay) has been trying to undo Revolution in Telengana by his walking tour. Vinoba is a fanatic; and he is therefore able to perform physical feats in walking. His success in obtaining land from landlords for distribution among the landless is laughable. Some at least of the land is already under the occupation of the labourers. Some more land, which was generously given away, is worthless. It is like the gift of a cow (godan) in our parts. The cow does not give a drop of milk, but consumes quite a bit of fodder.

Vinoba Bhave was sitting in a Railway compartment some months ago. Other passengers tried to get into his compartment, but Vinoba's Secretary would not let anybody in. Vinoba looked on silently. The train was

delayed in the Station for an hour or two. But Vinoba didn't care. He is too big to notice these things.

Vinoba wanted to meet the Correspondent of a Delhi newspaper, who had reported his speeches with great skill and with flattering results. Vinoba therefore sent word to the Managing Editor to send the Correspondent to him because he had something to say. The Correspondent went. He sent word to Vinoba that he was waiting outside his room to be called in. He waited for an hour or two. In the meanwhile it rained and the Correspondent got drenched. But Vinoba was inside chatting of this and that, and kept the Correspondent waiting outside. The Correspondent left in disgust. Vinoba complained to the Managing Editor that the Correspondent was discourteous to him! Such is the Gandhian Vinoba.

Vinoba is, however, an intelligent man. He knows many languages. He spoke to me in Telugu, and to my Bengali friend in Bengali. When he is not indulging in his antics, he is worthy of our attention. He said, in the course of his tour of Hyderabad, that the Congress was no longer fit to serve the country. He declared that no honest man could remain in the Congress. He even thought that the Socialist Party was perhaps better fitted to do service to the country than the Congress Party. These are indeed fine sentiments. They are hundred per cent correct.

The Praja Party pretends to subscribe to the Gandhian Programme cent per cent. The Mahatma was essentially an anarchist. His programme cannot therefore form part of the policies of any modern Government. The Mahatmic ideas are at best suited to a political party in the days of its struggle for independence for the country. Prof. Ranga's plea for the removal of controls altogether is in accordance with the Gandhian principles, but the Party rightly refrained from coming out with a declaration favouring the abolition of controls.

Prof. Ranga did well by coming out of the Convention at Patna. There is no point in converting the Praja Party into a mere platform where persons holding diametrically opposite

views can make speeches. Prof. Ranga is in favour of our foreign policy being tied to the apron strings of the Anglo-American foreign policy. We may not have minded his wanting our foreign policy, to be tied down to British foreign policy (although, even that is objectionable). But British foreign policy is pitifully tied to the apron-strings of American foreign policy. To follow the Professor's suggestion would be to get involved in a terrible mix-up, and possibly in the next war, if and when it comes.

The best foreign policy for us is the one advocated and adopted by Pandit Nehru. The danger now is that by allowing things to drift, as is his wont, Pandit Nehru may unwittingly find himself in American waters.

One of the best instances of furthering Pandit Nehru's foreign policy occurred recently, when M. K. Narayan of the Indian Foreign Service married Maw Tin Tin, a Burmese student of the Delhi School of Social Work, who took her post-graduate degree last year. Narayan was Second Secretary at our Embassy in Burma a year ago. His marriage, of course, was not a policy-marriage but a love-marriage. Narayan and Usha (as she has been now named) are shortly proceeding to Tokyo, where Narayan has been posted.

A number of our diplomat-friends are being transformed from Delhi, both from our own Foreign Office and from the various Foreign Missions in the Capital. Tin Maung Gyi, who was Charge d'Affaires of the Burmese Embassy, is going off to Indonesia as Permanent Charge d'Affaires. U Nyun has already left for Calcutta as Burmese Consul. Both Tin Maung Gyi and U Nyun possess an exceptional sense of humour. It was through their friendship that I discovered that the Chinese were not the only people in Asia to possess a sense of humour.

Another friend who is leaving us is M. Ratnasiri Perera of the Ceylon High Commission. He is going to London as First Secretary. Perera is a scholar of Sanskrit and Pali, and has specialized in Buddhism. He was therefore greatly in demand as a speaker at the meetings arranged by various cultural organizations of Delhi.

UNITED NATIONS STILL AT SEA ON KOREAN WAR

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Although it now appears certain that neither side can drive the other out of Korea under the present "ground rules," prospects for an early cease-fire appear to be diminishing.

This is paradoxical, for in most wars the development of a stalemate produces a mutual desire for a cease-fire, if nothing more.

But the climate necessary to start negotiating a cease-fire is much less favourable now because of the recent stiffening of the United States position and Russia's withdrawal of its round-about peace proposals.

Although General MacArthur and the Joint Chiefs of Staff have publicly stated their belief that the Communists cannot be driven out of North Korea under the present "ground rules," the State Department continues to take no interest in Soviet peace moves that became known last month, or at least to deny their authenticity.

Why the Soviet Union made the overtures is not clear, but some delegates who know Jacob A. Malik well are convinced that he and his superiors have been greatly impressed and disturbed by the Washington testimony. This, they said, showed that while United States leaders were divided about the details, they were unanimous in their belief that the United States must fight the Soviet Union if Soviet aggression continues.

It may be, these delegates say, that if war comes the Kremlin would rather have it start in Asia, but they believe that the Kremlin is tempted every now and again to pull in its horns. As for Mr. Malik's subsequent denial of any and all peace moves, they believe that disapproval by the Peiping Government, which is now pressing the Kremlin for more help, was primarily responsible.

In any event, the following proposals for a cease-fire, listed in the order of their attractiveness to the

Communist side, are now before the United Nations:

(1) Communist China's proposal for the immediate withdrawal of the foreign "aggressors," the award of Formosa to the Peiping Government, and Peiping's admittance to the United Nations. This, it need hardly be said, has never received any consideration by non-Communist countries.

(2) The five principles approved by the Political and Security Committees of the General Assembly last January, with the United States voting in favour. These provided for a cease-fire under United Nations supervision, to be followed by a conference at which an undisclosed number of countries, but including specifically the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union and Communist China, would meet to decide the status of Formosa and China's representation in the United Nations. The United States delegation says it will no longer support the conference provision, since it was rejected at the time by Communist China.

(3) The cease-fire offer by the United States of Dec. 15, which, according to Mr. Acheson, was drafted by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This provided for a demilitarised zone twenty miles deep, the southern boundary of which would rest on the Thirty-eighth Parallel—but otherwise would leave the Communists in control of North Korea. Also, a United Nations commission to observe compliance with the cease-fire would have the right to go freely to any part of Korea. According to the American delegation, this is still acceptable.

Barring some completely unexpected development, it would seem that if a cease-fire is eventually arranged it will be on the basis of the Thirty-eighth Parallel—as was suggested indirectly by the Soviet Union last month.

It is more than doubtful whether the Communists would ever agree—

short of a wholesale debacle—that a United Nations commission should have unrestricted rights of travel in North Korea. It may be found possible, however, to devise a system that would be acceptable to them while still containing safeguards necessary for the protection of United Nations forces.

Morse Opens War On China Lobby

President Truman can now have, if he really wants it, an investigation of what many observers believe to be the real enemy of his foreign policy in the Far East, the China Lobby.

Senator Morse opened the way for it following his cross-examination of Secretary of State Acheson in the MacArthur inquiry.

"Mr. Secretary, I now serve notice," the Senator said, crisply, "that in my next round of questions I shall attempt to elicit from you whatever information the State Department and other files show about what I understand is powerfully at work in America—the China lobby."

"Oh! Oh!" sang out Senator Mc Mahon. "What's that? What's that?" chimed in Sen. Wiley, Wisconsin colleague of Sen. McCarthy, whose charges of Communism in the State Department were admittedly aided by Alfred Kohlberg, the New York importer who is one of the pillars of the China lobby. Kohlberg appeared here only last week as impressario of the press conference for the Navy lieutenant who was disciplined for his intemperate attacks on the government.

Chairman Russell banged his gavel and Acheson smiled.

It is now up to the President. The structure and personnel of the China lobby have been one of the abiding mysteries of our time, but the effort put forth for Chiang and the strange immunity his votaries enjoy from questions about their operations speak for themselves. So does the hatchet work done on the Secretary of State.

What is interesting is not just that the charge has been made but that the Truman Administration, besieged and battered as it is by Nationalist China supporters, has never chosen to ventilate it, nor has Congress. The main question still is: What policy toward China, sentiment and lobbies

aside, will best serve the national self-interest?

"Hands Off Iran," Voters Demand

The U. S. should follow a strictly "hands off" policy in the Iranian oil crisis is the opinion of American voters sufficiently well informed to know what the current trouble there is about.

About one-third know what the present trouble is between the British and the Iranian governments over a recent law to nationalize the rich and powerful Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.; that is, turn over its control to the Iranian government. The majority opinion of this latter group is that the U. S. should do nothing about the controversy.

The issue is of considerable international significance because among other things, it may serve as a test of how closely Britain and the U. S. work together in world affairs.

Miss Liberty's Bad Day In Court

In affirming the conviction of the Communist leaders a majority of the Supreme Court has upheld the infamous Smith Act. We believe the bold dissenting opinions of Justices Douglas and Black will be reverently remembered long after the tortured phrases of Chief Justice Vinson (and the uneasy, agonized concurrences of Justices Frankfurter and Jackson) have been repudiated and forgotten.

Let there be no misunderstanding about the meaning of the decision. At stake was the issue of whether, under our Constitution, men may be punished for mere advocacy of inflammatory ideas. The Communist chiefs were not convicted of serving as foreign agents, which is the only unchanging idea in the modern Communist book. They were not convicted of acts of espionage and sabotage, for which adequate legal penalties exist. They were convicted of conspiring to teach and advocate the overthrow of the U. S. government by force and violence. That is the verdict which the high court has sustained.

To justify the decision Chief Justice Vinson was compelled to write his own perversion of the "clear and present danger" concept. The Communist conspiracy, he said, has "created a 'clear and present dan-

ger' of an attempt to overthrow the government by force and violence." The weasel words are unworthy of a Chief Justice. He does not seriously contend that Communist propaganda has created the peril of an imminent uprising in the U. S. A. Not even the government prosecutors tried to prove that the inept handful of American Communists is capable of staging a serious upheaval in the foreseeable future. If his opinion means anything, Vinson can only be saying that the Communist leaders may legitimately be jailed because their words and music embody hope of insurrection on some distant day.

Under that doctrine any radical sect, no matter how small and ineffectual, may be prosecuted for circulating grim thoughts and dreaming of Der Tag.

We prefer to stand with Justice Douglas' wiser words: "free speech—the glory of our system of government—should not be sacrificed to anything less than plain and objective proof of danger that the evil advocated is imminent."

Eisenhower May Succeed Acheson

President Truman has let it be known that he would like Gen. Eisenhower to become Secretary of State. Now that Dean Acheson has so successfully defended himself, he is said to be about to retire and rest on his laurels. Washington talk is that

Acheson thoroughly enjoyed himself when testifying before the Senate committees. The diplomatic corps was impressed by his skilful performance. Truman is further reported willing to see to it that Eisenhower gets the Democratic nomination for President if he accepts the post of Secretary of State. This is said to be the only alternative to Truman's running again himself.

H-Bomb One Year Away

It can be stated that three things were positively established at the recent atomic tests in the Pacific:

(1) The U. S. now knows how to construct an H. bomb. All doubts as to the feasibility of that have been dissipated. The cataclysmic new weapon will be a reality within a year.

(2) The U. S. has an A-bomb that is at least five times more powerful than any ever exploded before. But fabulously destructive as it is, the H-bomb will be 100 times more so.

(3) Army engineers have developed two different types of shelters that will withstand the blast of "regular" A-bombs but NOT the newest weapon.

Their nature cannot be disclosed, but a number of firings took place at this testing. The most terrible explosion scorched to a black cinder everything, including rocks, in an area of approximately 10 square miles.

A TRIP TO NEW DELHI

By V. G. NAIR

BY train it takes about fortyfive hours to reach Delhi from Calcutta. But this long distance could be covered in seven hours by air. Leaving Dum Dum Airport at about eight in the morning, my Dakota rose 10,500 feet above ground flying over thick concentrations of clouds. It looked like silvery carpets spread in a reception room. For a considerable time, nothing was visible down below because of the fastly moving clouds. With plenty of bumpings en route, the plane reached Palam Aerodrome at about 2.30 P.M. On the way, it landed at Patna, Banaras, and Allahabad. When compared to railway journey, air travel is exceedingly comfortable. The risk involved is amply repaid by

quicker transportation. In a bad cloudy weather, the responsibility of the captain in piloting the plane is very grave. More so during thunder storms and lightnings. Our Indian air crew have grown into tough guys in beating out fair or foul weather. It shows how far India has progressed in air transport and in air navigation.

Our Central Cabinet Ministers are extremely busy in these days. They are always in the air. On my onward journey, I travelled with a Ministerial party; and while returning I sat right in the midst of good old Bihar Ministers.

Here is a noteworthy feature of my travel experiences. Russian propaganda was much in evidence both at

the capital and at Calcutta. Communist literature was sold like hot cakes at important thoroughfares. A handy volume on Generalissimo Stalin could be bought for annas five. One would get all about the Communist Party of Russia in a neat little volume for annas two only! Communist literature is very cheap and every one is attracted by the neat get-up and printing of the books. Most of these little volumes are printed on art paper. The Moscow binding is decorative. The publication of these books is subsidised by the Soviet Embassy and Tass. Compared to American, British, and Indian publications, the Russian publications are ten times cheaper. Here is a lesson to those who spend millions on building temples. If they could only subsidise some of the Indian publications particularly on religion and ethics, circulate them at a cheaper price so as to make them reach every home in India, they would also have exactly as wide a sale as the Russian books on Communism. The Government of India should subsidise publications on Gandhiji, Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad, Subhas Chandra Bose, Jai Prakash Narain, Sarojini Devi, Aurobindo, Vivekananda, Ramakrishna and other saints of India. Books should be published and circulated at a much cheaper price in important regional languages explaining the teachings of the Gita, the Upanishads and our Vedic culture. Literature on Indian culture and about our peace aims should also be distributed in foreign countries through the Indian Embassies.

The most unforgettable character I met at Birla Mandir, New Delhi, was a South American. A short man

beaming with intelligence, our friend from Latin America came to India on a pilgrimage some two years ago. He could hardly converse in English, but could speak well in French and Spanish. With a small travelling kit he has travelled all over India by train and by foot. He has understood the spirit of Gandhi and Indian culture. He was about to visit Kedarnath and Badrinath. He took to vegetarian food after coming to India. A lone pilgrim from far off Latin America, Mr. George, that was the name he gave me, was really in the footsteps of Hsuang Tsang. He is not so wise and learned as our old Master of the Law from China, but the object of his coming to India was to see her holy places. On his return home, he said, he would organise rural reconstruction societies and preach the ideals of universal peace according to Gandhian teachings.

The main talk in Delhi circles was about the coming general elections. Everybody wanted a change, but everybody sat in darkness as to how this change should come in the best interests of the country. Despite the concentration of Congress rebels threatening a clean-up in the Congress stables, many thought that our national affairs would not be managed in a better way by a new Government without Nehru and some of his trusted colleagues in the present Cabinet. Nehru is still the idol of the masses. Despite the many shortcomings of the present Government, Nehru is destined to lead the country in any Government formed after the general elections. This is the prevailing opinion not only at Delhi but also at Calcutta.

