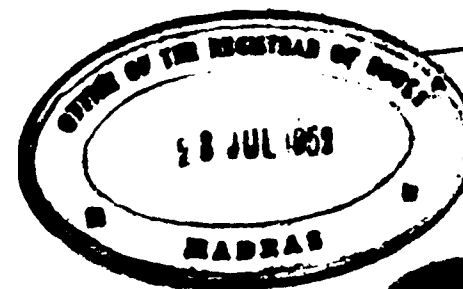


SWATANTRA



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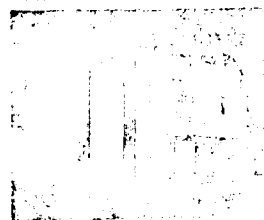
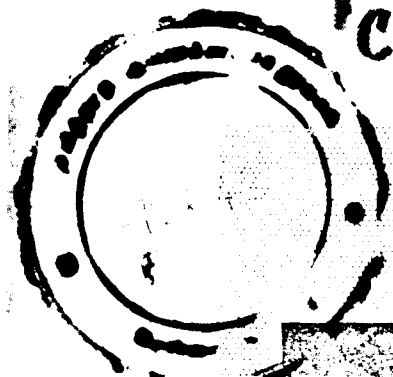
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1952.

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SWATANTRA

VOL VII
No 22

SATURDAY JULY 5, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE MADRAS MINISTRY

It was wholly unnecessary on the part of Sri Rajagopalachari to have sought a vote of confidence from the Legislative Assembly. The Chief Minister has explained that he took this step because of the defeat of the Congress candidate in the Aruppukkottai by-election and the boycott by the U. D. F. of the joint session of the legislature addressed by the Governor. Both these reasons seem to us to be entirely unconnected with the issues involved in the vote of confidence motion. The Aruppukkottai constituency has been for long a well-known stronghold of Sri Muthuramalinga Thevar. Here and there in the country there are constituencies of this pattern dominated by a single individual who enjoys within its precincts a virtually invincible electoral position. It is no test of the regard in which a Government is held that it should win in elections held in such constituencies. In every election there is an unpredictable element, and the unpredictability of the result of an election is the essence of freedom of voting which is the basis of democracy. Sri Rajagopalachari was unwise in proclaiming while the by-election at Aruppukkottai was going on, that he would treat its result as a test of the public's confidence in his Government. The public should not have been localised so narrowly within the confines of a single constituency. No Government can win all seats, nor indeed can it win any particular seat on which its Chief Minister happens to set his heart. If there is to be an Opposition, all seats cannot be won by the ruling party. Defeat of the Government in some of the by-elections must be accepted as a natural implication of the democratic dispensation.

A motion in the legislature is no answer to the Aruppukkottai defeat for the purpose of establishing confidence in Government. Confidence, to be significant, must be based on experience and assessment of the Government's record. Two months is too short a period for judging the record of a Government. The Chief Minister should have allowed a longer time to lapse before seeking a vote of confidence, and when seeking it he should have had a presentable list of achievements to his credit as a compelling argument in support of such a vote. At present he has only a formidable threat of heavy taxation to offer. Taxation is always frightening and unpleasant and combinations of vested interests disinclined to pay new taxes are only too facilely formed. Sri Rajagopalachari has jeopardised the stability of his Government by going in for confidence too prematurely at an inopportune moment. The discussion itself has proved to be a relentless series of attacks on the Chief Minister of a personal kind and strictures on the preceding regimes totally unconnected with the issue on hand. We feel that so much public money should not have been wasted for providing this exhibition.

The Chief Minister was particularly ill advised in taking this sort of notice of the U. D. F. walk-out. Legislators do not discharge their duties gratis. They are paid for attendance and for bestowing time and thought on the subjects coming up for discussion. The proper remedy against absentee legislators or walking out legislators is withholding of allowances ending in liability to be unseated if non-participation in legislative work is indulged in too frequently. It is not fair, when

legislators abstain from their duties and take to stunt propaganda, that the Government should put itself to inconvenience by way of rejoinder. There will be no rest for the Government if after every walk-out by a section of the House, the Chief Minister should feel called upon to fortify himself afresh with a vote of confidence.

For one so astute, it must be said that the Chief Minister has not handled the debate skilfully though his speech towards the end of the debate was brilliant. After the initial speech of the mover and the Chief Minister, the first three days of the debate were thrown open exclusively to the Opposition, members on the Government side abstaining under mandate. The impression made in consequence was wholly disastrous to the credit of the Government, as all the voices raised were denunciatory and none spoke in defence of the Government. It was as if the Opposition seized the initiative converting Government's appeal for confidence into a no-confidence motion. It was only the quality of the speeches of the Opposition leaders that saved the situation for the Government. The Communists concentrated their fire on challenging Rajaji's right to bring God into politics and the failure of his Government to usher in the Andhra State. God is defenceless against the practice of being brought into parade by politicians, and it is one of the ironic curiosities of our time that the cause of the freedom of the Divine from human handling should be espoused in the name of Secularism against one of His own eminent devotees by such an anti-God element as the Communists. But neither the issue of God nor that of linguistic States is relevant in any estimation of the worth and character of C. R.'s leadership. The problem of linguistic States particularly is steeped in fashionable nonsense, and we are stewing in the folly of an agitation of the past when conditions were altogether different. The true patriot of the present will have to do

battle against disintegrating forces threatening the unity of our national life and economy, not the least of them being the short-sighted reiteration of the outmoded plea for division on one pretext or other. Communist conversion to the doctrine of linguistic separation is itself very recent, and for all its denunciatory vehemence, it seems to be actuated more by an artificial anti-Congress objective than any natural intrinsic conviction. Irrelevance and artificiality undermine much of the force of the Opposition diatribes against the C. R. Ministry. It is true it has not been long enough in office to justify itself. But within its brief span of existence, it has given convincing proof of superiority of spirit and purpose as compared with its predecessors. For instance, the abolition of the policy of land grants to alleged political sufferers was a step in the right direction. The abandonment of the right of the Ministry to reserve several seats in the medical and engineering colleges for nomination by itself without regard to merit, was also conceived in the right spirit. Before the advent of C. R. to the leadership, the popular mood was one of despondency. It is now one of hope. On this auspicious start, a great record of public good can yet be built by the Chief Minister and his Government provided they do not go out in search of controversies to waste energies upon unnecessarily. The legislature has it in its power to put an end to the Ministry by means of a no-confidence motion. That should have sufficed as an indication of confidence in the Ministry in the absence of proof to the contrary. The vote of confidence claimed by C. R. and conceded by the House was not objectively necessary, but it is to be hoped that it will afford to the leader all the subjective satisfaction necessary for bearing his difficult burden without further doubts as to whether he is wanted or not. Perhaps the Chief Minister's frequent references to God lately were a proud man's way of expressing humility in the face of difficulties that

might have made him view the future with apprehension. It is not unlikely, with the sense of strength gained by

the confidence vote, we shall hear less of God on the floor of the legislature hereafter.

Sotto Voce

THE MONNA LISA SMILE



THE U. D. F. member who raised a point of order the other day in the Assembly has my profound sympathy. It was not like other points of order—mere hurdles sprung with more or less art right in front of the cantering horse as it paws the air. It seemed to give one a glimpse into the cavernous depths of a soul in agony. And surely it deserved kinder treatment than it got at the hands of the Speaker. For once, let me say it with all respect, Mr. Sivashanmugam's deadly efficiency seemed unlined with his natural kindness. I like to think that in the Upper House the fugitive plaint might have grown and filled the air like the genii from the bottle while the President with his usual deliberation took time to consider it.

The reader is naturally impatient to know which particular point of order I refer to: for in our vigorous democracy they are as plentiful as blackberries in June. So without keeping him any longer on tenterhooks let me remind him of the protest, stifled almost before it was born, of the member from Kakinada against the smiles which, it seems, the Chief Minister permitted himself when his colleague the Finance Minister was expounding the budget. It was given the dignity of a 'box' in a contemporary. But lest the giddy should mistake that prominence for a pillory let me try to elucidate the issues as best I can.

The Speaker squashed the objection

saying that it was no point of order at all and that everybody had a right to smile whether inside or outside the House and that in any case he could not do anything about it. Like many better men I must bow to the ruling of the chair. But my untidy mind has its own hesitations and half-doubts. Now everybody will admit that a smile can be most provoking even if it is not actionable at law. If you scratch your nose in the presence of a deaf-mute he does not wait to ask for an explanation: he flies at your throat. And for our friends of the U. D. F. life is no less real and earnest, no less tragic, in a word.

It might be pointed out in extenuation that Mr. Rajagopalachari was smiling, if at all, not when an 'Enemy No. 1' was on his legs, but when his own understudy was speaking. The smile may have been of the beatific kind that you see on the face of the cat asleep in the sun, as she dreams of the stray chick she has swallowed. Or it may have been of the Monna Lisa variety—"the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of the sinister about it", which C. R. or at least his admirers will not seriously dispute, quite becomes him and fits in with his reputation for diablerie. Perhaps he was being simply happy thinking of the promptness with which he was redeeming his promise to the people to make them take new taxes with a smile.

But the keen sleuths of the U. D. F.

will not be so easily put off. Shakespear being approved in Stalinland, our comrades may murmur to themselves without fear of ideological deviation, "One may smile, and smile, and yet be a villain." But that kind of analysis does not go very far. They are quite certain that some villainy is being meditated: the question is what. Mr. Rajagopalachari has asked for a vote of confidence and he no doubt depends on the honeymoon mood of the legislators to give it him. But this surprise move and the ostensible reasons for it are not of the kind that naturally occur to bourgeois legislators. They are too powerfully reminiscent of the subterranean tactics of the Left for the Left to feel quite easy.

Why should the Madras Cabinet resign if the Aruppukkottai by-election to Parliament was lost? "What is Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" And the suspicion grows to a certainty in the comrades' clever minds when they find that, instead of resigning straightaway, Mephistopheles asks them to jettison him if they can. He

knows he is fairly safe in throwing out the challenge; for the only conviction that the nondescripts still retain is that it is good to be in the House and it would be tempting Providence to risk an election. So the Communists will probably have to go on sucking their thumbs while C. R. flourishes his "great victory."

In the circumstances our Kakinada friend's irritation is understandable. But possibly the Chief Minister was not thinking of him and his like at all. He was, more likely, glowing inwardly at the prospect of telling the bunglers at Delhi, "You may thank God that I am here." It will not avail them to say, "Knowing that Aruppukkottai was a pocket constituency of the Forward Bloc, why did you set up a candidate and on top of it commit the prize indiscretion of telling all and sundry that you staked everything on it?" The Acharya, when he smiled his inscrutable Monna Lisa smile was probably telling Pandit Nehru, "But that is how I snatch my victory out of the jaws of your defeat."

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

For forms of government let fools contend.

That which is best administered is best.

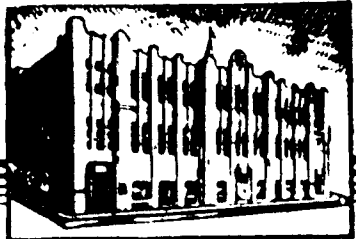
—POPE.

SRI Rajagopalachari's speech in the Legislative Assembly on Thursday was the best I ever heard. He spoke for an hour and a quarter from notes which he glanced at occasionally. Once or twice he read out from the notes a quotation. He was in top form. He spoke in an easy, racy, conversational style that was understood by everybody and never raised his voice to a declamatory pitch. Unlike the Opposition leader who indulged in denunciatory orgies and wild gesticulations, he excelled in a quietness which underlined terrifically the points he made with devastating logic. He was specially hard on the Communists; with a cold-blooded harshness that yet claimed, as is his way, a sneaking fondness for them in his heart for their hard work and earnestness despite their wrong methods which he condemned. He tore the Communist case to pieces with ruthlessness. Of all forms of vested interest, the vested interest in misery and in the piling up of grievances was the worst, he said. It was wicked. He charged the Communists with the wickedness of exploiting the distress of people for strengthening their party, with no interest in providing relief and alleviating suffering, solely bent, as they were, on capitalising evil by making themselves comprehensive champions of every section with a grievance. The Comrades squirmed in their seats as the Chief Minister delivered his hammer strokes at them and their front benchers broke out into angry remonstrance with points of order that turned out to be no points of order at all.

I thought at first that the Chief Minister had committed a blunder in tactics in placing under an interdict speeches by supporters of his own party. But actually it turned out to be a master-stroke of extraordinary astuteness. Its initial impression was no doubt one of continuous and con-

centrated attack on Government, affording articulation practically exclusively to hostile critics, while the voice of friends was completely stilled. But as the debate proceeded, and the ammunition of the anti-Government forces spent itself, an appalling amount of repetition was unfolded, and with repetition came boredom, the deadliest enemy of effectiveness in debate. There was no exchange of arguments because the arguments were all on one side, no replenishment of interest through the give and take of points brought under controversy. Beach orators like Jeevanandam palled, as they administered to their hearers with an overdose of loudness the same mixture as before. The weight of sustaining the proceedings hour after hour and day after day without the stimulation of counterpleading adversaries, drove the Opposition leaders into hopeless irrelevance, and as they expatiated on the Andhra State demand and the Congress misrule of the past, one wondered what it all had to do at all with the Chief Minister's leadership, which was the issue on hand. It was as if the Chief Minister himself had engaged the Opposition to build up his case by destroying their own with irrelevance. The only straight point of attack in the whole of the Communist rigmarole was delivered by Sri Ramamurthi when he quoted the Chief Minister against himself in fervid defence of food control. It was the only point evaded and left unanswered by Sri Rajagopalachari in his otherwise complete and brilliant concluding speech.

As much as one man could do with wit and words, the Chief Minister demolished the Communists and he did it with an ease and seeming casualness that enormously enhanced the effect. His analysis of Communist technique will bear quotation on any world forum. Start with the G. C. M., add to it a factor that may be called exaggeration, proceed thence to the L. C. M., and squeeze out every other party—this, he said, was the reality behind the illusion called United Front. For all its appearance



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of mildness, C. R.'s talk was packed with dynamite. With one brief speech he has wrested the crown of martyrdom from the Communists, turned the tables on them and thrown them into the defensive and shattered the forces of the Opposition, establishing himself as victor. So much was never accomplished in such little time on the floor of any legislature in the world.

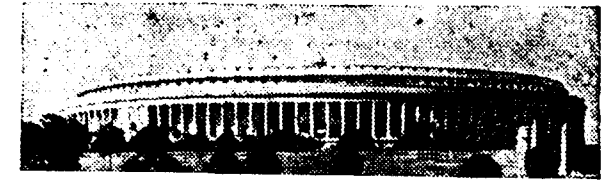
The picture that adorns the cover page this week is that of the Inspector-General of Police of Madras State, Sri T. G. Sanjeevi Pillai. He has the reputation of having fallen out with Sardar Patel over the methods to be employed in dealing with the Communists of Telangana. Disagreement with the Sardar led to his return to his native State, quitting service at the Centre. It is noteworthy that stories of police atrocities are now things of the past and as I. G. Sri Sanjeevi has succeeded in stamping out the Communist violence in the State, while at Telangana the position still continues to be full of uncertainty and strain. The I. G. is a master in crime detection and is given

to constant experimentation with new methods drawing on the practice of renowned institutions like Scotland Yard. He has trained dogs to sleuth for the police and brought them into service in tracking the criminals round about the environs of the city that have been causing with their hold-ups so much consternation to peaceful way-farers. The recent police tattoo which owes much to the initiative and inspiration of Mrs. Sanjeevi, was the first of its kind in the country, and was intended to mobilise and demonstrate the skills of the police in a common provincial pool. The police are still stamped with the bureaucratic traditions of the old imperial pattern of government. They must be converted into guides, friends and philosophers of the public without losing their character as guardians of the peace. In the imperfect dispensation of the present, Sri Sanjeevi Pillai is a practical idealist industriously striving to improve the morale and standards of work of the police, with a view as much to the humanising of the force as to its modernising. —SAKA.



Cadets Carl Peter Ireland and Anand Gopinath of the Third Madras Air Squadron, N. C. C., who left for the United Kingdom this week to participate in the Air Training Corps Rally.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DR. KESKAR has endeared himself to the press and the public by his speech in Parliament as Minister for Information and Broadcasting. His announcement that All India Radio is to be shortly converted into a Corporation on the lines of the B.B.C. brought him out as a man of imagination who understands the needs of modern administration. Mr. Nehru himself had announced long ago that he favoured the idea of a Corporation for All India Radio; but the idea was not pursued during the transitional period. The Central Government will do well to take up the question of the formation of a Corporation immediately.

Dr. Kesar himself admitted that the cost of administration of All India Radio was much more than the expenditure on programmes. The B.B.C. has no Deputy Director-General. All India Radio has four officers who go by the name of Deputy Directors-General. Two of them at least—Messrs. Ashok Sen and Gopalan—are very competent persons, but I doubt whether their abilities are properly exploited by All India Radio. In a Corporation like the B. B. C., they would have had much greater initiative than is allowed in a Government organization like A. I. R.

The programmes of the Delhi station of A. I. R. have been often criticised. They have been criticised not because the men who were put in charge of the Delhi station were pretty bad. Even if they were good, they could not resist the influence and interference of the higher-ups. The Minister in charge of Information and Broadcasting some times decided who should sing over the radio and who should not. A very bad artiste had to be given a chance to broadcast music because he or she was known to some influential busy-body.

The Nosey Parkers thus ruined the programmes of Delhi. The best programmes have been generally put out by the station which is farthest from Delhi, Tiruchirapalli.

Delhi has at last got a Station Director who is distinguished enough to be able to resist such pressures and influences. Mr. Narayana Menon, who is the new Director of Delhi Station, is one of the best men in All India Radio. As Director of the Staff Training School, and as the Director of our Western Service, he planned some of the best programmes that were ever broadcast from All India Radio. Our complaint has been that the best programmes were heard by listeners in Western Europe and denied to us. His guidance in the scheduling of broadcasts emanating from the Delhi station should give us as good programmes as he has hitherto been giving to the West. I no longer have to keep awake till midnight in order to listen-in to really sensible items meant for intelligent adults. (The Western Service goes on the air at midnight to enable listeners in Europe to tune in to A. I. R. in the evening.)

One of the proposals made to the British Press Commission in order to maintain the independence of newspapers was the formation of a public corporation to print new newspapers under contract. This suggestion did not meet with the approval of the Press Commission, but is one which the Indian Press Commission when it is set up, will do well to look into. Such a Corporation, in India, should not only help new newspapers to start, but should take over the management or direction of all newspapers to help newspapers maintain independence and save editors from interference by proprietors. Mr. Aneurin Bevan had described the British Press

as the most prostituted Press in the World. We can excuse his rashness, for he obviously does not know the Indian Press very well.

There is no newspaper in India which can be said to be really independent—even to the extent to which *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian* can be said to be independent. When a newspaper begins to pay, the grip of the proprietor on the policy of the paper becomes tighter and tighter. When the paper pays a substantial dividend, the editorial writers are reduced to the position of hiring ghost-writers who put in grammatical language the desires of their employer, and who invent clever arguments to make out that the furtherance of the un-stated selfish interests of the proprietors is most imperative if the interests of the country are to be safe-guarded.

The Press Commission of Britain says in its report: "It has been argued, and it is an argument with which we have much sympathy, that, in view of the potential influence of newspapers, the persons who own or control newspaper undertakings ought to be known to the public."

In India, we are faced with another problem altogether. The influence of proprietors of newspapers can be felt on politicians in India only if the proprietors are known. They therefore go to the extent of publishing their own names as editors of the newspapers which they own. The publication of their names, moreover, helps to spread the impression that the individuals concerned are not illiterate. Since most proprietors are almost illiterate fellows, we, of the Working Journalists' Federation, have been asking that Government should not insist on the publication of the names of the editors of newspapers

along with the names of the printers and publishers. Our argument is that if it is unnecessary to print the name of the editor, it will become unnecessary to perpetrate the dishonesty of printing the name of the proprietor as the editor.

From the comment that has appeared in the Indian Press, the proprietors of newspapers do not seem to be too enthusiastic about the Press Commission, because it may mean a probe into all the dishonest practices that have been going on in the name of a free press in this country. Mr. Raghunatha Iyer, who represents the interests of proprietors as much as he represents the interests of the Working Journalists, has been advocating the formation of a National Press Institute where the proprietors and their employees may demonstrate the act of the lion lying down with the lamb. But this suggestion, which has been made in good faith, certainly does not meet with the approval of most working journalists. Few journalists in India regard their proprietors as their friends and not as their enemies. Mr. Raghunatha Iyer is an exception.

I would like the Indian Press Commission to be a commission of lay men—which does not mean a Commission of ignorant men. The commission need not have either press lords or newspapermen sitting on it. If, however, it is proposed to have them on the commission, they should be equally represented on the commission. The Government should regard itself as fortunate if it can secure Mr. Krishna Menon and Mr. K. M. Panikkar to serve on it. Both of them have had knowledge and experience of newspapers before they became Ambassadors.

Historical generalizations are delightful to make and thrilling to read. But how much, I wonder, do they contribute to our understanding of the human enigma? The question is one which I will not venture to answer, except with a series of other questions. For example, if, as we are told, the art of a period reflects the social history of that period, in what way precisely do Perugino's paintings express the age whose history is written in *The Prince* of Machiavelli? Again, modern historians assure us that the thirteenth century was the Age of Faith and a period of progress. Then why should all the moralists who actually lived during the thirteenth century have regarded it as an age of decadence and why should its liveliest chronicler, Salimbene, depict for us a society that behaves as though it had never even heard of Christian morals.—Aldous Huxley.

DR. SYNGMAN RHEE

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

The President of South Korea may one day be described by a historian as the bad boy who played with fire and was instrumental in starting World War III.

IT was a cold December Korean morning; half the town of Pusan was buried in snow; a strong piercing wind lashed against a coffin under which four young men struggled to carry their load. Near the customs outpost at the southern end of the town two armed sentries looked closely at the faces of the coffin carriers and, shivering in cold, muttered, "You may go." These four men smuggled out in the coffin a man named Syngman Rhee on whose head the Korean police had declared a heavy price. This happened 37 years ago when Syngman Rhee was 40 years old.

And when at the end of World War II he returned to Pusan, he became the President of half his country, the peninsula lying south of the 38th parallel. Today, at 77, he strikes the headlines of the world press. Yet ambitious, and working a 15-hour round the clock schedule, he dreams to be the first President of an United Korea, a Korea which he himself helped to bifurcate. A ruthless cunning man he does not know when and where to stop his maddening race for power. His lust for power has thrown the world on the precipice of a deluge and it is because of him that all the nations on earth stand today on the brink of a devastating war the like of which we have not seen.

Short, plumpy, immaculately dressed in western clothes and a Bond Street tie, Syngman Rhee speaks English with the correct American accent. He was born in 1875 and in his veins flowed the royal blood of Korean monarchy. His childhood was spent amongst Chinese teachers who steeped in him views that were mostly orthodox; they gave him a sackful of Chinese classics to master and, by 1893, when he finished his course from the Methodist Mission School in Seoul he was 18, a very strong headed young man, but poetic and, to an extent, dangerously handsome. Gregarious by nature, the solitude of the palatial

mansion of his parents did not give him the company he sought for. A friend took him to an association of smug rich people, The Independent Club, where in the course of the next few months he became its president. He also embraced Christianity.

Syngman Rhee was even then working for a distant future. Soon he started the first Korean daily newspaper with himself as its editor. From the editorial chair he gained an insight into politics and developed a knack for intrigue. Before long he found himself an Imperial Privy Councillor. Many in Korea then thought that he was about to achieve bigger things. But their hopes were dispelled by the stunning news that he had been thrown into prison and charges against him were many, including those of bribery and nepotism.

Six months later he came out of the prison only to enter it again on bigger charges. When he could not exonerate himself, he was awarded a life sentence. The Russo-Japanese war in 1904, when he had completed only seven years of his term, brought him freedom. A few days after his newly acquired freedom a Japanese soldier recognising him, drew his revolver to shoot him pointblank but seeing him profusely wet his trousers with fear, had mercy and let him go unscathed.

He moved from one hideout to another. He felt he had in him the making of a revolutionary, a politician, a statesman and he also felt that the future was with him.

The Russo-Japanese war gave the young and impetuous Rhee the freedom he wanted. It also gave him time to think. The Japanese were, for a while, ousted from Korea. A nationalist Government was set up and this Government gave him just the opportunity he wanted. He was sent to America on an unexplained diplomatic mission, but before he could complete his assignment, the

war at home took a bad turn for him and the Japanese were in again and they were looking for his head.

Frustrated, Syngman Rhee gave up politics, joined George Washington University from where he graduated, went to Harvard where he took the master's degree and was not satisfied till he had a doctorate from Princeton where Prof. Woodrow Wilson taught him.

The political itch left him no rest. Dr. Syngman Rhee's career really began now. He came in direct contact with some of the outstanding would-be politicians of America.

He left America and jumped once again into the hotbed of politics of enslaved Korea. With a price on his head still dangling, he moved about Korea organising a resistance movement. Outside Korea, in China, at Hawaii and even in Indo-China he formed Korean groups for a final showdown with the Japanese in his country. He entered Korea through various secret channels and when once the Korean secret police were almost on his heels he smuggled himself out of the town in a coffin. Then he vanished leaving no trace behind him. During World War I nothing was heard about him till one evening in 1919 in far away America he made his appearance. Korea lay bleeding after her 10 years of growing resistance. She was almost beaten.

Grown sober, Dr. Syngman Rhee advocated the non-violence of Mahatma Gandhi. A shrewd man, he waited for an opportunity to jump into the fray. The Paris peace conference, he thought, was the right place where he could plead his country's cause. But the American State Department refused to give him a passport. Failing in his attempt to rouse interest among the world politicians meeting at Paris, he established a "Provisional Government of the Republic of Korea" in exile, and nominated himself as the President of a Government which had no territory to administer, no office to run, nothing to call its own. The contributions he raised from his compatriots went directly into the maintenance of Dr. Rhee who had learned to live expensively, maintaining a 12-room apartment on 16th Street in Washington. A retinue of servants, two smart girl secretaries, swanky cars, costly seats

in opera, a well stocked cellar, big parties, all these and more kept him going in a merry way. Contributions from freedom-loving people at home met his ever increasing expenses.

Many of his compatriots in Korea and elsewhere who came to visit him in Washington were aghast at the style of his living. Some went back with the thought whether it was wise to send funds to support a waster.

Meanwhile, Dr. Rhee acquainted himself with politicians of Europe from whom he learned a few things about serious lobbying and clandestine diplomacy. At a carouse in Geneva he met a charming Austrian woman, 20 years his junior, with whom he fell in love and finally married her when he was on the right side of 60.

Back at Washington he began his swanky living once again but slowly a feeling of frustration akin to the life of an emigre politician caught him. Slowly he gave himself up to genuine pangs of defeat. He honestly began to think if he was truly representing his people. He wanted to look at himself from others' point of view, from the point of view of his compatriots who were complaining of his easy life at Washington. A feeling of isolation set on him, his own supporters were deserting him. He was an alarmed and stupefied man. One day, in the early hours of morning, he found a rope hanging from the window of his bathroom. The sight of the rope panicked him so much that he screamed which brought his wife and the servants to the scene.

Ever since the rope incident at Washington Dr. Rhee nourishes within himself a constant fear of being assassinated. He later told many of his closer friends that he often felt shadows of unknown men around him when he was alone. But he had already spent 25 years of his life in exile. Loneliness was beginning to tell on him. Amidst the parties, dinners, dances, cocktails and drinking bouts he began to feel that he was a lost man, ageing quickly. To the surprise of his friends he resigned the presidency of the non-existing government, thereby almost giving up the cause of Korea. World War II then came.

This war also came to an end with the surrender of Japan and once again

Dr. Syngman Rhee was a rejuvenated man, though he had already celebrated his seventieth birthday. He returned to Korea, making a triumphant entry into Seoul where Gen. Hodge found him godsend. And ever since his entry into Seoul Dr. Rhee has never for a moment forgotten that he had his opponents in Korea, honest citizens and politicians who, unlike him, had always stood by the people at home, and fought the Japanese with their blood, tear and sweat. He tried ruthlessly to eliminate his opponents one by one, thereby inviting more trouble for himself and also more opponents.

Dr. Rhee had almost his dreams fulfilled when under the cover of American streamlined army he was installed as President of the newly created Korean (South) Republic. He now dreams to be the President of Korea as a whole. Anybody in Korea standing against his wishes runs the imme-

quate risk of being liquidated. In the past three years his name has been muddied with ruthless cruelty, worst despotism, irresponsibility, persecution and corruption. People in South Korea make fantastic but often true charges. They accuse him of a maddening ambition to achieve absolute power, of fascism. The American troops in Korea, according to *Newsweek*, has already started asking authorities, (because of the unprincipled and undemocratic activities of Dr. Rhee) "What are we fighting for?" Mr. Truman has also appraised Dr. Rhee his "shock and amazement" at the latter's fascist tendencies. Many all over the world even believe that but for this man they would have lived in peace; there never would have been a Korean war and that today the world would have not been so much nearer to another devastating world war.

KRISHNAMACHARI COMMITTEE REPORT

THE Krishnamachari Committee which investigated the grow-more-food failures, laid stress on intensified minor irrigation works for effective production drive. Madras has been doing tank improvement and well-digging for the last five or six years, but the results are negligible because our technique is entirely out of tune with modern scientific development.

In his pleadings to the Congress for more financial aid to this country, Mr. Chester Bowles referred to what he called "grass-root planning" of the various developmental projects. Here lies the secret of thoroughness of the American planning.

I cite here two examples to show how we are failing in our minor irrigation projects. We are digging tanks, but we are doing pretty little for the watersheds that feed these tanks. The tank may irrigate a few hundred acres till it is resilted, but the thousands of acres in the hinterland of the watershed remains under an old fashioned monsoon-dependent cultivation. We are deepening wells, but we do nothing to ensure perennial flow of water at reasonable depths. We are leaving it to chance or fate to bring water into these wells.

It took us nearly seven years of untold suffering to realise the grave import of what are known in this country as "minor irrigation works," in our drive against starvation. Are we going to take yet another decade or so to learn the exact application of the technique on the American pattern of what is called "conservation farming" which is a scientific, wholesome prototype of our unscientific minor irrigation works? The American food drive of the war years got a smashing upshot through a nationwide propagation of "conservation farming" which makes no fetish of any individual item—a well or a tank or a channel—but is a combination of all in a planned watershed programme where every piece of land and every drop of rain are integrated for optimum production of an enduring type with very little dependence on the vagaries of the monsoon.