HAMMER AND PLOW FOR THE PEN

In Bucharest, not long ago some 200 young writers met to discuss the problems of their craft. Most had but recently changed their plow or hammer for the pen. Some are already recognized as promising talents. Here are a few:

Costin Hancu, poet, was stable boy on a nobleman's estate. In 1944 he came to Bucharest to work in a factory. His poetry soon gained the attention of the literary circle in the Romanian capital. Now his work is known to readers of the nation's papers and magazines.

Costanta Tudorache, day laborer, has written poems revealing great talent. She is now a committee member of the Writers' Union of Romania.

Siara Hanibal, novelist, did quarry work on the Danube-Black Sea Canal.

Vasile Iosif, oil worker, and Zaharia Rachie, hotel worker and night watchman, have both published poetry.

TRYGVE LIE: SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE U. N. O.

By GEOFFREY BOCCA

CAUGHT in the middle of international pressures, prides and prejudices, Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations, symbolizes the problems of a world in which nothing is what it seems.

Lie is regarded by the Russians, in their own words, as an "agent of Wall Street." Until the Korean war began many in the U. N. suspected he was a Soviet agent. Some of the critics among delegates and journalists say he is naive, and tries to make his job look more important than it is. Others say abruptly that he is a fool. To millions of ordinary people who look despairingly to the U. N. as the hope of peace, Lie is a symbol, a great statesman, speaking for the world.

Actually, Lie is none of these things. He is better than most of his critics give him credit for, without being the saint many would like to imagine him. He is vain and sometimes acts foolishly but, rightly or wrongly, he refuses to accept that idea that, as Secretary-General, he should be seen and not heard. He first intervened to voice an opinion in the Iranian dispute in 1946; old-time diplomats were shocked.

When Marshal Tito broke with the Kremlin and sent some of his smartest men to Lake Success to get Yugoslavia a seat on the all important Security Council, Lie feared Russia might walk out of the U. N. and lobbied furiously in secret to keep the Yugoslavs out. This was bitterly resented by the U. S. and Britain, but Lie felt that the unity of the U. N. were more important than the immediate rights of Yugoslavia. In the end, the Yugoslavs were squeezed in, and Russia did not walk out.

Lie's next intervention was more spectacular. In April 1950, he set off on a tour of Washington, London, Paris and Moscow to seek out a basis of agreement among the major powers. In Prague a rowdy group of Communist reporters tried to break up his press conference by asking silly ques-

tions and sniggering whenever he spoke, but beginners like these were easy meat for the old labour campaigner, and his succinct summing-up of their characters completely silenced them. In Moscow, he met Stalin, who was courteous, but non-committal.

Until June it seemed that, by treading impartially on everybody's corns in turn, Lie would somehow or other be approved to carry on his job for another five years beyond Feb. 1, 1951. But near midnight on Saturday, June 24, the telephone rang in the study of his home. Calling from Washington was John Hickerson, assistant secretary of state in charge of U. N. affairs; he told Lie that North Korea had invaded South Korea.

The news made Lie forget the abscessed tooth that had been worrying him for days. At the Lake Success office next morning he found a grave message waiting for him from the U. N. Commission in Seoul: "Serious situation developing which is assuming character of full-scale war and may endanger peace and security."

Lie then made a historic decision. By the terms of the U. N. charter, the Secretary-general is empowered to bring to the security council any matter he thinks is a threat to international peace and security. On that Sunday morning Lie used this weapon for the first time and summoned the security council for the same afternoon. At 2.30 he informed the security council of the war situation and aid to South Korea was approved. From then on, Lie was on Russia's blackest list, where he has remained ever since. It was mainly Russian opposition that shortened Lie's renewal of office to three years.

He was slightly shaken, but otherwise unwithered by the venom of Moscow's abuse. "I am used to being called names by Moscow," he told a friend. "As for Korea, they call that a 'provoked aggression.' I am an old hand at that sort of thing. In modern times the aggressor is always 'pro-

voked. It happened in my country, Norway in 1940. The Germans said they came to liberate us from the British and French."

The invasion of Norway always influences Lie's mind, because from that date he stopped being a local politician and became a statesman of international stature. He was born in a suburb of Oslo in July 16, 1896, gained his B.A. at Oslo university.

When the Germans invaded Norway he was minister of commerce, shipping and supply. He was the last of King Haakon's ministers to leave Oslo, staying behind for several risky hours burning papers and wrapping up the business of the fleeing government. When he finally fled, the Germans had already entered Oslo. In Britain, Lie, first in charge of Norway's vital merchant navy and then as foreign minister, became the most important man in the Norwegian government.

In 1945 the world struggled to its knees and started to dust itself off, from the war. When the United Nations met in London to choose officials and plan the new structure, it was agreed that the top executives should come from small countries, and Lie was adopted unanimously.

The big powers deliberately planned to make the secretary-general a man of considerable power. Authority for him to take personal action against aggression was written into the charter. They also gave him a tax-free salary of \$20,000 a year, plus \$20,000 a year expenses, making the man in the office one of the best paid in the world. Even more interesting was the \$10,000 a year pension for life which the secretary-general was to get; it was to keep him from using his inside knowledge after retirement.

It was not long before the United Nations started splitting at the seams. In fact, it began at that very session in London.

"I was stunned," Trygve Lie admitted later. "Here were the victorious allies banded together in a world organization dedicated to peace, and they were fighting among themselves almost before the last shot had died away. I looked from one face to the other and asked myself: 'Where are the great men? Where are the great statesmen who will save this thing?'"

The world crisis deepened. Lie tried inviting antagonists to thrash out differences privately in his house, and this was sometimes successful. His parties, were always excellent, even though the Russians delayed accepting until the last minute, and sometimes did not turn up at all.

Lie is not the same man he was in 1945. He walks with less bounce. He is more badtempered with his assistants, though he never bears a grudge. For the first time in a lifetime of sound sleeping he is knowing occasional insomnia. The constant attacks on him have had their effect. Instead of tackling problems, fearlessly, he has become overcautious. Even when he gets a bold, imaginative idea, he is almost apologetic about presenting it.

Said a friend: "Trygve Lie is too proud to say this in his own defence, but his critics forget one thing. For years he has been a pioneer in tasks of worldwide importance. He has never had the support of a precedent, a tradition or an accepted formula. Always he has had to carve the way blindly. It is bound to tell on a man."

But Lie enjoys his job and will carry on as long as he can. He is still spared the greatest of all problems—a third world war. He remains hopeful for the U. N. for the world and for himself. "I have been called a reactionary, and I have been labelled a red devil," says Lie. "But I don't care—as long as the attacks come from all sides, it is hopeful.—NMF."

RAFI AHMED KIDWAI—MYSTERY MAN OF CONGRESS

By SHYAMA CHARAN KALA

THE only Muslim leader with a large Hindu following, Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai is the most discussed politician in India today. His tight-rope political dancing impresses and baffles people. How does he reconcile his steadfast loyalty to Pandit Nehru with his open support to Acharya Kripalani, the arch-rebel, is a question which is being asked everywhere.

The cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers, Mr. Kidwai is being praised and damned. He minds neither the panegyrics of his followers nor denigration by his foes, for he knows well that in politics it pays to hold the centre of the stage. He welcomes bouquets and brickbats with sublime impartiality.

Generally, Mr. Kidwai is regarded as a mystery man, "a riddle inside an enigma." His unpredictability has become proverbial. Not even his trusted lieutenants know how his mind works. Instinctive appreciation of a situation rather than cool rational thinking guides his action.

There are few political pies in which he has no finger. Men and women to him are mere pawns on the chess board of politics. He regards them as allies or adversaries or neutrals and takes delight in using them as instruments to further his designs. He has no rigid likes or dislikes. The enemies of today, he realises, may be the comrades-in-arms of tomorrow. He, therefore, cultivates friendly relations even with people who may have bitched him in the back. His house is literally a guest house. He enjoys playing the host to all sorts of men. Celebrities and obscure people struggling for recongnition, the rich and the poor, idealists and political adventurers, are all welcome.

Mr. Kidwai sees scores of visitors every day. It is they who do the talking; he patiently listens. But his silence does not breed silence. It invites people to think aloud. They lay their heart bare before him. And he makes deadly use of the information he gathers.

Essentially a man of the world, Rafi Saheb—as he is affectionately known to his admirers—does not hesitate to make use of starry-eyed idealists, dreamers and visionaries to achieve ends which are of the earth earthy. He attracts, and is attracted to, people like Nehru who fly on the wings of poesy. His friendship with the Prime Minister is an example of extremes meeting in life.

As a man who is practical to his finger-tips, Rafi Saheb refuses to bother himself about employing good means to achieve good ends. He sets his heart on an objective and seeks to achieve it by fair and not so fair means. He is nothing if not unorthodox. When he was Home Minister in U. P., he made rich landlords finance the *National Herald*, which advocated, root and branch, abolition of the zamindari system. He will not, one may presume, shrink from fleecing capitalists to help in establishing a government of the Left.

Like most Congress leaders, Rafi Saheb is a child of the Gandhian era. Attracted to Congress politics while at college, he gave some anxious moments to his father, a zamindar, when he roused his tenants against the practice of forced labour. In 1921 he courted imprisonment. While in jail, he came in clash with the authorities. The British Superintendent, during a hot discussion with young Rafi, had the audacity to hit him with a baton. U. P.'s future Home Minister was not slow in returning the compliment.

After his release, he became Private Secretary to Pandit Motilal Nehru. At Allahabad were laid the beginnings of his friendship with Pandit Nehru which has survived the stress and strain of temperamental differences. Rafi Saheb is one of the few Congress leaders who treat the Prime Minister on terms of absolute equality.

It is difficult to sum up Rafi Saheb's political philosophy. Though he is indifferent to ideas and ideologies, he

SOVIET WOMEN ARE PROUD OF THEIR FIGURES!

On International Women's Day, March 8, Soviet women checked their weight on the scales of their socialist society. Results:

More than 380,000 women engineers and technicians....60,000 women scientific workers in universities and scientific research institutes....399 awarded Stalin Prizes in science, invention, literature....945,000 teachers....191,000 doctors....70 bearers of top Order "Hero of the Soviet Union"....1,988, "Heroes of Socialist Labour."

leans to the left of the Centre. He is never tired of saying that Muslims are leftists by temperament. They thrive on extremes.

Vaguely anti-capitalist and anti-landlord, Rafi Saheb sympathises with the under-dog. No Marxist, he flirted with the Reds in U. P. and used them as a counter-weight against Socialists. As Home Minister, he, much to the chagrin of the Home Secretary, refused to take action against a violently anti-government weekly run by the Reds in Allahabad. Not many knew that the Minister was financing the paper against which the Home Secretary was urging action.

Perhaps the ablest administrator in the country, Rafi Saheb believes in getting things done. When Kashmir was invaded, he got the Delhi-Srinagar tele-communications link, forged in record time.

He believes that hurry does not make curry. When he piloted the U. P. Zamindari Abolition Bill in the U. P. Assembly, the landlords resorted to delaying tactics. Rafi Saheb was not found wanting. He countered filibuster by resurrecting the guillotine and the kangaroo, legislative devices used to circumvent obstruction by the Opposition.

His contempt for procedural conventions is well-known. At the U. P. Secretariat he encouraged minor fry, a mere Superintendent who enjoyed his confidence, to approach him directly, bypassing senior I.C.S. officials.

Firm as an administrator, he takes decisions quickly and sticks to them whatever the consequences may be. He is not afflicted with double-mindedness from which flow many of the Prime Minister's weaknesses.

Rafi Saheb is jealous of his privileges. When he was Home Minister in the first Congress Government in U. P., he challenged the right of the Inspector-General of Police, an Englishman, to see the Governor without having secured the Minister's permission. The matter assumed importance when the Governor supported the Inspector-General of Police. Rafi Saheb threatened to resign. Ultimately he solved the crisis by forcing the police chief to resign.

Rafi Saheb loves to fish in the

troubled waters of elections. In 1939 he supported Subhas Bose against Dr. Pattabhi Seetaramayya, whose candidature for the Congress Presidency was supported by the High Command. Ten years later, he espoused Dr. Pattabhi's cause against Mr. P. D. Tandon. Many well-informed people regard him as the man responsible for Dr. Pattabhi's victory. Last year he put his heart and soul into Acharya Kripalani's election campaign. If Sardar Patel had not lent the support of the administrative machinery to Mr. Tandon, the Acharya might have won comfortably.

Rafi Saheb's capacity to raise funds has a touch of genius about it. He waves a magic wand, as it were, and money flows into his coffers. A story, an authentic one, is related here. When he was running the Congress election campaign in U. P., an organiser from a key constituency approached him for Rs. 30,000 for election expenses. Rafi Saheb was himself in financial difficulties, but with his characteristic bland nonchalance he told the organiser that he would get the sum next day. In the meantime, Rafi Saheb thought of a stratagem. Two leading zamindars, the Nawab of Yusuf and the Nawab of Chhatari, he knew, were interested in getting each other defeated by the Congress. He exploited this circumstance in his characteristically brilliant fashion. He phoned to the Nawab of Chhatari, informing him that as the Congress was short of funds it had no option but to withdraw its candidate against Nawab Yusuf. The Nawab of Chhatari, who was alarmed at the prospect of Nawab Yusuf being returned unopposed to the Assembly, told Rafi Saheb that he need not worry about money and that the Congress candidate against Nawab Yusuf should not be withdrawn. Chhatari was as good as his word. He sent a cheque for Rs. 15,000. Rafi Saheb similarly phoned to Nawab Yusuf, telling him that the Congress, which could not afford to run the election campaign against Chhatari, would be compelled to withdraw its candidate. Nawab Yusuf, who would have loved to celebrate Chhatari's defeat, promptly offered to finance the Congress campaign if Rafi Saheb did not withdraw the Congress candidate. Another

Rs. 15,000 flowed into the coffers of the Congress.

Rafi Saheb has never associated himself with any Muslim organisation. He ostentatiously refused to attend the Muslim Convention held at Lucknow in 1948 which was sponsored by Nationalist Muslims. All his trusted lieutenants and his Private Secretaries are Hindus.

Rafi Saheb's family life has been sad in a sense. He has no children. His only daughter died years ago. He has a large number of nephews and nieces in whose welfare he takes paternal interest. He is greatly attached to his birthplace Masauli, 30 miles from Lucknow. He always celebrates Id there.

SRI PRAKASAM IN HYDERABAD

From A Correspondent

HYDERABAD: The large crowds that gathered to listen to Sri Prakasam's woeful tale of the "misdeeds" of the Madras ministers and Congressmen in general, indicated that even the people of Hyderabad, who have been under a Congress regime partially for a year, are fed up with the present sad situation. He was heard with respect and attention and his denunciation of the Congress High Command drew pointed applause. Nothing that he said evoked greater response from the audience than what he called "the worst crime of the Congress High Command in rejecting a judicial enquiry into the conduct of certain Madras Ministers" and the "treachery" of the former Congress President and one of the present General Secretaries.

The Congress organisation of today, had ceased to be the real Congress. Therefore his resignation from the Congress was only technical. It was for the wrong-doers to quit the Congress, Sri Prakasam said. His remedy for the present ills was to "pull down" the Ministers who had betrayed the people and not to return the corrupt and the inefficient in the General Elections. He wanted unity of all the Opposition forces to defeat the Congress, which had degenerated into a body of "power-mongers, black-marketeers and permit-givers." He

Rafi Saheb is a poor speaker. Nobody remembers having heard him addressing a meeting. His devotion to his Gandhi cap is almost fetishistic. One cannot visualise him without his Gandhi cap.