This is an acid lesson for us in our community project planning. If we just copy our old method of minor irrigation works and go on gloating over imaginary results of so many tons of food produced for every well dug or every tank renovated, we shall fare no better in our community projects than in our grow-more-food campaigns.—*Soil Conservationist*.

A Short Story

MEANEST THIEF

By William Brandon

BISTRO entered the apartment by way of the fire escape and a window. He could hear the sound of the party going strong in the front rooms of the apartment; a jangling piano, someone singing, mingled voices laughing.

In the dark study he used his flashlight sparingly and located the wall safe behind an antique framed map on the wall. The map turned out on hinges.

The safe was a standard residence receptacle. He could crack it with a hard word, Bistro thought. He went to work on it with his educated fingers and swung its door open in a matter of minutes.

A glimpse inside the flash revealed a box of papers and, besides it, the tiny jewel case. Bistro opened the case and the magnificent stone of the ring it contained winked joyously at his light, as if glad to come out of the dark.

Voices floated down the hall outside the room and approached the study door. Bistro closed the safe and dropped behind a chair. Someone opened the door and switched on a lamp.

A woman's voice said, "Come in here where we can talk for a minute."

A younger woman's voice said, "But there isn't anything to talk about, honestly."

The other woman said, "I want to show you something."

Bistro looked across the floor from under his chair and saw a pair of high-heeled red shoes and a pair of gold shoes. The gold shoes belonged to slender, graceful ankles, and there was a youthfulness in the way they moved and turned about. They went with the girl's voice, he decided.

The older woman's voice said, "This is a clipping from the Chatterbox column in today's paper. Have you seen it?"

The girl read aloud: "Playboy theatrical producer Don Otis has got a

diamond the size of a robin's egg in his wall safe for the hand of what lovely lassie from 'The Fox and the Blues' Company? Nobody knows, but you'll all find out at his after-theatre party tonight for the cast of that hit show. We'll guess her initials might be Sally."

The red shoes said, "Well?"

"Why, no. I hadn't seen it. But you don't think—"

"Your initials are Sally," the older woman said drily.

"But I'd never have dreamed..... You know I've never taken him seriously."

"That hasn't been his fault. He's tried hard enough. This pitch is by way of being his big second-act curtain. Now look, honey, I'm the last person in the world to get in the middle of something that doesn't concern me, but I just had to, when I saw that. I like you, we all like you, you're a sweet kid, and this guy is not right for you at all."

The gold shoes crossed to a globe on a pedestal, and the globe spun lazily to an idle finger.

Sally said, "But isn't that sort of jumping at conclusions? He's always been very nice to me, and that's all. Of course, it's never occurred to me to think whether I might be in love with him. But he does have a right to offer me a ring if he wants, and it seems to me I should wait until he does before I decide what to answer, shouldn't I?"

"No, you shouldn't; that's exactly the point. As the saying so accurately puts it, he'd turn your pretty little head before you knew what was happening. This item in the paper is the first step in just that campaign. You are to start dreaming girlish dreams even before he has to say anything."

"The piece in the paper might be nothing but the result of someone's imagination."

"You're so right, but the imagina-

tion is Don's. He planted that squib himself. I'd almost bet he hasn't got any ring waiting in his safe for you or anyone else. He's such a terrible phony, and he's always been such a terrible phony, that's all."

"But suppose he does have a ring?"

"He won't have, Sally. Believe me, I know him too well. He'll make you think it's all but on your finger, but there'll be some perfectly plausible reason why it doesn't materialize, any more than the marriage it would represent will ever materialize."

"But even if he has been like that in the past, he could change. Suppose he really does have a ring, and does ask me to marry him? I don't know what I'd tell him, but it certainly wouldn't be fair to condemn him even before he had a chance to ask, would it?"

The older woman sighed: "If Don ever sees the day when he is sincere and honest about anything, then he might develop into a nice guy, and I suppose one could do worse."

"I'm only trying to be fair to him," Sally said.

"Then let's put it this way. If he really does have a beautiful engagement ring for you, and if he really does ask you to marry him when he produces it, then forget all my warnings. Otherwise—remember them."

Sally laughed. She said, "All right. But that doesn't mean I know what my answer will be, even if he does have the ring."

"Just be sure you know what it will be if he doesn't have it. Now let's go back before he comes baying after you."

The lamp was switched off, and they went out.

Bistro's conscience hurt him, while he made his way out of the apartment and down the fire escape. Evidently, this guy Don had reformed, all right, but his ring now nestled in Bistro's vest pocket. By taking the ring Bistro blighted Don's life, and maybe Sally's life as well. Bistro had liked her voice. He had thought she sounded like a girl deserving of the best. So here he was, the meanest thief in town, wrecking her romance. It made Bistro sad, and he felt like a heel. If the diamond had been only a little less rich and brilliant he might have surrendered to his sentimentalism and put it back in the safe.

The fence was a little man with a flat nose. He took his jeweller's loupe out of his eye and tossed the ring to Bistro and said, "I'll give you two bits for the metal in its setting."

Bistro was stunned. He said: "Why, that stone's as big as an Easter egg!" "Yeah," the fence said. "And just as phony."—(N.N.F.)

NALANDA

By PRABHATI DEVI

IN the heart of Bihar, in Eastern India, lies the vast ruin of Nalanda, the famous international University which moulded the thoughts and arts of the whole East. From a very humble origin, Nalanda developed into a university, housing 10,000 residents at a time, and played a prominent role in Indian history from about the second century to the eighth century A. D.

Nalanda has now kept the archaeologists and indologists busy for decades. So far, eight levels of occupation with twelve monasteries, one big temple, and several stupas or chaityas (engraved votive mounds) have been excavated. On the ruins of the structures destroyed, new build-

ings were erected from time to time by different kings who kept it going until the Mohammedan conquest. In 476 A. D. King Narasimhagupta built a temple which was 300 feet high, and embellished with gold and gems. Purnavarmana, another king, raised a copper image of the Buddha, 80 feet high, and a beautiful monastery made of brass.

When I-Tsing, a famous Chinese traveller, visited Nalanda in 673 A.D. there were eight halls and 300 apartments with more than 3,000 residents. There were some cells without any windows, apparently for meditation. Residential cells had stone beds raised on one side in the form of pillows.

When Yuan Chwang, another Chi-

nese traveller, visited the university, there were more than 10,000 priests in residence. He described the wooden pavilions of Nalanda with their "pillars ornamented with dragons, beams resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow—rafters richly carved—columns ornamented with jade pointed red and richly chiselled." He went on: "Richly adorned towers and turrets like pointed hilltops congregated together. The priests' chambers in the outside courts had dragon projections and coloured eaves, pearl red pillars, carved and richly ornamented, richly adorned balustrades and roofs covered with tiles."

According to Jain tradition, Mahavira spent fourteen rainy seasons at Nalanda. Pali literature tells us that the Buddha often visited it to teach his followers and rested there in a mango grove. Sariputta, the famous disciple of the Buddha, lived in a hut in the area. Gradually it attracted other disciples with the result that it soon became a spiritual centre.

Asoka, after the death of Sariputta, built a temple as a memorial to him. Sakraditya, a king of that region, built a monastery at Nalanda. Later on, many kings built monasteries. Gradually, between the period of 425 and 625 A.D. Nalanda developed into an important township controlled by a great university under state patronage. The university received royal recognition in 450 A.D. It enjoyed a wide popularity between the sixth to about the ninth century A.D. and functioned as an international centre of learning during the reign of Emperor Harshavardhana, in the seventh century.

As a university, its traditions were of the highest; it boasted great teachers like Dharmapala and Chandrapala, whose brilliant exposition of the Buddha's teachings made a lasting

impression upon the students: Gunamati and Sthiramati, who enjoyed a high reputation among their contemporaries; Prabhamitra famed for his clear arguments, and Jinamitra for his model character, and Silabhadra for his sound scholarship. All of them were learned men, authors of treatises widely known and valued among their contemporaries.

The missionaries sent from Nalanda commanded respect and veneration wherever they went. Padmasambhava went to Tibet and converted it to Buddhism. Aryadeva of Ceylon sought advice from Nagarjuna, the Rector and Governor of Nalanda, on religious matters.

Recent discoveries of Sanskrit manuscripts in China, made by Mahapandit Rahula Sankrityayana, have strengthened the belief that Nalanda influenced the thoughts of China and other parts of East Asia.

Although it was a Buddhist university, Nalanda maintained a liberal tradition. The Vedas of the Hindus and the Tripitakas of the Buddhists were taught with equal zeal and sincerity, and it patronised both Buddhist and Brahmanical art. Consequently, Hindu, Jain and Buddhist arts and ideals are to be found in the ruins. The influence of the Nalanda School of Architecture can be seen in some temples of South India, Java, Borobudur and Tibet.

From the fortress-like structures of Nalanda University it seems that apart from being an educational institution, possibly it was also destined to serve as a refuge for the priests who dreaded persecution from the rulers of opposing faith. It could not, however, withstand the onslaught of the Mohammedan conquest of India, and was finally destroyed by Muhammad Bakhtiyar Khilji, who invaded India about 1200 A.D. (NMF.)

The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—Hazlitt.

Literature needs to be defended alike against the deadly decorum of the extreme puritans and the equally deadly indecorum of the extreme antipuritans. But that a profound and noble decorum is all but an essential of great modern literature I am convinced. It was not altogether by accident that the most decorous age in English history produced the greatest novelist in English literature—Charles Dickens.—Robert Lynd.

DURGABAI: A STUDY IN PERSEVERANCE

By D. S. RAMAMURTHY

"GATE pass, please," asked the volunteer at the gate.

The nation's young hero quickly searched his pockets, looked this way and that, and said, "But, little madam, I must get in quickly."

"Sir, orders are that only gate pass holders should be let in."

"What is the matter? Do you know you are holding up Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru?" intervened a local Gandhite.

"Sure, is there any Congress volunteer who does not know the nation's idol? but orders....." replied the young volunteer.

"Yes, dear volunteer, you are right, and India wants brave women like you," Nehru said and waited till the gate pass was produced.

This scene took place at the gates of the Indian National Congress session held at Coconada. The volunteer was the thirteen-year-old Durgabai, organiser, founder and soul of the Coconada Hindi Balika Pathasala. Hindi was a passion and a mission with young Durgabai and a whole fortune of her husband was spent at its altar. The annual functions of the Pathasala were the occasion for festivities for the whole town.

Most Revered Desodharaka,

My husband is ailing. Local doctors say there is not much chance of recovery. I have faith in treatment at Madras. Can you kindly give us accommodation?

Yours respectfully,
Durgabai.

Durgabai had not even seen Mr. Nageswara Rao previously. One or two of her stories had been published in his magazine, *Bharati*. That was all the introduction she had to him. But quick came the characteristic reply:

Dear daughter,

My out-house is at your disposal. You can occupy it any time you like.

Nageswara Rao.

Overjoyed at this kindness and hos-

pitality Durgabai took her husband to Madras for treatment and fortunately her hopes were justified.

The whole nation was waiting with bated breath for the historic Salt Satyagraha. Brisk preparations were being made in every village, town, and city for launching the *Lavana Yagna* ordained by Mahatma Gandhi. Only Madras was quiet. There was no stir, no activity while the whole nation was ablaze with enthusiasm. It was too much for the ever active Durgabai to put up with. She wondered why all the great leaders of Madras were so silent, why Madras was carrying on as if nothing happened and nothing was going to happen. Unable to bear the inactivity she rushed to Mr. Nageswara Rao and asked him, "Are you going to lead the Satyagraha? What is the programme?"

"Yes, I am leaving for Chirala the day after tomorrow where arrangements for launching the Satyagraha are being made."

"But, what about Madras?"

"Madras! I will be the first and last Satyagrahi here. Do you know that?"

"No, you will be first and I will be the second and who knows what might happen afterwards. I don't think Madras is so barren. If only leaders have more faith Madras will not be found wanting."

"No, my child. It is a matter involving great responsibility. Please mind your business."

Undaunted by this chiding she went to Mr. T. Prakasam the hero who had challenged the Simon Commission with his bare chest in the very same streets of Madras just a year ago.

"Who are you and what is your business?" asked directly the founder of *Swarajya*.

"I am an insignificant woman, but what have you decided about the Salt Satyagraha and what is the programme?"

"What, you are talking about Sat-

yagraha. It has been decided to start it in Chirala and we are leaving for Chirala the day after tomorrow."

"But what about the capital itself?"

"Silly. Who takes Satyagraha seriously in Madras. I will be the first and last Satyagrahi here."

"No, you will be the first, I will be the second and who knows what might happen afterwards. After all, I don't think Madras will be found wanting. Only leaders should have more faith in people."

"Do you say so," said Mr. Prakasam. "Let me see". He waited for a few minutes and said, "You are right." Immediately he called his secretary on the telephone and instructed him to make arrangements to hold a public meeting in the evening.

"Now, come on, young lady. We will see Nageswara Rao Pantulu."

"Pantulu Garu, we are starting Satyagraha in Madras itself."

"What! Is it this young lady that put this curious idea into your head?" asked Mr. Nageswara Rao.

"Yes, that is correct. We should have more faith in the people. I am thankful to her for drawing my attention to this," said Mr. Prakasam.

"But"

"No further buts. Everything is settled. I have cancelled my Chirala programme and arrangements are being made to hold a public meeting this evening in the city."

That evening at the public meeting Mr. Prakasam introduced Durgabai to the audience as the woman who convinced him about the desirability of starting the Salt Satyagraha in Madras and not leaving the capital barren. Durgabai spoke and direct from her heart came the appeal for volunteers. "Madras should deserve the Mahatma." That was her appeal and on the spot scores of volunteers were enrolled. An Andhra merchant offered rice to run a mess for volunteers, a Tamil merchant offered pulses and a Gujarathi merchant offered the rest. In that hour of trial little did the people of Madras clamour as to whom the city belonged. A spontaneous joint effort was made to keep alive the reputation of Madras. Volunteers were enrolled, Andhras, Tamils,

one and all. Mr. Prakasam was jailed and Durgabai made dictator of Madras. The enthusiasm, energy, drive and organising capacity with which she led the campaign are part of history.

"When I was convicted last time I did not know that distinctions would be made between comrade and comrade. I do not want to be treated in any special class," said a woman prisoner to the convicting Magistrate.

"Yes, Mrs. Durgabai. You can have a taste of the C class to your heart's content," replied the convicting magistrate.

"If Durgabai is in C class, we don't want these A and B classes. Please put us also there," demanded the rest of the prisoners. The demand was unanimous. The contagion was spreading. Hurried consultations took place among jail officials. Telegrams flashed between top-hats in Government and jail officials.

One evening Durgabai was informed that some one was waiting for her in the visitors' room. As soon as she went to the room she was asked to board a waiting van. The doors were shut and the van sealed. She was not told what would be done with her. It was the first experience of the kind for her. What were they going to do with her she wondered. At last the doors were opened and the only entrance was into a railway carriage which was duly sealed after she had occupied it. When the train stopped she was taken to a jail where she was told she was awarded solitary confinement. She did not for a moment understand what that would mean for her.

She was shoved into a narrow room shut on all sides and which opened only into a narrow high walled open courtyard. At meals time an iron plate from a wall moved forward and the delicacies of the much envied C class diet stood served on the plate grinning at her with 'a take it or leave it' challenge. That was all the contact she was allowed to have with the outside world. But a lone sparrow perching on the tree in the compound now and then could not be prevented from giving her company nor could the lone tree be prevented from blossoming its flowers every

morning. A measured quantity of grain was pushed in every morning which had to be ground into flour and delivered by evening on the iron plate. Once a fortnight the jail doctor would see her in this room and make sly suggestions that she would be released if she tendered an apology; or say he would recommend B class diet to her on medical grounds. Thus the only human being she was allowed to see once in a fortnight was a source of torture and she dreaded the day of his visit. Her spirit withstood the ordeal but not the body. Puss and blood began to ooze throughout from the body. The doctor offered to change her diet but she refused to take anything but what her comrades were getting in C class. News slowly trickled out of Madras Jail that Durgabai was being tortured. A solitary Muslim member asked a question about it in the Assembly. A great deal of helpless anxiety was caused to the public. Finally when she was released and made her appearance in Madras the ovation she received at the railway station from the city crowds was such that would have made even the national leaders feel jealous.

Anybody's head would have been turned at the praises showered on her. But not so Durgabai's. While the whole country was filled with frustration as an aftermath of the suspension of the Civil Disobedience Movement Durgabai's attention was fixed on preparing for the Benares University Matriculation Examination. She had seen for herself what she had missed by not having a university education. She decided to equip herself with a

lawyer's training before doing anything else. Neither poverty nor slander nor disapproval by very close relatives could deflect her from the purpose which she set for herself. Success in the matriculation examination was followed by success in the intermediate examination and in a few years she emerged from the Andhra University with a first class honours degree. Then came 1937 when the first Congress ministries were formed. While her erstwhile colleagues were busy angling for ministership, Durgabai was busy prosecuting her studies in the Law College and organising women's education.

From her own experience she could know first-hand what an urgent necessity there was to create facilities for aged women to get education. And to this end she directed her enormous energies and the Andhra Mahila Sabha is a standing monument to her organising capacity. Her subsequent activities in the Constituent Assembly, Parliament and the connected committees are too recent, well known and acknowledged by most people who had occasion to work with her and are therefore omitted in this article.

Planning has been a passion with her since childhood. Whether it was the development of the Hindi School for girls or the Andhra Mahila Sabha or the training centre for nurses, she was busy with activities connected with public life. It can be truly said about her that she has not wasted a single minute of her life. It is hoped that she will bring forth all her experience, energy and resourcefulness to the benefit of the nation in the new position of service to which the Prime Minister has called her.

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TEMPERATURE AND CIVILIZATION

By S. P. MISRA

EVERY summer, those who can, in Lenin's words, vote with their feet against the heat of inland plains in their trek to cool hill stations. With the advent of the monsoons begins the trek back. Why, then, were not centres of civilization, of economic life, founded in cooler regions? Ill-informed, egoistic Europeans actually claim that civilization has flourished only in temperate climes—not in tropical countries or near the Arctic Circle.

True, very cold places are thinly populated and extremely cold regions not populated at all. But there is an exception as to hot places. Regions of the earth subject to dry heat are thinly or not populated at all, whereas, regions however hot, if humid and rainy, are heavily populated. People congregate where life—economic production—is most feasible.

Why Imperialism?

The bases of economic life are heat and rain. Where it is very cold rain becomes snow and ice and so useless for most forms of life—plant or animal. But hot and rainy countries have all forms of life in abundance, even in super-abundance. Humid heat is most uncomfortable as it does not facilitate evaporation of perspiration, whereas dry heat is bearable. But that is not the decisive factor as deserts of sand and rock testify.

It is said that without the steam engine there would have been no British Empire as then there could have been no steamships to permit oceans to be crossed. But that does not recognise the motive for imperialism which lay in the richness of the hot and humid countries and the relative paucity of even temperate countries. In all world history there have been no invasions and occupations of countries farther north by peoples of hot and humid countries. The imperialist movement has always been from north to south, although those of the

north have invaded each other's countries.

In times before capitalism aggressors were drawn to the countries of the East by tales of travellers of the fabulous richness of Asian tropical countries. But the wealth consisted, not of course in diamonds as pebbles along rivers, but in gifts of Nature. With capitalist development in temperate countries, however, the predatoriness became systemised as the demand for foreign markets and raw materials.

Most probably Western climate hastened social development, social organization for economic production, from feudalism to capitalism. In colder countries a higher minimum of food, clothing and housing is necessary to support life. Inefficient production and consequent poverty could not continue longer. In the hot humid East, with the minimum for life so low, the extent of poverty bearable is far greater, so a retarded social development.

Man And Civilization

Reactionary Europeans, not merely concede, but actually emphasise that the East is "over-populated" and superabundant in gifts of Nature—but uncivilised. Actually, the very race of man originated in the hot East to populate the rest of the world. So also all philosophic and religious thought, the sciences, including agriculture, mathematics, metallurgy, epoch-making inventions such as gunpowder, the printing press, magnetic compass, lines of longitude and latitude on maps for ocean-navigation, clothes in general and the trousers in particular. Some important medicinal plants, cotton, rubber, petroleum, certain food plants, such as corn, potatoe, which decisively contributed in the fight against starvation in the Old World, modern sports, originated in America (before the invasion of the whiteman) in the same hot climate.

The fact of origin of civilization in warm latitudes is well known. There were Indian (Mohenjodaro), Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, Roman civilizations when people in colder countries were barbarians. Unfortunately, the very heat which gave mankind civilization also aided in the decline and death of successive civilizations in the hot but progress in cold countries.

Civilization is based on the manner of economic production which decides social organization. The more efficient economic production, the greater the leisure for thought, both for refinements and for more efficient economic production. In ancient civilizations leaders and supervisors of labour became slave-owners, land-owners and exploiters and so lost interest in enhancing efficiency of production, became engrossed in subjective thought and pleasures. Meanwhile the masses were condemned to everlasting toil for bare existence, without leisure for thought. Economic production declined and became inefficient and the civilization died.

Negation Of Negation

In colder countries the same process of development caused revolts and insurrections leading to capitalism and imperialism, because the minimum necessary for existence was so high that poverty, due to inefficient economic production, was unbearable. Coming in contact with the East, Europeans borrowed Eastern civilization.

European social conditions and the cold, severer climate necessitated greater efficiency in economic production, that is, the development of sciences and technology for mastery over the forces of nature. In other words, European life became more and more artificial, healthier, less and less subject to vagaries of nature, including disease.

While civilizations declined and perished in the East, in Europe it developed and progressed, because the factors negating (denying) its progress in the East were themselves negated (denied). It is a dialectical materialist process inherent in nature. Imperialist exploitation delayed Eastern development, but that itself and modern production technique are now

negating (denying) imperialist exploitation and Eastern backwardness and assisting Asian progress. But hitherto the process of negation of negation was against Asia.

The reason why the East is so rich in the gifts of nature is that humid heat assists plant and animal growth. So in the East there are more disease germs each of which multiply rapidly and, among others, attack human beings. People of the East are therefore weakened, not only by malnutrition as a result of poverty emanating from an inefficient economic system, but also by diseases. Add to that the fact that heat slows down the digestive process and metabolism. Heat is both a great blessing and a curse to mankind.

Artificial Living

People in colder countries are healthier, tougher and live longer, as for instance the Swedes and Russians. According to ancient Roman tombstones the average span of life then was 27 years—as now in India. Since then, thanks to Eastern civilizations, Europeans began to live increasingly artificial lives of protection against rigours of weather and disease.

In the process of the present struggle against imperialism and for popular democracy Eastern countries are adapting efficient method of economic production. It means the progressive development of the sciences and technology without which economic production cannot be increasingly efficient. Such progress includes struggle against poverty and disease.

Once Asian countries effectively control disease they will become uncontestedly supreme in the whole world with their immense natural resources and populations. Already we are living increasingly artificial lives, though yet less so than Europeans—and far less so than the people of the USSR and other socialist countries. Artificial living is a measure of man's mastery over the forces of nature by discovering and utilising the laws of nature themselves.

If the present and immediately next are Asian centuries, of rapid rise to supremacy by Asian countries, what of those of colder regions? Unfortunately, nothing at all can be said with

certainty as to the distant future of cold countries. The reason is that weather cannot be predicted with certainty beyond a few days. Even if and when that is possible, the coming of another Ice Age could not be averted though the affliction of some countries may be moderated if science is then well enough advanced which is quite likely.

In the event of another Ice Age descending upon the earth the region about the equator will be the sole home of man and civilization.

Another Ice Age?

Thirty thousand years ago the colder northern countries were covered with immense sheets of ice. Many scientists now believe the Ice Age is over. But there is no basis in fact for this belief. There have been four ice ages and there is no reason whatever why there should not be a fifth. If one does come, it will be gradually and not with dramatic suddenness. It will be here before we are aware of the fact.

Scientists do not know the rate of advance of the last ice age, though the rate of its retreat is known. In Sweden the ice retreated from the south at an average of about two hundred yards a year. Consequently, if another ice age comes it will be several thousands of years before countries below the North and South Poles are buried under immense sheets of ice.

An ice age occurs in series. "Before the present series of ice ages," writes Prof. Haldane, "there had been several earlier series, probably at least four. The last one was two hundred million years ago, long before the age of reptiles, and since then there were no ice-fields till less than a million years past. A series of ice ages is a malady from which our planet occa-

sionally suffers, just as a man a few times in his life gets a disease which gives him several bouts of fever."

Before the last ice age, in the warm period after the one before, there was no ice in the Arctic, Greenland was really green and Antarctic was covered with vegetation. As late as 450 to 1000 A.D., according to Prof. Haldane, the weather was much warmer and drier than now. The North Sea was then generally calm. Crude Norse ships of the day sailed across from Norway to Greenland and even to Canada.

Life On The Poles

No matter how many ice ages occur every one will be followed by warm periods in which man will reinhabit and civilization will spread to waste lands evacuated by the ice. The earth is at present experiencing a chill. When it finally settles down to good weather human prosperity and civilization will be greatly enhanced.

The Arctic and the Antarctic will be free of ice. The sea in the Arctic and Antarctic Circles will be free of icebergs so that Canadian and Soviet, now ice-bound in winter, will be open all the year round. Canada and Siberia will become lands of plenty with wheatfields and industries right up to the Arctic Circle. Soviet mines and certain industries are already there, so also vegetation adapted by Soviet scientists to Arctic blizzards and the cold.

In the period of good weather for cold countries, the hot countries may experience some more heat but which, with devices as air-conditioning, need not be uncomfortable. The main fact is that whatever may happen, so long as man lives hot countries will be the homes of civilization next and forever.—Copyright.

The Korean situation has great advantages for every nation except Korea. American business, as represented, for instance, by Wall Street, clearly fears the results of transforming the politically and economically desirable Korean war into one which would pass beyond its control. The trade unions also profit by rearmament. Cold war offers a permanent excuse for arming and keeping up to date with arms, thereby ensuring that the otherwise threatening slump is indefinitely postponed.—KINGSLEY MARTIN in *The New Statesman and Nation*.

IN THE NAME OF MAN

By TATYANA TESS

THE sun was setting as I beheld Samarkand for the first time. We drove up to the city by car. In the distance puffs of white foam slowly rose up against the background of a darkening sky and the wind-driven purple clouds.

Samarkand was surrounded by trees in bloom. Waves of aromatic scents wafted through the streets.

The cupolas of ancient towers rose up over the building roofs. They shone in their dazzling blue as though they had absorbed all the colour of the Samarkand azure sky. The magnificent ancient walls with their buoyant and vivid mosaic designs, the soft glazing of ceramic tiles on the weather-beaten stones, the foaming of white petals and the colours of the sunset merged into a peerless picture.

In the morning we left Samarkand for a neighbouring collective farm.

Nature's pallet was still more beautiful in the rays of the morning sun. While I gazed at the water-covered rice fields glistening in the sun, my companion remarked meditatively:

"Yes, the landscape is marvellous. You can gaze at it endlessly and never get tired, upon my word...." He was silent for a while and suddenly added: "Do you know that not long ago one hour spent in admiring this scenery was certain to give you malaria of the worse kind? For your information, this district was one of the most malaria-ridden in all of Uzbekistan. Here even children were born with malaria. And now, can you imagine, there has not been a single new case of the disease for the past three-odd years in this former malaria inferno. One of the worst hotbeds has been stamped out. It is a great thing! We can now safely say that malaria has been driven from our parts...."

Listening to him I recalled an entry I happened to read in the diary of a physician. This entry was made in Uzbekistan more than 30 years ago.

"I have not found a single healthy person in the entire settlement. I walked through all the homes and

have met no one able to give water to the sick. Malaria here takes a grave form and many of the sick are in a steady coma. Especially hard does the disease strike children and expectant mothers. I will start the war on malaria in this village, this district. The war, evidently, will be long and bitter, really a life-and-death struggle...."

This was the place where that battle was fought.

Life here is associated with water. Where the water babbles flowing through the irrigation ditch, where the sun is reflected in the yellowish canal waters, where the blue sky is mirrored in a tranquil pond, there the earth is bedecked in greenery, the soil is fertile and trees bloom and bear fruit.

But always, since times immemorial, water, this staff of life near which man settled, has attracted also man's tiny but dangerous foes.

They stalked man in the oases and orchards, in the valleys. They were everywhere—in the soil, water and air. They surrounded man, these tiny enemies, the agents and carriers of disease.

Two opposite forces have been fighting in the world for many centuries: the forces of destruction, the evil force of parasites, of microbes that penetrate the organism of man, bringing disease and destruction, and the force of creation, the force of life, the noble and sage force of science, directed for the benefit of man.

The mosquito, anopheles, the age-old enemy which spreads all types of malaria, constantly hunts man. It hovers around him and at last finds a moment for stinging him. Annoyed he drives off the mosquito and rubs the bitten spot. But it is of no use: together with the mosquito's saliva the malaria parasite has made its way into man's organism.

On getting into the tissues the parasite begins to develop. It grows, divides into tiny particles which get into the red blood corpuscles. The parasite grows until it fills up the red

blood corpuscle and then divides again.

During this time man is tormented by fever.

On a sultry day the sick person lies swathed in blankets and shivers from cold. The new tiny malaria parasites which appear as a result of division viciously attack other red blood corpuscles and penetrate into them.

By this time the temperature of the patient starts to rise. His mind is befogged and he grows delirious. And again the mosquito hovers over him and, biting him, flies on farther, transmitting the disease to another person. This is the place where the battle was fought.

The noble features of the physician are so familiar to us. He is a man who knows no fatigue, always in the frontline of the war on disease. By motor car or horse cart, riding a donkey or camel or simply walking on foot in the blazing sun she hastens to the bedside of the sick. The doctor fights not only for his health, for his life. Sitting by the side of a disease-tormented patient he ponders over the plan of a big offensive. He strives to provide solid protection to man against infection, to wipe out or render harmless his enemies, the carriers of malaria, to destroy the very possibility of the disease recurring. He searches for means of influencing the malaria carrier and the environment in which it develops. He launches war along the entire front.

Leonid Isayev is one of these physician frontliners, one of the organizers of the battle against infection.

He came to Central Asia more than 30 years ago. The offensive on malaria was just beginning, but already then its future scale could be visualized, because in the USSR the battle against malaria from its very inception was fought on the lines of a state plan.