Rafi Saheb, who nourished the Congress with his life-blood when it pursued revolutionary aims, has for some years been encouraging revolts against it. His followers in the U. P. Assembly crossed the floor last year and formed the People's Congress. Now he is the chief collaborator of Acharya Kripalani. There is tragic irony in the fact that Rafi, one of the architects of the Congress, is busy destroying it.

cautioned the people not to barter away their votes for "permits or bus routes."

Asked about the performance of four Congress Ministers of Hyderabad, Sri Prakasam said with his characteristic punch that they were nominated Ministers and had little power. If responsible Ministers with full powers behaved irresponsibly, it was futile to expect anything better from Hyderabad Ministers.

Speaking about the Madras Press at a Press Conference, Sri Prakasam paid a compliment to Swatantra and said: "In spite of the best efforts of the Madras Government to suppress the journal, Swatantra has kept its flag flying. One Minister had gone to the extent of declaring on the floor of the Assembly his intention to suppress this journal."

Sri Prakasam is full of energy in spite of his ripe age of 80. He spoke for four hours together at the public meetings. He succeeded in creating an atmosphere favourable to the organisation of a strong opposition to the Congress in the State. But one doubts if there is the right type of leadership to back him up in Hyderabad. It is for some stalwart from the Congress who believes in Gandhian ideology in the real sense of the term, to come out and lead the opposition.

AS SPENDER SEES IT:

IN "WORLD WITHIN WORLD"

CHRISTOPHER FRY writing in *World Review* about his own verse-play "The Lady is not for Burning" asks: "But why poetry?" and himself answers: "Well, if we have to be born into a world as wildly unprosaic as this one is, what else can be done, if we mean to be realistic?"

Fry is not just being clever. He very often is in his plays. But not here. Here he is being factual. Ours is an age "wildly unprosaic" and it asks for poetry to express itself. When we think of our dirty cities with their forgotten sunsets, the noise of our factories drowning the song of the birds, the rush and hurry of our lives leaving us no time "to stand and stare at beauty's glance" it has become fashionable to describe ourselves and our age as drab and unromantic. And tradition has it poetry is glamour, and romance. But it is not so. Literature often merely presents the spirit of the times. It may be an acceptance of that spirit, or a revolt against it; a feasting on things present or a thirsting for things past or to be. To be. That is our cue. More than ever before in history our age witnessed a giant awakening among the peoples of the world. A civilization in decay is not a new theme for literature. But in the past the thinkers and creative artists who diagnosed the symptoms waited for a cure, longed for a return to the times when life was less complicated and the ills simpler and so easier to forget. This is an attitude as pathetic as the desire of the adolescent who wants to get back into his mother's womb. In fact "infantile regression" as Caudwell cruelly describes it. What was born new in the 1930s was the hope that had arisen that this decaying civilization of ours could be saved and transformed, not by an atavistic return to the past, but by going forward to a realisation of the root-causes of the origin of tyrannies and cleansing our soul of the corroding evil of selfishness. Ultimately it boiled down to arriving at a functional equation in which along with social justice individual freedom could be secured and

made real. This struggle between social justice and individual freedom was our contribution to history and times to come will surely describe it as a titanic struggle. For, this was not merely a war fought on battlefields—though often it led to such wars and one is not yet sure if the last of them has been fought—but a storm that raged inside men's minds. When the mind of man could no longer contain it it overflowed and swept across the world as a passion, a fever, an epidemic. Surely all this is beyond the competence of received standard English. Poetry is called for or a prose that is not prosaic.

So it is that the 1930s produced a literature vibrantly new. We had prose without punctuation rebelling against the tyranny of capitals; we had hysterical narratives crying for a balm; we had naked portrayals of situations in the raw; we had outspoken delineation of what were hitherto "unmentionables"; we had red literature evangelical in fervour. And the 1930s gave us the poetry of Auden, Cecil Day Lewis and Stephen Spender; the writings of Isherwood.

Auden has turned Anglican and angry cynicism has deteriorated to weak anxiety. Cecil Day Lewis continues to write poetry but "his metrical strictness and intellectual sternness which were impressive and refreshing" once, no longer impress or refresh; he tends to sound precious. Isherwood along with his Senior-Master Huxley has retired to California "to contemplate their novels". And all that is left of normalcy (if our abnormal times are capable of having a norm) is Stephen Spender. We must be grateful to Mr. Spender for having been content to be a poet and told us of his voyage of poesy in his autobiography "World within World."

We have been brought up to think of poets as an uncommon race different from ourselves. The conventional portrait is that of an inefficient looking young man with long unkempt hair or a venerable old man wise with

age, a long beard and calm well-set eyes. This just isn't true. Poets are just like others. Some of them may take less care of their appearance than others, just as there are doctors, lawyers, lecturers and civil servants who are like that. In fact the poets who take pains to look like poets are those who stop there. They look like poets; no more. It is also true there are few who take to poetry as to a vocation, those who write poetry because they cannot help it, those who write poetry not because that is the only medium in which they are able to express themselves but because that is the only way they can live. One such is Stephen Spender.

When he was at Oxford, one day "at the end of a rather convivial evening," Spender was asked by J. C. Squire "What do you intend to do with your life, young man?" Spender answered quite simply, "Write poetry." Just two words. "Write poetry." And that at the end of "a rather convivial evening", mind you!

There are poets and poets. There are those who consider poetry "emotion recollected in tranquillity." There are those like Auden who feel "that the subject of a poem is merely a peg to hang on the poetry." Spender may be described as the *sincere* poet. He says, "I was an autobiographer restlessly searching for forms in which to express the stages of my development." And what was his aim? "My aim is to achieve maturity of soul.... After my work, all I live for is my friends." To achieve this maturity of soul he had to discover his *real* self. He wasn't afraid to seek it "by behaviour which outraged his *ideal* self." Elsewhere Spender speaks of his attempts to project himself into the various experiences that occurred to him. From all this confessional emerges the fascinating picture of Spender the man, sensitive to the world around him but having a world of his own within the world, not an escapist chamber in which he locked himself up but a purgatory where he, alone and by himself, grappled with the realities of life and washed his soul clean of the sense of guilt to which all thinking men are heir to. We also discover in these pages that as in the case of all true creative artists, Spender the man and Spender

the poet were not two separate individuals, but one. Spender's humanity made him a poet; his poetry humanised his being.

"World within World" is also a most readable book containing a series of exquisitely drawn sketches of many men and women Spender had met, lived with and come to know. Some of them we find interesting because of the warm lines and the living colours in which they are painted. His mother and father, his sisters—Bertha and Ella, always referred to together as Berthella—his brother Michael, his uncle J. A. Spender, Elizabeth with whom he had his first serious love affair, Inez his first wife, Jimmy Younger, his companion and servant for a while, his friend for all time, the contrasting portraits of Lloyd George and Asquith as seen through the prejudiced eyes of his father and his uncle, his grandmother, the fabulous Lady Ottoline Morrel and many others, ordinary men and women all, portrayed with restraint and candour, love and irony, in English which is moving all the time. There is another group of more particular interest to those interested in modern literature, Spender and his contemporaries. Auden, Isherwood and Eliot are full length portraits, and discussion of their lives, work, philosophy and craft-techniques are detailed, lit up by the penetrating gaze of intimacy sobered by the understanding tolerance of friendship. Through these pages pass a host of others each well known in his sphere, with whom Spender came in casual or constant contact living the life of a literary celebrity in London—that is whenever he was living in London and not seeking freedom from the tyranny of fame in Germany, Italy or France.

But Stephen Spender was a Communist, who later recanted, you say. Yes, Spender was a Communist, and his God did fail. But neither his acceptance nor his recanting was total. He was "impressed by the overwhelming accusation made by Communism against bourgeois society, an accusation not only against all its institutions but also reaching deep into the individual soul." Impressed, is the word he uses. He goes on to explain, "When I considered the existing injustices and the future destruction which were involved in the system

in which I lived, I longed to be on the side of the accusers, the setters-up of world socialism. But at this stage, having shifted the centre of the struggle within myself from the bourgeois camp to the Communist one, I failed to find myself convinced by Communism." And when he did become a member of the Communist Party it was conditionally. Harry Pollit himself agreed to let Spender differ on certain points provided Spender supported the Communists in their efforts to help the Spanish Republicans by joining the party. The day Spender joined the Communist Party his article explaining his position was published in the *Daily Worker*. Similarly, when he realised that Communism was not going to save the world. In spite of the melodramatic title of the book, his contribution to "The God that Failed" is not surcharged with renegade passion, nor gloom-ridden with frustration. It is the human document of a personal history. In this autobiography Spender has dealt in detail with his relations with the Communist Party. His account is refreshingly free of party jargon and clichés of dialectical materialism. It is a frank avowal of a great vacillation. And in Spender's consciousness of the fairness of the Communist accusation of social injustice, and his inability to accept their ideology in its entirety we find the cause of much of his unhappiness. Spender realises he is not only a product but also a victim of the social order which surrounds him. But he is unable to cease to be an individualist. It is this ambivalence of his attitude that makes him so susceptible to pain, and being hurt.

This aspect of his character is all the more clear when you consider episodes in his personal life, his human relationships. Again and again he tries to achieve with another human being—a man or a woman, friend or companion, mistress or wife

To oppose one class perpetually to another—young against old, manual labourer against brain-worker, rich against poor, woman against man—is to split the foundations of the State; and if the cleavage runs too deep, there remains no remedy but force and dictatorship. If you wish to preserve a free democracy, you must base it not on classes and categories, for this will land you in the totalitarian State where no one may act or think except as the member of a category. You must base it upon the individual Tom, Dick and Harry—in fact upon you and me.—SAYERS.

—an "identification of our situations." He longs for a relationship in which to love would be to be loved, in which knowledge of oneself would be knowledge of the other. In most cases he failed. Obviously such an identification of situations was impossible as long as there were two separate bodies with two separate minds inside. Moments of such oneness there may be but that is the utmost. And every time a relationship proceeded to a particular point and would go no further he blamed himself for the failure. This sense of failure often haunts him like an obsession but it is this same capacity for intensity of feeling that makes Spender's poetry throb so.

As to ambivalence. At the height of a passionate experience he gets projected out and looks at himself and the other as a strange-spectator. One self of him hungers for companionship, self-effacing, ego-annihilating companionship. The other self looks on passionless, clinical. Maybe this is insight, that something which makes it possible for some of us to be very objective about our most subjective feelings.

After reading "World within World" one is left with an unhappy doubt. At the end of it all, would Spender say, as did his mother on her death-bed, "Tell them I have had a very happy life." Or would he But let us begin at the beginning. When Spender went to school what he was taught seemed to imply that history had already been "fulfilled and finished by the static respectability, idealism and material prosperity of the end of the 19th century." The romantic young Stephen "regretted there were no great cause left to fight for." He "thirsted for great injustices." Would Stephen say at the end of it all he had had his full of injustices and turn his face away in disgust. What is it to be, Stephen or Spender? Spender, we hope.—"PARANKUSAM"

THE DECLINE OF COMMUNISM

By PHILIP SPRATT

THE first half of this century was dominated by the rise of Communism. In the thirties and forties it reached its flood. But the peak seems now to have been passed, and we may look with some assurance for its decline.

The subject is usually discussed too much in economic and political terms. The desire for a better living could never have raised the great wave of support for Communism; nor could a realisation of the limitations of the Socialist economy have caused it to decline. That Communism puts an end to political democracy is no great handicap, for few are strongly attached to democracy. Even the sacrifice of freedom is not a vital defect, for people are attracted by sacrifice, and freedom is an abstraction until it is lost.

Communism has often been compared to a religion, and the analogy is useful. But it is a religion with such curious world adjuncts as an army, a secret police, and an espionage service. The spread of its spiritual influence led the way for the rise of its material power, but we cannot assume that the decline of its ideal appeal will automatically be followed by the decline of its political system.

The followers of this very worldly religion are of two main types. The upper ranks of the hierarchy though a very much broader group than the small circle of leaders, are equally devoted and firmly committed to the party. They may be called the cadre. The lower ranks are a floating membership, who merge with mere temporary supporters, sympathisers and the general public.

In the thirties and forties a very large part of the public in many countries, while not accepting Communism, were impressed by its ideals. There is a voluminous literature by Christians "coming to terms" with Communism. They were getting into the mood to acquiesce if it took power. That mood is now vanishing, and with it the outer circles of the party influence are narrowing.

But the permanent cadre has scarcely been affected by this change. It was always animated by a combination of idealism and ambition. The decline in the appeal of the doctrine has affected it only to this extent, that the emphasis has shifted towards ambition. To that all-important group Communism is ceasing to be a vision of a better world; but it remains a vision of power.

The ideal inspiration of Communism is complex, but certainly a big ingredient in it is a revulsion against the moral squalor of capitalism. Christopher Dawson quotes a Communist poet of the thirties, Francis Adams: "To wreck the great guilty temple, and give us rest." The echo, to the Western ear, is of the sybaritism of Babylon and Rome.

From a moral point of view capitalism is not a nice institution. Marx took full advantage of its defects, but in a more scientific mood he admitted that to impute immorality to individual capitalists is wrong: the "system" is to blame. But in the ordinary man's view guilt attaches to individuals. It is not easy to rouse hatred against a system, especially when its evils are of the dull, squalid type, completely lacking in sybaritic or other flamboyance, that distinguishes capitalism.

Lenin got round this difficulty, and gave Communism its first big lift, when he convinced the world that capitalism had caused the great war of 1914. Since then Communists have maintained that capitalists habitually engineer wars in order to make money. Here was sin on the grand scale! Lenin's accusation is baseless; unless interpreted in so broad a sense as to be meaningless, capitalism cannot be held responsible for the first World War. But people in the West felt profoundly guilty about that war, and glad of a scapegoat, so though no serious historian supports it the idea has gained very wide acceptance.

In other respects, too, Communism had a good start. Compared with the blundering, second-rate guilty men of the first World War, Lenin and

Trotsky seemed giants, almost gods. Their draconian and unscrupulous policies were excused by the civil war, and even more by the personality of Lenin. Lenin was a saint, and that formed a moral asset of immense value.

Alas, it was not long before that was almost the only moral asset left. There can hardly be a parallel in history to such ambitious prognostications so swiftly and completely falsified.

The fight for the leadership after Lenin's death was no less sordid than is usual in "capitalist" policies. It culminated in the thirties, in a slaughter as revolting as any perpetrated by Moghul or Borgia, and vastly more bloody. Whether the accused were innocent or guilty, the trials left Communism with very little moral superiority to boast about.

No less complete, and far quicker, was the eclipse of working-class rule. The comradeship of the revolutionary struggle, such a moving contrast to the cold inhumanity of capitalism—soon gave way to a labour discipline hardly equalled since slavery. For faults punished under capitalism by a small fine, a worker in the Socialist utopia goes to the concentration camp. The peasants, the next most favoured class, were the victims of a gigantic double-cross. After being encouraged to seize the land and do their best for themselves on it they found it snatched from them again; and millions died, and millions more were deported to Siberia, in the hopeless struggle to keep it.