This feeling that your work is of importance for the state as a whole, that behind you stands, like a friend and assistant, your country—how this gives wings to man!

On getting acquainted with the life story of Prof. Isayev one finds that the biography of the scientist seems to consist of separate chapters, comprising a stirring and talented novel.

Here is one of the chapters. The physician becomes an irrigation expert. Next to books on medicine volumes on irrigation appear on Isayev's desk: he studies the behaviour of soil waters, calculates engineering installations. He maintains that in a number of districts in Uzbekistan malaria arose due to the absence of a system for draining off the waters. The flow of the water was not regulated; it ran down to the lower lands where the soil waters were already at a high level. Mosquitoes flocked to these marshy places oversaturated with water. Isayev raised the question of building a number of installations, supporting his view with convincing arguments, with a knowledge of the subject. As a result, the irrigation system of a big oasis was thoroughly reconstructed. Malaria hotbeds were stamped out.

Again new books appeared on Isayev's desk.

Now these were manuals on rice growing, on agrotechnical methods. Isayev studied in detail the system of irrigating the rice fields. He claimed that an irrigated rice field is a reservoir in which malaria larvae breed. He demanded to drain the field for a definite time in order that the larvae should perish. Agronomists opposed his views, and rice growers shrugged their shoulders. Isayev then proposed the system he elaborated of discrete irrigation: after seven days of irrigation, the water is drained off for seven days. Agronomists objected to the idea, not venturing to use the novel and bold method. Isayev himself conducted experiments and proved that discrete irrigation raises the yield and gives a big saving of water. After long doubts Isayev's system was tried out on rice fields and his results were corroborated. Rice fields ceased to be a breeding ground of malaria.

Diaries and notebooks... these reconstruct the story of the hard-fought war on rishta (*dracunculus medinensis*). Rishta is a parasitic worm living in the subcutaneous tissues of man. It grows to a length of one metre (39.37 inches). At one time quacks tried to remove the rishta by cutting the skin and gradually winding the worm on a match. The horrible disease exhausted the sick. Old Bukhara was one of the main

breeding grounds of rishta. Isayev studied the mechanism of infection, the carriers of rishta, he investigated the old Bukhara ponds and succeeded in rendering the reservoirs healthful. The drive on rishta was sweeping in scale and the disease has been completely eradicated.

Tireless, always on the move wearing a broad-brimmed hat and carrying a cane, resembling a staff, Isayev has travelled to every corner of Uzbekistan. On returning from an expedition, he, following his scientific report, speaks with enthusiasm about archeological excavations. After finishing a report on the study of malaria breeding grounds he exclaims: "What a memorial I saw on top of a mound!" After reviewing the work of malaria stations, he recalls a blind old man who raised in his garden a fine variety of apricots...

Prof. Isayev became the moving spirit of that, large and industrious detachment which is waging the day-to-day battle against malaria in Uzbekistan. This is a war of immense scale. In the most dangerous areas every house, every chicken coop every planket are treated by DDT which kills mosquitoes on the spot. Every person that was ill with malaria is under observation. Every reservoir, every low spot is studied and, in case of need, treated.

Dispatches are coming in from all districts. Dr. Abdumuminov watches the irrigated zone in the Kara Darya floodlands and directs the treating of areas having mosquito larvae. Mag-

diyev, a graduate of the Tashkent Institute, is working in Katta-Kurgan. He is always posted on the latest developments in the war on malaria and draws on them for his practical activities. Magdiyev is working on his dissertation for a scientific degree. Physicians work in close contact with irrigation experts, they are helped by many assistants, public-spirited collective farmers.

The headquarters of the anti-malaria army are located in Moscow. It is the Institute of Malaria and Medical Parasitology and Helminthology of the USSR Ministry of Public Health. The work is guided by the prominent and talented Soviet scientist Peter Sergiyev. From the headquarters threads extend to all parts of the Soviet Union.

Scientists say: "We know the agents, we know the carriers, we know the conditions that promote malaria. It means that we are able not only to fight against it, but to eradicate it completely."

The works of L. M. Isayev, P. G. Sergiyev, V. N. Beklemishev, M. G. Tashina, B. A. Nabokov, N. K. Shipityna, A. I. Yakusheva and other scientists who merited a Stalin Prize, graphically show how this offensive is being waged. A comprehensive system of measures is being drawn up and widely introduced, leading to a sharp drop in the incidence of malaria in the Soviet Union and to the elimination of malaria as a widespread disease in a number of republics and districts.—TASS.

While I agree that legislation is inevitable in many fields of activity, I am more than diffident of its utility, except as a last resort, in one special field, namely, industrial relations. The quarrels between management and labour are, like the more familiar ones in the domestic sphere, often unfit for settlement by a third party—let alone a judicial authority. The interposition of a third party immediately complicates matters; little differences are magnified into big ones; the prestige of the parties is at stake; the publicity and partisanship inevitable in such cases add fuel to the fire. The result is that even a minor difference often tends to become a major struggle and leads to the permanent estrangement of the relationship between the parties.

After a judicial award is announced, which inevitably has to go in favour of one party as against the other, the victor and the vanquished sit glaring at each other and baring their claws for a renewed bout. In the days when I was engaged in fighting battles on behalf of labour, there was no compulsory adjudication with the result that the parties, sooner or later, composed their differences or fought it out to a finish with the weapon of direct action.—V. V. GIRI, Labour Minister, Government of India, in a radio talk.

HISTORY OF U. S. POLITICAL PARTIES

IN a presidential election year in the United States, America's two major parties—the Democrats and the Republicans—dominate the political scene. After holding unbroken sway for two decades, the Democrats are preparing to face another trial of political strength from the rival Republicans in the November, 1952, presidential elections.

The Democratic Party, said to be the oldest political party in the United States, often describes itself as "the people's party." It claims to defend the rights of the worker, the farmer, the small businessman, the needy, the aged.

The list of the great Democratic Party leaders contains many of the great champions of the people—Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, Jackson, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Truman.

Founded by Thomas Jefferson in the late 1790's, the Democratic Party (at first called the Republican Party) fought for equality before law; against privilege and monopolistic tendencies in legislation; and for the realisation of the true concept of democracy.

These first principles of the Democratic Party still guide it:

Governments are the servants of the people governed—never their master.

Governments must meet the needs of all the people.

Freedom of speech, press and religion must be preserved.

The interests of the majority must never be sacrificed to the interests of the few. But the rights of the minorities must be protected at all times.

The rights of free men take precedence over the rights of wealth and property.

The Constitution must be respected at all times. But it must not be considered a rigid, frozen document. Amendment must be allowed when approved by the people.

It was on the basis of these principles that Jefferson was swept to the presidency in 1800, routing the Federalists—the incumbent party—whose principles he opposed as inconsistent with the Constitution.

The Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights were Jefferson's two great contributions to a democratic America. He believed deeply that the primary function of a society is to guarantee the people their "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Jefferson's administration put the United States positively on the democratic track. Economy was enforced and the nation prospered. Judiciary was reformed in the teeth of opposition from the Federalists. In short, Jefferson was the sponsor and custodian of the democratic concept of the state.

During the succeeding years, the Government was in the possession of Democrats under the presidency of Jefferson's two chief lieutenants, Madison and Monroe. The two major achievements of this Democratic administration were the acquisition of Florida, and the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, defining decisively the attitude of the United States toward South America, just emerging from the Spanish yoke.

Andrew Jackson was the next great stalwart of the Democratic Party. A true Jeffersonian, he was elected to the presidency in 1828. His great act was the breaking up of the Bank of the United States in the face of great opposition from the wealthy and the privileged.

The end of the Civil War saw a major reverse for the Democratic Party in the presidential election. But as the opposition party, the Democrats continued their fight for the party principles.

After nearly 25 years of Republican rule, the Democratic Party was returned to office in 1884. Grover Cleveland was elected President.

The Democrats suffered another eclipse for 12 years when the Repub-

licans held political sway. But during this period, William Jennings Bryan, who led the Democratic Party, succeeded in making it a militant force once again. He convinced the people that politics must be taken from the hands of politicians and given back to the people themselves.

Woodrow Wilson emerged as the first great Democratic Party leader of the twentieth century. One of Wilson's major accomplishments was the Federal Reserve System. The legislation creating this organisation is accepted as one of the greatest acts of constructive statesmanship in the history of the United States. The Clayton Act lifted labour from the indignity of a commodity. Women were given the right to vote. The election of United States senators was taken from the hands of the few and placed into the hands of the people.

After World War I, Wilson translated the humane principles of the Democratic Party into the Fourteen Points for peace.

After another spell of 12 years of Republican rule, in 1932 another Democrat arose in Franklin D. Roosevelt.

No President in American history has ever taken over in times so desperately critical. By bold legislative enactments, Roosevelt put the nation back on its economic feet and increased production and employment. Roosevelt's tremendous energy helped unite the country and lead the nation to victory in World War II.

The Roosevelt administration raised the Democratic Party to the height of its power. He was elected to the presidency for the fourth term in 1944, an unprecedented record in U. S. presidential elections.

After Roosevelt's death, Vice-President Harry S. Truman was raised to the presidency. He pledged himself to carry on the policies of his predecessor. Truman's dramatic success in the 1948 presidential election, belying the forecasts of newspapers and radio commentators, signified the nation's faith in his own and Roosevelt's policies and traditions.

The long life of the Democratic Party, extending unbroken for more than a century and a half, may be ascribed to the fact that many persons

hold it to be the champion of human rights, and the defender of the liberties of the people. Because of this elemental purpose, it has survived years of defeat and many mistakes, but on the whole has followed the line of its founder, Thomas Jefferson.

Republican Party

The Republican Party will mark its ninety-eighth anniversary on July 6, on the eve of its national convention in Chicago. The convention, beginning July 7, will choose its nominees for President and Vice-President.

The party came into being in 1854 as the result of growing anti-slavery feeling in the northern states and dissatisfaction with the Whigs and other groups in opposition to the southern Democrats, who favoured extension of slavery.

The immediate provocation for the formation of a new party in that year was the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which permitted extension of slavery in the territories. Several protests against the measure were made to no effect by liberal elements in the then existing parties—Whigs, Democrats and Free-Soilers.

On July 6, 1854, several hundred discontented members of these parties met in Jackson, Michigan, and organised the new party dedicated to non-extension of slavery, upholding the essential dignity of man and to the principles of free enterprise.

By the next year there were 15 Republicans out of 62 members of the U. S. Senate and 103 Republicans out of a total membership of 236 in the House of Representatives.

The first national convention of the Republican Party was held in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856, and drew many leading Americans to the new party.

In the next few years the new party captured the imagination and support of the younger generation in the North and West. By 1860, the Republicans were in full control of both houses of Congress as well as most of the northern states, and elected their candidate for the presidency—Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest Americans of all time. As is well-known, Lincoln fought and won the Civil War during his term of office on

the issue of abolition of slavery and preservation of the union.

The Democratic Party lost favour prior and during the Civil War and did not become a formidable rival of the Republican Party for about 10 years after the war.

In the meantime, the Republicans created a new national banking system, gave industry the tariffs it sought, and by the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution secured to business a large measure of protection from state interference. In other words, just as the Democrats in their period of domination earlier had favoured the southern planters, the Republicans in turn favoured the business interests of the East, North and West.

In the 32 years between the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865 and the accession of William McKinley in 1897, the foundations of most of the great industries in the United States had been laid. Businessmen were looked up to as creators and builders. Bankers were leaders in small communities as well as in the great cities. It was an era of prosperity, and in the North and West prosperity was closely identified with the Republican Party.

Only one Democrat, Grover Cleveland, was elected President in 1884 from the death of Lincoln until Woodrow Wilson came into office through a split between the progressive and conservative Republicans in 1912.

The Republicans again won the presidency in 1920 with Warren G. Harding as their nominee, and Calvin Coolidge as Vice-President. In 1923, President Harding died and Coolidge succeeded to the Presidency. Coolidge was re-elected in 1924 on the Republican ticket. On President Coolidge refusing to run again for the presidency in 1928, the Republicans nominated Herbert Hoover, who was elected by a huge majority.

Within a year of Hoover assuming the presidency, the world plunged into what was to become the worst depression of modern times. President Hoover was in the grip of forces over which he had no control, and which neither he nor his advisers knew how to counteract. Within a short time,

the people, seeing increasing unemployment, turned against Hoover, blaming him for their troubles—a tendency which the Democrats were not averse to encouraging.

In the 1930 congressional elections, the Republicans lost heavily in both houses of Congress to the Democrats. By 1932, Hoover had become so identified in the popular mind with bad times that it was a foregone conclusion that he could not be re-elected. He was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Thus, from 1860 until 1932 the Republicans remained in power, with only occasional interruptions.

During President Roosevelt's first three terms in office, the Republican Party failed to offer effective and constructive opposition either in Congress or in presidential campaigns. The party in Congress contented itself for the most part with opposition to most policies advocated by Roosevelt.

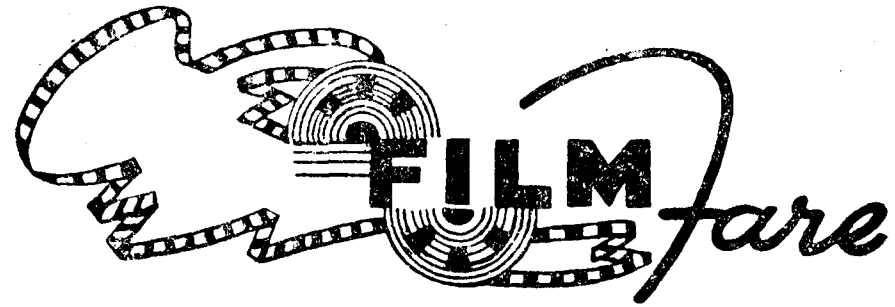
In 1944, also, the Republican nominee, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, could not overcome President Roosevelt's hold over the electorate.

In the congressional election in 1946, shortly after Roosevelt's death, the Republicans won majorities in both houses of Congress. This fact, coupled with an apparent lack of popular enthusiasm for Truman, who succeeded to the presidency on the death of Roosevelt, led political observers to forecast a Republican victory in 1948. The Republicans again nominated Dewey with great confidence, but when the votes were counted, Truman had won by a big majority.

The Democrats not only won the presidency again, but control of the House and the Senate, thus achieving what was described as the most unexpected and sensational victory in the history of American politics.

At this year's Republican National Convention the leading contenders for the party's presidential nomination are Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

With the decision of President Truman not to contest for another presidential term, the Republicans are hopeful of winning the presidency. —U.S.I.S.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Film Federation of India is holding its first conference on July 7 in Bombay. In a statement to the press, Mr. Chandulal Shah, its president, has outlined the objective of the conference. He says: "It is primarily to take stock of the situation and to urge Government to avoid further delay in granting some much needed relief to the industry that the Federation decided to convene the conference." Except for a main resolution on the urgent need of implementing the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee for the removal of the disabilities of the industry it is not proposed to move any other resolution at the conference.

The other matter that will receive the earnest consideration of the Federation is the matter of self-regulation. And one hopes that the President will achieve success in his mission; for if the star prices are to be checked and if the industry is to function homogeneously for the benefit of all its branches self-regulation is most essential.

As to the demand for the implementation of the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee it should have been made long ago. In fact, no opportunity should have been lost during the last fifteen months to urge Government to implement the recommendations. Already in the House of the People Mr. S. K. Patil, chairman of the Committee, has pointed out the need to set up film council, frame a production administration code and levy uniform tax—the three main recommendations of the Committee. And Dr. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, has expressed a hope that the Government would be able to bring in legislation

at least on some points mentioned in the report. It is now up to the industry to force the Government to take early action.

Star Of The Week

New Theatres has been responsible for introducing many top-ranking stars in the past. And among its discoveries the name of Bharati stands high. I still remember the sensation she created when *Doctor* was first released. She is one of those very few Bengalee stars who captured the Hindustani market with her very first appearance.

Bharati and Jyoti Prakash made a lovely pair in *Doctor*. Pretty, impish she looked like a picture of innocent mischief. She was, perhaps, the first Bengalee star who won stardom by her light, romantic performance, and she owed success more to her acting and vivacity than just to looks.

Since her first appearance in *Doctor* she has appeared in many pictures and revealed her consummate artistry even in very serious roles. But, even now, after a decade, one remembers her as the lively mischievous gay girl of *Doctor*.

Bharati comes from a respectable family who since childhood had shown her aptitude for art. As she grew, she showed more interest in singing and dancing than in her studies. Thanks to her musician uncle her artistic talents received recognition and she became a sensation on the amateur stage. Though first she came into prominence for her singing at the early age of 14, she won accolades for her acting.

But her merry career was cut short by misfortune. And later circum-

tances compelled her to take to films as a career. It was in November 1939 that she joined New Theatres and her very first assignment was the coveted role in "Doctor" which earned for her stardom overnight. *Wapas, Kashinath, Wasayatra, Oonch Neech* and *Manjur* were some of the important pictures in which she worked. Later like all artistes she took to free-lancing and appeared mostly in Bengalee pictures. But now she is again staging a come-back on the Hindustani screen. She has also partly migrated to Bombay and her first picture *Baghdad* is nearly complete. In addition she has also signed a contract for one picture with Kardar and another with some other concern.

It was during her stay in Bombay that I had a glimpse of Bharat at the premiere of *Yatrik*. She looked slim, lively and vivacious as ever; without of course those airs which one associates with stars. She came to see the picture just like an ordinary spectator and it is doubtful whether her presence was ever noticed by the crowd.

Shy and modest, Bharat is not one of those temperamental stars. On the contrary she has the reputation of being a regular and devoted worker. She is not moody, she is rather gay and tom-boyish a fact which is evident in her performances. She can sing well, but due to throat trouble she is forced to have play-back voice for films.

And though her academic career is not very remarkable she is fond of literature. She can read and write Urdu. And her greatest hobby which she keeps as a closely guarded secret is to write short-stories. She writes them under a pseudonym with the result that most of the people are not aware of this fact of her life.

As pointed out earlier she is simple and prefers white attire and white flowers. She is only extravagant about perfumes. That is her principal luxury. She has a few friends but the friendship she values most is that of Amar Mallik, the famous director of *Badi Didi* who is her friend, philosopher and guide.

Bharati still looks fresh and young. And it is to be hoped that her debut

in Bombay films will be as sensational as her debut in Calcutta was.

Picture Of The Week

Santoshi has always been a dual personality. The Santoshi of *Shehnai* and Santoshi of *Hum Ek Hai* appear to be two distinct personalities. And while I admire the creator of *Hum Ek Hai*, he is better known as the creator of *Shehnai*, and *Sargam*—escapist, inconsequential, cheap but enjoyable film-fare.

Unfortunately for his fans, in his latest picture both these personalities of Santoshi have blended together in a disproportionate manner.

Basically *Shinshinaki Booblaboo* is a serious purposeful story. The idea behind it appears to be to expose the futility of the barbaric notion of revenge, not through satire, but through grim tragedy. And the idea is undoubtedly laudable. For in the civilized world it appears insane and illogical that a girl should be keen on killing a boy because his father was responsible for the death of her parents. And yet it is perfectly a natural thing for a girl who saw her parents killed in childhood to develop an obsession against the killer and, finding the killer dead, to decide to wreak vengeance on his son.

This story becomes all the more poignant when unknowingly the girl falls in love with the very man she wants to kill. And in the end this revelation exposes the futility of revenge.

A perfect pattern for serious dramatic story, it was a fit vehicle not for Rehana and Ranjan but for Madhubala and Dilip Kumar. But, as it is, the moment Rehana starts making eyes and singing 'Aare Baba' and Ranjan brandishes his revolver, the poignancy is lost and it becomes a cheap conglomeration of cloak-and-dagger drama and Hollywood musical comedy. Moreover, the outlandish names of the hero and heroine and the picture itself as well as the foreign atmosphere suggest flippant comedy and not the poignant tragedy inherent in the story.

Thus while in the comedy of Radha Krishan and Mumtaz Ali, Rehana's songs and dances we see Santoshi of *Shehnai* in full bloom, the main story structure demands Santoshi of *Hum*

Ek Hai. Besides having chosen a title like *Shinshinaki Booblaboo* Santoshi should have gone all out for a musical comedy. Instead we find that he is hopelessly trying to adjust his brand of entertainment into a serious pattern of story. That is the main reason for the failure of *Shinshinaki Booblaboo*. Change the cast and set it in a pure Indian atmosphere, the same story, told in emotional pattern, has every chance of success. Or, change the story to suit the title and cast and the comedy antics of Hao and Tao and it may still become a success. But it is the basic incongruity between the form and content that accounts for the failure of *Shinshinaki Booblaboo*, which otherwise has many commendable features.

The music, for instance, is excellent, almost all the song tunes are catchy and the 'Biracha' song 'Tum Kya Jane' is a gem. Rehana looks lovelier than ever and gives a sprightly performance, though not always in consonance with her character. Among others, Veera, Radha Krishan and Mumtaz Ali give a good account of themselves. Ranjan is miscast and Sadhana Bose and Baby Tabassum are

most disappointing. The prologue itself is too long. Technically the picture is uneven and the choice of foreign setting appears to be pointless.

The moral of *Shinshinaki Booblaboo* is that Santoshi should not try to mix light-hearted entertainment with a serious dramatic theme.

News Of The Week

—Beena Rai and Premnath fell in love while working in Varma Films' *Aurat* and, with their parents' consent, they have decided to get married. The engagement will be officially celebrated on July 13, Beena's birthday. Both belong to the 'Punjabi' community.

—Sohrab Modi and his wife Mehtab are leaving for the U. K. on July 1, for dubbing, re-recording and editing of *Jhansi-ki-Rani*. On the same day Raj Kapoor is flying to London to finalize the arrangements for the Technicolor production of *Ajanta*.

—The muhurat of "Daddy," written by Shums Lucknavi, and directed by S. M. Yusuf, was performed last week.

—The muhurat of Phynny Pictures two-reeler comedy *Dhum Dhanka* starring Agha and Yashodhra Katju, was also performed last week.

RURAL DEVELOPMENT IN MALAYA

By CHARLES GAMBA

FOR many years the Malay peasant has suffered from a number of disabilities vis-a-vis the other ethnic groups within the Federation. In the economic field he has been faced with those problems which are still common to all Asian primary producers, while in other spheres—in trade and commerce—the financial leadership and power have aggregated in the hands of non-Malays.

Today—if one assumes that the "emergency" will eventually cease—there is a faint hope that these difficulties, obstacles and disabilities may be counteracted to an increasing extent by the recently created Rural and Industrial Development Authority (RIDA). RIDA is the brain-child of Dato Onn bin Ja'afar, the present Member for Home Affairs in the Federal Government. The Authority

became a living institution after a number of discussions sponsored by the Commissioner-General for Malaya. It is understood that a good deal of bargaining took place and a number of citizenship boons were exchanged for the improved economic status of the Malays. Those attending the discussions were Chinese, Indian, Malay and European leading political personalities. It may nevertheless be added that the Federal Government—according to the views of the Chinese and Indian groups—is showing too much favour to the Malays while not satisfying the aspirations of the other ethnic communities as to their Federal citizenship status. This is an involved question—both political and economic—indissolubly related to the problem of communalism. Here one simply wishes to mention the existence of this background to any fric-

tion between the three Asian groups mentioned.

According to official pronouncements, RIDA is an instrument designed to utilise the services and resources of governmental departments as well as those of all ethnic groups—but particularly those of the Malay villager. Initially "it was hoped... that the mistrust of the Malays towards non-Malays could be overcome and the task of building a united nation would be made to that extent easier." How far this aim has been achieved cannot as yet be said.

With its slogan of "self-help" RIDA finds its original impetus in the *kampong*. The village people are expected to formulate their own development plans via the *kampong* development boards. The *penghulus* and *ketua-kampong*—the traditional village leaders—then represent the people at these meetings and discuss all matters with the local RIDA official. Through what is considered in some quarters as a top-heavy administrative machinery suggestions reach the executive in Kuala Lumpur and decisions percolate back to various villages. On the other hand, with the present inexperience of both the villagers and leaders it is difficult to see how greater decentralisation would be possible. Nevertheless, this is intended to take place at some future time.

The two main functions of RIDA are to plan and execute specific schemes for rural economic development and to organise the rural population for economic and social betterment. The participation of the producer in the processing and marketing of the crops is considered to be one of the principal aims of the Authority.

It must be understood that the most important economic unit in Malaya is not the European planter nor the Indian and Chinese trader and merchant, but the Malay smallholder. He works on an area of land varying in size from three to ten acres—the official definition includes smallholdings up to a hundred acres. Since he began producing rubber, the Malay grower has been prevented by policies—from his viewpoint—economically unsound, to achieve a higher standard of living. For instance, officially

or covertly he has found it most difficult to obtain permission to plant new areas of land under rubber. Or, the terms of trade have been against him when he has attempted to market rice and other crops. Finally, he has been exploited by the other groups and made to pay the price of ill-conceived one sided schemes—as in the case of the share certificates of 1939-40.

The Malay villager has quite often voiced his dissatisfaction with the lack of contact between the *kampong* and the Government. Furthermore, the *ketua* and the *penghulu* have become ever more involved in red tape and form-filling and less concerned with the live issues within their own areas. In other words, they have lost contact with their people and their traditional authority has thereby suffered. RIDA intends to help in the reorganisation of village administration by training the village leaders to be effective officials within an environment which is no longer static. By so doing it hopes to make the villages more vocal but in the sense of educating them, and their leaders, to become more modern and efficient units within the entire Federal structure. An improved village administration will undoubtedly help to solve many of the smallholders' problems which range from the difficulty of obtaining short-term credit to inability to carry on under the existing rising costs.

A block vote of five million dollars was granted in 1951, and repeated in 1952, to provide for RIDA purposes. While this Authority, for the while, gives preference to co-operatives when granting loans, it, nevertheless, has already taken steps to help on a wider scale. Loans have been given to States within the Federation—for instance, to Kelantan to build bridges at Pulau Pisang and Pagar Raja. The Co-operative Development, which functions in conjunction with, as well as independently of RIDA, has offered small loans to individual smallholders. In this case the necessary finance has been raised within the farming group itself. This is also another way of solving the problem of credit needed by the paddy grower to carry him over from one season to the next.

Much more still has to be done but the "emergency" does not allow for

the shift of skilled administrative personnel from certain branches of the Malay Civil Service to the help of RIDA. On the other hand, inter-State jealousies and rivalries to a certain extent hamper the functions of the Authority. At the end of 1951, of \$430,000 allowed to the States, not one dollar had been expended since the States were unable to present schemes sufficiently reasonable to be put into operation.

However, RIDA is making progress—even if at a very slow rate. Its help has already borne fruit. Last December a number of *penghulus* and *ketua-kampong* completed an eleven-day training course during which they received general instruction on improved methods of crop-planting and husbandry. They were also shown labour-saving equipment in action, such as ploughs and harrows. Special small tractors have also been bought and rented by the Authority to paddy planters for work on their land. Rubber smallholders will eventually be helped with capital for re-planting new trees, while other schemes include developments in animal husbandry, fisheries, industry, transport and communication.

The RIDA development programme, as already mentioned, is based on the principle of self-help which means that the villager is expected to contribute in free labour, materials or cash towards a project initiated with funds from the Authority. Already 167 projects have been approved. Of these, 41 are in actual operation. As against RIDA's own expenditure of about \$87,000 one can place \$122,000 contributed through self-help.

In conclusion, once RIDA has become fully effective it may be one of the most successful instruments yet devised by which to raise the standard of living of the Malays. The point that it was created locally by individuals has far greater importance than many people would think. The

RIDA plan is not involved nor flamboyant—it does not introduce any of those clichés with which Western plans are overburdened. Unlike these it is already working without bringing in the question of expropriated personnel and foreign profits. Thus, in this part of the world, it has a far greater chance to succeed than any Western-inspired blueprint. It does not immediately create in the mind of the individual the query: "...it is Western-inspired.... What will it cost me?"

The Authority is still weak. Locally, some people think of it as a potential source of strength to Dato Onn's fight for leadership on the Malayan political stage. This might or might not be true. A Malay leader is definitely needed and if the co-operation of the *kampong* people can be obtained to strengthen Dato Onn's hand—why not? The Dato is far more clear-sighted than his opponents within the Sultan's group on the one hand, and UMNO on the other give him credit for. He might be wealthy in his own right but certainly he has never trafficked in opium or women and his private life is beyond reproach.

Organisation, in Malaya, is badly needed at the lower levels of urban labour and the *kampong* people. The standards of living are definitely higher than anywhere else in Asia, but still compare most unfavourably with those of the West. RIDA is a far more practical scheme than any developed at the present moment in Asia by Asian or Westerners. Through it, eventually, standards of living will be raised, education expanded and exploitation reduced. The political nexus—be it existing or potential—is of minor importance. No single Asian movement, whatever its character, can today be severed from the political aspirations of the people. But the *kampong* people think first in terms of their ever-present problem of economic security. RIDA is created to hasten its solution.—(N.N.F.)

If there ever was anything like Gandhism, it died with Gandhiji. For Gandhiji alone could have the whole of it. Every one else might have something in common with him, or even everything of his plus something else of his own, but none the whole and nothing but the whole of Gandhism. So, let no associate, however close, say that he is a follower, or interpreter of Gandhiji or Gandhism. It is needless to say that I include myself in this.—K. G. MASHRUWALA in Harijan.

INDIA AND KASHMIR

THERE is a section of people in India who seek to make it appear that there is an Indo-Kashmir crisis. It does not exist. Such a crisis would be convenient only for communalism. Indo-Kashmir relations are based on the secular nature of the state and the rejection of the two-nation theory. If this basis is not accepted, there can be trouble and a crisis can always be created. The present trouble started with the abolition of landlordism without compensation and of hereditary rulership in that state. There need not be any more bother over the question of the state flag after Sheikh Abdullah's unqualified acknowledgement of the National Flag as the flag to which Kashmir owes allegiance. On the question of the abolition of landlordism in the way Kashmir did it, Nehru has expressed his warm approval and many will share his regret that abolition of landlordism in the rest of India has not been as easy and smooth. On the abolition of hereditary rulership, too, Nehru has expressed his approval unequivocally, and the constitutional consequences which follow the decision of the Kashmir constituent assembly can be adjusted at the proper time and in the right spirit. The controversy became keen over reports of Sheikh Abdullah's Rangbirsinghpura speech. The full story of the confusion created by wrong versions of the speech has yet to be told and we hope it will be told fully.