The brotherhood of the Communist myth was extended with special warmth to the oppressed multitudes in the colonies. The Tsar's colonies have derived benefit from the Revolution, but it is strictly on a paternal basis, and any attempts to think for themselves have been suppressed in the worst style of capitalist colonialism. Several minor nationalities, including the three Baltic peoples, appear to have been virtually extinguished as nationalities by mass deportation.

But all classes suffer alike. For an equal to the labour camps, recruited by the million from all strata of society, we have to go back to the

horrors of the Belgian Congo fifty years ago.

That these inhuman methods are not Russian peculiarities but are characteristic of Communism, is shown by the new recruit, China. Early this year the Mao Tse-tung Government launched a campaign of repression which seems to have yielded several lakhs of deaths. Official statements imply that men have been executed for professing Taoism.

Russia's peace policy was long admired, but her moral prestige was much injured by the dubious part she played in the starting of the second World War. Now that the documents are being published, it is no longer dubious; it is seen to be guilty. Since the war, the Soviet administration in occupied Europe has oppressed and plundered ally and ex-enemy alike. At the same time, Russia and China, entirely unprovoked, have conducted a policy of diplomatic obstruction and expansion which threatens mankind with the ghastly alternatives of submission to Communism or atomic war.

Communists deny much or all of this. But in view of the evidence denial is scarcely compatible with sincerity, and can only undermine the old idealism. The serious Communists, the cadre, are now almost all devotees of power.

The internal policy of the movement has led in the same direction. Lenin always fought for power at any cost, and then for a total monopoly of power. After his death, the International was conducted on the same principle. Inevitably, those who preserved their ideals were expelled or quit in disgust. Still as late as 1948 some European Communists hoped that they would be allowed to make concessions to democratic tradition and to national interests. For entertaining this illusion many of them have died as traitors.

Hitherto the East Asian parties have been partially exempt from this treatment. Now Asia is eclipsing Europe in importance for Communism, and closer communication is being established through China. We may therefore expect that the same total control will be extended over these parties.

For the collapse of the ideals of

Communism has coincided with a great increase in the military strength of the Soviet bloc, and with the adoption of an aggressive, if still cautious, policy of expansion. The cadre outside the iron curtain can scarcely anywhere expect to win power alone, but it may well do so in combination with suitable pressure from Russia and China. It is strong in organisation, in conspiracy, and, in spite of occasional lapses, in discipline. In critical situations, it can still win mass support, and it still works with the fanatical vigour of ambition which sees the goal just ahead.

Thus, despite the decline of its idealism, the striking power of Communism has increased. Mr. R. Palme Dutt's latest book adopts almost the gangster tone: we make no promises, but we're winning, and a prudent man will get on our bandwagon. The movement which at times in the interwar period came near to canalising and monopolising the idealism of

the world, now threatens to destroy every human ideal.

Such a dramatic reversal could have happened only in an age of confusion. Only a generation which had lost its moorings could have been swept away by a movement so intellectually and morally shallow as Communism. And the moral collapse of Communism has added to the confusion. Shallow as it is, it did for a time embody the hopes of mankind. Its collapse has not restored the old order. Lacking faith in tradition and deprived of hope, men look out on chaos, and despair.

That is the crisis. Given time, the revulsion from Communism would weaken its power structure, and leave room for the rise of better ideas and corresponding political and economic systems. But events move fast, and we may not be given time. Military power is indispensable, but it is inadequate alone. While despair prevails, Communism has no effective rival. It has lost as an ideal, but it may still win as a reality.—Copyright N.P.S.



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CHITRA

By VENKATALAXMI

THE silver globe of the moon was slowly rising in the east swathing the universe with its radiance. Pataliputra, the lovely capital of the glorious Mauriyan Empire, stood out with ethereal beauty in the silvery glow.

To the north of the city, on the banks of the Chambal, stood the magnificent palace of Chitra, the Dance Queen of Magadha. It was a miracle of Maghadan architecture, and was completely surrounded on all sides by a garden of rare and lovely flowers. A beautiful pool which bloomed with different varieties of water flowers, and a small crystal hall built on its banks, attracted thousands of visitors every day.

In one of the lovely apartments which adorned the second storey of the palace, near the open window which faced the garden, sat Chitra, the lovely dancing nymph. She was alone in the apartment and was lost deep in her thoughts. The gleaming rays of the silver moon entered through the open window and played with her lovely tresses.

Her figure looked as though it had been carved out of ivory. Her dark black eyes had become darker and lustrous by the skilful application of *kazhal* by one of her maids. A fresh sprig of champak blooms adorned her luxuriant dark tresses which were artistically coiled upon one side of her head. The delicate white silk dress which draped her sylph-like figure, and the costly gem-studded jewels added more charm and attraction to her already too-fascinating figure.

The apartment which she occupied was decorated in a manner which befitted the beauty and charm of the dancer. Costly paintings and luxury articles of gold and silver, were arranged tastefully everywhere. Carpets of softest structure and loveliest designs were spread on the floor. Silver lamps of the most unique and

attractive designs, hung from the carved ceiling and shed a soft radiance over the place.

Amidst all this luxury and beauty, stood a lofty pedestal of carved ivory on which reposed a statue of Lord Buddha. A small golden lamp shed its soft radiance over the serene features of the statue. The Great Master whose teachings had opened up a new path of light and wisdom to the suffering humanity, had his right hand slightly raised up as though in benediction. The expression of all-pervading love impressed the young dancer as she sat there and gazed at the serene and calm face of the Lord.

She had just passed eighteen summers. Immense wealth and fame was already hers; kings, princes, scholars, poets, all alike hungered and craved for a sight of her. But why?

In the snow-white innocence of her heart, the lovely Chitra was not impressed with frivolous pleasures of this world. She desired to become a Buddhist nun, and follow the Master's teachings, and work for the uplift of the down-trodden. She was waiting and waiting patiently for an opportunity to cut herself away from the present life which was becoming more and more abhorrent to her as the days passed.

She was sitting like an image carved out of stone with her mind fixed upon her thoughts, when a maid appeared noiselessly before her.

"Devil!"

Startled, Chitra lifted up her eyes with surprise.

"Yes, Puvana! What is it?"

"Devil! The Prime Minister's son Mangalagupta is here. He wishes to see you."

Chitra's lovely face underwent a sudden change, and a gloom spread over it. She thought for a few minutes and a deep sigh escaped her.

"Puvana," she said, "Is he alone or in company?"

"No, Devi, he is alone," replied the maid.

"Bring him in."

Chitra got up with these words and went over to a *divan* on the darker side of the room and sat on it, her mind a boiling sea of emotions.

The maid entered with a tall young man. She ushered him in, and left the apartment. The youth gazed around.

The sight of him made Chitra blush. She got up from her seat and advanced a few feet towards him.

"Why do you come here again and again when I have repeatedly requested you not to?" Her voice broke with the sorrow and emotions which shook her.

Mangalagupta stood still for a moment. Then he spoke in a voice full of pain.

"Chitra!" said he. "What am I to do? I have vowed again and again that I would never come and trouble you, but all my resolutions go to the winds when I think of you, and it is impossible for me to keep myself away from your presence. Chitra! Look at me! If you doubt my words, break open my heart! You will see your lovely form so deeply engraved on it that all the powers on earth would be unable to erase it from there!"

The girl gazed at him with her large black eyes full of tears.

"I have told you so many times that I abhor the pleasures and the joys of the world. My only desire is to cut myself away from all this and to follow the footsteps of the Lord. I am anxious to become a Buddhist nun and work for the uplift of the poor and the down-trodden. People speak of you as a great scholar and versatile genius. You are the sole representative of the most aristocratic family of Magadha, and I, an ordinary dancer, who earns her living through her art. Even a thought of me would drag your name into the mire. I also do not wish it; please excuse me and go away from here," she said in a voice dry with suppressed feelings.

The youth stood there as though turned to stone with his petrified glance fixed upon her lovely face. A

moment later he turned round and left the apartment. His departure left her alone, and Chitra, flinging herself on the bed, gave free vent to the great sobs which were choking her until now.

It was a week later. The great capital of the Mauryan Empire was in the grip of a great excitement. Asoka Vardhana, the Emperor, was launching his great campaign against Kalinga, and the Imperial armies were leaving the city that day. Trumpets and conches were blowing over the ramparts since daybreak, and the great army was preparing to march out of the city.

On the highest terrace of her palace waited Chitra witnessing the great march of the Imperial forces. Her mind was in a great turmoil since that morning. The words of Mangalagupta rang out their echo again and again in her ears.

Suddenly she heard a great commotion below and looked down at the vast ocean of soldiers who were surging past.

The Emperor's state elephant was passing along with stately steps, while inside the golden *howdah* on his back sat the great Emperor. On both sides were his guards with drawn swords.

The elephant was passing below the terrace of the lovely dancer's palace, while she stood there gazing at the magnificent spectacle below. One of the guards on either side of the Emperor, reigned his horse and looked up. Chitra's eyes met his for a second. Her face blushed to a rose-red hue and she turned away her head; and the champak blossom in her hair slipped down. In a flash, the guard below caught it in his hands and pressed it to his lips. When he again looked up, Chitra was not there. She had vanished. A deep sigh escaped him and the horse started forward. An unfathomable misery made his heart heavy. The ravishing beauty of the young dancer robbed him of his senses. Her lovely form appeared to dance before him day and night. He sat on his steed like a statue completely oblivious of his surroundings.

"Mangalagupta!"

The young soldier turned round with a startling gaze.

"Yes, Sire!"

"Your father Radhagupta is at the northern gate with the cavalry!"

"Yes, Sire!"

A smile appeared on the face of the Emperor, and Mangalagupta silently noted it with a disturbed mind. He hid the champak blossom in his hand.

The Emperor scrutinized his face with a searching glance but did not utter a word. The huge elephant moved on slowly while the *howdah* glittered in all its golden splendour.

It was the next evening and Chitra was sitting on the banks of the Lotus Pool, under a spreading champak tree covered with blossoms. Puvana, her maid, was busy gathering fresh flowers for the evening worship. The evening sun was rapidly sinking down like a great glowing ball of fire setting the whole horizon in a blaze of glory. A soft breeze laden with the fragrance of a thousand blossoms softly caressed the lovely cheeks of the dancer. Deeply engrossed was she in her thoughts, while darkness was slowly enveloping the earth.

Puvana's task was over and she turned round with a full basket of fresh flowers.

"Devil! it is getting late, shall we return to the palace?"

Chitra turned round. "Yes," she said and getting up slowly walked towards her apartments, the maid following.

Entering, she walked up to the statue of the Great Master. She offered the flowers at the idol's feet and knelt down in supplication. Little by little the tumult in her heart calmed down and a blissful peace pervaded her whole being. Her dark wistful eyes slowly closed and tears trickled down her cheeks.

Weeks and months passed, and one whole year had been marked by the hands of time. Once again spring arrived with all its fresh green beauty.

Amidst all this green splendour, stood the magnificent palace of Chitra, the dancer. But the place had now been emptied of the everflowing current of life. The soft notes and sweet jai jal sounds of music and dancing bells had completely disappeared from the place. Chitra had stopped her

dancing. Her valuable jewels and vast wealth was spent on charities. The bloom-like beauty of her lovely figure was slowly fading away and she had become a shadow of her former self.

It was a day of rejoicing at Magadha. The Emperor was returning to the capital after a grand triumphal victory over Kalinga. The joy and excitement which reigned over the city was boundless. The arrival of the victorious forces was a festive occasion. It was the last day of the spring festival and after a great deal of coaxing Chitra was prevailed upon to give a dance recital, the last one in her life at the grand hall of her palace in celebration of the Kalinga victory.

It was a lovely evening.

The hall was decorated with lovely garlands, and coloured lamps illuminated the whole interior. On the dais stood Chitra in all her fineries, a feast alike to the eyes and senses. The orchestra was arranged on one side.

The curtain went up and Chitra once lifted up her eyes and surveyed the audience. The face for which she searched could not be found there.

A sigh of pain escaped her and her heavy lids came down.

Chitra began to dance. She forgot herself and the world in her art. Puvana, who had seen her dances thousands of times was struck with silent wonder and amazement. From the beginning of the dance upto the last lingering notes of the flute, the audience was utterly spell-bound. Hundreds of bouquets, pearl necklaces, medals and marks of appreciation fell at her feet on the platform.

It was over.

Chitra started back for her palace with her maid. She entered her apartment, removed all her fineries and sat near the open window.

The soft radiance of the half moon and the fragrance of the champak blossoms at the river banks brought the greatest agony to her heart. Memories of by-gone days rose up wave after wave and surged up in her heart.

The light was slowly fading and Puvana entered to light the lamp. "Devi," said Puvana, "the Minister Radhagupta wants to see you." The next moment the Prime Minister fol-

lowed her into the apartment. The startled girl stood up and fixed him with her large eyes.

"Chitra! a few hours ago thousands of people paid their homage to you and your art in the form of presents. Your art is superb, perhaps I was the only person who has not presented you with anything. But instead, I shall hand over to you something which my son Mangalagupta has entrusted to me. Please receive it." His voice quivered with suppressed emotions.

The young girl received the ivory box which he gave with trembling hands. Her large eyes looked up at him with a doubtful glance.

"He...he...your son...where is...he?"

The Prime Minister turned round.

"Chitra! do you not know?"

The girl shook her head dumbly.

"He died in the Kalinga war." The words came out in a dull listless voice.

Chitra felt the world coming down. She closed her weary eyes. When she

opened them, the Prime Minister was not there. He had left. The girl looked at the ivory box in her hand, and opened it with shaking fingers. Her eyes gazed into the box. A faded champak blossom lay at the bottom of it. The girl hugged the box to her bosom and tottered over to her bed with quivering sobs. She buried her face on the pillow and the hot tears trickled freely between her fingers.

It was long past midnight. Chitra sat at the feet of the Great Master with closed eyes. On a bed near the wall, lay Puvana, fast asleep. Chitra got up and with her dimmed eyes went up to her.

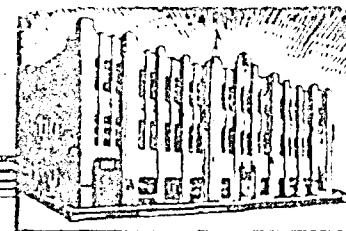
"May the Lord's love protect you." She murmured.

A minute later, she had left the apartment. She reached the palace gates and stood still for a moment. And then started moving. The darkness outside enveloped her. The Great Master's figure rose up in her eyes. With folded hands and closed eyes the once great dancer of Magadha vanished into the darkness.

—P. M.

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WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE RED ARMIES

By MATTHEW HALTON

THE mad, heart-breaking tragedy of rearmament is now well underway all over the world, for the wild anarchy of our race is still stronger than its commonsense. The arms and armaments, from rifles and machine-guns to electronically guided rockets and atomic bombs, are being piled up at a dreadful cost. And more and more millions of young men, instead of studying, producing, building and watching their sons, are spending their precious years in preparations to fight and kill. The armies of the nations are now far bigger than they have been in peacetime before.

Those of the West are big enough. Britain is to have 1,000,000 soldiers, France 2,000,000 and the U. S. 4,000,000. But the Communist world already has some 10,000,000 men under arms. Russia has about 4,000,000 in her armed services. China has 4,000,000. And the Communist satellites in Europe—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—have more than 2,000,000.

What do we know about the Red armies—their size and equipment, their training and habits, their strong points and their weak points, their morale?

The British War Office has taken the unusual step of issuing a report on these very questions. It is based on statements by deserters, on information available to anyone who studies the Russian papers closely enough, on lessons learned the hard way in Korea, and on British intelligence reports. It by no means tells the whole story: it is most improbable that the famous "M. I. 5" (the British military intelligence service, which is probably still the best in the world) would be telling all it knows. But a good general picture now emerges, with more than one significant lesson for the West's armies.

A Little Goes A Long Way

Take China first. The legend used to exist in the West that the Chinese were poor soldiers. We were told they

despised soldiering; were "too civilized to fight." We were told that when it rained, the Chinese dropped their rifles and put up their umbrellas. The hard light of fact has recently told us some different stories.

The Chinese armed forces, including their small navy and air force, contains more than 4,000,000 men. The regular army has 2,500,000 men, organized into 80 armies. But a Chinese "army" is only the size of a corps in the West: it contains three infantry divisions.

The Chinese armies are almost entirely infantry. They have little air support, few tanks and heavy artillery. They overcome these deficiencies by toughness and tactics. They are experts at infiltration at night in order to attack the enemy's rear and disrupt his communications. They make superb use of ground and cover. Their plans are highly flexible. Their basic principle of warfare is to avoid the enemy where he is strong and concentrate on his weakest point. Throughout all their history, their soldiers have relied on guerilla warfare. Winning or losing ground is relatively unimportant. The Chinese commander withdraws when severely attacked—and then tries to turn the tables on his enemy by assaulting his flank and rear.

All young men over 15 are liable for conscription in China. But the rules are not rigid. By ancient tradition, for example, one able-bodied male is always left at home. Both soldiers and officers are paid almost nothing. A private gets about 40 cents a month, an officer about \$2.50 a month. But all soldiers are given plots of land in their home villages.

The food in the army consists mainly of vegetables and rice or flour. The troops are hardly ever given leave. Officers have hardly any special privileges. They do not even wear badges of rank.

The Chinese soldier has many formidable qualities. He is brave. He is

tough. He is resilient. He is cheerful and has a sense of humour. He is able to live and fight on very little.

The Chinese army today is well-trained and well-disciplined. By improvisation, frugality and hardness, it makes a little go a long way. Its morale is high—and that is the striking difference between the modern Chinese army and its predecessors. Morale is fortified by the new wave of nationalism; by the successes achieved in the civil war; by honest administration; and by good officers who work with their troops and lead them bravely in combat. These were the virtues which gave Chiang Kai-shek his victories in the early days of the Kuomintang army, but it would be unwise to bank too much on the hope that Mao Tse-tung's army, like Chiang Kai-shek's, will also become corrupt and vitiated as time goes on.

The Chinese Government has unlimited manpower at its disposal. If it could produce the weapons and the supplies, it could have an army of nearly 20,000,000 men. Fortunately, however, the day is not in sight when China will be industrialized enough to arm and equip armies of more than 3,000,000, even with help from Russia.

Discipline Severe

The Russian Government takes deliberate and thorough measures to prevent any scrap of information about the Soviet army from reaching the West, yet most of the important details are now available. The strength of the Soviet armed forces—including the army, the navy, the air force and the internal and secret police forces is—over 4,000,000. The regular army has 2,800,000 men, and it is organized into 175 divisions, formed into rifle armies and mechanized armies. A rifle army consists of two or three rifle corps, each corps contains two rifle divisions, a mechanized division and supporting arms. A mechanized army consists of two tank divisions and two mechanized divisions with supporting arms.

All officers are regulars; they serve their whole lives until retirement age in the army. The private soldiers and N. C. O.'s are all conscripts. Under the law, the private serves two years and the N. C. O.'s three, but, in fact, privates now have to serve three years and N. C. O.'s four.

The Russian army's equipment, says the British War Office, "is simple, robust and reliable, and includes great numbers of excellent tanks and artillery weapons."

Rations are poor and simple by our standards. The meals for privates consist mainly of soup, containing small quantities of meat or fish, and bread. How the Russians are able to fight as well as they do on such a ration I do not know.

Discipline in the Russian army is extremely strict and punishments are severe. In the late war, Russian soldiers and officers who fell short of what was expected of them were sent to penal units, and were given suicidal tasks. Deserters from the Russian army in Germany say they are normally confined to barracks when not on duty, to prevent them seeing much of life in the West. Sentences for even small offences are sometimes very heavy. Last year, a Russian sergeant in Germany was sentenced to four years' hard labour for losing his pistol.

The Soviet armed forces are completely permeated by two vast networks of informers, one organized by the Communist Party and one by the secret police. Both networks exist to detect and denounce the least sign of dissatisfaction with the regime. Deserters say that all live in fear of denunciation.

The characteristics of the Russian soldier as a fighting man are now well known. He is brave, stubborn and physically tough. Most of them have an instinct for fieldcraft. They have been known to fight skilfully and bravely in temperatures lower than 40 degrees below zero. Most of the rank and file and many junior commanders lack initiative, for two reasons; most of them are of low educational standard—the better-educated men work in industry or serve in the navy and air force or in the police forces; and secondly, most of the men, through fear of punishment, abide by the letter of their orders rather than the spirit.

Problem Of Administration
Consider, too, the immense advantages the Russian and Chinese armies derive from their simple organization and from the toughness of their soldiers. In the armies of the West, a

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frightening proportion of the available manpower is used in administration and supply. These armies have become complicated to such extent that the administrative tail now tends to wag the dog. Our equipment is wonderful—but so wonderful that most of it can't move except on good roads. Our soldiers are well fed, clothed, cleaned and entertained so well that scores of thousands of excellent men are needed away from the battlefield; so well that the morale of the troops goes down if they are not supplied with excellent food three times a day.

The Chinese soldier goes into a campaign with several days' food and a little cooking pot on his back and hardly anything else. The Russian soldier is not much better off. The Western soldier—British, Canadian, and especially American—requires great armies of men and fleets of ships and hordes of vehicles to keep him supplied.

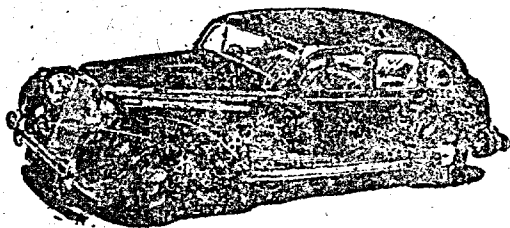
In a Russian division, only one man

in every 10 is permanently employed on administrative duties, and in a Chinese division, only one in 15 or 20. In one of our divisions, the figure is something like one man in three. That is for an operational formation, a division. Taking our armies as a whole, including "army" troops and "corps" troops and all the rest, four or five men in uniform are needed to keep one real fighting man in action.

In the Russian army, 2,800,000 soldiers produce 175 actual fighting divisions. In the Chinese army 2,500,000 soldiers produce 240 fighting divisions. But Britain gets only 10 fighting divisions out of 700,000 men. Put it another way, in the Chinese army it takes only 10,000 soldiers to produce a fighting division, in the Russian army it takes 16,000; in the British army it takes 70,000. In the U. S. army it takes about 100,000.

It is a knotty problem, and a grave one, for the outnumbered democracies. —Copyright (N.N.F.)

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LONDON LETTER: By HARRY HEAP

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

ONE of the complaints that one hears often these days in Britain concerns present-day education. One would think that the system now in operation in Britain would satisfy most people, but there has been a reaction against some of the more modern methods in teaching, just as there has been a reaction against modernity in many other departments of life. In Art, for example, there is a tendency to look back to the old Masters. In furniture design, the frills and fancies of the Victorian age are becoming popular after the extreme functionalism of the furniture of the 1930s. And so it is with education. Older people, and people who are in their thirties, too, are saying, "Teach the three R's, and the children won't do so badly". It is being said that the education taught in the schools now is not as good as it used to be, that candidates for colleges and jobs are not able to answer questions that could have been put to similar candidates before the war. Personally, I think the idea quite wrong. I know that my son knows far more, and enjoys learning far more, than I did at his age. He has read more books, too. He is not alone in this, let it be added. Other members of his class and school show every sign of being at least as well-educated as were their parents at the same age.

The complaint that education is not what it was brings up the question of the purpose of education. This is a hardy perennial, in gardening language. I heard one young man—highly educated he is, too—say this week that he asked several boys with whom he came in contact the same question, and none could answer it. Therefore, he argued, education is not what it was. The question was, "In what way is the reign of Henry II significant?" The answer he wanted, in case there should be any reader of *Swatantra* who does not know the answer (though such a possibility is quite far-fetched!), is that it saw the introduction of the jury system. Granted that such an introduction is undoubtedly one of the landmarks of

history, still, need one know it in order to be educated? One could have some quiet fun trying to think out ten questions which every educated persons ought to be able to answer. If anyone cares to let me have such a list, I should be pleased to summarise them at some future date. This does not, however, answer the question of what is the purpose of education? Sir Richard Livingstone wrote a book with that question as its title, a book that is well worth anybody's time in reading. It is some time since I read it; in fact, I read it during the war, when Britain was a land of discussion groups, every group being concerned with the peace that was to break out when the war was over. Sir Richard Livingstone says, I think, that education must, above all, give people a sense of purpose in their lives. He would teach some subjects, history, poetry, philosophy, for example, only to people who had left school and had some experience of life. There is much to be said for this. As I once put it whilst talking to some group or other in Madras, how can anyone who has not been in love appreciate *Romeo and Juliet*?

So Sir Richard Livingstone carries the question one stage further back. What is the purpose of life? So long as one has a religious belief, I think one has some answer to that question, though all religious beliefs would not agree in the answer. I do not think that matters to the question. All that does matter is that there should be some serious, definite and, to some extent, comprehensible purpose to one's living. Some of us are more fortunate than others. We have means through our work of making people think, of helping them when they are in need of help, of building up lives that are broken, of influencing men's ways of thinking and acting. There are others of us who have not these opportunities in our working life. What purpose is there, we ask, in being one small part of an assembly belt that is producing goods that are of no real use? There is, of course, some value in doing any job well, in

fact in doing any job of work at all. Someone once amended the proverb to read, "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly," in which there is as much truth as in the older adage.

Modernists in the field of education would say that the development of each person's individuality is the prime aim in education today. Each of us has a part to play in the Grand Man that makes up the Universe. We each have a part to play that we alone can play, and no man's part is more important than any other man's. It is, therefore, the duty of education, and, in fact, of all that one's country does for one, to encourage the individuality of each person in that country. This is education in its widest sense. There are a thousand and one techniques that can be used to produce the result required. The thousand and one techniques must be used, for we are all different and one method may not suit all people. One more question that one can ask those who are our leaders is, then, how far they are helping us to retain and develop our individuality? I suppose that we should all answer for our own country, but it would seem that any country that denies free speech, a free press, freedom of

worship and freedom to congregate and talk over the problems of the day, is, by the standard I have suggested, failing its people. National Socialism failed the people, as does every form of totalitarianism. If the present form of Government in Britain, as administered today, were to be in the wrong hands, then there would be dangers for the British and their individuality might suffer. Perhaps most of all, there is the danger in those religions which would have their followers believe blindly, accept authority without reason and teach that the individual is nothing. It is perhaps a crude analogy, but we are something like lucky bags. What education, and in this sense, all that influences us is education, can do is either to fill that bag fuller and fuller, adding to it everything that it finds that everyone else has, so that we are all guaranteed to have bags filled in exactly the same way and looking the same shape, or it can find what is in our particular bag that is not in other bags, and teach us to use that one thing so that we can add to the total wealth that is available. The problem today is, who is important, the individual or the mass? I plump for the individual.

THE THIEF

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

THE day the diamond ear-rings were stolen from Rao Bahadur Jeevan Rao's bungalow, every one said that the culprit was Dhondhu.

Dhondhu was the son of Dasi, the servant woman in my house.

I liked Dhondhu for some inexplicable reason, though every one in the neighbourhood had a bad word to say of him. It may be that there was something in me akin to his nature or it may be that the feeling was merely transferred kindness, because we all liked Dasi, his mother. He looked as ill-natured as his mother looked good. His dirty torn clothes, his unkempt hair and his ill-grown moustache, the way he slouched as he walked, the way he sat at street corners, his legs stretched across the municipal drain—all gave him the appearance of a

typical criminal. Every time a crime was committed anywhere in the locality, Dhondhu was the first one to be questioned by the police and the public. It was really unfair to Dhondhu, but nobody else looked at it that way. He would stubbornly refuse to admit the crime in his patented four-word phrase "I didn't do it"—spoken at intervals of four or five minutes. Many times the real culprit was later found out by the authorities and Dhondhu released from custody or jail, and he would suddenly turn up at home, sullen and silent.

His old mother earned their living, but she always boasted that her son, whenever he made up his mind, would go and find some job and bring enough money to last a whole week or more. But no one seems to have

seen Dhondhu do any work anywhere. One quality in him which sometimes drove her to exasperation was his stubbornness. If he said 'no' in a bad mood when she told him to do something, thereafter no power on earth could make him do that work. But still I liked him. The world always misjudges men. Society is blind most of the time and draws its inferences from outward appearances. Whatever you are inside, you should put on a good exterior, dress well, talk well—in this world. That is why I never allow myself to be seen in public shabbily dressed.

It all came about when Dasi once incessantly asked her son Dhondhu to obtain some steady work somewhere. "I won't" was his first and his twentieth answer. She wanted him to become a servant in Rao Bahadur's house. The Rao Bahadur had retired recently and settled down in the next street in a rented bungalow, and was still in search of a servant. Dasi begged me to advise her son, and if possible to speak to Rao Bahadur. The second request I declined though I had become a friend of the family, but the first I complied with, and poor Dhondhu made a real attempt. My persuasion had some effect on him because I had shown him petty kindnesses which seemed to work some magic on him—a couple of annas now and then, and occasionally a cup of tea on the way to the railway station when he carried my luggage. If only people around had spoken a kind word to him, he would have grown respectable and decent-looking perhaps, and would have even taken care of his dress.

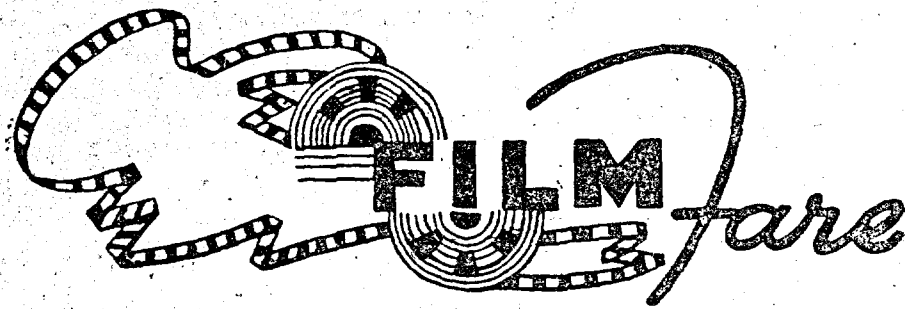
The bungalow faced east but had doors on the sides too, opening into a small compound. The family consisted of the retired Rao Bahadur, his wife, and a daughter of about seventeen years, who had nice clothes and jewels, and three pairs of diamond ear-rings to wear by turns. Her clothes and jewels were left lying about carelessly everywhere in the right wing of the bungalow, where she had a dressing table.