On three vital subjects Kashmir acceded to India and, though that accession was different from the accession of other states, it is complete as far as it goes, and there need be no doubt that, unless the Kashmir people decide otherwise in a plebiscite, it will remain. The question of the Supreme Court's jurisdiction also has been discussed in recent days. While, as Nehru has pointed out in the House of the People, the court has undoubtedly jurisdiction with regard to the subjects on which Kashmir has acceded, the question of jurisdiction in other respects may be doubtful and can be decided only if there are test cases. This, too, need not be a matter

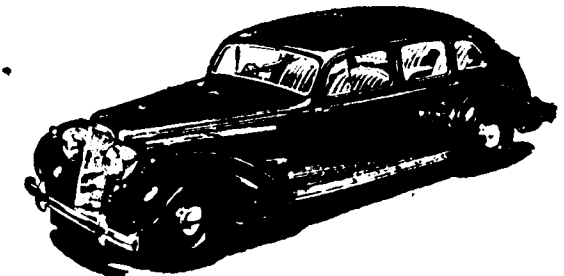
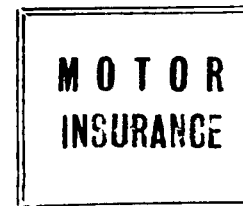
for acrimony. While Kashmir should be treated as a unit of the Indian federation, it must also be acknowledged that its position is not that of the other Part B states. It is a special case, and critics of the present Indo-Kashmir relations should remember, as the Prime Minister has reminded them, that there can be no compulsion and no coercion.

From the speeches made by Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookerjee of the Jan Sangh and Mr. N. C. Chatterji of the Hindu Mahasabha in the House of the People, it is clear wherefrom criticism comes and what interests the critics represent. The population of Kashmir roughly consists of three Muslims to every non-Muslim and it should be helpful to understanding if it is remembered that in the services the ratio is three non-Muslims to one Muslim. There are 383 non-Muslims occupying gazetted posts and over 9,000 occupying non-gazetted posts as against the Muslims' 183 and 5,000. Among ministers there are three Muslims and two non-Muslims. There are two Hindu judges of the High Court and one Muslim judge. The four deputy ministerships are equally divided. Among heads of departments there are 17 non-Muslims and 7 Muslims. With the spread of education and with equality of opportunity, the proportion of Muslims is bound to increase and should increase. But Sheikh Abdullah has been trying to fulfil his dream of making Kashmir a "lighthouse of unity." He has said that Kashmir cannot be prosperous when Jammu is poor, that Jammu cannot survive if Kashmir goes down and that Jammu and Kashmir should co-exist as equal partners of New Kashmir. There has been criticism too of India's financial help to the state. The total up-to-date cash loan from India, including the large portion of the cost of foodgrains, amounts to Rs. 503 lakhs against which cash security of the value of Rs. 200 lakhs has been hypothecated by the state Government to the Government of India. The state Government is paying due interest on the monies advanced to it and concentrating on development projects to enable full settlement of the debt. With regard

to the landlords who have been expropriated, there has been wilfully wrong propaganda. The estimated number of Muslim proprietors expropriated is about 3,000 while the non-Muslims are about 6,000. The number of tillers who have benefited from the reform is 51,000 Muslims and 658 non-Muslims in Kashmir, 17,000 Muslims and over 40,000 non-Muslims in Jammu. Critics of Sheikh Abdullah's policy should be fair enough to acknowledge that it is free from communalism and that, on the other hand, he is waging a fight against communalism.

It is to be hoped that there will be greater realization than there is now that the situation will remain delicate and difficult until the problem is finally settled. The home truths which Nehru propounded in the House of the People should be remembered

by all people who want Indo-Kashmir unity and not an Indo-Kashmir crisis. Those who create difficulties will be serving only communalism and Pakistan. Kashmir cannot be treated, said Nehru rightly, as a part of U. P. or Bihar or Gujarat; nor can it be treated like any one of the Part B states. Integration cannot be something mechanical to be imposed on the people of Kashmir. In his I'd Day message, Sheikh Abdullah pleaded for understanding and end of the campaign of continuous misrepresentation and vilification. We hope everybody in India will react with trust and goodwill. The relationship with India was established not from any sentimental considerations but after due thought and consideration. It would be folly to weaken even the existing link.—*National Herald*.



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NEW THINKING IN BRITISH LABOUR PARTY

COMMENT OF "THE TIMES"

Commenting on the new trends in the Labour Party, *The Times* of London, in an editorial, says:

UNTIL this week the only published expressions of the so-called "new thinking" in the Labour Party were the Fabian lectures and essays of the past two years. Now comes *Socialism: A New Statement of Principles*, which although published by an unofficial body has been given something very near to official support. Like the *New Fabian Essays*, this pamphlet is not concerned so much with formulating a political programme as with clearing the ground. Judged by this standard it is an important document, and of particular interest is the fact that it underlines several of the points made in the volume of Fabian essays. The fact that two separate groups within the Socialist movement should have produced restatements of Socialism which so closely follow the same line of thought is significant; these are no doubt as yet the views of only small minorities, with the bulk of the Labour movement still unaffected and fast in the old ways, but they may be harbingers.

The great change in Fabian Socialist thinking, however immature or incomplete much of it may still seem to be, is its empirical method and mood. *A New Statement of Principles* puts the point even more clearly:—

Just because we have not always recognized that Socialist programmes may vary in time and place, and even in name, the belief took root that there is somewhere, even if only in our imaginations, a "Socialist system," with its own unique set of institutions. For European Socialists in the nineteenth century the position seemed simple. Capitalism was to be overthrown; something known as Socialism would naturally replace it. . . . Today we know that this is a myth. There are no distinct and opposing systems, only an infinite series of gradations.

This is an open rejection of both the

collectivism of the early Fabians and the commonly accepted definition of Socialism as "the nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." Hitherto, to the rank and file of the Labour Party, nationalization has been the one policy which distinguishes Socialism from all other political creeds, and to those of Mr. Bevan's way of thinking it still is. Mr. Bevan and those of his persuasion will accuse the "new thinkers" of deserting Socialist principles. This, however, is a misreading of both the history of Socialism and, especially, the origins and history of the British Labour Party. Proudhon (who described the State as "that fictitious being, without intelligence, without passion, without morality") and Professor G. D. H. Cole in his *Guild Socialist days* ("Collectivism is at best only the sordid dream of a business man with a conscience") were two very different spokesmen of one stream of Socialist thought quite as important as the collectivism of the early Fabians. Beatrice Webb realized this in 1894 when she said: "I do not think that we Fabians believe in more than a limited amount of collectivism." It might be right, she argued, to put the emphasis on collectivism when a collectivist society was so remote, but of one thing I am certain. The controversy which seems to us now full of significance and import will seem barren and useless to our grandchildren. Historically, it has only been when the role of the State in society has been small that Socialists have been most disposed to urge the extension of its powers and activity. To-day the position is reversed.

The paradox in the history of the Labour Party is that when Webb, in 1918, committed the Labour Party to his own narrow definition of Socialism, events had already committed it to follow a very different road. It was not only that the origins of the Labour Party were diverse, but also the fact that, from 1906 to 1914, its fortunes were closely tied to those of

the Liberal Government. For better or for worse, the Labour Party co-operated in the social (but non-Socialist) legislation of the Asquith Government. Some Socialists, such as Snowden, saw the implications of this co-operation, and there was a sharp division in the party on the merits of the national insurance legislation of 1911, which Snowden, from his then rigidly Socialist standpoint, bitterly attacked. During those years, as Dr. Thomas Jones has pointed out, Lloyd George succeeded in "spiking the Socialist guns with essentially Conservative measures derived from the Liberal arsenal," and by 1914 the Labour Party was fully committed, not to Socialism as it was then understood, but to the development of what is today called "welfare capitalism."

The Fabian essayists have now reached the point of recognizing this fact. Many influences have helped to clear their vision—notably the experience of the Parliamentary party in office, the modifications already made in the capitalist system, and the technique which (as they conceive it) Keynes put into their hands—but there has been a deeper change in their attitude to the State. During the past fifty years the State has emerged as a more powerful instrument of oppression than at any time in history. The "century of totalitarianism" Mr. Crossman calls it. The attempt is therefore being made to escape from what has for long been regarded, by both friends and foes of the Labour Party, as "the inevitable logic of Socialism" and to seek means of decentralizing power. It is now coming to be recognized that every extension of the State's power carries with it a threat to individual freedom. The moral, as *A New Statement of Principles* says, is:

A Socialist programme should now aim at deliberately shaping all the institutions of our society in the light of their effects on the individual.

There is much in the "new thinking," half-formed as it is, that is encouraging: those responsible for it realize that their policy must be made to fit the facts of the modern world and not the facts to fit their policy. In the long run, as these tentative ideas spread in the Labour movement, become known and are frankly discussed, a programme may, perhaps, emerge which honestly tries to find answers relevant to the problems of a modern industrial society. The outcome is still however, in the balance. There is still what may well be a fatal inattention to the immediate problems of this country. The Labour Party is now an alternative Government. Long before this "new thinking" can be distilled into a political programme Labour may again have the task of managing the British economy as it now exists. Nothing which any of the "new thinkers" says envisages any drastic change in the economic structure of the country. A future Labour Government would face the same problems of production, money, trade, labour, and investment which, from 1945 to 1951, overwhelmed Mr. Attlee's administration; and, in trying again to solve these decisive practical problems, principles are needed as a guide to more successful action just as surely as in questions of social and economic reform. The first task of the would-be Socialist thinkers should be to discover these principles. As they now recognize in their own writings, they cannot expect—pace Mr. Bevan—to find the authority for these principles in past Socialist thought or, still less, in past Labour deeds.



DEATH OF A DANCER

P. G. Ramachandran

HE came down the corridor, tall, lean, a little stooped, the moving thighs thin, the big feet ungainly, but with somehow a poise, a surety about him. Perhaps it was the way he wore his clothes. Or something in the way the small head was shaped, the dark hair combed. Or perhaps even she thought, vaguely, personally, detachedly, at the back of her mind, not stopping her chatter to the others, or her eager, abrupt gestures, it was merely that he was coming down this corridor, in his long strides over the pink tiles, under the curved, white roof, between the tall, white walls, past the dark, green of the high, shut doors of classrooms and the framed reproductions in their old, brown wooden frames, his figure not hiding the impassive white marble of the statue of the first principal, with the strange glory of the half-circle of stained glass windows at the top of the farthest end of the corridor a sort of canopy for the white marble head, as if he belonged naturally to the residual, invisible elements of more than a hundred years of academic tradition that made for the atmosphere of the whole college.

"Hullo," he said, to all of them; almost immediately, however, drawing his attention away from their polite mumbles, to look at her only now, with that intentness she somehow could not resent in him, that always awoke the slightest imaginable ripple, (almost indiscernible, certainly indefinable), beneath the clarity of her thoughts and emotions, grave or gay as they might be.

"You've heard about it..." When he stood this way, close to her, head and shoulders and a little more above her, his face inclined to the angle of her's upturned; dark tie solid against the tailored, laundered white of shirt-front, coat over arm, the hand thrust carelessly in pocket... "Its terrible, isn't it?"... watching the small, full mouth and the firm, mobile flesh of

the fine, dented chin; the right hand startlingly large and strong, brown, as he idly polished the small yellow globe of a lime (lime?... what...?) against his shirt, with the glint of a watch-strap where the cuff was buttoned at the wrist, she could forget the mere fact of his thinness.

"Yes," he said, "somebody told me. I'm sorry." His eyes did not let of her's. He added with a smile that came and went before the words did, "And I won't make the crack I was going to make."

"Very kind." Because the only nearness between them was unacknowledged and nebulous, she was inevitably faintly sarcastic. The others made faint indecisive noises of mirth.

"Pleasure," he said. "Always at your service." As inevitably, he was faintly bantering. They were like persons playing for position in the first quiet movements of a ritual dance.

"Do you want the money back?" she asked with deliberate flatness, disinterestedness, knowing how easily the words could sound petty. But he did not misunderstand. Matter-of-factly, he took the words as they stood.

"It's for that school he wanted to start, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then it is all right." He pressed the lime to his nostrils "It is a terrible pity," he added, repeating in sympathy. The faint awkwardness and the fainter antagonism passed quite suddenly.

"What photographs are those?" He gestured slightly toward the three or four unmounted ones she held in her right hand. She gave them to him.

"One of the girls wanted to see them," she said.

There were four. Three were evidently of the dancer. He had been rather famous, and the photographs managed to convey most of the feline

and static grace of the poses; the lithe and beautiful body, the fine, large eyes in a face of almost sculptured regularity of feature, the hands in meaningful, stylized posturing, were all extraordinarily arresting in the adjusted light and shadow of the studio portraits. The fourth was that of a young girl, dancing, her face elusively familiar.

"What actually happened?" he asked her, looking up from the photographs for the question. "We went to the theatre, and there was a notice saying he was 'indisposed,' and that the show had been postponed."

"Postponed permanently," one of the others said, and laughed at his own joke.

"Yes," she said, "you know..." If she was going to say his name, she would say it now, he thought, a lone little elf of hope shouting deep within him... "he was well till the afternoon..."

"The show was supposed to be at eight-thirty, wasn't it?" he asked. (Like a rebuked child, the elf curled up on a ledge below the echoing, unanswering steep of his being). Deliberately he took her glance and held it.

"Yes. The whole day he was normal. And we hadn't seen him for a long time, and he was happy, and looking forward to the performance. He had even persuaded my father to let me do the announcing. He came back from the theatre after a rehearsal for my sister..."

"Which sister?" he asked.

"My youngest sister," she said, a little impatiently.

"Was she supposed to dance also?"

"Yes," she said. "He taught her. That is a photograph of her." She touched the fourth with a finger. So that was why the face was familiar, he thought and wondered what she would have been like when she was younger, when he first knew her. Quite distinctly, he was jealous. He looked at the photographs again; then deliberately up, down into her eyes.

Very quietly he said to her, "She has your eyes" the same amazing, full eyes with the brows that met faintly but distinctly. In his mind he said to her, "They are the first thing I remember noticing about you; and they are the last I'll forget." He had said the words he had spoken as if

they had been alone. Of course it didn't quite succeed. She opened her eyes fully to him for the briefest moment, partly in a faint surprise, and continued about the dancer.

"He came back about three," she said. "He had a stomach-ache; and started vomiting blood about four or five o'clock. It stopped after an hour, and he said he was all right, and that he would go on with the performance, but my father told him he would not do anything so silly—".

"He was staying with you?", one of the others interrupted.

"Yes, we've known him for a long time... then we went to the theatre to put up the notice; and got the doctor. He started vomiting blood again at about nine, and he died about ten-thirty," she finished, "just about the time he should have been enjoying his triumph."

"I suppose we will have to give him benefit of doubt about the triumph," he said, before he could want to stop himself.

"Why must you talk like that," she said. "And in any case there was no doubt about his success. You must have heard how good he was"

"I know," he said. "I'm sorry," Damn, he thought, oh! damn, damn. He gave her back the photographs.

Three or four others came up and joined them.

"Oh, as useless as usual," the boy answered. "You were wise to stay away, and come just in time for the party."

"I don't know." They were all the same, these end of the year valedictory parties, boys and girls uneasy at having to mix, barely comfortable about the time the Secretary or whoever it was spoke the inevitable few words. He had come only because, he knew she would be there.

"It's at four-fifteen, isn't it?" she asked him.

"Yes, thereabouts," he said and smiled at her.

"I'll come along with the other girls," she said. All feeling within him followed her as she went down the corridor, past the statue, the Common Room. Almost immediately the group of girls came out, up the corridor, to the head of the landing near the statue, and went down the stairs.

"We'd better go also," he said. They followed, and took the stairs on the

right (the girls had gone down by the left).

"Why the lime?"

"I'm feeling a bit sick."

They reached the bottom of the stairs, crossed the black and white marble of the entrance hall, and passed on through the short, cool, dark passage, flagged with large grey slabs. "I thought of not coming." They reached the verandah, stepped down into the porch.

"Let the girls go in first."

There were some boys already in the porch. They all coalesced in a not particularly chummy group.

"This is the third party in ten days."

"It's always like that in the third term." The whole lot moved on in twos and threes, after the girls. "There are seventeen associations, you know; and all like the idea of a party, even if it is only to put an end to each other every year. I suppose everyone feels important and social."

He started sweating as they came out into the sunlight from the shade of the porch. He hoped devoutly he wouldn't be sick in the middle of the party.

"Did you go to the dance performance yesterday?"

"Yes. But there wasn't any. The guy died it seems."

The tar was soft under their feet in places as they crossed the road. The girls had already reached the restaurant. They also walked up the cemented path into the building. He saw her at a table with a friend, and went across with another boy. He knew she was watching him come.

"Do you mind?" he asked, with patently exaggerated politeness. Looking at her face now again it was as if something was filling inside him. It was a good feeling, lightly exhilarating.

She shook her head slightly, amused, a small smile shared between her eyes, and the flesh of her cheek bones, and the corners of her mouth. Like froth from whatever was filling inside him, he smiled back, a complete smile, the eyes almost disappearing, the lightest depression in the cheeks, the flesh of the chin creasing up from the small mounts of the dent to join tiny crescents at the corners of the mouth.

"Park yourself," he said to the other boy. He put his coat over the back

of the chair nearest to him, and they sat down.

"Did you buy a ticket for the mystery dance that never came off?" the other boy asked her friend.

"Yes," the other girl replied.

"So did I," he broke in. "There is an amazing cock-eyed consistency about my luck. I should have known he would choose the particular day I bought the ticket to die." He was gladly facetious in a sort of relief. Altogether it was as if a nymph in some sorrowful ballet had stopped to twirl gaily round a lone and beautiful tree before she fled again from a faun who was destined never to capture her. He saw a pamphlet in her hand with the photographs.

"What is that?" he asked her.

"We were going to give these out to the audience." She gave him the pamphlet. He stretched his long legs under the table, sank comfortably into a more recumbent position. He turned the few pages of art paper; there were some photographs and an account of his life.

He was a Ceylonese; had run away from home; picked up the rudiments of his art from various dancers; had finally come away to India with a touring company; there caught the eye of a famous South Indian teacher of dancing; put in a long apprenticeship under him; had gone thereafter to Calcutta, and all over the country, devoting time to the various distinct schools, always not neglecting the folk dancers of the areas he was in. He had started performing in earnest only a year or so before, with programmes that contained the more famous dances of the actual schools; and synthesis of the less-known and more elastic forms in quasi-ballet items which allowed him to make an individual and (in Indian dancing) not invariably a faultless performer of the most technical dances of the formal schools. It was inevitable, he supposed, when he'd ranged so wide. But purely as entertainment, which nevertheless never was not art, his shows, he knew, had received unstinting praise. This performance was to have been to collect funds for a school of dancing he had wanted to start, as she had told him.

"Who wrote the... biography?" He stressed the last word with the faint-

test sarcasm as he gave the thing back to her.

"I did," she said. "I know it isn't very good, but..."

"I was merely being curious," he said. "I wanted to know who had written it. For no particular reason."

He beckoned to one of the waiters.

"Bring me a knife," he said. To the others, "It's to cut this lime." He continued to her. "He had quite a life, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said.

"Romantic, and so on and so forth." He always used a cliché in a way that made it obvious to the person he was talking to that he was aware that it was one. "What sort of a person was he?"

"He was a very fine person," she said.

"The waiter came back with the knife on a plate which he placed before him, with the faint ceremoniousness of his tribe. He cut the lime in half; paused.

"You were very fond of him, weren't you?" The gladness was ebbing away, just like that.

"We were all very fond of him," she said. "We've known him a long time."

"You haven't got used to completely speaking about him in the past tense." He cut one of the halves into half again, removed the pips from one of the pieces with the knife. "Excuse me." He leaned his head back in the chair, squeezed all of one of the quarters of lime into his mouth, grimaced as the sourness needled his teeth.

"You had better start eating," he told them, swallowing. "They have at the other tables." The waiters had already placed the first dishes before them.

"You?", the inflection of her voice was a known and loved thing.

"I'm feeling a little sick," he said. He smiled briefly. "That was the reason for the lime squash act." They started eating.

"Aren't you going to eat anything?" the other boy asked.

"No," he said. "I'll only drink the coffee."

"Are you feeling very bad?" the other girl asked.

"Not really," he said. "It's just a common or garden stomach-ache. Certainly nothing so spectacular or

touching—" he turned his eyes to hers—"as your dancer's malady. I'm sorry," he said immediately. "I really wasn't trying to be funny." She let it pass.

"I hope this doesn't take you long," she said.

"I don't suppose it will," he said to her. "Somebody or the other will get up and blather a few words fairly soon, and then we can all go home sweet home. That should please you." Why the hell he was being silly, he thought.

"What's wrong with you?" she said.

"Nothing really..."

A chair scraped as somebody got up. He had to turn right round to see who it was. It was the Secretary of the Association.

"Ladies and Gentlemen..."

"That leaves some of us out, doesn't it," he whispered.

"...it gives me great pleasure..."

"Doesn't he look as if it does?" One or two reproving glances came in their way. The other girl giggled. He turned round again. She drank some water and put the glass on the table, pulled her sari about her. She smiled, then looked away towards the speaker. He took the cup of coffee, and relaxed again into his old comfortable position. He watched the thin steam rising from the cup in his hand; and the unbearable sweetness of her face, the soft lucent creaminess of the inner upper arm, the loved hands quiet in her lap, holding the photographs and the pamphlet. The speaker was simply a noise behind him.

"I love you, damn it all," he thought. "I've touched your hands only once..."

She dropped the pamphlet. He put his coffee on the table, bent down, picked it up.

The dancer's dead, he thought, but it really wasn't so very terrible, he drew her to him throughout and especially at the end.... "I suppose it's true in a way that for you he really lives on or something..."

He placed the pamphlet in front of her on the table, very carefully; kept his fingers on it for a moment before leaning back in his chair.

"...But in my case it really isn't any use, is it, after another year we won't meet again...and you'll end up as somebody's elegant wife..." Despair burnt up within him. "...And

you won't know to be hurt, I won't die, physically, painfully, in your house, claiming your feelings; nevertheless, the dancer in me who makes me posture in the little courtesies, the slight turns of the head to converse, the individual, conscious gestures to appeal, that I may catch your eye.... he's practically kicked the bucket in every sense of the term, my darling."

"...next year. Thank you." He clapped perfunctorily with the rest as they got up.

"You were listening very intently," he told her, once again, now taking her glance deliberately. "Was it very edifying?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't have done better," she said.

"No, I suppose not." But suddenly, behind the curtain of her words, taking them unawares, not apparent to the others, backstage in their minds, the vague and unacknowledged nearness between them crystallized into a jewel of flame, with a million blinding facets: it was as if in that moment when they were not even touching each other, they had lived years of love of the body and the mind: and the facets of this jewel were the

quintessence of the innumerable experiences of thought and word and deed they had known in that long baptism: love moving like a wind in all the land of their minds; the whispered and broken professions; the flaming through into immortal fields in the fulfilment of their bodies.... in seconds the jewel burnt itself out; and the dancer within him died finally also.

Towards her, at last with the passing of the moment, he was emancipated, free, barren of feeling. It was as if he was a cave that the tide had filled, and then drained irresistibly.

"Let's go and thank the Secretary," he said. They broke their glance and threaded their way through the tables.

"It was a very nice party," he said to the boy.

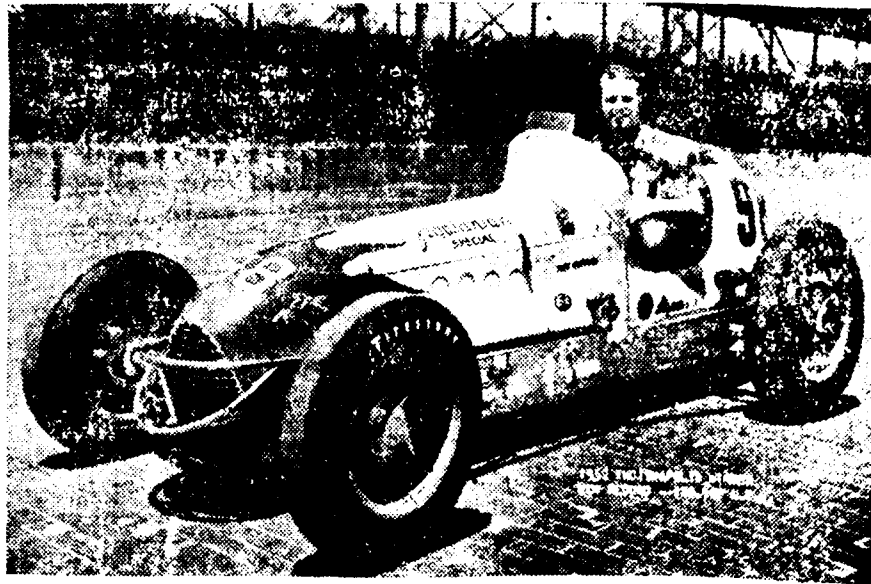
"Your speech was very good," she said.

"Thanks."

"See you later".

They moved out after the others. "There's my car," she said. "Cheerio."

"Cheerio." He realised he hadn't worn the coat at all. It was usually that way, he remembered. He was damned if he knew why he ever brought it along.



Ace Driver Troy Ruttman, who recently won the fastest and most dramatic 500-mile race ever seen in the history of motor racing at Indianapolis. He set up a new all-time record of 128.922 miles per hour and for the 29th consecutive year, the winning car was equipped with Firestone Tyres.

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HVM. 165-50

PROPAGANDA AGAINST 'IKE' MAY HARM PARTY

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Many thoughtful Republicans—those who look beyond the party's upcoming national convention to the Presidential campaign that follows—are worried about the bitterness and strife injected into the current struggle for delegates between the Taft and Eisenhower forces. They fear the wounds may not heal sufficiently to permit victory over the Democrats in November.

For party harmony—unity—is the key to success in any political campaign, and the pre-convention battle in the Republican ranks already has produced scars of possibly lasting effect.

Charges of delegate "stealing" are only one side of the picture. In some areas the campaigning, which started with mere accusations that Gen. D. D. Eisenhower was nothing but a "me-too Republican stooge for Tom Dewey" has descended to far baser levels. By word of mouth and by means of printed matter, stories have been circulated that the general is a pal of Communists and a secret supporter of Secretary Dean Acheson and the "traitors in the State Department."

Nor is that all. In some sections campaign leaflets have been found that were designed to turn his fellow-countrymen against the general on the basis of vicious lies concerning his racial heritage, his religion and his health.

So serious has this kind of below-the-belt campaigning become that Sen. Gillette, who heads the Senate's elections sub-committee, recently dispatched investigators to trace the source of anti-Eisenhower publications, including one sheet called "Headlines and What's Behind Them."

Published in New York by Joseph P. Kamp, hate merchant who served four months in jail for contempt of Congress in refusing to disclose the records of his Constitutional Educational League and its contributors, this document informed its readers that Gen. Eisenhower's campaign for President was sponsored by "New Dea-

lers, Communists, Fellow Travellers and pro-Reds."

In disclosing that he is on the watch for all scurrilous literature he can find in this year's election campaign, Sen. Gillette said he had received complaints about the Kamp paper from such widely scattered areas as Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and California.

Other material of the same character so far rounded up includes an elaborate pamphlet issued by Hoffman Nickerson of Oyster Bay. Headed, "Eisenhower Can't Win," the publication accuses him of "appeasement of Russia," of being unable to support Republican policy on Asia, of returning home "to seek the Presidency with his job in NATO unfinished" and of having a domestic policy which is "one hole after another."

The amount of published material circulated by such hate-mongers as the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod and Gerald L. K. Smith—all designed to turn Americans against Gen. Eisenhower—cannot be calculated. Samples have shown up throughout the country, including the one sheet referring to the general as "the man most wanted by the Zionists", as a "Red caterer," and as one who, when he headed Columbia University conducted "virtually a ghetto institution, an incubator of proselytes and international Jewish revolutionaries."

Meanwhile, the Taft organisation claims its candidate, too, has been sullied. Only last week David S. Ingalls, Sen. Robert A. Taft's campaign manager charged that backers of Gen. Eisenhower "are now trying to win by smear tactics what they have found they couldn't win by votes of Republicans."

He asserted that "the tactics of the Eisenhower backers have now become entirely clear. Whenever and wherever they win delegates, no matter how unprincipled their methods may have been, their cry is that the people have spoken. But when they lose, it's different. Then they rush into

print with charges of robbery, fraud and corruption."

The fact that both Gen. Eisenhower and Sen. Taft have stated publicly that they will support the party nominee, whoever he may be, is viewed by many ardent Republicans in both camps as a step in the right direction. The trouble is, however, that many of their camp-followers are exhibiting no such degree of good sportsmanship.

The danger, as some leaders see it, is not that the party will be officially torn apart, as it was in 1912 when the strife engendered by the contest between William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt led to creation of a third party and consequent election of Woodrow Wilson. Rather, it is feared that large numbers of Republicans, influenced by the smear technique and nursing grudges on election day, will fail to go to the polls.

Rep. Kenneth Keating, for example, fears the current strife and mudslinging may cause many independent voters, as well as Republicans, to lose their enthusiasm for a change in government and to refrain from voting.

"The only way we Republicans can win this year, since we are the minority party" he declared, "is by encouraging a great burst of enthusiasm among Democrats and independents favourable to the Republican effort to bring about a change of administration and correction of the mistakes made under President Truman's leadership."

"To do that, we must first have harmony in our own ranks. But the smears, the bigotry, the attempted character assassination produced in the present campaign may defeat post-convention efforts to build harmony. Moreover, all this provides ammunition to the other party to use against us in November."

Mr. Keating has been joined by GOP leaders from a few areas in demands that "circulators of political dirt swallow their words before it is too late."

The Eisenhower supporters, doubtless, because it is their candidate who has suffered most from smear tactics, appear to be far more concerned than are the Taft people about the scare that will be left after the convention. The latter, for the most part, are content to shrug off the

harm to the party resulting from such tactics, arguing that party harmony is desirable to a point, but that too much of it would be just as harmful as too much dirty fighting.

Typically, Rep. William H. Ayers, an Ohio Republican, who is among Sen. Taft's strongest supporters, this week placed in the Congressional Record an article minimising the bitterness of the conflict. The article speaks of political scars, then goes on:

"But what a milk-toast affair the two-party system would be if the parties which comprise it didn't have family scraps.... Party harmony.... can become cloying. A political party can wither on a diet of sweetness and light. It's the infighting which develops party muscles and fresh blood...."