Dhondhu told me that he went six times to the bungalow one day but could not speak to anybody. When he saw the Rao Bahadur's wife, it would occur to him that he should

see her husband about it. When he saw the daughter, she looked too beautiful and frightening. When he saw the Rao Bahadur himself in the sixth attempt, his knees knocked together and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth and perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he ran for dear life out of the compound.

It was the next day that the jewel was lost, or rather, the loss was realised. The first question the police sub-inspector asked the Rao Bahadur was "Has Dhondhu anything to do with it?" That confirmed the Rao Bahadur's suspicion about Dhondhu, who had been noticed hovering about the bungalow the previous day. Elated at his clever guess, the sub-inspector dragged Dhondhu to the police station while men, women and children crowded around, including his weeping mother. After being questioned ten times, Dhondhu said "I didn't take it." They coaxed him, and promised him tea and money if he told the truth, but could not get anything out of him for another five minutes—and then he repeated, "I didn't take it." After another exasperating interval of three minutes the enraged sub-inspector slapped his face and hit on his head, and Dhondhu suddenly said, "I haven't got it." The Rao Bahadur's face lit up with a smile of hope, the onlookers winked and smiled at each other significantly. The one standing next to me whispered into my ear, "Didn't I tell you, Master? Believe me, he is the fellow who stole it." I did not know how I could believe him. The sub-inspector asked Dhondhu, "Where have you kept it? Tell me and I won't beat you." Five minutes of breathless silence for all the crowd, and then Dhondhu said, "I didn't take it."

The sub-inspector lost control over himself. He gave Dhondhu a vicious kick and a couple of knocks on his head and ordered the two constables to drag him away, hissing, "We'll kill him if he doesn't confess." Dhondhu cast a piteous glance at me which smote my heart, murmuring, "I didn't take it." No one in the unsympathetic crowd believed him. His mother said she felt sure he had not taken it. But I was the only one who definitely knew that he had not taken it. Because, you see, I had stolen the jewel myself.



By V. P. SATHE

IS there a ban on Indian films starring Prithviraj and Raj Kapoor in Pakistan or not? Nobody seems to know the correct answer. On the one hand, it is presumed that the Government of Pakistan has issued a specific order (or is it just a private circular to distributors) that no picture starring the abovementioned artistes be imported after such and such a date. It is claimed on the other hand that no such order has been issued.

A journalist friend of mine who recently came from Pakistan, however, stated that such an order has been issued, though he hoped that the order would not be enforced. Of course, the distributors who had signed contracts before the order was passed, for the picture starring Raj or Prithviraj, would not be affected by this order. And it is after all not so difficult to have all such contracts dated appropriately.

The objection to Prithviraj is based on his alleged anti-Pakistani anti-Quaide-E-Azam propaganda in plays like *Deewar* and *Ghaddaar*. His "crime" has been that instead of glorifying dissension and two-nation theory he has dedicated himself to the cause of unity—Hindu Muslim unity and in fact he has done greater service to the Indian Muslims than any Pakistani leader. To stage *Pathan* in East Punjab after the Partition and win applause from the bitter refugee audiences was the greatest triumph of Prithviraj's art; and those Indian Muslims who saw *Ghaddaar* were moved to tears—and not to hate—realising as they did that this play truthfully portrayed the conditions of a crore of Muslims left back in India after Partition. The removal of

Quaide-E-Azam's portrait on which such a furore has been created, was not so much an insult to the creator of Pakistan, but a stalemate of fact that with the birth of Pakistan, Quaide-E-Azam had ceased to be the leader of Indian Muslims. Did not Quaide-E-Azam leave India and go to Pakistan for good?

Indeed, strangely enough, Prithviraj is a man whose life was once threatened by the Hindu fanatics during the riots for taking up the cause of Muslims; and it is an irony of fate that Pakistan is banning his pictures for being a true friend of Muslims.

That apart, there is no justification whatsoever for banning his pictures which do not affect his ideals. A State should not be violative against one person; it should judge each picture on its own merit and not on the presence of a so-called undesirable artiste like Prithviraj or Raj Kapoor. The ban on Raj whose only fault is that he is the son of Prithviraj is vindictiveness of the worst form. We thought that modern people have passed that mental stage; but apparently those in authority in Pakistan still seem to be obsessed with medieval notions.

The ban on those pictures and the issue of import duty and other problems affecting the trade with Pakistan deserve special consideration of the Government of India. Indeed, as we have pleaded before, the film trade between India and Pakistan is facing today innumerable problems, and all these problems are created either by the Government of Pakistan or the Government of India, and as such they can be solved only by negotiations between the two Governments.

As it is, every distributor from

Pakistan, who comes to India to buy pictures, is subjected to all sorts of enquiries and hardships; and but for the ingenious methods adopted by him there would be no film trade between the two countries. But this is hardly a thing to rejoice over when Indian films are assured of one-fifth of their total revenue from Pakistan on the one hand and when Pakistan theatres can thrive only on the supply of Indian pictures on the other. So far the Pakistan film producers have utterly failed to meet the demand of their home market and have met with dismal failure in India as is evident from the flop of *Akali*; and for some years to come at least Pakistan has to rely on Indian films. On the other hand, the loss of the Pakistan market would mean the loss of all profits for Indian producers. For with the cost of production mounting up, the Pakistan market makes all the difference between profit and loss for Indian producers. Considering this mutual need, it is imperative that all the problems affecting the film trade between the two countries are solved once for all.

Picture Of The Week

Pictures dealing with psychological themes and characters are still a rarity. Hence one welcomes a picture like Filmart's *Buddil* which seeks to portray the story of a man of suppressed emotions and desires which find vent in a very peculiar manner. Only an author with such psychological insight as Ismat Chughtai could have attempted a screenplay on such a theme.

Gifted with cynicism and scathing wit that she is, she has succeeded in exposing the false front of respectability and dignity which many people bear to hide their savage emotions and desires. Suraj, the main character of this picture, is such a man. From childhood, he has been dubbed by his 'Chachi'—actually a friend of his mother who wants to marry off her daughter to him, as a good, saintly man, a reputation he acquired by a false pose of being a serious, detached, superior human being, though in reality he has all the desires of Chandra, his younger brother who is dubbed as a good for nothing loafer.

When the two brothers grow up, while Suraj is tormented by his desires and passions which he cannot express

openly because of his pose, Chandra who is in love with Chandni, an orphan brought up in the same house, is awed by his brother and worships him as an ideal. Chandni is the first to discover the true savage nature of Suraj; but for calling him a "devil" she is admonished; later, when Chachi discovers the true character of Suraj, she is so shocked that she dies instantly.

But insane with passion, Suraj tries all vile means to possess Chandni who finds herself in a greater predicament since she cannot divulge the truth to her lover who adores his brother and ultimately, goaded by Chachi's daughter Meena, decides to end her life by taking poison. This is the weakest link of an otherwise powerful story. Indeed, if the characterisation of Suraj is brilliant, the characterization of Chandra is weak and almost unconvincing. It is difficult to imagine that he is such a fool that he could not discover his brother's game. The idea of Chandni's sacrifice is also far-fetched and unwarranted, and ultimately it would have been more effective if the author had shown Suraj becoming mad instead of ending his life. The other shortcoming is that there is dearth of incidents in the second half of the picture, and as such it drags at places.

With all these shortcomings, *Buddil* is a remarkable screenplay, noteworthy for the brilliant characterization of Suraj superbly portrayed by Kishore Sahu. Indeed, this is Sahu's most memorable performance in his entire career. Nimmi, Premnath, Sunalini Devi also give an excellent account of themselves and Jal Mistry has photographed Nimmi as well as he did in *Barsaat*. Indeed, Jal's photography is of a very high standard; he seems to be scaling new heights with every picture. The direction by Shahid is slick and imaginative; he should, however, pay more attention to editing and tempo in future.

The music by Sachin Dev Burman is a special attraction of the picture. It is Indian in character, and the song 'Janan Janan Payal baje' is an exquisite piece of lilting melody beautifully sung by Lata. How one wishes that instead of Cuckoo, there was some truly accomplished dancer to interpret this song in classical dance style. Even the background music is very

effective and sometimes eloquently expresses the emotions of diverse characters.

Though at times dull, *Buzdil* is a picture which no discriminating picturegoer who has been clamouring for aesthetic values should miss.

Personality Of The Week

Debaki Bose, the veteran director, is in Bombay. He is reported to be toying with the idea of producing a picture in Hindi. If his idea takes a concrete shape, he will be staging a comeback after an absence of several years. The last picture he made in Bombay was *Apna Ghar* in 1941-42.

The contribution of Debaki Bose as a director is so great that no history of Indian films can be complete without devoting a special chapter to his achievements. It was his *Chandidas* and *Puranbhagat* that put Bengal on the map of the Indian film industry. He introduced several features in *Puranbhagat* which are now being taken as granted by every director. His greatest contribution was however to lend emotional impact to song and introduce background music. In his hands, the songs ceased to be just an added attraction, they became the integral part of the story reflecting the moods of the characters in an emotional manner. But he is better known as a great interpreter of Indian philosophy.

Right from *Puranbhagat* to *Vidyapati* and *Nartaki*, he has tried to interpret the mystic Indian philosophy of Vaishnav cult through his screenplays. Though sometimes his efforts proved failures he succeeded eminently in his project in pictures like *Seeta* and *Vidyapati*—the two classics which have immortalized him as a film creator.

He has created many stars including Kumar, K. C. Dey, Umashashi, Molina, Pahari Sanyal, Rattanbai, Kananbala and to him goes the credit of re-discovering Prithviraj. It was his directorial touch which made a comedian out of Mazhar Khan and a lovable heroine out of Ram Pyari in *Sunhera Sansar*, the only comedy he ever made.

But after the Second World War, Debaki Bose could not keep pace with the swift tempo of the times. His philosophy became dull; and the slow tempo in which he had specialised

made his pictures boring. The great stalwart became a back number at least as far as Hindi films were concerned. He had to go back to Calcutta and confine himself to the production of Bengali films. There too in the beginning he did not make much headway; but the moment he ceased to be a writer and looked contented not in his old philosophy but in the writing of contemporary Bengalee writers like Tarashankar Bannerji, he staged a come-back, his picturization of Tarashankar's novel *Kavi* was a great success and his latest picture *Ratna Dwip* also based on a novel by another centre on a theme similar to the Bhawal Sanyasi Case, has had a very successful run in Calcutta.

But apparently Debaki Bose is not contented with the provincial success, and is anxious to win back his laurels in the Hindi film world. He can be sure that he will be welcomed to Bombay as a producer, though perhaps he will not be idolized as he was during his previous visits to this city. This time, he has to prove his mettle before getting recognition for his greatness, and it is to be hoped that Debaki Bose stages another come-back in the Hindi film world. For, today more than ever we need directors of his vision and depth to save the Indian films from the present rut.

News Of The Week

—Santoshi is soon starting the shooting of his second picture under his own banner, Santoshi Productions. It is tentatively titled *Sunday ke Sunday* and stars Rehana, Ranjan and Gope. Its music is again in the hands of C. Ramachandra.

—It is rumoured that owing to certain differences between the producers and the star, Om Prakash—the well-known comedian—will not be appearing in Filmkar's *Ghungroo*. It is understood that Motilal will replace Om Prakash for the double role he was playing.

—Famous screen writer K. Ahmed Abbas has been signed by director Ramanlal Desai to write *Alibaba*. It will star Rehana, Ranjan and Hiralal.

—Nav-Ketan is starting the shooting of *Andhian* to be directed by Chetan Anand starring Nimmi, Dev Anand, Kalpana, Durga Khote and Manmohan Krishan.

THE CHINESE INVASION OF TIBET—A NEW PORTENT?

By P. L. MEHRA

THE march of events in Korea has thrown the Tibetan happenings into the background. Yet the Chinese "unprovoked aggression" in Tibet raises issues which are not only of general concern to people everywhere, but are of great import to us here in India, perhaps to all Asia. The urgency is highlighted by the near-collapse of French Viet Nam resistance to Dr. Ho Chi Minh's better trained "guerillas," and the near-chaos that is all S. E. ASIA.

For a proper understanding of the Tibetan question it is necessary to know something of this Hermit Land. Thickly enwrapped in legend, myth and mystery this 500,000 square-mile plateau is, on an average, more than 10,000 feet above sea-level. Bounded by Chinese Turkestan on the north, Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim with the mighty Himalayas in the south, the Chinese provinces of Sinkiang, Sikiang and Chingshai in the east and Kashmir on the west, Tibet variously known as "the roof of the world," and "the wild land in the sky" is the most inaccessible country in the world. Her formidable geography has aided the development of the isolationist trait in the Tibetan character. Tibet is a land of monasteries and nunneries. More than a fifth of the population are "lamas," leading a life steeped in age-old custom and Buddhist dogma.

Sparsely peopled—barely one fourth of the country can be said to be inhabited—Tibet's 30 lakhs have a large percentage of nomads; a fact that makes for looseness in administration. For a thousand miles her frontiers run with ours in the south and west, and it would hardly be contested that India provides the easiest and most convenient avenue to and from central Tibet.

The ruler is called the Dalai Lama, literally "ocean of virtue." Centuries back a great lama of Tibet, Sonam Gyatso, the third incarnation of Gedun Truppa, the first Tashi Lama, spread the Buddhist faith in Mango-

lia. The Mangol chieftain, Altan Khan, conferred upon him the title of Dalai Lama and with that began the line of rulers that exists in Tibet until today.

The present ruler, Jeisum Jampel Nga-wang Lobzang Yishey Tenizing Gyatso, to give him his full name, is the 14th Dalai Lama. The seat of Tibetan Government is the Potala Palace in Lhasa, Tibet's White House. Traditionally, the 7th century Songtsan Gampo, one of Tibet's greatest kings, was the builder of this palace. He is known to have humiliated the Chinese Emperor of his day, exacting a tribute from him.

Tale Of Discord

The chapter opened by Songtsan in Tibet's relations with China has not yet come to a close. For Sino-Tibetan relations have remained, over the centuries, a long tale of discord and conflict. Two known Chinese attempts at intervention in the administrative set-up of the country came to nought, the first in 1720, the second a recent one, in 1910.

The latter was regarded at the time as a sequel to the then Government of India's dispatch of the Young-husband Mission for opening up Tibet to trade and for preventing her from falling into the Russian orbit. For a time the Chinese carried all before them; they seized the administration, the Dalai Lama left the country, seeking refuge in India, and all seemed to be well. But the Tibetans never reconciled themselves to the control of the Celestial kingdom, and with the outbreak of the Revolution in China in 1910, the garrisons were expelled and Tibet reverted back to her pre-1910 status.

The present intervention of the Chinese Government in Tibet is very much the old tale, rehearsed over again. "Tibet is a 'domestic' issue. China has always exercised complete sovereignty over the country; the 'local authorities' have, at the instigation of interested parties, refused to

contemplate peaceful negotiations. New China, inspired by a great desire to defend her frontiers, and to prevent Anglo-American intrigues, had no recourse left to her except to undertake 'liberation' and so the Communist armies are there to rid Tibet of alien, unfriendly—nay hostile influences."

Such specious reasoning leaves much that is important out of account. It is an attempt at a deliberate distortion of truth.