"Taft is being opposed by smart political operators who twice before have thwarted his attempts to gain the Presidential nomination. Can anyone blame him for pitching everything he has into this third and perhaps final try?"

But among the great body of Republicans whose main aim is to elect a Republican President, not merely to win nomination for one or the other candidates, the infighting is considered in a more serious light.

In this group are many unhappy warriors who, willing as they are to stand up and fight, do not relish the thought of seeing their party torn asunder in any candidate's behalf, only to witness the election of another Democrat President.

Without fanfare, a move sponsored by Sen. Styles Bridges (Republican) has been belatedly launched to make peace between the Taft and Eisenhower factions, to insure that no matter who the nominee proves to be, the party will present a united front immediately after the convention.

The measure of success accorded this effort, however, remains to be seen.

The conditions making for a draft-Truman movement at the Democratic National Convention are developing smoothly from day to day.

A draft movement, real or phony, comes only when there is no stand-out alternative candidate upon whom the party faithful can agree. There are some indications that such a situation is beginning to come about now among the Democrats.

Key men in a baffling situation is Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois. If Gov. Stevenson would drop a public hint that he would accept the nomination against any champion the Republicans may put up, his bandwagon shortly would be noisily overflowing, and apparently with Mr. Truman's approval.

If Gov. Stevenson balked at Chicago, the Democrats would be faced with a confusing variety of choices. Only Sen. Estes Kefauver among them has established any claim to a national following. Mr. Truman is cold to Sen. Kefauver's candidacy, powerful organization figures are against him, and the White House gang, itself, has thumbs down.

No doubt of Mr. Truman's feelings toward Sen. Kefauver could survive the news conference when the President called the Senator's Presidential primary defeat here by Averell Harriman an endorsement of their administration's programme.

After Sen. Kefauver comes a parade of sectional or favourite son candidates. Barring only Vice-President Albert W. Barkely, they can claim no more than good political connections in their own geographical areas. The Vice-President's great handicap is his 74 years.

Any one of these might be nominated with the active support of Mr. Truman and those party leaders whose decisions and delegates the President can control. Mr. Truman has laid it on the line, however, that the Democratic nominee and platform must be 100 per cent for him, for his administration and all its works. Whole hog or no bacon are Mr. Truman's terms to the man who would succeed him. And, of course, he wants a winner.

Mr. Truman says he is through and no doubt means it. But if no suitable 100 percent administration man can be found among the candidates when the Democrats gather at Chicago, there still remain one individual whose loyalty to and enthusiasm for the Truman administration could not be questioned.

That individual is Harry S. Truman, himself. He perfectly fits the pattern Mr. Truman himself has drawn for the 1952 Democratic Presidential nominee.

India's 80,000,000 cases of malaria can be cleaned up in three years with the cost of a single bomber, Chester Bowles, United States Ambassador to India, declared.

Speaking at a luncheon given in his honour at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Mr. Bowles stressed India's need for financial help from this country. He was pessimistic, however, about winning any appropriation for such aid from Congress this year.

The Ambassador said he had asked for "the same amount given to Greece over the last four years," but he advised against giving or doing anything merely, "on the basis of anti-communism."

Explaining that some countries might think their Communist minority was enough reason to qualify them for American aid, Mr. Bowles added a warning that machine-guns and battleships would never kill communism. He predicted that "militarism" is never going to do the job in this difficult and complicated world of ours.

The American envoy said that India already had passed the first test of democracy by establishing freedom of the press, religion and discussion. He reviewed the success of that country's election last winter, in which natives travelled for days on foot and by ox-cart to exercise their right to vote.

Listing India's new dams for power and irrigation projects patterned after the Tennessee Valley Authority, he told how the Asiatic republic was harnessing its material and human resources for a higher standard of living.

Although he said that India had solved its enormous refugee problem without outside aid and was putting into effect excellent economic and social programmes it required American aid to keep its experiment with democracy from failing. He warned that if India turned to communism in desperation, the spirit of Europe would be broken by seeing one-third of the people of the world "go the other way."

Mr. Bowles left a few hours after his talk to fly back to New Delhi.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt praised the Ambassador for the respect and love he has won from the people of India.

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.

Future Of Madras City

The question whether Madras should go to Tamils or Andhras is not a question to be settled by politicians. It should be decided by the citizens of Madras. Let a referendum be taken. Let the voice of the citizens decide the issue.

P. V. S. VASAN.

Linguistic States And Administrative Regions

The demand for linguistic states is to ensure viable administrative regions and to promote social justice and opportunities for the economic amelioration of a minority linguistic group that is being exploited to the advantage of a majority linguistic group.

It is wilful perversion to argue that linguistic zones, if formed, will create localized loyalties which might threaten national unity. When in a secular country like ours it is conceded proudly that the existence of a number of distinct religious minorities, like Muslims, Sikhs and Anglo-Indians, will not be incongruous with one-nation consciousness, how can linguistic units owing allegiance to the Constitution jeopardize national unity?

DANTURTY.

Hyderabad.

'I Stood As An Independent'

Friends who read my letter that appeared in SWATANTRA of June 28, ask me whether I contested the election as a U. D. F. candidate and whether I am still in the U. D. F.

In my election manifesto I had said:

"I am contesting the election as an independent progressive. I seek the help of all people who agree with me that under Congress rule the curtailment of civil liberties was more ruthless than under the former British regime. I appeal to all citizens, who value not only their freedom but also public decency and political morality, to come together to defeat the Congress at the ensuing general elections."

The pre-election U. D. F. was a loose organisation having no constitution nor rules to guide the conduct of its members. It had only programmes. In my view, no organisation can serve the people effectively by placing attractive programmes before them. After the elections, heterogeneous groups and individuals,

having no common political ideals, joined together and pledged themselves to implement a common programme. The groups which vowed to retain food control and the groups which pledged to remove it felt no uneasiness to agree to carry out a common programme. I cannot join the after-election U. D. F. group if I am to be true to my election promises. I said in my election manifesto that I was contesting the elections knowing that my effort would not bear fruit immediately, but I felt it was my duty to tell the people that the Congress leaders had sacrificed their convictions for the sake of party benefit. In my election speeches I said that leaders of political parties should realise that actions based on convictions alone can produce lasting public good. I should swallow my own words if I choose to remain as a member of the U.D.F.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

S. S. L. C. Examination Results

The results of the S. S. L. C. Examination this year are very disappointing. Many students who have secured good marks in all subjects have failed for want of a single mark in the language paper. As a matter of fact, in the valuation of papers generally one mark is conceded as a matter of grace. The case of a candidate becomes tragic when he is detained for want of one mark in English especially when English is relegated to third rank of importance in the S. S. L. C. curriculum. A girl student has obtained these marks: Telugu 48, English 29, General Mathematics 75, General Science 58, and Social Studies 49. She will have to study for one more year for the only reason she got 29 and not 30 marks in English a language which may have no future in this country after a few years.

A PARENT.

What About Pie Coins?

With a view to covering up the revenue deficit of Rs 358.70 lakhs, the Government of Madras has proposed to introduce new taxes. One of the taxes suggested is the levy of a surcharge of one pie a mile on all bus passengers. This levy is expected to fetch two crores of rupees in a full year and about one crore in the current year. The persons who use the buses are evidently the middle, working and lower class people.

It may appear that the surcharge of one pie a mile is not heavy but the Government seemed to have failed to take notice of the fact that due to present-day economy the pie coin has gone out of circulation. Without a free circulation of pie coins neither the passenger can pay nor the conductors of buses collect the exact amount due.

In cases where the surcharge works out to a fraction of a pie or two pies, the conductor will insist on the passenger paying either the correct amount if he has with him sufficient pie coins or a full pie coin (a quarter anna) irrespective of the fraction being one pie or two. In actual practice, passengers travelling less than three miles may be forced to pay grudgingly a quarter anna in place of a pie or two. It is the poor man who travels by buses that will be hit hard by this levy.

Due to pie coins having been withdrawn from circulation since 1946, the people are put to difficulty in their transactions with shopkeepers, who have made it a point to collect a quarter anna for a fraction of a pie or two pies.

TAABHI.

Muslim Festivals And Govt. Holidays

A few holidays have been sanctioned for some Muslim festivals by the Madras Government. The observance of these festivals strictly depends upon the visibility of the moon, but, curiously enough, the dates of these holidays are previously fixed, with the result that sometimes a holiday does not coincide with the festive day. For example, this year the festival of Ramzan I'd, subject to the visibility of the moon, was celebrated on June 25 in almost all the mofussil areas (except Madras City), whereas the I'd Day was observed on June 24. Evidently the purpose of the holiday was marred.

This can be avoided if the Governments, State as well as Central, take the trouble to adjust the fixed holiday with the festive day as far as possible. Such adjustment is particularly easy in the case of Bakhar I'd and Muharram which are observed on the tenth day after the visibility of the moon.

MUHAMMAD RAZA ALI.

Guntur.

Bus Service In Visakhapatnam

The City Transport Bus Service in Visakhapatnam, in the hands of a private management, is granted four routes to ply buses to cater to the needs of the travelling public. The bus service from its inception has never maintained scheduled trips. Two routes have specially been earmarked for the convenience of workers and their families at the Scindia Ship-

building Yard Colony and Ferry. But many times the buses on these two routes have either not at all turned up or terminated their licenced route midway, causing inconvenience to the Scindia workers residing all over the town.

The officials have neither set right the irregularities nor given a licence to any other operator.

A CITIZEN.

Visakhapatnam.

'Kashmir: A Danger Signal'

The article of Mr. Rajagopalan—Kashmir: A Danger Signal—cannot go unchallenged. I am surprised to find the recent trend in our newspapers against Sheikh Abdullah's Government. The trouble began when Sheikh Abdullah, speaking at a public meeting, referred to the communalism prevailing in India. No one can deny the fact that communalism enjoys a good hold on the masses of India. The hue and cry raised in India against Sheikh Abdullah's speech was unjustified. It is a pity that Mr. Nehru should have thought it necessary to seek a clarification of this speech. The speech of the Kashmir Premier, on the other hand, should have been a timely warning to Mr. Nehru, who, after his election tour, began to cherish the notion that he had completely rooted out communalism from India.

Mr. Rajagopalan has tried to give a communal colour to the land reform policy of the Abdullah Government. I think the land reform in Kashmir is a good step towards the emancipation of the peasantry from the age-old bond of slavery to the landlord. The reforms carried out by the Kashmir Government should have been applauded by all Indians.

Most of the reforms carried out by the Government were according to the policies of the Kashmir National Conference and it is well known that the conference represents all sections of the people of the State. Both the Kashmir Government and Sheikh Abdullah deserve praise for their stand against anti-social elements. There was no need to consult India before the reforms were introduced because it has been the avowed policy of the Government of India not to interfere in any State's internal administration. Sheikh Abdullah seems to be the only true companion of Mr. Nehru for he spoke of princes and ruling dynasties as the "relics of inhuman barbaric past."

Mr. Rajagopalan's plea to hand over Kashmir to Pakistan (of course excluding Jammu and Ladakh) is no solution unless he has forgotten what division of India had meant in terms of human suffering.

C. V. JAGANNADHA RAO.

Berhampur.

Amrutanjan

IN whatever part of the world you rove,
Each and every place shall prove
That Amrutanjan is the prince of balms
And all others are imitation shams.

In pain-killing its great potency
Is praised to be of such eminence
That every patient with whatever pang
His door on all other balms shall bang.

For the hardest stroke of severe head-ache,
Its slightest touch shall serve as a brake;
Both Cold and Cough with its efficient touch
Shall at once cease to be as such.

If through extreme heat or cold,
Or through overwork of a strain untold,
Your nervous system is dulled and deadened,
Amrutanjan gives it a vigorous trend.

Verily it is a grant of vigour
To workers of intellectual rigour;
They can the knottiest problems solve
And practical plans shall soon evolve.

To nations aspiring to prominence
Its service is certainly immense;
It builds up the human body's health,
Which needs must add to the Nation's wealth.

Since half a century the people have used
Of its wondrous results are much amused
Day by day its fame is spreading
And the list of balms it is ever heading.

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1952

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WEEKLY

OVER-TAXING THE PUBLIC

THE budget proposals of the Madras Government have come in for very strong comment in the legislature. The vote of confidence secured by the Chief Minister the other day is ill reflected in the strictures being passed on his budget proposals. Sri Rajagopalachari achieved a remarkable degree of quick confidence from all sections of the public, not excluding those habitually unfriendly to him, by two or three administrative measures revealing character and a high sense of responsibility. Nothing damaged the Congress regime so ruinously as the general impression engendered in the public mind that its wielders of power were primarily interested in advancing their own selfish interests. And nothing illustrated the selfishness of the Ministers more glaringly than the rule which they made in their own favour appropriating to themselves the prerogative of filling some of the seats in the Government medical and engineering colleges with nominees of their own without regard to the principles of selection prescribed for the general public. An even more fatal blunder was the allotment of land to alleged political sufferers. At the time this policy of land grants was announced, *Swatantra* lost no time in condemning it not only as a mischievous abuse of power but also as a pitiable innovation tending to vulgarise patriotism. But the powerful daily newspapers which alone seem to lie within the orbit of official comprehension, uttered not a word of protest. It is remarkable, however, that long after the event, when the primary framers of the policy of land grants were about to

be hurled out of their official positions, a section of the daily press flared up into vehement denunciation, capping its original failure of duty with a disgusting pretension of concern for the public interest, as though the intervening period had been wiped out of time's calendar. This sort of newspaper is the pest of the Indian press. Its allegiance is not to principles, but to the holders of power. And it pursues Ministers with an adulation only equalled by the violence of its diatribes against ex-Ministers, the very men before whom it had burnt its incense so copiously while they were powerful and so could be expected to give something in exchange for well-publicised flatteries.

We hope the Chief Minister is too wary a politician to look for the correct measure of public opinion in the columns of these quick-change artists with their turncoat politics. He has begun well by rescinding the policies of his predecessors in respect of the two particulars cited above. The land grants have cursed the beneficiaries and damaged the patron. The reservation of college seats for ministerial patronage stamped the ministries concerned with irreparable public disfavour. With the repair of these blunders of the past, honesty of purpose has been established by C. R. in a patent manner easy to grasp for people in general. It is a refreshing thing to feel that at last we have a Ministry more interested in public welfare than in the exploitation of power for individual and group benefit.

The release of the administration from the more glaring of the failures

of the past is a great gain paving the way for a fresh better start, but it is a gain only negatively. It must be followed by positive content capable of improving the living conditions of the people. A Government lives or falls according as the condition of the governed improves or deteriorates under its care. The heavy taxation proposals of the C. R. Ministry are not likely to make people any happier than they have been before. Taxation is already over-heavy, more so in Madras than in other States, and some of the items of taxation have been so oppressively overdone that instead of yielding more revenue they had led the tax-collector to the point of diminishing returns. The sales tax is an instance in point. Taxation has made heavy inroads into the slender incomes of the bulk of the people and forced them into starvation and malnutrition, and the number of those unable to balance their budgets is increasing enormously. There is room for relief for many that are now subjected to taxation, and if the Congress wants to survive as the ruling party it must forthwith examine the entire taxation system with a view to the redistribution of its burdens more equitably.

It is no longer sound budgeting merely to achieve a surplus. The departmental balancing of income and expenditure is the least important function of State budgeting. Deficits are well incurring if they mean the employment of credit for improving national prosperity. In the ultimate analysis there are only two sources of enrichment, agriculture and industry. All forms of taxation are illusory that do not depend for expansion on wealth-yielding improvements in agriculture and industry. We have no doubt our departments of agriculture and industry, but their work is carried on perfunctorily, often as though their purpose is to impede instead of encouraging enterprise. Modern developments in the administrative technique of promoting industrial

expansion have found no entry in the antiquated practice of the State Governments in India. In England, the Government helps industrial enterprise by playing the good samaritan providing housing, electric power and cheap capital. But Indian enterprise is throttled by resistances that persist in Government offices through all notified changes in policy and by an apathy on the part of officials that refuses to yield except under the pressure of high influence. We are convinced that the path to greatness for the C. R. Ministry lies in the exploration of opportunities for development in the vital fields of industry, agriculture and education and not in further taxation of the already over-taxed population.

Was Hamlet Fat?

IT is gratifying to find a savant coming forward to remove from Hamlet the reproach that he was fat. A rotund Prince of Denmark, blotting out the heavens with his flesh and larding the lean earth as if he were another Falstaff, has long been an affront to scholarly imagination. What could have induced Shakespeare to conceive of him as portly there is no guessing, but it is satisfactory to learn that, when Gertrude referred to him as being "fat and scant of breath," she meant nothing more damaging than that he had just dined well in the rather hearty fashion common in Denmark. Artistic verisimilitude is in agreement with such an interpretation, for fatness and the graces both of mind and body go ill together. Leigh Hunt was imprisoned for calling the Prince Regent a "fat Adonis of forty", while the poet of *The Seasons*, James Thomson, came under censure as "being more fat than bard beseems." When imperial Caesar delivered his diatribe against lean men, it was on grounds which only dull respectability will acclaim. He objected to the lean Cassius because he thought too much. In such cir-

cumstances it is impossible to conceive of Hamlet as being otherwise than lean. Shakespearean exegesis has for some time been under suspicion as a field where anything can be "proved". Did not a commentator, a German, "demonstrate" that Hamlet was really a woman disguised as a

man? But it is satisfactory to meet with a piece of criticism which is as artistically acceptable as it is credible on scholarly grounds. No more will a vision of a grossly fat Hamlet mouthing "To be or not to be" affright the imagination and scarify the sensibilities.

Sotto Voce

MINOS MINOR



"I will make a Star-chamber matter of it," hotly declared Mr. Justice Shallow. He had provocation enough, Heaven knows, from "Falstaff, variet vile." He told that butt of sack to his face, "You have beaten my men, killed my deer and broke open my lodge". And yet, poor man, he failed to make good his threat, though he was Robert Shallow, Esquire, in the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram'. That is what comes of descending from the throne of justice to the base human level, of stepping into the box and testifying like any common suitor.

The 101 Honorary Magistrates in whom Madras glories—an auspicious self-perpetuating number that, as philanthropic Marwaris and numerologists know,—are serenely lifted above the crowd. They know none of the tribulations and temptations of the canaille. They are resolute guardians of the manners and minor morals of the realm. They give of their fairly plentiful time freely. If they hope for an occasional line in the papers that is but human nature. My little nephew ardently collects the photographs of those worthies who,

with a fine realisation of their obligation to posterity, have modest cuts inserted among the ads. Greedy fellow, he knows there is a fortune in them.

The misdemeanours of which this worthy class of tribunes take cognisance are rarely of a heroic cast. Committing nuisance on the wayside, jaywalking, both human and bovine, and hawking in unauthorised places are not, I believe, among the major crimes listed in Macaulay's magnificent *smriti*. They expose a side of human nature for which those aristocrats of the underworld, the murderer, the forger and the incendiary, have nothing but good-natured contempt. The fugitive who queues up like sheep for the slaughter in the purlieus of Egmore is the street Arab, the unkempt little barbarian who performs his toilet, if at all, in public and who furtively violates, if he can, all the "mustn't-do-it"s of the civilising angel.

It therefore speaks volumes for our Magistrates' unruffled dignity, their superb faith in the destiny of man, that they go on doing their work

with a machine-like precision and an unspotted innocence reminiscent of Sol shining on a dunghill. They are troubled by none of your typically modern qualms about rule of thumb punishments. They do not share the vulgar fear of the police, neither are they so suspicious by nature as to smell a rat when accused after accused makes a meek confession of guilt compared to which the Hungarian trials were a veritable chaos of contention. They no more mind the feeble protests of the fined than does the conscientious mother who has dosed her wailing young with castor oil.

I have not been had up so far—let me touch wood!—on a nuisance charge. That argues no special merit or Moriarty-like genius for evading the Hound of the Honoraries. As a confirmed pedestrian in a city whose kerbs are pot-holes linked by improvised booths, I insouciantly take the geographical middle of the road. I can therefore only murmur with the honest tinker, "There but for the grace of God..." But once, voluntarily though all too unwittingly, I thrust my head into a mouth which, if it was not exactly leonine, it was none of the owner's fault.

In a rare moment of civic sturdiness I had resolved to protest against one of the numerous imposts that you pay for the privilege of be-

ing a citizen of no mean city. But when I found myself in the 'Court-room' and the dispenser of our destinies eyed me coldly as if I were vermin of an unfamiliar species, all the courage oozed out of me. A lawyer rising to state his objections was told, "Oh, if you mean to argue, you may as well save your breath for the appellate Court." As the advocate sure of his fee meekly subsided into his seat I scuttled. I knew it in my bones that if I lingered I should cravenly submit, "Guilty, your Honour."

That, I am told, is what the accused invariably do when they are under the all-seeing Magisterial eye. For there is a tradition older far than any law which says, "If you don't admit your guilt but start arguing, the fine will be doubled." I see that there has recently been a steep rise in the tariff. A simple fellow who had been so imperfectly weaned from his rusticity that he kept a calf even though he lived within a stone's throw of Luz was fined Rs. 10 because the police had found it in the street; and he had to pay another Rs. 5 for being late to answer the charge; in all, about a fortnight's wages,—when he is lucky enough to get any. But he consoled himself with the thought that the fine for nuisance had increased from one rupee to five. The inflationary spiral evidently—though you do not expect the Magistrates to argue the point. May their tribe increase.

VIGNESWARA

Possible disbandment of a "world community" shattered the annual celebration on July 2 of Parkway Village, Queens, where 585 United Nations families from 50 countries have lived in a friendly atmosphere since 1946.

The United Nations gave them notice June 3, according to a spokesman for the village's community association, that it had been unable to negotiate an extension of a master lease it holds with the landlord, a group of 16 savings banks, and stated to expire on June 15, 1953.

Dr. Djafar Abdoh, deputy permanent representative of Iran to the United Nations, who is chairman of the association, expressed it this way:

"Our community is a model of the world community in the future, because we have been able to live together—citizens of at least 50 countries, all races, religions beliefs—in a friendly atmosphere, and our children are growing up with no prejudice at all.

"It is proof that a future can be built on the basis of equality, understanding, and co-operation of all people, and it is worth fighting to keep it that way."—P. G. Krishnamayya.

SIDELIGHTS :

PANDIT NEHRU is not an advocate of linguistic States. He is opposed to their formation. Why not say so plainly instead of shelving the issue by calling upon all the parties concerned to come to an agreement?

This question of linguistic States should be thought afresh once again in the light of commonsense, having regard to the altered circumstances. Many demands of the Congress in the days of British rule were not administratively sound. The Congress had no responsibility then for running the administration. On the other hand, political virtue lay in embarrassing the Government. Demand was piled on demand without proper scrutiny, mainly to serve as items round which agitation against the Government could be collected and employed as political ammunition.

To some extent the Communists have taken on themselves today the agitational role which befell the Congress in the pre-independence period. Many of the demands of the Communists have their origin in the fact that as a party they have no administrative responsibility, and are not likely ever to be called upon to implement them in practice. But there is one difference between the Congress demands of old and the Communist demands of the present. The Congress was incapable of resorting to violence to gain its ends. The Communists seem to be equally incapable of sticking to non-violence.

There is no policy now advocated by the Communists that has not been preceded by its diametrical opposite, equally vigorously advocated sometime or other in Communist party history. The annals of the politics of the Communists are replete with sudden swings between poles of opposites, so that the sacred creed of today becomes the persecuted heresy of tomorrow. Their agitations are beyond national requirements and rational explanation. If they have swung from anti-parochialism to vociferous espousal of linguistic States, it is because the end of all ends to them at the present is the discrediting of the Congress leadership.

The Congress with administrative responsibility cannot afford to consider the issue of linguistic States in the same manner as the Communists whose hearts' desire is the disrupting of the administration.

Administratively considered, the agitation for linguistic States is untenable. The country is so constituted that its division on a language basis could never have been part of any scheme of Providence. The disparities in weight and importance that would emerge from linguistic re-distribution are so glaring and incurable that they must permanently relegate some States to irredeemable inconsequence, and some others to invincible supremacy at the Centre. The small States would be much better off under the present arrangement. The creation of linguistic States would involve the dismemberment of India into virtually independent countries with exclusive outlooks with only the passport restrictions omitted. Instead of the integrating pull of the last century and a half, it will set in motion disintegrating tendencies of all kinds.

Cities like Madras and Bombay are the nerve-centres of vast hinterlands spreading out from them. They are reared on multi-linguality and any interference with it would disturb the equilibrium not only of their economy, but of their very existence. The country badly needs these concentrations of varied and cosmopolitan cultures.

Within the national boundaries, administrative convenience is alone what matters in running the Government. People of all languages need to be made to feel at home everywhere. The demand for linguistic States is unsuited to the integrating spirit of the twentieth century which has risen superior to the barriers that divided humanity and kept it apart in earlier times. It is the function of leadership to correct the fallacies that gain momentum merely by being reiterated instead of yielding to them tamely and helplessly. Leaders like Nehru should render India this service now. Nine out of ten persons are at heart opposed or indifferent to linguistic States, though they are disinclined to say so publicly.—SAKA.

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ASSEMBLY ELOQUENCE

By D. A.

THE four-day debate in the Madras Legislative Assembly on the motion of confidence in the Chief Minister, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, and his Council of Ministers was definitely an occasion to draw out the best debating talent from either side of the House. But, as the mass of Congress members abstained from speaking on the motion, as of set purpose, we could not have a clear idea of their abilities on the floor of the House. Perhaps, they had preferred to be the true representatives of the dumb millions, whose cause they profess to espouse. Only the Chief Minister and the Leader of the House spoke on behalf of the Government. Almost all the leaders of other parties and important unattached members took part in the debate. It was no small ordeal to watch the protracted proceedings from the overcrowded press gallery.

As the momentous motion was occasioned by the Aruppukkottai by-election, it is but proper to take the hero of the battle first. Mr. U. Muthuramalinga Thevar, who was described by Mr. P. T. Rajan as the "uncrowned king" of that constituency, is a picturesque, if volatile, personality. Bearing a close resemblance to comedian N. S. Krishnan (especially in his facial features and hairdo) he regaled the House with anecdotes and exclamations. He is a political and personal devotee of Subhas Bose and cannot make a speech without going into ecstasies over Netaji and giving a bit of his mind to Netaji's erstwhile opponents. He is fluent, if faulty, in English and his frequent switching-over from English to Tamil and vice-versa had some entertainment value, while his fierce and fiery declamations had a dramatic, at times melodramatic, effect on his listeners. A forward Blocist cannot be anything but a wholehogger and Mr. Thevar is no exception to the rule. He is a hard hitter and must have driven his points home to those with a good knowledge of Tamil. He jumps into the fray with a youthful and infectious zest.

The K. L. P., which has a solid bloc in the Assembly, is handicapped by the absence of an eloquent spokesman. Both Mr. Thimma Reddi and Mr. Gouihu Latchanna illustrate the statement that fluency of speech is far removed from real eloquence. Mr. Thimma Reddi, for instance, is a pale replica of his political preceptor, Prof. Ranga. In the compass of an hour's time (it took much longer to me) he had only two or three points to make. The points were that decontrol was a welcome measure, that Rajaji was a great leader and that the Communists should be fought tooth and nail and at any cost. His fluency is as embarrassing as it is ungrammatical. Mr. Latchanna was incoherent both in his own dear mother-tongue and in a cursed foreign language like English.

The Muslim League Leader, Mr. Uppi Saheb, seemed to command the respect of his party men more by his age than by his arguments, for, in spite of the loud speaker, few could hear what he was whispering to himself. This must have made an irrepressible Communist member ask whether Mr. Uppi Saheb was quoting from the Bible or the Koran. It is a pity that the Muslim League benches do not now have that animated group which included Anwar Raza Khan, Salaam and Begum Amiruddin.

It is a tragic irony that the Socialist Party, claimed to be "virile," gives no evidence of that quality in the debates. Dr. K. B. Menon is possibly very well-informed and level-headed, but he is hardly effective as a spokesman, for he is feeble of speech as of body. He delivered a set speech replete with familiar, even hackneyed, slogans, like democracy, nationalisation, socialisation, dictatorship and the like. His approach to the subject was theoretical and his arguments not convincing enough. He sounded more like a party pamphlet on legs. Mr. S. C. C. Anthoni Pillai was a trifle more impressive, but having been a labour leader for long (and old habits die hard) he erred on the side of flamboyance and bombast.

The young and handsome Raja of Vizianagaram speaks sparingly and he has a polished demeanour and a cultivated accent.

Among the few with a good parliamentary background is Mr. P. T. Rajan, the sole and solitary representative of the moribund Justice Party. He is the pink of politeness and his courteous manner is in refreshing contrast to the rough, ready and rustic air of many members of various parties. His long stay in the U. K., the public school background and Oxford training, and his ample experience as Minister and legislator mark him out as a seasoned parliamentarian. Not that he is a brilliant speaker. Far from it. But he knows his limitations and the limited patience of the listener. He is, perhaps, one of the few legislators who believe in Bacon's maxim that brevity is the soul of wit. Moreover, he rightly considers it more important to observe the rules, regulations and conventions of the House than to speak often and long. His speech in support of the confidence motion was a model of common sense and clear thinking, irrespective of the line he took. He is no orator, but a good example to new speakers.

The Communists form the strongest and the loudest (literally) group in the opposition. Mr. T. Nagi Reddi, the youthful leader of the party, has more than once been complimented by C. R. for his performances. It is, no doubt, true that like all leaders of his party, he takes pains to do his best in the Assembly. He is at times solid and substantial in his home thrusts, enlisting adequate statistics to his aid. Generally, he is ready with instances and authorities to prove his case. But, he is unfortunately handicapped by an ungainly manner of speech that takes away the effect of his argument. If only he takes care to complete his sentences and refresh his grammar a little, he will not be so disjointed and incoherent as he tends to be sometimes. Mr. P. Ramamurti is a popular platform speaker and should soon become a powerful parliamentarian. He has the gift of ready wit and quick repartee and his speeches are enlivened by homely humour and an engaging irony, peculiar to him. There is, however, in him a too ready

predilection for playing to the gallery, which any seasoned legislator would do well to restrain. He is undoubtedly the ablest and, by the way, the most "parliamentary" member of his party. Most of his party men rely on the volume of their voices rather than on the weight of their arguments and on the persistent frequency of interruptions more than on their pertinent points for effective functioning in the Legislature.

The Leader of the House, Mr. C. Subramanyam, who moved the confidence resolution and replied to the debate, was the only speaker from the Treasury benches to take part in the debate, besides C. R. I am not sure if his leadership of the House is due to his debating talent or the group support that he commands inside the party. In the present Legislature where little store is set by one's powers of speech, he can be considered a good enough speaker and may shine in comparison with his colleagues (excluding his leader, of course). He can make himself clear and even draw cheers from many corners of the House. There is, however, an imperious strain in his replies that reminds one of his predecessor in office, whom he resembles in youthfulness and in commanding the confidence and affection of his leader. The absence of variation in tone and modulation of the voice makes his long speeches rather dull and tiresome like a lengthy drive on the plains. He drags on in the same strain, as if he is conducting a Sunday service, whether he is hitting back at his Communist opponents or just reading out the figures of the budget.

His opposite number, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Tenneti Viswanatham, is in some respects more than a match for him. He has the advantage of having been a legislator since 1937, which makes him one of the few seasoned legislators in the present House. His speech during the debate may be considered by many as an example of forensic ability and dialectic skill. Firm and forthright in argument he made an earnest attempt to rebut the ingenious arguments of the nimblewitted Chief Minister. There was no sidetracking of the issue of the debate or an eagerness to play to the gallery. Nor did he believe in cheap jokes and un-

generous repartees. Little by little, he tried to demolish the structure built up by the Chief Minister. Unfortunately, however, he was not as impressive or effective as he would otherwise be had he been gifted with a louder voice and a better intonation.

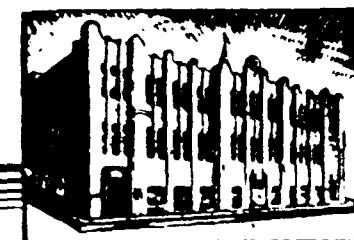
To watch Mr. Rajagopalachari in action on the floor of the present House is like reading about Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputs. He verily strides like a Colossus. When he is on his legs, there is a hush of silence in every quarter, including the women's gallery and he keeps the House, so to say, in complete thrall. He is ever up to the task and no inconvenient question or ugly interruption is likely to ruffle his smooth and gentle man. He is a master of under-statement and is fond of saying that he is ignorant and old-fashioned. He is an adept at damning his opponents with left-handed compliments and faint praise. Like a true orator, he clouds his listeners' reason by frequent refe-

rences to the Deity, not unlike Gladstone in the old days. He now meets no foeman worthy of his steel, say, like C. R. Reddy or Srinivasa Sastri in the Council in 1937. It is a pity that a Test match stalwart has to play only in county games.

Though there are not many in the present Legislature who can make a clear and cogent speech, the number that are anxious to be on their legs is legion. It is a popular misconception that members are handicapped by a foreign medium of expression. The speeches that I heard in Telugu at any rate were more a warning than an example to aspiring parliamentarians. The easy confidence that one can speak everything in his own language is not conducive to development of parliamentary eloquence. Few remember that while there may be one born orator or debator in a million, good and effective speakers in general are made by strenuous study, hard thinking and persistent preparation.

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"ORDER, ORDER"

By H. RANGACHAR

THE well-known character in Cervante's classic had no doubt that by far the greatest discovery in the annals of the world is—sleep, gentle sleep. But what extracted the admiration of his understudy was not the greatness of the discovery but the altruism of the discoverer in not keeping it as a secret to himself but generously sharing it with all mankind.

A member of the legislature of one of our States was recently found sleeping in the House while it was in session and an indefatigable fellow-member drew the attention of the Speaker to this and asked for a ruling if it was in order. The Speaker held that it was in order, provided it did not interfere with the proceedings and cause disturbance. Press lights, like electric, fail in the nick of time and we have no information on some essential points, in particular, whether the member was called upon for any explanation of his conduct. But it is legitimate to infer that the sleeping member was considerably allowed to continue his sleep undisturbed.

If he had been given a chance, he may have had many valid explanations to offer. The member who raised the point of order may have been misled by the outward physiological symptom of drooping or closed eyelids into diagnosing it as sleep. The closed eyes, on the contrary, may have been due to deep thought and meditation on the subject before the house. May be, he was a member of the majority party and there was no need therefore for him to keep awake. There was, perhaps, a mandate to the party members not to participate in the debate. He could have been a dutiful member who felt he must be at the post of duty. If he slept there, rather than in the lobby or his residence, well, it was only a question of locale. The environment and the atmosphere may have been more conducive to it.

Though the press is not helpful, it is evident that the action of the member was such as did not cause any disturbance to the business of the house.

The Vedantins premise two classes or kinds of sleep—the *svapna* in which sleep is not dreamless and the subject not totally oblivious and *sushupti* which is characterised by the subject's realisation, on awakening, of his having a sound sleep, oblivious of every thing else. The member was obviously in *sushupti*. The ruling would have technically amounted to this—while *svapna* may not be in order, *sushupti* is.

The fathers of our Constitution have, in their wisdom, said that we should be guided in matters like this by the practice of the British Parliament. Such a provision was hardly necessary as our legislators spare no pains in making very diligent and elaborate researches into the records and history of the English Parliament to decide on the correctness and validity of the rulings on points of order or procedure in our Parliament. But have such things happened there? Yes, if the testimony of authors and eye-witnesses is to be believed. "It is a common thing for members to slumber in the Chamber," says Macdonagh in his book, *The Speaker of the House*. More distinguished precedents are not also wanting and two or three will suffice for the purpose of this article.

It is said that Lord North was one of those who enjoyed a good slumber in the House. Once when a long-winded member began a speech attacking his naval policy, Lord North asked his secretary to wake him up when the member who was just then dealing with the navy in the Anglo-Saxon period came in due course to "somewhere near our times." When he was awakened in due course and told that the member was referring to the Peace of Utrecht, Lord North grumbled, "You have awakened me half a century too early."

Even Homer nods and the Speaker himself has been caught napping. Listen to this testimony of Macdonagh: "Once I saw a Speaker aroused from introspection and self-communion to decide a point of order laid before him by two contending members on opposite sides of the house."

Obviously he had not recovered his wandering thoughts in time to understand the matter at issue. He had the bewildered look of one upon whom a situation has come with suddenness and surprise. Yet with an air of profound solemnity, quickly assumed, he declared that if neither was precisely right, in his opinion neither was precisely wrong."

On another occasion, Speaker Manners-Sutton, presiding over the first reformed Parliament, closed his eyes in slumber. W. M. Praed, a Conser-

vative member then in the House, made this the subject of some genial lines in the *Morning Post* of March 6, 1833. The following opening stanza is quoted from the book already referred to:

Sleep, Mr. Speaker,—it's surely fair,
If you don't in your bed, that you
should in your chair;
Longer and longer still they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night and talking by day:
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you
may:

THE DEBATE ON GOD

By A. RAMA RAQ

I have read with great curiosity the discussion in the Madras Legislative Assembly on the reference made by the Chief Minister to God. It was not a casual reference. The Opposition took it seriously. In his reply, the Chief Minister expatiated on it and, to crown it all, Mr. Seeti Saheb took it most seriously. Let me try to understand the debaters. There will be in the whole Assembly theists and atheists, Dwaitins and Adwaitins, idolators and iconoclasts. In such an Assembly is it relevant to have such a long discussion about God? And is not one's conception of God entirely personal? When we discuss about God there are several problems that arise for consideration. I will state only a few of them:

What is the nature of God?

Is he different from, included in or identical with the Absolute?

Is the theological conception of God and the philosophical conception of the Absolute one and the same?

What is the relation of the individual to the Absolute or God?

Can one define the Absolute or God?

If so, is it in positive terms, negative terms, in both or in neither?

According to Sankara, the ultimate reality or Absolute stands behind the universe as the support of all creation which merely appears on it. According to Ramanuja, the Atman is the material cause of the universe as gold is

the cause of gold ornaments. According to Madhva, the Supreme Soul is the creator of the universe that is the instrumental cause of the universe. And every one of the various schools of philosophy asserts that it finds full support from the Upanishads.

The basis of Advaita philosophy is that the whole universe is one and that there is no difference. He who sees the difference, says the Kathopanishad, goes from death to death. He who sees no difference sees Brahman. That is, perhaps, the reason why, when Swetaketu returned home from his Teacher's House full of pride, thinking that he had mastered all the subjects, his father asked him, "Did your teacher tell you that by hearing which everything that is not heard becomes heard, by knowing which everything that is not known becomes known."

The boy had to blink and his father Aruni had to explain to him by means of the illustration of the pot and the clay. All pots and pans are mere modifications and names but all made of clay. They are not separated things but different conditions and they are all unreal. That is how the truth about one-ness or non-duality was emphasised in the Upanishadic philosophy.

The idea of God which is so very much emphasised by the Chief Minister and Mr. Seeti Saheb are entirely personal. It is an acquired notion. The debate would have been better had these personal elements not been

introduced. I do not mean to say that people should give up their ideas—and that they have no freedom to maintain them. Hope and Fear are always connected with the idea of God. The leaning upon an external agency, upon holy scriptures, upon priestly authority, upon rewards and punishments, all these come to an end when the idea of God is taken out of our minds. Then probably a true action governed by love and sweetened by compassion will emanate. A complete surrender and dependence on outer authority is apt to enslave the mind.

A great philosopher said that the word "God" was invented to designate the unknown cause of those effects which man has either admired or dreaded without understanding them.

Can we say that the word "God" is merely a word and may be taken to represent the idea of the Absolute or the idea of the "one life eternal". Every word will of course have its own limitations. Any word will be inadequate to describe the absolute, but the

strongest objection of some people to the word "God" is its historical association with the countless atrocities perpetuated throughout the ages by mankind "in God's name." That is probably the reason why a great thinker had asserted, "ignorance created Gods and cunning took advantage of opportunity. It is belief in God or Gods that makes two-thirds of humanity the slaves of a handful of those who deceive them under the false pretence of saving them." But, if we have to discard the name "God" for reasons of sentiment what other name have we?

What does pantheism mean (pan means all, theos means God)? All is God; Everything is God. There will surely be a vehement criticism against pantheism. Why should our legislators debate and discuss about these matters? If it is blasphemy to call all of them Gods, let us compromise and tell them, "You are not Gods but only Gods in the making, but let us for the present have some good and equitable laws."



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THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By Peter Godfrey

PENCIL and paper. Pencil and paper. God....

I must get a grip on myself. Here is pencil and paper. The horror.... No I am a scientist. I must not forget that I am a scientist. While I wait let me put down with this pencil on this paper exactly what happened—scientifically—cause and effect. A plus B equals C. Andrews plus....

I must start at the beginning. I came here with Andrews. No, I didn't come here with Andrews. I was here first. But why here? I don't know this room, table, chairs, no windows, air-conditioned—I seem to remember.

But all this is irrelevant. What matters is what happened after Andrews got here. The shock.... I will think more clearly when I have written it all.

I was sitting here at the table when he came. It was a strange meeting. He drew up the chair opposite me and sat down.

"Burton," he said, "you know me. We've worked together in the past. Do I look normal to you?"

"If you want my candid opinion," I told him, "you've been working too hard. Otherwise there's nothing wrong with you. Two or three weeks at the coast and you'll feel a different person."

"Are you sure that's all?" he asked and when I nodded, he pulled his chair closer to the table.

"I'm going to tell you a strange story," he said, "and I'm afraid there's a little more in it than overwork, although I suppose overwork set the stage, so to speak...."

"You know what I've been doing? Atom research. Work arising out of the invention of the bomb. Nothing you understood aimed at improving or perfecting the explosive force for military purposes. No, what attracted me was the problem of fine control—taking the enormous power which could devastate a complete city, and releasing the force gradually along improved channels, so that it could drive an ocean liner or work a sewing machine at the will of the operator.

"The work was absorbing—perhaps too absorbing—and at first there seemed to be no prospect of success. Then two months ago, an entirely new line of approach occurred to me. I worked on it, checked my calculations and re-checked them. Then I built my apparatus. Two weeks ago it was completed. I gave my staff a week's holiday, and was alone in the laboratory in an isolated portion of the country, where no harm could come to others if my experiment was a failure.

"You see, failure meant an explosion. The issue was quite plain. I had to release the enormous energy slowly. If I failed...."

"When I was quite alone I went to the laboratory. I checked my equipment, and then pressed the switch which started the neutron bombardment of the U-245. Unconsciously, I flinched, but the next second I realized, with a tremendous upsurge of jubilation, that I had succeeded.

"I have only a dim recollection of what happened next. Suddenly it seemed to me as though tremendously vital forces were pressing against my brain. The room began to whirl around, I remember a flash of thought that my nerve centres were somehow showing conductivity to the free atom energy in the room. Then everything went black.

"I learned later that I lay there four days. When I opened my eyes I was nearly dead from hunger and thirst. That didn't matter. The cyclotron was still humming, but the sound lacked its previous intensity, and I knew that all the U-245 had been converted into energy. My experiment—my work—was a success. That didn't matter either. Nothing mattered. You see, Burton, from that moment I was living in two worlds!"

"Let me explain," he said. "There are sounds, common everyday sounds that I am used to—noises of moors and music and footsteps. But while I hear these things, I hear also other things—sounds on an alien scale to human hearing—a scale ranging from an un-

bearably high wheezing to a low slushing, all in a peculiar and unearthly pitch. And not only can I hear the normal and the alien scale, I can also hear them both at the same time.

"But that is not all. I can see things too colours. Not so much colour beyond the Spectrum, as an entirely new Spectrum."

Andrews leaned forward and stared intently at me. "And what would you say, Burton, if I told you that in this other world there are also living beings?"

"Let's leave my opinion for a while," I said. "These things—can you describe them?"

"Can you describe the indescribable?" he answered. "None of our common descriptive terms apply to them. They seem partially solid, partially gaseous and partially liquid. They have shape, yes, but our terms 'straight line' or 'curve' cannot be used to describe that shape. They move but not along our lines of equilibrium. One of them, half below the level of the floor, just moved forward partially through you in your rough direction of the far corner ceiling...."

"I know they live, Burton, because they eat each other. I used the word 'eat' but you can gain no real conception from it. Let me try and tell you what happens. A large being stands perfectly still and draws a small being toward it by some malignant force. The latter approaches screaming, shrilly, obscenely, and is audibly ducked into a huge irregularly shaped cavity that opens in the larger being. In that cavity is a viscous substance, multi-coloured, and shedding drops of thick liquid as the prey approaches. At the same time the viscosity is continually moving. As the prey is imbibed, the screaming is replaced by a horrible champing noise and the cavity finally disappears.

"When I first saw it, I thought I was witnessing some obscure sort of mating process. But I was wrong. I've seen that too. It's....even more horrible.

"But I've told you enough. Come, Burton, what do you think?"

I looked at him. "I still hold to my original opinion," I said. "You've been working too hard. A long rest is what you need."

"So, you're convinced I'm mad!" he broke in, with some passion. "You are

a scientist, Burton. Think. Are these the usual delusions of insanity? Isn't there another, a more scientific explanation?"

I was rather taken aback. "What is your theory?" I asked.

"Only this," he answered, "that the atom power of cosmic force, somehow changed my powers of perception to enable me to receive stimuli from the fourth dimension. It has long been a valid postulate in science that such dimension exists. Einstein says the fourth dimension is time. Other theorists have applied other concepts. I am simply the first person to have seen it as it actually is!"

He must have seen he had made an impression, on me, because his voice dropped.

"I've come to you, Burton, because I hoped you'd understand and because I need your help. These beings.... I have a feeling they are beginning to sense my presence. There is a group now, between us and on my right. They are gathered together as I've never seen them do before. They are approaching, Burton.... God."

His voice rose to a scream. I sat as though frozen to my chair. An irregular jagged line appeared running from Andrew's forehead down the side of his face and his shoulder. To the right of the line I could see his fear-stricken eyes, his screaming mouth, his contorted body. To the left there was nothing except the walls of the room. As I watched, his body seemed to be pulled toward the line. More of him disappeared. His mouth went through, and the screaming suddenly stopped. In a moment I was alone in the room.

There, I have it all down now, scientifically. A plus B equals C.

Andrews plus Burton equals.... No. Not quite all. How did I come in this room? I don't know it. Table, chairs, now windows, air-conditioned.... I seem to remember—

But all this is still irrelevant. I must get away from here—away from the horror.

The door is locked. No windows. Can I shout? No, my vocal cords seem to have collapsed under the strain. All I can manage is a hoarse croak.

And nobody will hear me, no matter how hard I bang on the walls. You see this is a padded cell—NVP.

LINGUISTIC STATES

By T. V. G. PAL

THE spate of resolutions emanating from conferences and associations in the past few weeks, and the satyagraha launched under the direction of Swami Sitaram in Andhra are indications that delay in the formation of linguistic states has only intensified the demand. The "political hecatomb" of the Congress in Andhra, and the party's serious reverses in other South Indian states in the general elections were due as much to the bitter wrangles among Congressmen as to an utter disregard of past promises and pledges by the Congress Governments and the High Command. The defeat of the Congress in the Aruppukottai Parliamentary by-election, despite the forthright declaration by the Chief Minister that "it is test case of Congress popularity," is a pointer for the Congress. It is a clear indication that the Congress can retrieve its prestige in the South not by a change of King Log for King Stork, but a return to its moorings and by the redemption of its pledges.

The linguistic movement, in its origin, was meant to be a device to neutralise the effect of the unplanned and arbitrary formation of British Indian provinces. The present States are mostly the results of historical accidents, and not products of any plan. "Officials of the East India Company," as Mr. M. K. Palande puts it, "had to provide a suitable administrative machinery for groups and patches of territory which came intermittently into its hands. The problem was solved by the new areas being simply added to an adjoining possession of the company. No thought was given to the homogeneity or otherwise of the combination from the point of view of race, language, or religion."

This haphazard way of hammering out an administrative machine to suit the exigencies of the situation naturally entailed severe handicaps to various sections of the people. In some places four or five kinds of people speaking different languages and possessing distinct cultural and temperamental traits were huddled together into a single province, while in other places, people speaking the same

language and possessing cultural affinities were scattered over four or five provinces. By accident or through intrigue South India suffered the worst in this respect—the Karnatakas cut up under five different administrative units, the Andhras under four units, and the Malayalees and the Tamils under two units respectively.

The first rumble of revolt against this irrational method of the formation of provinces was heard in the agitation against the partition of Bengal, and the annulment of the partition in 1911 was a virtual recognition of the validity of the principle of linguistic states.

Though pilloried and pooh-poohed as disruptive elements in the beginning, the advocates of linguistic states had plodded on their way, and, in course of time, the principle, having withstood the variations of taste and changes in manners, gained currency as the most scientific basis for the reconstruction of India. The Congress not only put its seal of approval on the principle, but actually adopted it in practice in 1920, and carved out 21 provinces for its organisational purposes. The Congress Working Committee, at its Wardha session, in 1938, reaffirmed its faith in the principle of linguistic states and gave a solemn assurance to the country. A resolution passed by the Committee stated: "The Committee desires to assure the people of the concerned areas that the solution of the linguistic provinces issue will be taken up as a part of the future scheme of the Government of India as soon as the Congress has power to do so."

Such being the evolution of the linguistic movement, it was only natural that the demand should be taken up right in earnest after independence. Instead of that, the Union Government and the Congress High Command have exhibited a characteristic lack of firmness in dealing with the issue, and have, in a way, set at nought the principle of linguistic division. The J. V. P. Committee, which was appointed by the Jaipur session of the Congress, to examine the issue, said that "for the present the forma-

tion of linguistic provinces is harmful, and that it will not only do an ill service to India, but might also imperil the very freedom which the past and present generations have achieved after tremendous sacrifices." This was not only a condemnation roundly of the principle which it had adopted earlier in all sincerity, but a reversal of the gear of India's progress.

It is a lesson of history and a scientific fact that India with her multitudinous ethnological and linguistic groups never was and can never be a single homogenous national unity in the sense Britain, France, and other countries are. But India can be and should be moulded into a strong, federal, political entity leaving full latitude for the development of the component sub-national groups on lines congenial to their traditions and characteristics, and this is possible only through a rearrangement of the States on a linguistic basis. The continuance of the present system of provincial grouping can, at best, result in regimentation, yielding artificial unanimity, and not in national consolidation accruing from real unity which has roots grafted in the culture of the soil. National consolidation will be a myth and a misnomer if it does not provide for the development of the personality of the various racial groups inhabiting the land.

"There can be no freedom of movement," as the late V. Ramadas Pantulu put it, "for people who find themselves unequally yoked with people who differ in language, culture, and temperament, and asked to work out their destiny. It is not easy to come out successful in an obstacle race." Linguistic division of the country is as vital a step in the direction of welding national unity as the integration of the princely states proved to be, and the agitation for it has reached such a stage that delay in the matter can only result in disintegration which it is sought to avoid.

Psychological reasons apart, practical politics and administrative convenience reinforce the demand for the reorganisation of the states on a rational basis. Independence will have no meaning to the toiling masses, and adult suffrage will not be a correct barometer of the political situation in the country unless the com-

mon man is associated with the administration, and is able to know its ins and outs. Even supposing that English will be successfully replaced as the official language of the Union by Hindi, it will be too much to expect that every person should be proficient in Hindi and his mother-tongue any more than his ancestors were proficient in English and their mother-tongue during two centuries. The adoption of regional languages for administrative purposes at State-level is a *sine qua non* for the success of democracy in India. But it will not be a feasible proposition in a State consisting of heterogeneous linguistic groups, with the result that the common man will continue to be non-chalant to the administration as his forbears used to be to the British regime. There is much vision and wisdom in C. R.'s observation that if there had been a linguistic division of the country 100 years ago it would have been better. "The more the problem is delayed, the more complicated it will become."

Mr. Nehru's affirmation, in a letter to Dr. Lanka Sundaram, M.P., that he was anxious to find a solution to the Andhra State problem has again revived hopes of the formation of a separate state, which should be welcomed as the thin edge of the wedge. The Andhras being almost the first entrants in the field of the linguistic movement, it is but natural that their cause should deserve priority. There is, no doubt, a ring of sincerity in the Prime Minister's statement, but his reference to two main impediments in the way of forming an Andhra State and the need for general agreement on these issues passes one's comprehension.

In the present context of the situation, the term "general agreement" only means a desire on the part of the parties concerned to separate from each other, and this had been declared unequivocally by the Karnatakas, Andhras, and Tamils umpteen times. The Congress Working Committee resolution passed on the eve of the general elections should itself vouch for this. It stated categorically that there was "a general agreement on the need for linguistic states among the affected parties in South India, and that the Government should take

the necessary steps to implement the demand."

Logically, the next step is to appoint a committee to remove obstacles in the path in respect of boundaries, assets and liabilities, and the like. To expect absolute unanimity and voluntary agreement on such points is to ignore the essential element of human frailty. Right from the partition of patrimony between brothers up to the partition of estates between countries the need for arbitration has invariably been felt. As a matter of fact, repeated attempts by representatives of the Tamils and the Andhras to arrive at a unanimous agreement on this vexed problem have not only proved abortive, but resulted in the embitterment of their relations. The Partition Committee had to look back from the plough because of the disagreement of the parties concerned on a trivial issue, and its efforts ended in a costly failure.

The issue has thus been left a festering sore and a corroding canker for a long time in Andhra-Tamil relations, and every breeze of spasmodic action or sporadic agitation by the Andhras has only aggravated the gall. The Union Government should apply the surgeon's knife to remove the malady from the body politic lest it should take a serious turn. Refusal to take resolute action on the part of the Union Government will only put premium on the recalcitrance of reactionary elements, and protract the matter unnecessarily.

Obviously, the appeal of discord between the parties concerned is the future of Madras City. It is absurd both on the part of the Andhras and the Tamils to claim that the City should be included in their respective linguistic units. The city is essentially cosmopolitan in character. Besides, it has great commercial importance which should rightly be availed of by the resulting linguistic units after division. It is a pity that the J. V. P. report, while advising the Andhras to abandon their claim to the City, maintained discreet silence in respect of its ultimate future. While Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, more than once stated that the intention of the authors of the J. V. P. report was to carve out Madras City ultimately into a Chief Commissioner's State, Mr. Nehru or Mr. Patel never spoke a word about it. At the present juncture it is incumbent on Mr. Nehru not to mince matters, but to come forward with his own interpretation of the report, and settle the matter one way or another. Having gone into the matter in all its entirety, there can no better or more impartial arbitrator on this point than Mr. Nehru himself and his findings should be binding on both the parties. Andhras and Tamils have lived together for a long time like brothers, and now that they desire to separate from each other, they should part as friends ensuring mutual goodwill and understanding, rather than as enemies engendering hatred and bitterness.

'Critic' writes in *The New Statesmen And Nation*:

Krishna Menon, who was one of the architects of the Anglo-Indian settlement and who has been High Commissioner here for five years, is now retiring. One proof of the distinguished way in which he has done his job is that he is rather meanly attacked by people who have never been able to understand that, in becoming independent, India would have its own policy. Krishna has usually been on excellent terms with Mr. Churchill's Government, as he was with Mr. Attlee's. He tells me that he is not going back to India now, but intends to retire to the modest address from which over many years he did so much gallant work for Indian freedom. He is a man of great energy as well as ability, and I shall be surprised if he finds it possible in the long run to withdraw from political life. Whatever else may be true of Krishna Menon, whom I have known and respected for many years through much foul as well as good weather, he is not really cut out for a hermit.

"SEEING THE FUNNY SIDE"

By C. R. NARASIMHAN

WHEN you laugh you are not tense, strung up. Laughter and recreation go hand in hand.

Physically laughter acts by way of a gentle massage of the intestinal organs. It expands the ribs, increases the lung capacity and rhythmically massages the stomach and intestines.

It is just as wholesome and gratifying in social relationships. No one feels at home in the company of a glum man. We become more compassionate, more benevolent, less critical and more sociable, when we go in for a laugh and share the joke. That is why commercial travellers always carry round a stock of good stories. It helps them to laugh over the initial stiffness of an interview with a client.

Observe, also, of what immense avail is humour to a good chairman in keeping a meeting together, entertaining his audience agreeably throughout with a spirit of cordiality and fairness. When the things tend to strain to stiffness he relaxes the tension by a humorous remark.

The speaker who can readily harp on the strings of humour has one of the finest qualifications for a successful orator. The late Earl Lloyd George was thoroughly proficient in this, and no small part of his success as a political speaker rested back upon it.

At one meeting a heckler finally threw a turnip at him. Lloyd George picked it up, stood at gaze sorrowfully for a moment and then said: "I see that one of my opponents has lost his head."

When we are vexed, anxious, depressed, burdened, it is a help if we can encourage someone else to laugh. Not oneself notice, but the other fellow! If you hesitate to believe it, read the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln for all his greatness, was what the psychologists today would call a psychopath. He was subject to sunken sullenness, deep depressions, long bouts of melancholia, frequent relapses into abnormal periods of mental stagnation. Yet he never found his way into a mental hospital,

nor even into a consulting dispensary. Why?

The answer is that when such moods were upon him, Lincoln by some happy instinct, set about to make others laugh. He could tell stories and was no small mimic. And his art in this realm kept up safe and sound his own essential sanity and balance.

Here is what biographer Carl Sandburay says of Lincoln: "The blues took him, coils of multiplied melancholies wrapped their blue frustrations inside him. Against these blues he found the best warfare was to find people and trade with them his yarns and drolleries."

"Humour," writes, Dr. Henry Yelloweas, an authoritative psychiatrist, "is one of the great refuges from painful reality, and by its aid we are able to deprive unpalatable experience of some of its real bitterness and significance."

What about laughing at yourself?

Egoism, pomposness, over-self-importance, these are psychological blemishes and they can work havoc in a human personality.

They generate a continual tension and strain, never allowing their possessors to relax. They set a hedge about them, so that simple, compassionate and natural relationships with their fellow men are difficult or even impossible. They foster the "God-mentality"; so that the victim cherishes an ideal of perfectionism, must never admit himself of liability to a mistake, or, having made one, can never remit himself or allow himself to put it out of mind.

Laugh At Yourself

Now, all this sort of thing, carried too far can constitute a positive menace to mental balance and wholeness. I have known a gifted man break down, not because his troubles were insuperable, but because he failed in the ability to have laughed them off, by just laughing at himself.

He took himself too seriously, aspired after a god-like superiority and

could not stand the strain. We all need to take the "mike" out of ourselves at times for none of us is good enough for our self-worship.

I can think of two objections being raised at this point. Someone will say, in the first place: "But, surely, humour as thus conceived and understood is sheer fantasy. Does not psychology encourage us to look at facts as facts?"

There are two answers to this objection. To begin with, what are "facts"? That two and two make four and other such unquestionable pronouncements, are only a small part of the world of facts.

Generally, in more complicated situations and in concrete human experiences, we have to do with facts that owe something of their collective peculiarities to the way we look at them. What a piece of experience means for us depends partly upon our reaction to it, how we think and feel about it. Given a certain experience, we may look upon it with glumness, dejection, despair or we may bring the kindly light of humour to bear upon it, may

"Dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall.

And balled, get up and begin again."

In such cases, (and most of our human experiences are like this) the facts are partly what we make them out to be. Their meaning is the meaning we impart into them. Experience does not usually consist of twice-times—two situations.

Even granted there is a measure of fantasy in humour, there is no blame of it. Some amount of fantasy is necessary for healthy living. To read a novel or thriller, to see a play or listen to a wireless programme, even to indulge in a game of bridge—these are all types of fantasy.

So is excessive day-dreaming, anti-

social self-withdrawal. The test is: Does your fantasy experience send you back to life happier and more braced to grapple with hard facts?

Judged by such a test, humour comes through with high marks. It is if you like, a form of fantasy. You may even say it distorts hard facts, changes their meaning. But it is, for all that, healthy fantasy.

The second objection to humour is rather different. "Granted what you have hitherto argued," someone may ask, "but if anyone happens to be lacking in a sense of humour, how is he to acquire it?"

I can positively assert that nobody is wholly lacking in a sense of humour. Humour is one of the basic instincts and instincts are innate impulses that are common to a whole species.

You have a sense of humour within you, and you can develop it, as much you can develop any faculty or instinct. You can develop it as any human attribute has to be developed by exercise.

You strengthen a muscle by use, you progress in violin playing by practice and you develop your ability to appreciate the funny side of things by exercising what amount of that ability you already possess.

Keep on reading funny tales and humorous novels. Listen when someone in the club or the pub is telling a fine tale. Lay up in store some of these in readiness to be drawn upon when opportunity offers.