For a long time now, within the past century at any rate, Tibet's affairs have been the concern not only of China, but of India as well. When in 1910, Chinese troops marched into Tibet, and the British Government, acting on the representation of the Government of India, made strong protests to China against this action. The Chinese assured the British that no more troops were sent to Tibet than were necessary for the preservation of law and order, and that China had no intention of converting Tibet into a Chinese province. Her only desire was that Tibet should pay due regard to Chinese wishes.

Despite these assurances the British Government did not take kindly to the dispatch of Chinese forces. Matters might have gone far but for the Sun Yat-Sen revolution in China. With that, the Chinese garrisons in Tibet, cut off from their base, surrendered, and China's attempt to rule at Lhasa came to nought.

It is significant that when with the proclamation of the Republic, a declaration was made that Tibet came within the sphere of Chinese internal administration and that she was to be treated on much the same footing as other Chinese provinces, the Government of India, through the British Government, again lodged a strong protest. It was this protest which made the Chinese Government agree in June, 1913 to a tri-partite conference between representatives of Tibet, China, and Great Britain. This conference met in Simla under the presidency of Sir Henry McMahon and after long deliberations initialled a convention.

This convention recognized the autonomy of Tibet proper (Outer Tibet) and created a zone (Inner Tibet) under Chinese authority sub-

ject to certain already existing Tibetan rights. It is true that the Chinese Government did not ratify the convention but it was not because they did not accept its terms but because they were unable to accept the boundaries between Inner and Outer Tibet. In all other respects they accepted the conclusions of the convention.

In 1918 again, the Chinese marched their troops into Tibet. This aggression led to a strong and successful Tibetan retaliation. At a time when China was torn by internal dissensions, the Tibetans were graciously moderate. A truce was effected in September, 1918, a truce that unluckily never assumed a permanent shape, largely owing to chaotic conditions in China.

The truce efforts did, however, succeed in bringing about a state of practical equilibrium between China and Tibet, each independent of the other's control or direction. It would thus be seen that at no stage in the recent past have Tibetan affairs been the close preserve of the Chinese Government, nor has the Lhasa regime been a tame functionary of an alien authority.

May be the present moment is reckoned auspicious for asserting claims that have no basis in fact: the 13 year old Tashi (Panchan) Lama is a fit instrument ready to hand, Tibet's 80,000 poorly equipped army is no match against Mao's streamlined forces, pacifist India would not perhaps force issues to the breaking-point.

But it is only fair to recognise that in its present effort to impress upon the Chinese Government that the solution of the Sino-Tibetan problem should be sought through peaceful means, the Government of India was inspired by a desire to help achieve a lasting and permanent way out of a tangled and complicated problem. This is again displaying a better knowledge of the past story of Sino-Tibetan relations, a story which it suits Mao to forget.

The Chinese Sermon

Instead of an appreciation of our efforts, the Peking reply to our first note on Tibet treated us to a long sermon on the "set-role" of the liberation army, and in so many words

we were accused of being the lackeys of the Western bloc, at whose behest we were attempting to interfere in China's domestic affairs.

From a close perusal of the notes exchanged between India and China on the Tibet problem certain broad conclusions are inevitable. The present Chinese Government has told us in very plain and simple terms that we must keep our hands off Tibet, for any continuity of friendship between the two Governments could only be on a "mutual recognition of each other's territorial sovereignty," that we would not be allowed to raise even a little finger to help a country whose borders are adjacent to our own.

It would be difficult for the Government of India to acquiesce in this position. Apart from the fact that it is a complete travesty of facts and a mangled distortion of past history, it compels us to accept a thesis whose implications are very grave indeed.

It is surely amazing that whereas the advance of U. N. troops to the Yalu river in northern Korea, or more correctly the extinction of a friendly regime in Pyongyang, meant for China the deployment of huge forces—2,500,000 "forced volunteers"—to help unsettle what appeared to be a settled fact, we, here in India, are not supposed to take any interest in the affairs of a country which has a border of over a thousand miles co-terminous with our own; which culturally and economically is nearer to us than to China!

Where is the guarantee that a China, which has disillusioned us completely with her shock-tactics, which contrary to oft-repeated expressions of peace resorted to naked brute force against an unarmed people, will not, after she has stabilized herself in Lhasa, constitute a grave threat to the security of our land?

If an unfriendly North Korea,—if Formosa in alien hands is like a dagger drawn at China's heart, surely Tibet under unfriendly control is a great threat to the safety of our country.

That is not the whole story. The frontier between Tibet and India has not been very clearly demarcated. It is, in keeping with the terrain, rather loose and winding. The Indian Prime

Minister's reply in Parliament to a questioner indicating the firm resolve of our Government to stick to the McMahon line of 1914 does not take us very far. What is really desired—and is not forthcoming—is the fact of the Chinese acceptance of the McMahon line.

If at a moment opportune to them, the Afghans in the north-west have repudiated the Durand line, it is arguable that when convenient, the Chinese can as well reopen the whole question of a "suitable" frontier between India and Tibet. After all, an excuse is handy: the non-ratification by China of the 1914 Anglo-Sino-Tibetan convention.

To this aspect of the question it is highly necessary to devote anxious thought. Not only should India insist, as she has rightly done in her second note to Peking, that we will maintain our mission at Lhasa, and our agencies at Gyantse and Yatung, and that we will not let easily slip the rights we have acquired in Tibet. But we should go further and make it clear that any regime imposed upon Tibet will not be recognised by us, nor shall we accept any other boundary between Tibet and India except the McMahon line jointly agreed upon by both of us.

Pretext Of Minorities

There is another allied problem. Not far back in Tibetan annals both the Gurkhas of Nepal from the south and the Dogras from the west in Kashmir made incursions on Tibetan lands. Ladakh, now a kingdom, was a tributary of the Chinese Government until the opening decade of the present century. Besides, the people in these border Himalayan States—in Sikkim and Bhutan—have close ethnic and cultural affinities with the Chinese and the Tibetans. A strong and centralised Tibet, reduced to the status of a "province" of the Chinese People's Republic, may at no distant date revive and rake up claims long dormant. If China throws down the gauntlet on such issues, shall we take up the challenge?

It is high time that our Foreign Office seriously studied the deeper implications of Peking's claims. So far our security has rested on upholding an outer buffer of friendly neutral states on India's periphery. Tibet, in

the north, has in fact fulfilled a very useful function as a buffer between India and China, and the stronger these powers are, the more important that function becomes. The advance there now is therefore a dangerous portent of the ugly shape of things to come—the outer ring is fast giving way.

Communist China's incursion is unpleasant in another way too. Free India had welcomed, even at the cost of being ridiculed and misunderstood, the change in China from a discredited, disowned Chiang Kai-shek to a Mao-ist "New Democratic" regime.

We were the first of the non-Communist world to accord recognition to the new Government, we opposed President Truman's guarantee to Formosa and its holder, we bitterly resented, and resisted the advance of U. N. troops beyond the 38th parallel in Korea, we supported and sponsored Chinese membership of the Security Council, we demanded that New China get her rightful place in the counsels of the U. N.

We did all this in the belief and hope that the New China was our ally and friend, Communist in colour but essentially Asian in her sympathies, hopes and aspirations. In the New Asia, Red China would help find solutions to the myriad problems which beset Asian lands.

The Nazi Pattern

But Chinese advance in Tibet, with

her hordes fighting the U. N. in Korea, with her aid to Ho Chi Minh and his levies in Indo-China, has completely shattered the fond hopes we cherished. Is it not likely that after the mad race for defending her frontiers in Tibet and Korea is at an end, after Formosa has been rid of its U. S. protege, the Peking regime sets her heart at "liberating" the huge Chinese "minorities" in S. E. Asia?

In the millions of her nationals that live in Malaya, Indo-China, Siam and Indonesia, the Peking Government will have pretexts ready to hand for meddling in the affairs of these countries.

The pattern, a little hazy and confused though, seems to emerge as unmistakably akin to the Nazi and Fascist predatory doings in the thirties in Europe. The Anschluss the Sudetan Germans and the rape of Czechoslovakia and a host of such others come inevitably to mind.

This is certainly no attempt at painting an alarmist picture. On the contrary it is a cool and unbiassed appraisal of facts as they emerge from the recent policies of Mao-ist China. But it is highly necessary that in the light of what has happened we, and all Asia, heed the grim forebodings and rumblings of a perhaps not distant storm.—Copyright—P.M.

WHY JOE CHAMBERLAIN DID NOT BECOME PREMIER

By MONTGOMERY HYDE, M.P.

IN the brief blaze of Edwardian noon, as well as in the long Victorian twilight which preceded it, the most arresting figure on the political horizon was unquestionably that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary.

With monocle in eye and orchid in button-hole, "Joe" was the man, the masses knew. "He it was," Mr. Churchill has recalled, "who had solutions for social problems: who was ready to advance, sword in hand if need be, upon the foes of Britain; and

whose accents rang in the ears of all the young peoples of the Empire and lots of young people at its heart."

Radical Into Tory

Chamberlain, son of a wholesale boot and shoe manufacturer, was born in 1836 in Camberwell Grove, where a wall-plaque now records the event. He died in 1914 in Birmingham, of which city he had been three times mayor, where he had made a fortune in business before he was 40 and where he had enjoyed a happy family life with three successive wives.

Austen and Neville were his sons.

In his time Chamberlain was by turns a Radical, a municipal and social reformer, pioneer of popular education, the enfant terrible of Gladstone's Cabinets, Liberal-Unionist rebel, and then, as Colonial Secretary in a Tory Government, the exponent of a great gospel of Empire.

Within a few months of Chamberlain's death his trustees began to consider the project of an authoritative life of this great imperial statesman. They invited Mr. Leopold Amery, at that time MP for South Birmingham, to undertake the task. Mr. Amery accepted, but his military duties in the First World War soon obliged him to relinquish it.

Eventually the late Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of *The Observer*, became the biographer. Three volumes duly made their appearance from his pen, the third volume bringing the story to the close of the year 1900. But Mr. Garvin never told the last and in some ways, the most interesting phase of that story, since death supervened in 1947.

The Chamberlain trustees had to look round for another biographer. By a curious twist of fate the task from which Mr. Leopold Amery had withdrawn more than 30 years earlier, devolved upon his son, Mr. Julian Amery, MP.

The Empire Doctrine

In his book,* he carries the story on from the "khaki" election, at the end of 1900 to the conclusion of Chamberlain's South African visit in the spring of 1903. These were the years of "Joe's" supremacy in our domestic, imperial and foreign affairs.

Between 1900 and 1903 Chamberlain then in his middle sixties accomplished much. He presided over a memorable Colonial Conference, following which he proceeded to formulate his famous doctrine of Imperial Preference.

* *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain*. Vol. IV, 1901-1903, by Julian Amery (Macmillan, 30s.).

What he wanted to see was "a real council of the Empire," at first advisory in function, but later having legislative powers, to which all questions of imperial interest might be referred. To achieve this aim a revolutionary change in Britain's fiscal policy was necessary. He made this clear at the opening of the Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers in 1902. "Our first object," he said on that occasion, "is free trade within the Empire."

It was during this period, in the summer of 1902, that Lord Salisbury resigned his seals of office as Prime Minister. Some people thought that King Edward VII would send for Mr. Chamberlain to succeed him, in preference to Mr. Balfour.

They Distrusted Him

In acting as he did, there is no doubt that the King was constitutionally correct, although in view of Chamberlain's substantial following both inside and outside the House of Commons, it would not have been constitutionally wrong for the Royal summons to have been despatched to "Joe."

But there were other factors at work against him, as Mr. Amery indicates in his book. He was not popular in Palace circles, where the republican views of his early days had never been forgotten.

At heart the "ruling families" in the country—the Salisburys, Balfours and Devonshires—liked him little better. The Conservative die-hards, represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, distrusted his "materialism." Finally the high priests of the Treasury, the permanent officials, disliked his plans for public expenditure, and were assiduous in spreading the legend that he was "unsound."

But, if he missed the Premiership, Chamberlain remains, as Mr. Churchill said of him half a century ago, "incomparably the most live, sparkling, insurgent, compulsive figure in British affairs" of his age.—*Lens*.

SIDELIGHTS :

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

OF the Andhra ministers in the Madras Cabinet, Sri Chandramowli derives importance from the favourable position in which he is placed as a vote-catcher. He has the backing of the powerful Kamma community which wields enormous influence in Guntur district. He has also a large number of devoted followers. Their devotion is often a product of gratitude for favours out of the ordinary, and is great in proportion to the extraordinary nature of the favour conferred. Recently Sri Chandramowli used his position as minister to enable some of his favourites to run buses without a license. The irregularity was discovered, and the scandal of it resulted in the dismissal of some officers who merely carried out the minister's instructions. Our Chief Minister was not strong enough to punish the minister, but a few scapegoats were found to maintain a show of propriety. Imagine the mental condition of the shielded bus-owners in such a situation! When loyalty comes in the way of business its intensity is in inverse ratio to desserts. One is not so beholden for a gift of what is due in fair assessment, as for something out of the way far in excess of what is reasonable. To Sri Chandramowli rules and reason do not count when a friend or favourite has to be helped. He is an object of grateful affection to a host of beneficiaries in whose interests he has employed all the power of his office without bothering much about the restraints that go with responsibility. He has the happy temperament of a rustic unconcerned with the sophistications of administrative fairplay. His administration is a wretched patchwork of makeshifts, interventions and violated traditions. But in fairness to him, it has to be said that he is personally neither greedy nor overbearing. He has a soft nature that cannot resist importunity and there is a streak of obliging goodness in all his deviations from established procedure. He is

unable to draw the line correctly between the freedom of disposal permissible in the handling of private property and the subjection to rules in a spirit of detachment necessary in the discharge of public duties. He suffers not from viciousness but from lack of the stern fibre demanded in just administration. Local administration has been brought to a woeful state of disorganisation at his hands, but with the liberties he has taken with it, he has built for himself a social position of considerable local influence. He has command of an army of devotees, keenly sensitive to the value of his patronage and cheerfully ready to do his bidding. These have popularised a legend that he is unbeatable at any election in his own native constituency. On account of his supposed electoral strength, he ranks as an inevitable minister in any cabinet-formation. He is however not so group-conscious as so many of the present ruling clique of Congressmen are, in the legislature and in the ministry. In his responsive succour to suppliants, it is human sympathy that preponderates, not party spirit. For all his official vagaries, he is not without lovable attributes. He is a blunt, courageous, warm-hearted man without guile.

Sri Bhaktavatsalam is as full of guile as Sri Chandramowli is without it. The Public Works portfolio carries with it an immense expenditure. It is in the power of a minister in charge of the portfolio to make his tenure of office memorable to posterity. Sir M. Visweswaraya in Mysore and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar in Madras belonged to this calibre of ministers. South India's outstanding irrigation and hydro-electric works owed their conception and construction to their originality and initiative. And that, at a time when the substance of administrative control was in British hands. In comparison with the achievements of such stalwarts, Sri Bhaktavatsalam's record is puny. He has neither the giant intellect nor the consuming fire of patriotic impulse required for large scale planning of

national regenerative enterprises. He has the external correctitude of the industrious seeker of reputation for efficiency. That is the best he can show. His negative scores have not been negligible, however. With punctilious care he has managed, if not to silence criticism, at least to keep out of its range dangerous data likely to afflict him with hurt and danger. He too has a host of aids gathered round him with considerations of varying grades. But the interplay between him and them is not of the sentimental brand as in the case of Sri Chandramowli. It is a cold-blooded business arrangement based on mutual self-interest. Plausibility is the stuff of Sri Bhaktavatsalam's integrity. For all the veneer of

objectivity that he is unwearyingly at pains to cover himself with, humanity to him consists of two classes, friends and foes, and those who are not his friends or dare to criticise him, are by him reckoned as foes. He cannot endure criticism at heart though he is a master in suppressing the external manifestations of resentment. He is wont to pursue critics with implacable, though concealed animosity. The milk of human kindness is not in him. His aim is the supreme seat of power. If he should reach it, large sections of the population will feel orphaned and disfranchised. Communal zest, mixed up with illusive lore seeking to cover it, is the core of Sri Bhaktavatsalam's politics. His genius is for intrigue and not social welfare.—SAKA.