You will see your ability to tell a story well will grow with practice. But you will find that this same art will bring you friends, for men love the good raconteur. And, above all, you will find that you have here a golden means (as had Lincoln) of relaxing from your own moods of misgiving, glumness and gloom.

In a pretty full life, nearly forty years of it spent in the law courts, I reckon to have seen human nature at its best and at its worst, and every shade of behaviour in between. And I believe with a deepening intensity in the essential worth and dignity of the individual; and what is more, in his essential goodness, too; and in these things I believe there lies the best hope of the world. I know what is said on the other side—I was a judge at Nuremberg for twelve months and listened among other things to the story of the wholesale massacre of the Jews—and I know something of the horrible depths to which mankind can fall; but my belief in man's essential worth and goodness nevertheless remains firm and unshakeable.—Lord Justice Sir Norman Birkett, in a BBC talk on his life and beliefs.

THE BODDAM MYTH

By C. N. C.

THE Madras High Court holds a high reputation in the judiciary of India. The Bench and the Bar have both been graced by men of eminence, intellectual giants, legal luminaries of the first rank. The analytical arguments of the great lawyers of the past and the decisions of the judges have been a source of inspiration to many. It is for the laymen who cannot sufficiently appreciate the importance of these worthies to posterity that some of their figures have been carved in stone—so that all may gaze upon these perpetual reminders of men who were at the top of their profession by sheer merit of a wondrous magnitude.

Within the High Court buildings you thus find the imposing likeness in marble of the first of the Indian Judges, Sir T. Muthuswami Ayyar, pointing—to recall Eardley Norton's warm tribute—the way to the future generations of lawyers and judges.

Outside the buildings, on the northern side of the High Court, is a statue—that of Sir V. Bashyam Ayyangar the greatest of lawyers who illuminated the Madras Bar and who was later among its most learned judges. Sir S. Subramania Ayyar (whose bearing Sir Arthur Lawley, then Governor of Madras, described as one of, "respectful dignity and dignified respect") and Mr. V. Krishnaswami Ayyar are the two other Indian Judges whose memorials are to be found in the City.

There were others, but these are the only statues that are found, recalling to the public mind the great part they and their compatriots played not only in shaping the law of the land but also in fighting, according to their times and their lights, for the rights and the freedom of the individual.

The Madras Bar and Bench have also been adorned by many Englishmen, some of them stalwarts, but to none of them has a tribute been paid in stone—except in one case. Justice Boddam, whose statue has been shift-

ed from its prominent position at the junction of Mount Road and Bodyguard Lines Road to an insignificant corner of Napier Park, is this singular exception. The transfer of the statue, described by newspapers as the "disappearance of a landmark", may indeed be said to be the removal of an anomaly, and the only warranted regret is that it has not been made to keep company with the statue of Neill, though Boddam was not quite so notorious.

Why, of all the legal luminaries from England who sat on the Madras Bench, was Boddam chosen for this honour? Several people, who would hardly have had the time to go into the records of the past, must have wondered vaguely on seeing the impressive white statue—the only one to be protected from the sun in the City—whether he was the greatest of them all. Writings and speeches of the time during which Boddam dispensed justice reveal a different story—the story of one of the puniest men to sit on the bench in Madras, one who dispensed a caricature of justice.

Justice Boddam usually sat on the original side of the High Court. He certainly was a clever man and could gather momentum in the examination of witnesses. But his intelligence was of little use because it was most perverse. He had his own notions of the law and its dispensation. He built on the most injudicial foundations of sex, colour and race. His eccentricities were such, we are told, that one English barrister ran away from the Madras Bar, making a vow not to return so long as Boddam remained a judge. We have it authentically also that some barristers petitioned the Chief Justice for Boddam's transfer from the original side as they were fed up with his strange maxims and manners.

Justice Boddam is associated with a famous case, the Subramania Iyer Case in criminal law, in which the law has been laid down on the question of joinder of charges. Boddam convicted the accused in the first instance,

whereupon a petition that the trial held was a deeply prejudiced one was moved, with the sanction of the Advocate-General, and a special bench, of which, strangely enough, Justice Boddam was a member, was constituted to hear the important application. Undeterred by the presence of the judge whose judgment was the subject of attack, Eardley Norton, who appeared for the accused, made a scathing indictment of Boddam. The bench, however, the Chief Justice, Arthur Davies, dissenting, dismissed the appeal and confirmed Boddam's judgment.

But Boddam's elation was short-lived. The accused went in appeal to the Privy Council, which agreed with Chief Justice Davies and acquitted him. More than that, one of the Privy Council judges summed up the quality of the leading judgment of the special bench in the terse question: "Who is this Shepherd, J., who has written such a shabby judgment and thus misled his colleagues in Madras?" This comment was contained in a letter this judge wrote to Sir Bashyam Ayyangar.

Boddam's eccentricities are illustrated well in another case. In a case in which the late V. C. Desikachariar appeared Boddam took the people's breath away by awarding damages to a suitor after declaring his contract invalid. So injudicious was this view that, on appeal, the advocate for the respondent, who gained the damages before Boddam, had to stand up and say, without any preliminaries, that he himself could not support the trial court judgment.

Perhaps Boddam himself had a fair judgment of his perverseness and eccentricity at the hands of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer who portrayed him thus: "He was a good cross-examiner,

a good speaker, and possessed a beautiful, clear, ringing voice and was good at extempore judgments. But he had the knack of making up his mind about a case long before he went through it. He began the examination of witnesses and put questions which favoured his own view and was greatly impatient towards questions which did not favour his view. He was not known for soundness of judgment. He was quick in judgment and resourceful. He found one way of preventing appeals against his judgment. It was found a large percentage of appeals were successful against his judgments, and he refused to give copies of his notes of evidence and enunciated the doctrine that it was his private property... It was done with the deliberate object of shutting out appeals against his own judgments, but it did not have that effect."

So this was the Boddam to whom the citizens of Madras of three decades ago raised a memorial in marble. It might have been that some of the beneficiaries of his charities in public causes were moved to express their gratitude to him in this manner. Or, perhaps, it was only because of the manner of his death which seemed to indicate that he was determined not to leave the soil of India. He boarded a train for Bombay en route to England, but those who saw him off at the Central Station had the strange experience of having to receive his body at the same place with all the honour due to a dead judge. The public sympathy aroused as a consequence must have been responsible for the erection of the memorial at so prominent a place, from which after a lapse of so many years it has been removed to a quiet corner where it will not be a hindrance to traffic or an eyesore to those who know something of the life of Justice Boddam.

...the last British Governor of this State (U. P.) was a problem in human nature. When he left on August 14, 1947, he got all the beautiful flower beds of Hydrangea demolished in Naini Tal, and had a lovely marble monument which stood in the gardens at Lucknow dismantled. His native successors, according to him, were not good enough for such a lovely heritage. Sarojini Devi restored the flower beds. Mody collected the marble pieces from the godown and set up the monument; and now I am trying to have it placed centrally to give an artistic touch to the gardens.—K. M. MUNSHI, Governor of U. P.

HEAT AND HEALTH

By S. P. MISRA

IT is remarkable the precautions people take against the cold in winter but not to the same extent against heat in summer, although most of India experiences but short and mild winter. In particular, the precautions necessary against ultra-violet radiation have to be taken throughout the year, even in winter in the shade. The severity of injury caused by ultra-violet rays varies with different people but is actual.

The growing fad for sun glasses all the year round is actually a healthy habit. The ultra-violet and infra-red rays always present in sunlight are harmful to human eyesight. The Czechoslovak industry is now manufacturing the best sun glasses we know. These are of three kinds, the General, the Rosal and the Svorit sun glasses.

Sun Glasses

The Rosal type of sun glasses absorb 30 per cent of ultra-violet and 60 per cent of infra-red rays and are a pleasing brownish-pink in colour. The General glasses are better. They absorb 40 to 47 per cent of ultra-violet and about 15 per cent of infra-red rays. A special green in colour, they cover a larger field of vision. But the best of the three is the Svorit type of glasses. These absorb a trifle less than 80 per cent of ultra-violet and 95 per cent of infra-red rays. They are a most pleasant smoky green in colour and, most important of all, they do not distort the colour of objects seen through them.

In sun glasses it is the lenses that make the difference. Cheap quality lenses injure the eyes. Lenses ground and polished (6-base) are best for general purposes, including reading. Lenses dropped from ground and polished (4-base) are satisfactory for casual purposes. If worn long they cause strain and distortions of eyesight. Strongly coloured ones are to be avoided, such as blue, red or yellow.

Lenses mirrored with chromium give off heat and the coating reduces light which is a serious risk on the road—may cause accidents.

A peculiar fact is that sun glasses give an illusion of coolness. Prof. S. V. Kravkov discovered, at the Moscow Helmholtz Institute, that human sensitivity to colour varies with seasons and the weather, and is also affected by sounds, smells, heat or cold, and tastes in the mouth. Sensitivity to green is higher in summer due to the heat, as also in the presence of noises, but sensitivity to red is lower. Colour-sensitivity is general. Varying effects on individuals differ but slightly.

Heat Affections

Using special drugs, Prof. Kravkov found that seasonal variations in human colour-sensitivity and colourless vision is due to the effect on the nervous system. The discovery is already being utilized in medicine. Dr. Potheau of Nice has conducted researches which confirm colour treatment for "nerves" in bath with water tinted by coloured light and home decorations of the prescribed colour. Patients requiring nervous stimulation are given red light. Red is a tonic, blue and green are powerful sedatives, while yellow is soothing and induces contentment.

The hypothalamus, thyroid and suprarenal glands regulate heat in man. When blood of an abnormal temperature, either way, reaches the hypothalamus centre in the brain, nervous impulses go out, so the blood vessels and the skin expand and cause loss of heat, or contract and conserve heat. Hot blood goes to cold body surfaces to return cooler. If it is very hot, skin capillaries expand and sweat glands become active and liberate sweat.

A few minutes' rise or fall of 10 or 12 degrees F in the brain can kill a man. A mild breeze in dry heat is

cooling, but in strong wind woollen clothes may be necessary to avoid heatstroke, which is often fatal. It may occur in the sun or shade. In humid heat, in ill-ventilated places, heat-exhaustion may ensue. Muscle cramps are due to salt deficiency.

In heatstroke, often sudden, the skin is dry and hot, and there may be headache, dizziness, often nausea and vomiting, collapse, delirium and unconsciousness. Covering with blanket to induce perspiration or sprinkling entire naked body with water and fanning should be immediate to avoid death. In heat-exhaustion the skin is moist and cold, headache, drowsiness, extreme weakness, dizziness, inability to walk, perhaps muscle cramps. Fanning and large quantities of salt water should be sufficient. Salt water to drink is good for heat muscle cramps alone.

Building Resistance

Heat affects only those not in the best of health, who are excited at the time or whose nervous system is undermined by worry. Those once affected may later become insane or chronic invalids for life from various resultant affections. Heatstroke is often complicated by being accompanied by other fevers, such as malaria. Or, what first appears as heatstroke may be ague leading to hyperpyrexia. Permanent injury is likely—softening of the brain and insanity or paralysis, often followed by fevers, dysentery and neuralgic affections.

Heat-exhaustion can also be fatal. But here too the real trouble begins during or after recovery which, though often rapid, subjects the patient to delayed and persistent reactions. The ultra-violet rays in sunlight, direct or reflected, also convert fat under the skin into vitamin D—a healthy process impeded by pigmented skin; so coloured children get rickets.

The human body can stand very high (and very low) temperatures, provided it is both prepared and accustomed to do so. Mr. Blagden, once Secretary of the Royal Society, stayed in a room heated to 260 degrees F for three-quarters of an hour. Prof. J. S. Haldane withstood dry air up to 300 degrees F. People in certain places in the Sahara, Iraq and near Death Valley (California, USA) live in tem-

perature in the shade about 135 degrees F in summer.

Heat causes loss of body fluids by perspiration, increased concentration of the blood plasma and urine. The radiations in sunlight and heat, physical exertion, raise body temperature and lower body resistance to diseases and ills, cause weakness and fatigue. These ill effects can be overcome by physical training which produces stamina. The process of adapting the body to high temperatures, artificial (work) or natural (summer), should start at 100 degrees F.

Chemical Factories

Heat is molecular motion. The faster the molecules are vibrating the greater the thing we perceive as heat, the slower the molecular motion the less the temperature. Only at a temperature of 460 degrees below zero is it claimed that the molecules stop vibrating. But in nature it is never so cold as to stop molecular motion—it continues however slowly. Besides, even if molecular motion stops, atomic motion continues. Matter is in a ceaseless change and motion. Interior of some stars are calculated to be as hot as 75,000,000 degrees.

Life is chemistry. All living creatures, including man, live by chemical reactions, not by physical force as a clock or wind-mill or by heat as a steam or petrol engine. Our bodies break up foods, such as air, water, solids, and convert them into energy, to keep chemical reactions going within us. Chemical reactions are speeded up by heat but, unfortunately, not all at the same rate. So rise or fall in temperature derange our chemical factories.

If our blood temperature is raised and the brain heated up, naturally as in a fever, or artificially by high frequency electricity, or even by a hot bath, chemical reactions in the brain are speeded up so that the person concerned finds time pass more slowly. According to Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, a person so subject will estimate 60 seconds as 40 seconds. An expert can accurately judge time solely by a human subject's altered time-sense due to heat.

In hot countries of paramount importance is adequate knowledge of personal hygiene and preventive

medicine (as heat causes disease germs to multiply rapidly).

If physical exertion is required, the body should first be adapted to it: First day: 7-9 a.m. and 3-4 p.m.; Second day: 7-10 a.m. and 3-4 p.m.; Third day: 7-10 a.m. and 2-4 p.m.; Fourth day: 7-10 a.m. and 1.30-4.30 p.m.; Fifth day: 7-11 a.m. and 1.30-4.30 p.m.; Sixth day: regular duty. The acclimatization lasts two weeks on leaving work in heat. So, on return to such work (in 105 degrees and above) one has to be re-acclimatized.

Everyday Death-rays

We are daily subjected to radio-active attack by the sun which is quite dangerous. Exposures to the sun can seriously injure nerve endings lying near the skin from which one may never recover. It can also impose strain on the kidneys, cause toxemia (shock), dissolve red blood cells which damages the tissues, even skin cancer and death.

Not everyone of us works out of doors. But those who remain indoors are also attacked by ultra-violet rays in sunshine. Ultra-violet radiation is not only direct in sunlight, but also, and equally intense, from the sky by reflection. Sitting by an open window is as dangerous, therefore, as being in the sun although one does feel cooler.

There are two ways in which such radiation causes injuries. But, as with radiations from an atomic bomb explosion, so with ultra-violet radiation. Coloured—yellow, brown or black—races are less affected than the white. This is due to the protection given coloured peoples by their pigmented skin.

The pigment is called melanin lying just under the skin. It acts as a protective blanket to the delicate red blood cells and nerve endings next under the skin. In coloured peoples melanin is present in the upper layers of the skin; in the white races it lies in the root layers of the skin. This, incidentally, is the only difference between the coloured and white races in respect of colour.

Persons who suffer from active tuberculosis, high blood pressure, heart disease, over-active thyroid glands, unstable nervous systems, women in their menstrual periods, women in their second or subsequent

month of pregnancy, must all adequately protect themselves from radiation in direct sunlight. For such persons sitting in the verandah or by an open window for short periods is quite enough.

Likely Diseases

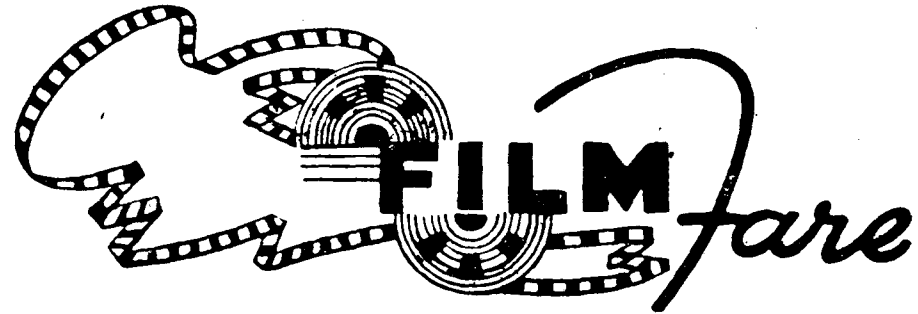
Ultra-violet radiation dissolves red blood cells and causes the red blood corpuscles to give off two chemicals within the body—porphyrin, which is photodynamic, and histamine. Porphyrin so acts that a second exposure to the sun causes serious damage to the tissues. Histamine may cause, through skin affections, nerve damage, delirium, general poisoning and death. Persons living outdoor lives have their skin tanned which, though protective, also renders them liable to skin cancer.

Ultra-violet radiation of course occurs both in winter and summer, but greater in summer and at elevations above the sea level. In summer there are more sun's rays per square inch—greatest when perpendicular with the sun right overhead. At sea level the blanket of air round the earth is thickest which stops much of the radiation. But the higher one goes up mountain-tops the thinner the air blanket, the greater the radiation reaching the earth.

Last year, Eric Shipton and his party, exploring the approaches to Mt. Everest, wrote that on the Khumbu Glacier, 20,500 ft. above sea level, it was so freezing cold in the shadow of peaks and rocks that every now and then men had to remove their boots and rub their feet back to life. But, at the same time, in the sun it was "like working in front of a furnace." At high altitudes mountaineers have to take precautions, not only against extremes of heat and cold, but also against severe ultra-violet radiation.

Children need special protection from over-exposure to sunlight due to their thin and delicate skin. At the same time they need ultra-violet radiation as it converts fat below the skin into vitamin D shortage of which causes rickets. Coloured children, particularly those living in sunless streets, do not get enough ultra-violet rays and so develop rickets. They should play in the open a few hours daily in the morning and evening.

—Copyright.



By V. P. SATHE

A PROPOS the Films Division's proposed full-length feature film, I am told by a reliable source that it is an experiment to present a down-to-earth realistic story of the common man in India in a purely Indian form. I am assured that the film will attempt to give a very true picture of this country and her people to the whole world. Thus not only in the matter of content but in the matter of presentation also it will try to be true to the spirit of our life and culture. And as this picture will be devoid of the usual box-office clutches, far from decrying this experiment, it would be worth watching the results of such an experiment.

Of course, if the commercial producers had made such an experiment on their own, then there would have been no need for the Films Division to indulge in feature production. But since even the most advanced and progressive producer seems to be a slave of box-office, he cannot be expected to undertake any experiment. Hence after studying the entire situation one feels that the Films Division is the only body capable of giving the lead to the industry in this matter.

It is contended that there is no force in the argument that this experiment is detrimental to the interests of the film industry. It is stated that by just producing one picture the Films Division cannot become a serious competitor to the industry as such. On the contrary it is argued, and rightly too, that the feature film production will be a true test of Bhavnani and his colleagues, who have not fared well so far in commercial production. Besides, as the picture will be shown commercially like any other independent production, it

will also help the Government to realize whether the Films Division can stand on its own legs without the support of the compulsory exhibition.

Indeed, viewed from any angle, this project of the Films Division, it appears, will benefit the industry. If the experiment succeeds, the industry would have found a new formula; if it fails it will expose the Films Division's claims both to the public and Government.

Instead of taking up a rational attitude, the Film Federation and IMPPA (Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association) have become panicky. They have lodged strong protests against this venture. Mr. Chapdulal Shah has urged the Government to drop the scheme. There is hardly any cause for fear and panic.

Picture Of The Week

There are many people who, after seeing Chetan Anand's new creation *Andhiyan*, wondered why of all the pictures, it was selected to represent India in the Venice Festival. The only explanation seems to be that Chetan was the only producer to enter his picture for the festival and so his picture got a chance.

It must however be said *Andhiyan* is not a very happy choice. True, it has certain outstanding qualities. The photography is good and never before, perhaps, on the screen the art-director, cameraman and director have succeeded in capturing the atmosphere of a small lane in a town with such vivid beauty. The 'tongawala,' 'munshiji,' 'pahlwan,' 'mastram,' sweetmeat dealer, bandmaster—they are all living characters, clearly portrayed on the screen. In fact, the drunkard 'mastram' is by far the best

portrayal in the entire picture; he overshadows even the principal characters with his robust humour. And from the manner in which the 'mohalla' is presented it appears as if the 'shots' were taken on location with real people playing their parts. That it was shot entirely on a specially created set near Famous Studios with artistes reveals how perfect is the realistic effect of the picture.

But the main story is stale, though it may be true. In so many pictures we have seen a young girl being married to a money-lender against her wishes because her parents are in debt. And *Andhiyan* is just another variation of the same. Doubtless, the hero of *Andhiyan* does not brood and sing. He tries to prevent the marriage and even collects money; but after building up a climax Chetan lets down his hero and the audience very badly by providing the anti-climax of marriage. The same is more true of the final climax in which all the arguments put forward by Dev against the money-lender in defence of his murder appear to be pointless when the killer commits suicide. It would have been more heroic if she had faced the gallows. Her suicide comes as a most disappointing anti-climax and ruins the whole story.

The story is thus further handicapped by these anti-climaxes. Besides, instead of unfolding his drama through action, Chetan has relied more on narration. The picture itself begins with a long drawn-out narration by Nimmi in whispers; even the romance between Dev and Kalpana is told in flashback as a part of narration. The result is that the screen-play is very static and almost boring. The effect of the most touching scenes is ruined by the queer way in which Lala Misra calls his daughter or Kalpana cries for her mother. This queer way of speaking may be high art but it turns pathos into bathos.

Expensively made and beautifully photographed, this creation of Chetan Anand is ruined by his static screen-play and stale story and dull songs. Its redeeming features are its photography, background music and subsidiary characters. It is difficult to believe that any young man would ignore the affection of Nimmi and fall for Kalpana Kartik; that is the basic

miscasting which makes the entire story almost unconvincing. 'Balkati' Nimmi looks too sophisticated for her part and her acting has an air of unreality. K. N. Singh is good and M. A. Lateef makes an impressive debut. Dev Anand, Durga Khote and Kalpana are their usual selves.

Personality Of The Week

A star who has appeared in the least number of pictures and still maintains her popularity is Jayashree. So far she has appeared in four Hindi pictures—*Shakuntala*, *Dr. Kotnis*, *Dahej* and *Parchhain*. And though her critics find fault with her acting, they are unanimous in acclaiming the fact that even in *Parchhain*, which will be reviewed in these columns soon, she looks very charming and beautiful. To preserve looks and beauty for over a decade is in itself no mean achievement and the most striking feature of Jayashree is her eyes. The critics who complain that Jayashree acts only with the movement of her eyes seem to forget the fact that, conscious of her striking eyes, Jayashree makes the greatest use of them in conveying changing moods.

And she is not wrong in her assumption. After all, it was her eyes which fascinated the great director, Shantaram, twelve years ago and stole his heart.

Jayashree hails from Goa, the land of beauty and charm. It was, I think M. G. Rangnekar, the Marathi playwright and journalist, who discovered her first and she started singing for Young India Records. Later, when Keshavrao Dhaibar left Prabhat and started his own concern, he cast Jayashree in the role of Radha in his picture *Nandkumar*. The picture flopped, but when Shiraz Ali Hakim produced a Marathi historical picture *Chandra-rao More*, Jayashree came into lime-light as the heroine of the picture. In 1938, she migrated to Poona and acted in Saraswati Cinetone's *My Beloved* a role of the traditional good wife. It was after seeing her work in this picture that Jayashree was signed by Shantaram to play the romantic lead in *Shejari*, the Marathi version of *Padosi*. In this picture she not only looked glamorous and captivating but revealed a flair for acting. During the making of this picture Shantaram fell in

love with her and later married her. Following the marriage Shantaram had to leave Prabhat and start Rajkamal.

In 1943, Jayashree became a top-rank star as a result of her performance in *Shakuntala*. In *Dr. Kotnis* her interpretation of the role of a Chinese girl and her make-up were so convincing that even today her portrayal of Ching Lan is considered to be her best. After this picture she went with her husband to England and America; she won many admirers abroad and she got flattering tributes from the press.

Since then she has appeared in *Dahej* and *Parchhain* and though critics have not been very kind to her, she has been successful in retaining her popularity. Today she is at the zenith of her fame, and with her talented husband to guide her screen

career she is in no fear of losing it. Shantaram will never cast her in a picture that will not be a suitable vehicle for her talent. In fact, that is the main reason that all these years, in spite of rare appearances on the screen, Jayashree has enjoyed great popularity.

News Of The Week

—Raj Kapoor left on July 2 for the U. K. He was accompanied by his friend Balraj Kohli. He stayed one day in Cairo. In London, he will discuss his technicolour project *Ajanta*. Incidentally Raj has taken the print of *Awara* which will be re-edited and sub-titled in English for international release.

—The colour copies of *Aan* have arrived in India. Meanwhile Nimmi is leaving for London to attend the premiere of *Aan* on Friday July 18 at Rialto, London.

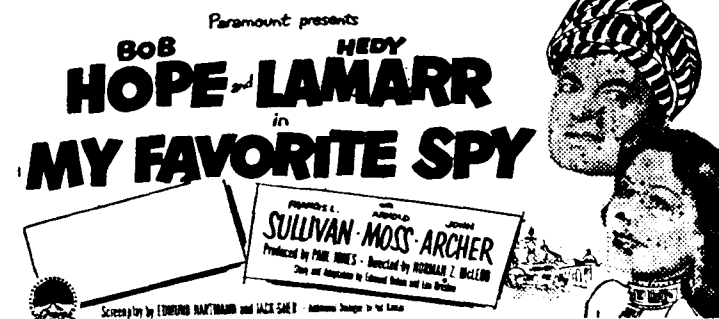
Gandhiji demonstrated the truth of the Buddha's teaching during his lifetime. And now that Dr. Ambedkar and confirmed atheists too have accepted his teachings, what more do we need to show their supreme importance to humanity?—VINODA BHAVE.

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THEY HEARD DIEPPE RAID RESTAGED—AFTER 9 YEARS

By W. G. MATTERS

This queer experience of two English women on holiday in France has baffled occult researchers in many countries.

On the ninth anniversary of the historic commando raid on Dieppe, France, they heard in their bedroom the battle enacted again in faithful detail.

They heard with chilling reality the shouts and cries, gunfire, planes, dive-bombers, and shells whizzing overhead although they saw nothing.

This was uncanny enough. But the really odd feature is that their time-table corresponds with the various phases of the actual raid.

Was this a case of what psychologists call "collective auditory hallucination," or did the two women merely dream it?

FOR the first time since the supernatural became a subject of scientific research, psychical investigators in Britain have a documented case of what they call a "collective auditory hallucination."

It is not a case involving some weird and frightening experience of the unknown, uncanny though the story is.

It is an account of the experience of two Englishwomen staying near Dieppe in France.

They spent three hours of the night of August 4 last year "listening" to battle-noises strangely similar in detail to those which occurred during the famous Dieppe raid by the Canadian Second Division and British Commandos nine years before.

The story has excited the interest of occult researchers in many countries.

The two women were on holiday at the village of Puys, one mile and a half east of Dieppe, when the Royal Regiment of Canada carried out their tragically disastrous flank attack.

They were sharing a bedroom on the second floor of a three-storey house in which German troops had been quartered during the war.

Their bedroom balcony faced toward the sea, about a quarter of a mile away down a steep path.

That Noise

The Society for Psychical Research, which investigated their story, is withholding their names "to safe-

guard them from unwanted publicity". In the society's report of the case they are referred to as Mrs. D. and Miss A. They are sisters-in-law, aged 32 and 33.

Without showing any tendency to add colour to their statements or any concern whatever to "prove" anything, the two women described in considerable detail the various sounds they heard from 4 a.m. onwards.

It was 4.20 a.m. when Miss A. asked her friend if she could hear "that noise." They found they had both been lying awake listening to it for about 20 minutes.

As the noise became more intense they put the light on and went to the balcony. "We were amazed that it did not waken other people in the house," said Mrs. D. in a statement.

Separate Notes

At Mrs. D.'s suggestion the two women took notes, independently of each other. They recorded the types of sound they could hear—shouts and cries, gunfire, dive-bombers, planes, shells whizzing overhead—and noted the times at which certain sounds began or stopped abruptly, grew in intensity or lessened.

The experience was unusual enough. But the really odd feature of the case is the remarkable way in which their "time-table" corresponds with the various phases of the actual raid.

Official records show that it was 3-47 a.m. on August 19, 1942, when the assault vessels closing on Berneval, to

the east of Puys, ran across a German convoy.

Firing began immediately. At 5-07 a.m. the first wave of landing craft touched down at Puys in the face of heavy fire.

Soon destroyers began bombarding Dieppe, low-flying Hurricanes attacked the sea-front buildings and shortly afterwards the landing of the main force at Dieppe began.

Air Cover

At 5-40 a.m. the naval bombardment of Dieppe stopped. At 5-50 there was a change over of air cover with consequent increase of the noise of planes.

On a hill behind Puys a German howitzer battery was firing over the house in which the two women stayed. According to German records, 550 shells were fired during the action.

These times (except the first) with a correct description of the various phases of the battle were recorded on the women's note-pads that night of August 4 last year. Several other times of less specific significance also were mentioned.

The time of the landing at Puys provides a curious coincidence. Miss A.'s appropriate entry for that stage of the action gives the time 5-07. Miss D. made it 5-05.

They attribute this to D's watch having been two minutes slower than A's. D's watch had been losing.

Further, D was reading her times to the nearest five minutes, whereas A was reading hers to the nearest minute. Thus D's time could be "corrected" to read 5-07.

Oddly enough, there is a discrepancy of the same two minutes in the reports of the time of the actual landing at Puys on August 19, 1942.

The landing, delayed because of the interference of the German convoy, was reported by two different observers.

Their times were subsequently checked by official historians, and the correct time now officially accepted is 5-07.

A strange coincidence? The investigators of the Society for Psychical Research make no comment other

than that it "seems far outside the bounds of chance."

True Story

Some of the details in the statement made by the two women do not link up with ascertainable facts about the raid. But, say the investigators, there is nothing inherently improbable in any of their statements.

Apart from newspaper reports published at the time, they say they had read nothing of the Dieppe raid.

A guide book in their possession contained a brief account, but the women say they had not even read this.

Various accounts of the action have been published, but no single report gives a time-table as complete as that recorded independently by the two "listeners" nine years after the event.