THE OXFORD ACCENT

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

A fastidious friend of mine, who chooses his cigars like a connoisseur took me to lunch recently at the Cricket Club of India, Bombay. He asked me how long I had lived in England. I said, "Nine years." His next question was, "Oxford or Cambridge?" "Neither," I said, "I made my living as a journalist in London."

Therefore, what I shall discuss in this article must be regarded as viewed from the distance of London. I have gone to see both places and admired the pretty waitresses in the Cambridge teashops, and I have walked, as a visitor, in the quadrangles of Oxford. But, that is all.

"But any man that walks the mead, In bud or blade or bloom, may find, According as his humours lead, A meaning suited to his mind."

On some mornings as I pass through the bazaar there assail my ears with a full blast from the amplifiers of radios in cheap restaurants, the Voice of All India Radios, New Delhi, with the preamble, "Here's the News." I do not know whether the gentleman who shrieks out the news with a palpitation of the heart (which also is audible through the amplifiers) is a Briton or an Indian, whether he has had the blessings of Oxford, or whether he has just whiffed Oxford

from afar. But what passes for the Oxford accent comes thickly over the morning air.

I have often been intrigued by that sacred phrase of newspaper correspondents describing battles they never see—a three-pronged drive. Three-pronged drives are very dear to me for the simple reason that I have to imagine what they must be. My closest picture to what the reality must be is when I hear the news-announcer from A. I. R., New Delhi, give out the news.

Imagine him shut in within the four walls of the room in which there is a broadcasting set. Imagine another person in that room, a person rather hostile to the first, and armed with a three-pronged prong. Imagine the first person with a sheaf of papers in his hands, the latest communiques, and with a hot potato in his mouth. Imagine him trying to read the communiques as close to the microphone as possible, with the hot potato in his mouth, while his adversary prongs him on the posterior with his three prongs and makes him jump all over the room as he reads the communiques.

This is the picture of the announcer with the Oxford accent that I conjure up each time I hasten past the

radio-infested bazaar of the provincial town I live in.

"Pass the glass, you silly ass." The way you say this decides whether you are from Cambridge or Oxford. This was the over-simplified distinction that one used to hear. But is there really an Oxford accent? The accent of an educated Briton, making slight exceptions for regional accents, is very much the same. It is only those, who have not been to either University, who give themselves airs with their "rathaa's" and "faugh aaus" (four hours).

But there is an Oxford accent (witness our news-announcer from New Delhi), and there is what is called a Public School Pronunciation (P.S.P.) or B.B.C. English. But if one listens to the king when he makes his annual Christmas broadcast or to Mr. Churchill one will not detect any affectations but one will hear a clear, limpid English spoken without lip-tongue laziness.

Actually it is easier to hear the Oxford accent among the Cockneys and the lower classes of Birmingham and Liverpool than among a group of educated adult Britons. "Ceb" for "cab" is both Cockney and Mayfair and B. B. C. Besides corrupting English speech, the B. B. C. has, by its laxity with regard to grammar, brought about a vogue for loose phrasing, which can be encountered almost any day in their communiques. One hears too many "wozzunts" and "woodents", among other careless slips.

While the B. B. C. encourages colloquialisms, probably under the impression that it is showing its preference for Saxon, there is the equally grave danger to the language from what is known as Bureaucrats' English, which has caught on in America. One wouldn't have expected it of an American, but actually some six years back Mr. Maury Maverick (probably of Irish origin), who was at that time Chairman of the War Plant Corporation publicly decried what he called "gobbledegook language" and warned his employees that "anyone using the words 'activation' and 'implementation' would be shot." The New York "Nation" praised Mr. Maverick for his attack on what it termed as "multisyllabic, abracadabric words." In India the correspondence between the various departments of our Gov-

ernment, the speeches in Parliament and in the Provincial Legislatures, and the journalese that is now current is full of such "gobbledegook" words.

To come back to Oxford: there is, of course, a large number of votaries of the Oxford accent, the B. B. C., or Public School Pronunciation. A few of them have been at Cambridge or Oxford, but the majority of them, like the tradespeople in Oxford, merely try to pass for Oxford.

There are also the undergraduates whom the first whiff of it intoxicates. Recently the Oxford University Magazine, "Cherwell," published a lament on the fast disappearance of the Oxford accent. The writer, who named Aldous Huxley and Prof. Gilbert Murray as "distinguished exponents of the Oxford Accent" considered that the Oxford accent was "mellifluous, gently and almost softly persuasive." He regarded the Cambridge accent as high-pitched and with a tendency to stutter. Blaming the Left Wing atmosphere of the 1930's at the University when there was a "clear reaction against certain upperclass speech forms" the writer said: The age of uniformity is upon us. You can listen to a conversation on a bus and wonder whether the men you hear are from the University or the Town.

Ralph Lynn, the Aldwych Theatre comedian, who was superb in his silly ass roles, gave the best description of the Oxford accent, when in one of his films he asks a yokel the way and the yokel answers in such "refained" accents that Ralph Lynn asks him, "Oxford, I suppose?" The yokel answers, "Naw, I've cut my mouth with a bottle."

As for us in India, we shall always speak English with our provincial intonations and that is quite natural. The other day in Bombay I heard a very distinguished Mylapore Brahmin say, "Now I shall 'yend' my speech" I liked his "yend" just as much as I like the gudugudus that come tumbling from the throats of my Andhra friends. But in the interests of the food crisis—how many hot potatoes must be rolled about in the mouth and thrown away!—if for no other reason, we must have the A. I. R. news-announcer with the Oxford accent replaced by a Tamil or an Andhra or a Bengali!—P. M.

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.

Chess Championship In U. S. S. R.

It is indeed gratifying that Sri V. V. Prasad has a paragraph in SWATANTRA on the Chess Championship in U. S. S. R. The last sentence in that paragraph, "But I find that Krishnamachariar reached Moscow only at the fag-end of the final match," is not correct. The match commenced on 16th March and lasted till 11th May. I reached Moscow on 9th April when only 11 games out of the stipulated 24 had been played. I witnessed the remaining 13 games. Thus I reached Moscow before the half stage. The report that I reached only at the fag-end may imply some indifference either in the invitation or in the responding, which is decidedly not the case. I have a lively admiration for Sri Prasad's section in your journal and I am keen that this error in reporting should be corrected.

T. A. KRISHNAMACHARIAR.

Emoluments To Village Officers

The village officers whose hereditary right of succession has been recognised by the Government and who are deemed to be the steelframe for running the administration are the lowest paid and they are agitating through their associations for increased emoluments. In response to the several deputations and representations, the Government, it is understood, has assured the village officers that their claims will be considered. How to solve this major problem with the meagre resources available with the Government? There is a way out which deserves consideration by the Government.

Under the Madras Local Boards Act, every panchayat board has one or two bill collectors whose duties are exclusively the collection of house and profession taxes and licence and scavenging fees from the ratepayers. Excepting in the boards whose populations are more than 10,000, the bill collectors in the rest of the panchayats have collection work practically to last only for about two months in a year; but they are treated as permanent establishment and are unnecessarily paid throughout the year for their idleness. The salaries thus paid to the bill collectors are really a loss to the revenues of the panchayats.

The Village Panchayat Act (Madras Act X of 1950) was brought into force on and from 1-4-51 and as per rule 1 under Sec. 69 of the Act, the Government allows collection of taxes and fees in the panchayat units by the village headmen on remuneration. The rule is discretionary

and it is only an option afforded to the minor panchayats where there are no bill collectors.

The village officers have already got collection work of land revenues and cesses; and if the additional work of collection of the taxes and fees of the panchayats is to be entrusted to them, they will gladly undertake it on commission basis. Let the Government direct the abolition of the posts of bill collectors in all the panchayats having a population of less than 10,000 and depute the village officers to collect taxes and fees in the panchayats. We shall then find a happy solution in respect of meeting the demands for higher emoluments by the village officers.

M. VENKATARAMAN.

Whither, Brahmins?

Of late there has been much discussion in and outside Parliament about the reservation of seats to this or that community, styled backward, in colleges and public services. At least in Madras State, the main theme appears to be the exclusion of Brahmins in all colleges and superior services. A number of educated Brahmins are perturbed over this position. Unlike in the northern parts of the country, the South Indian Brahmin does not easily take up jobs such as that of a post peon, office bearer or the like. He somehow tries to acquire literacy and is satisfied with the post of a clerk on Rs. 30 per month rather than that of a post peon on Rs. 75. That shows a narrow outlook and typical lack of economic sense on his part. One wonders if they are really justified in their present outlook, since they have ceased to be Brahmins except in the matter of wearing the thread. While there may not be any sensible argument for the State to deny them all avenues of progress, it may be better for the Brahmins to work up and live up to the ideals of the Brahmins of old.

In the past, Brahmins lived by the good of the community which they served with whole hearted devotion. (Perhaps, they were in some respects similar to our Congress workers in the early 1920s). They had no axe to grind and no profits to make. They would give education free to all those who wanted it and conformed to a certain standard. They helped the State with their timely advice. They did penance for the well-being of the country. Just imagine a community which had no other ambition in life but to serve, no

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other desire but to be useful. No wonder, they commanded very great respect wherever they went and exerted great influence. The typical example of Siva, in Hindu mythology, who drank the poison to save the rest is the essence of the Brahminical spirit. They lived for service and every action of theirs was guided by that one cardinal principle. They were highly learned and extremely poor, a combination not found in any other part of the world. They glorified in their poverty and never tried to get over it. Their self-restraint was something unthinkable. We find in them a character and intelligence that could give all and could receive at best a little alms for livelihood, and above all the quality of a soul of which neither fame nor adversity could change the exceptional purity. Are the present day Brahmins in any way near this description? Such a class of persons does not exist now. Instead of asking the Government to give them opportunities, if the Brahmins rely on their own ancient methods of prayer and penance with service as their motto, they need have no misgivings about their future. But success as understood in modern society will not probably await them.

V. R. KOLLURI.

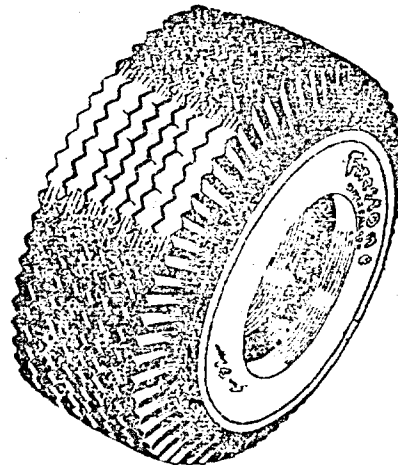
Religion In Schools

Religious teaching in specifically "denominational" or other forms in schools has often the danger of degenerating into religious fascism. The result would be unconscious damage to the spiritual life of children and teaching staff, making them hypocritical and cynical to all religion and to the higher values of life. In a local Catholic Christian college, a student in the I. U. C., considered to be one of the best in all respects and having had no occasion to be reprimanded on any score, was recently given his transfer certificate and asked to leave the college without any reason being assigned. The general suspicion is that the student's answers to the paper on Moral Science, under cover of which specific Christian religious teaching is often imparted to non-Christian students, betrayed "atheistical" leanings which drew the ire of the college authorities. The student's plight in finding admission to the II U.C. in another college and catching up the portions of his course in the new College can be easily imagined. About the time, in a girls' high school, calling itself cosmopolitan and national, a young lady teacher, with no preliminary warning and without being given any reason, was served with a notice terminating her probation in the school. Here again, there is a strong suspicion that the teacher's probation was terminated because of her alleged indifference to the extra-mural course in the Bhagavad Gita

taught in the school. This attitude on the part of the teacher was construed as an unhealthy influence on the pupils by a certain section of the management. The teacher concerned was very popular with the pupils and is a young woman of great ability and versatility. No parent had complained of any unhealthy influence said to have been wielded by her on the children under her care. In fact the treatment meted out to her by the management of the school is being widely regretted by all who know her.

If this is the kind of religious teaching imparted in schools and colleges in our secular State, the result cannot but be disastrous to our younger generation. Insistence on outward conformity with the religious beliefs or practices of the management by students in a school or college can only result in irretrievable damage to the personality of the young student, undermining subtly his integrity and sense of truth. Such religious teaching can only produce either hypocrites or cynics. Subtle forms of persecution and victimisation can do no good to any one. An Annie Besant relentlessly persecuted as an "atheist" but still able by sheer will-power and inner inspiration to retain her invincible spiritual outlook is indeed a rare phenomenon.

"OPEN MIND".



Firestone

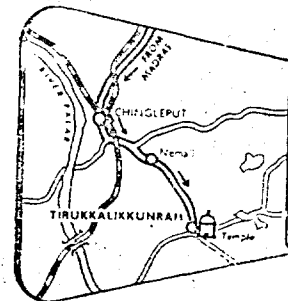
BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW

The Birds of Tirukkalikkunram

Every morning at 11 o'clock, the priest of the Tirukkalikkunram temple places a dish of food on a ridge nearby. Soon two kites approach and settle down to the food. It is popularly believed that these birds make their way every day from holy Banaras, and go on to Lanka. It is this centuries-old rite which gives the temple its name Pakshitirtham—the sacred abode of the birds. Motoring is a pleasure made possible by Dunlop's invention: and the tyres that bear his name remain the best and safest under all conditions.

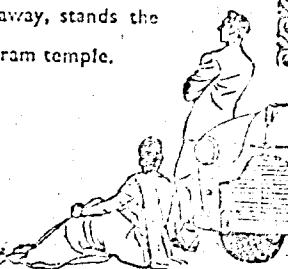


DUNLOP



From Madras, an all-weather road leads to Chingleput, 34 miles due south. Here a metalled branch road strikes out towards the coast, and on this, 9½ miles away, stands the Tirukkalikkunram temple.

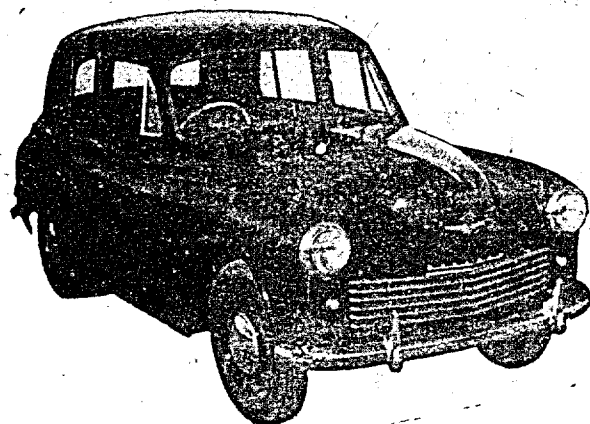
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