Were they, then, hearing a sort of "soundtrack" repetition of the raid? Was it an unusual feat of memory—a written account subconsciously retained in the mind, plus imagination and coincidence? Was it a hoax?

No Freak Sound

Edward Osborne, editor of the SPR (Society for Physical Research) Journal, who interviewed the women, says he and the society's examiners are satisfied these two holiday-makers genuinely underwent an experience of which little or nothing was derived from previous normally acquired knowledge.

The SPR, founded in 1882, has a high reputation for careful, unprejudiced investigation. Its approach is sceptical, and the detailed probing carried out in a case such as this is reckoned to reveal any conceivable "normal" explanation.

In dismissing the considered possibilities of freak sound effects in Dieppe at the time, the investigators add that the noises could not have come from a theatre running through a film at an unusual hour since there is no theatre in France at that time.

The phenomenon has been checked by official historians, and the correct time now officially accepted is 5-07.

In her report, Mrs. D. stated that five days before August 4, she had been awakened by noises similar to those of the "raid" a kind of faint

and short rehearsal for the main performance.

The experience seemed to her uncanny at the time but not particularly mysterious. It suggested to the investigators that some resistance had to be overcome before the full sound effects could be "put across".

Only rarely have SPR investigators come to the conclusion that a case of this kind examined by them must be rated "inexplicable on any general recognised hypothesis." And few of these cases involve persons or events connected with the more distant past.

The last incident occurred three years ago. A man was walking along the cliffs of the Devon coast when the scene changed for a few moments. The line of the cliff appeared different—the edge was farther forward and a wall was visible.

Old maps produced later showed

the coastline as the man described it—before erosion gave it its present shape.

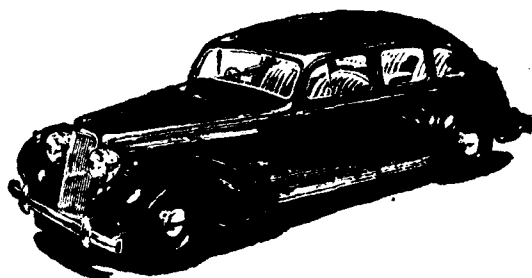
More Common

"Such experiences as this—visual hallucinations—are more common than auditory hallucinations like the Dieppe case," Mr. Osborne told me.

"The Dieppe case is unique in that the witness recorded their evidence at the time, and also because of its length.

"Most people forget important details when they describe their experiences, which in any case usually are very short."

The SPR expresses no positive opinion on the case. The Society is content to report the experience as apparently "pananormal." The explanation is left to be discovered by investigators of the future.—*Copy-right—NNP.*



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NEW HOPE FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

A magazine article, read purely by chance, was the inspiration for what is now India's only orthopedic hospital—an institution which today is giving renewed strength and hope to the nation's crippled children.

It was in 1947 that Mrs. Fathema Ismail, a prominent Bombay social worker, read in an American magazine an article entitled "Seattle's First Citizen Is A Hospital."

The article told how the efforts of one woman and her sympathy for crippled children led to the founding of the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, Washington State; how the women of the city rallied round her to make the hospital a flourishing institution which, since its establishment in 1907, had cared for more than 43,000 cripples.

A few months before she read the article, Mrs. Ismail had launched a brave, new, somewhat similar venture of her own. With a small band of volunteers, six of whom were doctors, she had opened a polio clinic. She undertook this work because she was convinced that polio was not incurable. Her own daughter had been cured of this disease despite doctors' predictions that she would have to remain a cripple for life.

Moved by the thought of thousands of other young polio victims doomed to helplessness and frustration, Mrs. Ismail determined that something should be done to relieve their distress. The fact that the problem of the care and rehabilitation of cripples had been untouched in India only served to strengthen her resolve.

The magazine article had revealed how much could be achieved through real community enterprise—that is what gave Mrs. Ismail the idea of expanding her clinic into a fully equipped children's orthopedic hospital.

In September, 1947, the Society for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children (SRCOC) was formed first to organize hospitals and clinics for the diagnosis, care and treatment of dis-



Mrs. Fathema Ismail.

abled children; and second to educate public opinion on the problems of such afflicted children and collect statistics.

For lack of adequate quarters to carry out its activities, the society gladly accepted the offer of a military hutment from the Government of Bombay. The Physiotherapy and Rehabilitation Clinic, as it was then called, met with success beyond the organizers' wildest expectations. In the first year and a half of its existence it treated nearly 500 children.

The clinic, nevertheless, had its share of reverses and disappointments—lack of funds, of equipment and of transportation facilities—but these were, step by step, surmounted. Donations in cash and kind began to trickle in. Gifts of furniture, electrical appliances, items of equipment and fittings for the clinic were received. In October, 1948, an anonymous donor presented a 35-seater bus to transport patients.

In May, 1949, the clinic was faced with a crisis. Forced to vacate the hutment because the land on which it was built had changed hands, it operated on a makeshift basis for several months on the premises of another Bombay hospital offering help.

By this time, plans were already under way for a building which was to be the Children's Orthopedic Hospital. With the help of funds from the Government of Bombay and with generous donations from the public, the SRCC was able to see its plans materialise. The foundation-stone of the hospital was laid in December, 1949, and the new building was occupied less than a year later—in September, 1950. Today, this hospital is the only one of its kind in the whole of India.

The pleasant one-storey structure at Haji Ali Park which is now the Children's Orthopedic Hospital has a capacity of 50 beds and an out-patient rehabilitation department for 150. An adjoining building provides accommodation for the staff. The hospital has the services of orthopedic specialists and Chartered Society physiotherapists, and has army-trained masseurs as treatment staff. It has an excellent operation theatre; its wards are bright, airy and cheerful.

The institution treats all children irrespective of caste, creed, nation-

ality or class. Meant primarily for poor, and middle class children, the hospital does, however, look after well-to-do patients. Fees are charged according to the parents' means.

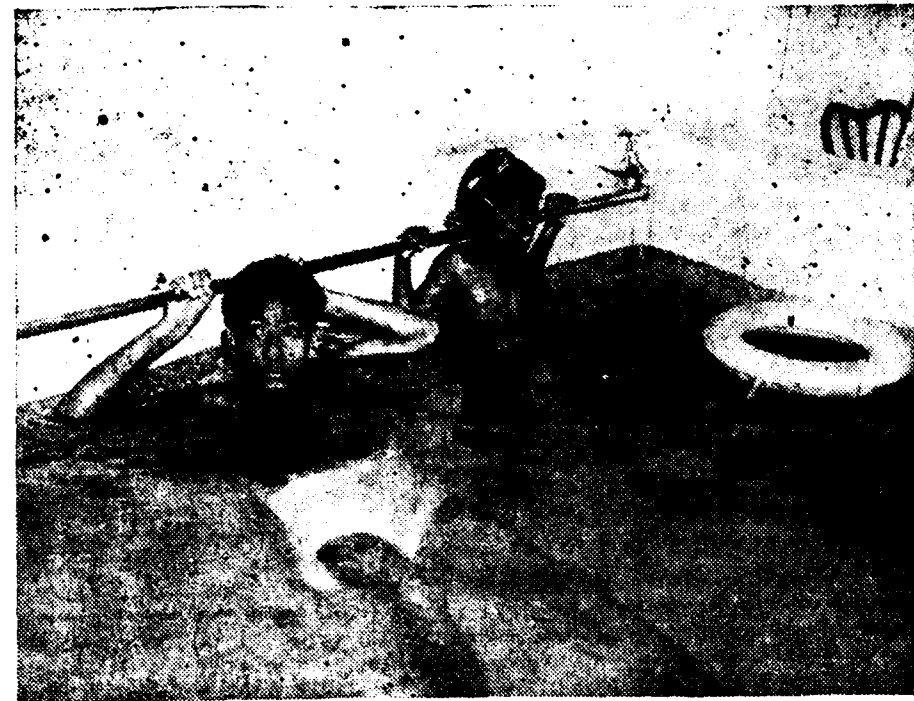
All cases of crippling are treated, no matter what the cause. On a tour of the hospital one will find victims of poliomyelitis, spastic paralysis, bone TB, osteomyelitis and congenital crippling, as well as deformities from accidents.

The methods of treatment used at this hospital are as modern as those utilised in other parts of the world. Patients are restored to normalcy through massage, hydrotherapy, light therapy and remedial exercises. The necessary braces and splints are all made locally and compare well with those manufactured abroad.

Aware of the fact that the patients need more than mere physical rehabilitation, the hospital has an excellent educational therapy programme. In the hospital's schoolroom, bright with pictures and charts, the children are instructed by a trained teacher



Children performing group exercises in the hospital's gymnasium.



Two youngsters undergoing hydrotherapeutic treatment.

The joy therapy programme, which aims at encouraging uninhibited and normal development, provides parties, film showings and excursions, so that these unfortunate youngsters are not denied their share of fun.

The hospital's training programme for parents instructs mothers in massage and simple remedial exercises. The Health Education Committee of the SRCC disseminates knowledge on the problem of crippled children to dispel ignorance of, and apathy toward, this problem.

The SRCC has come a long way from the time when it was just an experimental venture, faced with uncertainty. In the brief four years since it was formed, approximately 3,000 cases have been treated, many of them with incredibly good results.

Mrs. Ismail has been doing social welfare work for almost 20 years. Born Fathema Sobani, she was

educated and brought up in Bombay. Later, she studied medicine at the University of Vienna, until a financial crisis in her family forced her to give up her studies. Her marriage forced her to go into purdah for six years, and it was only when she managed to wriggle out of the "boorkah" that she could start her social work.

Mrs. Ismail recently completed a visit to the United States for four months and a half under the State Department's exchange-of-persons programme through which she toured hospitals, rehabilitation centres, special schools for the crippled, convalescent homes, and institutions for the manufacture of equipment for orthopedic patients in the U. S. A. and in Europe.

Now, back in Bombay, Mrs. Ismail is dedicating her renewed enthusiasm and knowledge to the cause nearest her heart—helping crippled children return to useful happy life.—USIS.

It is clear that, whatever may be the defects of Congress economic policy, Mr. Deshmukh's finance is not even Congress finance. He is budgeting against a resolution and not for one, on the basis that he would not mind a deluge if it came after him.—National Herald.

THE CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

By N. V. RAO

THE office clock chimed ten. The members of the staff, unusually exhilarated, bestirred, left the gossiping circles and betook themselves to their drudging desks. The sonorous sound of car heralded the officer's arrival. The boss, rotund and bald-headed with a conspicuous paunch, bleary eyes, protruding teeth and heavy jowl was neatly dressed and treading with a majestic gait which bespoke his pride and suavity, took the new officer to different sections of the office for a general survey before handing over charge.

"This is Mr. Sridharan, superintendent of the section," he introduced. Sridharan stood up with a spontaneous smile and a suppliant bow.

He went to the next section and introduced Mr. Parameswaran who rose and bowed with a happy grin. The boss attempted to explain to the relieving officer some procedural complexities and Mr. Parameswaran came to his rescue. He uttered some witty remarks with an air and dignity and some faces smiled in response. These were punctuated by sporadic fitful pulls at his pipe.

Finally he took the new boss to another section and having introduced the superintendent, he said, "This is Mr. Armugam," pointing to the clerk who was absorbed in his work. He looked smart and intelligent, though pale and prematurely old. Making special mention of a poor drudging clerk on such an occasion seemed not only an unprecedented display of courtesy but an unnatural and incomprehensible phenomenon. Armugam, a bit elated, wore a wry smile on his weary face and stood up. Then he continued to work.

When the officers went off his cronies whispered among themselves.

"Armugam is sure to be promoted," said one.

"Yes! his name was mentioned to the new boss, but...." ejaculated another.

"Why! He is the senior-most chap. His promotion is, of course, a certainty," said the third.

"But it depends on the report," interrupted the second.

"What report?" queried the third.

"The confidential report, of course. I wonder whether our boss has given a good report about him," continued the second.

"He must have. All the officers have given him excellent reports for the past ten years you know," said the third man.

The day passed, the office work was over, and the staff dispersed with a sigh of relief jubilant over the transfer of the boring boss. Under his short regime of six months the spirit of comradeship had vanished and every one worked like an automaton. They feared his ruthless admonitions which he administered in abundance in and out of season.

By his arrogance and the incalculable indignities which many of the members of the staff were subjected to even for petty faults he had incurred the displeasure of the majority who hoped that the atmosphere would improve under the new officer. He concealed his blissful ignorance of departmental rules and regulations under false pretensions. With the constant threat of an adverse "confidential report" he subjugated even the most recalcitrant members of the staff.

Of ego he had plenty. He expected every one to be humble before him. Obedience, implicit and unquestioning, was what he expected of those serving under him. Flattery and obsequiousness made him happy and liberal. Intolerant of criticism or argument, he conferred favours on some of the obsequious subordinates who surrounded him in and outside the office, running small errands and doing odd jobs for him.

Armugam was a young graduate when he joined the office as a clerk

after having suffered many a buffet of misfortune. He was ambitious and naturally of a happy and optimistic temperament. He had mastery over departmental rules and regulations and good command of the official language. He worked hard and intelligently, with a high sense of integrity and honesty which had endeared him to his officers as well as his colleagues.

He had served for ten long years with unswerving interest and energy without any blemish in his work. All the officers had testified to his ability and efficiency. He was now in the line for hard-earned promotion. Everybody expected that he would become a superintendent before long.

Strangely enough, the attitude of the new boss was not what Armugam would have wished it to be. The officer was quite all right with the rest of the staff, though he had that sense of aloofness and superiority complex natural to many of his fraternity. But Armugam came under his closest scrutiny. Every action of his was observed and critically examined.

One day Armugam was late for office by ten minutes, and the officer simply grunted: "You are late; I expect you to be punctual and regular in your work."

Armugam fell ill once and sent a sick note seeking leave of absence. When he rejoined duty the next day the officer sent for him and burst into an unexpected volley of pungent remarks.

"Our independent Government wants honest workers. Of late I find that you lack interest and initiative, Mr. Armugam," scowled the officer.

Infuriated by the unjust remark, Armugam said sententiously, "Our independent Government also grants a little of individual independence. Real illness should not lead to doubt about my integrity and interest in work."

The incident chilled Armugam's ebullience of spirit. Feeling contumelious and indignant, he went through the day's drudgery perfunctorily. It was the injustice of the whole matter and the exceptional critical attitude towards him which the new officer developed that depressed him. He failed to understand the reason behind this.

The officer noted for benign behaviour with the rest of the staff viewed with a blurred vision whatever Armugam did. This was unaccountable and unfortunate.

Armugam's customary buoyancy began to wane. Unable to reconcile himself to this intolerable and unjust treatment, he grew nostalgic, moody and restive and at times dejected and desperate.

A ray of hope that he would be promoted soon was a silver lining amidst the dark clouds of despair that surrounded him. In spite of the officer's unfavourable attitude he continued to work with avidity and single-mindedness, propelled by hope and ambition.

There was a hubbub in the office one day. Rumour had it that some order had been received from the main office. Wild conjectures began. Some divined that the order was for Armugam's promotion. His colleagues began to demand a tea-party in anticipation of his promotion.

The officer thumped the bell with his beringed finger. The orderly rushed in.

"Call Mr. Armugam," he said.

Mr. Armugam was ushered in. He stood before the boss anxiously awaiting the orders. The officer held a note to Mr. Armugam. He took the proffered note with his quivering hands. His pale eyes bulged. When he read the contents he stood flabbergasted. "Try to improve and evince more interest in work, Mr. Armugam, if you want to get on well in the department. You are under my observation for three months, mind you, and your future depends on my recommendation" the officer remarked brusquely.

Armugam reeled under the shock. The note was an extract from the "confidential report" sent by the previous officer. The extract read, "The clerk shirks work at times, and also lacks interest and initiative." This was a baseless allegation against him. No evidence was necessary to substantiate the alleged defect because it was the officer's opinion.

Armugam did not speak a word. Seething with indignation, he walked unsteadily to his seat with a noticeably worried look on his face which

was unwontedly pallid and drawn. His head was crowded with uneasy thoughts. A sense of mortification overwhelmed him. At the back of his mind a storm raged. His vision blurred. The picture of the old tantalizing boss with his protruding teeth rose before his vision and seemed to threaten him saying, "Do you know who I am and what I can do? Beware."

He had failed to pander to the vanity of the old boss. That was his only fault. When the boss was wrong he pointed it out. In the interpretation of rules and regulations when the boss was at fault, he argued with him to convince him. This went against him. When the old boss once tried to correct a draft put up by Armugam, it was a change for the worse and the old boss had to withdraw his correction. This was a deathblow to his ego. Armugam did not stand awe-struck before him though he paid him due respect.

To the boss who clung to the idea that an officer born to rule and the clerk born to be ruled belonged to two distinct classes, the temerity of the ordinary clerk in trying to stand on equal footing with him was intolerable. This wounded his pride and the clerk's behaviour appeared as ineradicable insolence. His dislike of Armugam on this score grew day by day in spite of his good work. He ultimately used the infallible weapon of "confidential report" prompted purely by a personal grudge. On the eve of his transfer he introduced Armugam to the new officer, of course, with a warning to keep a vigilant eye on him.

Armugam or his colleagues little dreamt of the evil motive when his name was specially mentioned to the new boss. The new officer naturally began to observe his work with a jaundiced vision. Trifles which would have been normally ignored were taken serious notice of. His sincere work was not appreciated. He now understood the reason for the new officer's exceptional critical attitude towards him.

Armugam protested against the unjust report and appealed to the higher authorities on the ground that the allegation was baseless, and prompted by personal prejudice. In spite of a record of excellent reports for the past ten years, the appeal was consi-

dered with apathy and the officer's verdict accepted without question. He received a reply stating that he should improve in his work and impress the new officer.

Armugam was now helpless. He felt like a healthy man treated as a patient under the careful observation of a quack doctor.

The preparation of the annual statistical returns was entrusted to Armugam. This was a very arduous task. He made a desperate effort to impress the officer. Hoping against hope to remove the blot on his career he began to work hard. Figures had to be collected from the sections and the return rendered within the stipulated period. He worked single-handed. Assistance was neither given nor asked for. It occupied all his time and energy to the exclusion of all other activities. In addition to drudging like a devil in the office, he worked till late in the night every day in his dingy and dismal hovel for about a fortnight. The whole section was employed on this work for a day as the return had to be rendered to the higher authorities duly passed by the boss the next morning. The figures did not tally. There was some mistake somewhere and in spite of the best efforts of many intellectuals the flaw could not be detected.

Armugam spent the whole night and finally found out the discrepancy. The next morning the entire return had to be altered due to the mistake committed by a section and it could be completed only in the evening.

The officer, blind to the difficulties experienced by the staff, especially by Armugam, bluntly said, "Bring me the return for signature."

Armugam replied calmly, "The return will be ready this evening."

"Don't you know the return should be despatched today?"

"There were some discrepancies. So it could not be finished earlier."

"What the hell do you mean by this? Do you know you are a marked man? Is this how you impress me? You have failed in your duties. You have not completed in time the work entrusted to you."

"Sir, the figures did not tally. I worked the whole night."

"I don't care what you have done. What you have not done is the question. You have no interest in work, Mr. Armugam."

Armugam stood stupefied. His frantic efforts to impress the boss proved fruitless. It was like trying to wake up a person who affected to be asleep.

The new officer's special confidential report on Armugam's work was due. Utterly blind to facts he was led by the previous officer's remarks. Being an officer he belonged to his class and was an old pal to boot. How could he let him down? Class prejudice and sentimentality swept away the dictates of reason. He upheld the views expressed by the old boss. He sent his report to the higher authorities stating "The clerk still lacks interest in work."

News of the adverse report spread in the office. Armugam groaned under this blow. The ruthless hand of injustice scaled his fate. Instead of being promoted he was condemned as a clerk. His normal increment, which was overdue, was deferred. Now he felt belittled before his colleagues, who did not look upon him with respect as before. They looked down upon him and whispered, "A condemned clerk."

Armugam felt like a criminal. Whenever he took to any work the ignominy he was put to dejected him and threw him into a state of confusion. He was stricken to the heart by the repeated injustice of which he was a helpless victim. His work,

which had been faultless hitherto, began to show signs of deterioration. His drafts, which used to be acclaimed as the best, were now poor and sometimes grammatically wrong. As days passed he fell a prey to gloomy thoughts. His heart choked with despair.

For days on end he kept silent and his colleagues who came to him sometimes for some information were scared away by his incalculable moods and taciturnity.

Days rolled by and Armugam's behaviour changed from bad to worse. One day in the midst of his work he stood up and cried, "No promotion! All, class prejudice, damn it!" His colleagues crowded round him.

"This is unjust. No, no. I can't worship the officer for the 'confidential report.'" He began to throw the files and thumping the table with his clenched fist continued his incoherent monologue.

"Take him in my car," ordered the officer, twisting his mouth and shrinking the eyebrows.

His colleagues brought him out and asked him to sit in the car.

"Car, no bloody car for a bloody clerk," he bawled out. He became more violent and refused to move. But he was overpowered and taken into the car. Two of his friends accompanied him. Despite his protestations the driver drove furiously to the asylum, while his other colleagues stood and quietly reflected upon the grim and gruesome scene with silent sympathy.

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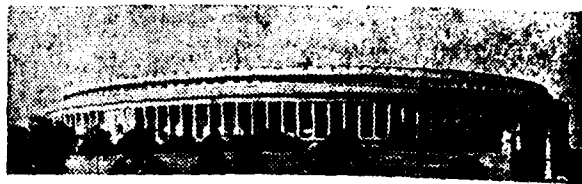
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister was very much rattled when he spoke on the Appropriations Bill. It seemed to be an innocuous Bill, which would be passed even without any debate. But new members like Dr. Lanka Sundaram were unwilling to let a sum of Rs. 2,279 crores go without some discussion at least. When Dr. Meghnad Saha spoke of the Government's "fascism," Mr. Nehru was thoroughly upset, and went off at a tangent. It was most unfortunate that the Prime Minister should have asked for an explanation of "fascism" from Dr. Saha and then prevented him from giving it. Dr. Saha wished to explain, and began with the words, "I have been in Italy during the fascist regime in 1927, and fascism meant..." But the Congress benches would not let him proceed. The Prime Minister was naturally told by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Ananda Nambiar and others: "This is fascism."

After several minutes of pandemonium, Mr. Nehru finally changed his mind, and said that he was not interested, nor was the House, in Dr. Saha's experiences in Italy ten or twenty years ago. "We are talking of the present day," he said, "and I am challenging statements in the present day." If a member of the House of the People wants to say something on a point of explanation, it is the usual Parliamentary practice to let him explain. After Dr. Saha spoke exactly fourteen words, the Chairman said that under the garb of an explanation, the member could not make a speech. Dr. Saha is a scientist of world repute and it pained many to hear Mr. Nehru say that Dr. Saha and other members of the opposition seemed to lack even a modicum of intelligence.

Let us see how the British Parliament deals with such things. I quote from "Impressions of Parliament" in *Punch* dated March 26 this year:

And then the Atom Bomb burst. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. Mr. Butler was saying that, while it was true that he had cut the food subsidies by some 160 million pounds, it was also true that Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Labour Government, had cut them by 100 million pounds or so. This seemed to pass completely unnoticed for a full minute. Then... Mr. Jay was up with a roar of "Pointofoorder!" When Sir Charles MacAndrew, in the Chair, had secured silence for him and while the hands of the clock crept towards ten, Mr. Jay angrily claimed (against a furious background of shouts) that Sir Stafford had not cut the subsidies but had merely prevented their reaching a higher figure.

Glaring at the Government benches as a hoot of derisive laughter came from them, Mr. Jay complained that this was an entirely different thing from cutting the subsidies by the amount alleged. Normally good-humoured and temperate, he then allowed himself the unparliamentary comment that Mr. Butler was "directly falsifying the facts"—and was told by the Chair that that could not be allowed to pass. The backbenchers behind him chorussed "Tell the truth!" at Mr. Butler, in a manner which suggested that they were glad to find something they could repeat in unison, and Mr. Butler got up again, unruffled as ever, to give chapter and verse.

"April 6, 1949," he said gently. "And, as a result, cheese, margarine, meat and butter went up in price!"

"No! No! No!" yelled the Opposition, forte-fortissimo.

"Yes, yes, yes," screamed the Government benches, as in some fantastic oratorio.

"Look it up in *Hansard*," urged Mr. Butler; just audible, smiling.

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell came suavely to the support of the fuming Opposition Front Bench with the explanation, once more, that 568 million pounds had been the level the subsidies would have reached, had Sir Stafford not fixed them at 485 million pounds. This, he claimed, was a very different thing—and when the roars and counter-roars had died down, Mr. Butler said blandly that he was "glad to make that clear"—a comment which left the Press Gallery wondering precisely what had been made clear, and how.

It is a piece of good fortune that the Delhi Union of Journalists has now as its President one of the most delightful writers of English in this country—Mr. K. Iswara Dutt. Years ago he established his reputation firmly by his thumb-nail sketches of Indian leaders. He writes in the tra-

dition of Spender and Masingham and Gardiner.

I. D.—as he is affectionately called—has now ceased to be merely a delightful writer. Without ceasing to be delightful, he has become purposeful. His feuilleton in the *Hindustan Times* Evening News is a shrewd commentary on men and matters, which sometimes cuts without wounding—like the surgeon's knife. No one is safe from his rapier wit; and no one regrets having been the object of it. I. D. is not afraid of giving praise where it is due. Junior colleagues are especially grateful to him, because he always has a word of good cheer and encouragement to them—not to mention a good hot cup of coffee.

That such a one should be President of the Delhi Union of Journalists this year is a happy augury for the profession. He will be of great service to the working journalists in the presentation of their case before the Press Commission which is shortly to be constituted.

WORLD-WIDE SURVEY OF NEWS FILMS

EVERY week, 215 million persons watch films in the world's 100,000 cinemas, and most of them see programmes which regularly include news films. This vast public could get through the newsreels a vivid, informative picture of the world as it is today. But the usual emphasis in newsreels is on sports and fashion, leaving little time for adequate presentation of current events.

A graphic report, "Newsreels Across the World," just published by Unesco in Paris, emphasizes this point. The 100-page study presents an objective, world-wide survey of news films as they are today and of the problems they raise—from the production of the actual newsreels to their projection in the cinema. It deals both with international organization for production and exhibition of newsreels and with the machinery for exchange of newsreels between countries.

Prepared by Peter Bächtlin, Swiss film expert, and Maurice Miller-Strauss, French film historian, the report presents the latest available information on the production, distribution and content of news films in more than 50 countries around the

globe. It is profusely illustrated with 97 newsreel "stills," pictographs, and contains analytical and statistical tables.

The authors point out that the world's first films, dating from the early 1890's, were a form of newsreel. It was during World War that news films gained access to scenes of great events; and by the 1930's the invention of the sound-track established the present pattern.

At present, most countries depend on newsreels supplied by a limited number of big film companies in the United States, the United Kingdom, France and the Soviet Union. Some 40 smaller countries produce "national" newsreels. The world-wide spread of television has begun to challenge the newsreel, and it seems possible that daily televised news may eventually supersede the present weekly or bi-weekly newsreels.

The report stresses the need for wider international exchange of news film, iteqs, and the extension to all countries and producers of opportunities to obtain material from all areas.

—Unesco News.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND ASIAN POLICY

By ANDREW ROTH

WHILE defending American policy in the debate on Korea in the House of Commons on July 1, Prime Minister Winston Churchill displayed the fear which grips leading Britons over the instability of American policy towards Asia. He was complimenting Washington for its comparative restraint but went on to warn:

"There might easily come a time especially during a Presidential election, when a very sharp reaction of emotion, even of anger, might sweep large sections of the American people and when any candidate for the Presidency who gave full vent to it would gain a very considerable advantage."

"There are other dangers that should be borne in mind," Mr. Churchill subsequently added. "I read in this week's issue of the *New Statesman and Nation*, for instance, that 'Mr. Truman should be told that unless, as Commander-in-Chief, he imposes his policy on his subordinates, and puts a stop to the provocative rearmament of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, Britain will withdraw her troops from Korea.'"

"In my opinion, in the present electioneering atmosphere across the Atlantic there might well be isolationists who would take such threats at their word and say, 'Let the British take their troops away and let us conduct the affair ourselves. We could easily replace their division with one of ours in Europe.' There are many Americans who think that China is more important than Europe. It certainly would be a great misfortune if that line of thought were to prevail. Indeed, it might easily lead to the ruin of the whole European structure of defence which is being built up with so much effort and sacrifice and would expose us all to mortal danger not only of war but of destruction."

"Everyone knows our main policy and that is in full accord with the United States. At all costs avoid being sprawled about in China...."

These words, uttered six days before the opening of the Republican con-

vention, showed how apprehensive Britain's most powerful pro-American figure feels about the impact of American politics on American Asian policy. Leading Britons have been most fearful that a victory of the Taft-MacArthur 'Asia Firsters' might leave Britain in the lurch; warned *The Times* on July 7, the opening day of the Republican convention: "For the first time since the United States emerged as the leading power in the western alliance it seems possible that the Republican Party may be captured by its neo-isolationists and its 'Pacific Firsters'". Britain has been only slightly less fearful of the ability of the Taft-MacArthurites to black-mail the Acheson-Truman-Eisenhower group into accepting their policies by shouts of their being 'soft on communism.'"

The degree to which the Truman-Acheson position is already believed to be undermined by its appeasement of its opposition is indicated by a speech on July 5 by John Strachey, War Minister in the Labour Cabinet. Mr. Strachey reflected the shock of moderate Labour M.P.s after Dean Acheson's off-the-record talk to them at Westminster on June 26:

"Mr. Acheson has shown himself to be a wise and liberal statesman and a generous friend of this country. His moderate and sensible remarks on the proper attitude of the West to Russia, and his analysis of Russian errors about the West most favourably impressed all of us who heard him."

"But the very good sense and moderation of Mr. Acheson's remarks about Russia threw into vivid contrast the hopelessness of his attitude to China. I use the word 'hopelessness' advisedly, for Mr. Acheson did not show aggressive intentions to China. On the contrary, I recognize that he specifically repudiated any intentions to make war on China in order to change her Government. But his whole attitude also showed that he had no real intention of making peace with China either. He would not recognize the

existence of the Chinese People's Government."

"Even the most enlightened American opinion today has become hopelessly confused over China. American opinion will not face the fact that if you cannot get rid of the Government of one of the greatest countries of the world you must recognize the existence of that Government. You must, sooner or later, make peace with that Government...."

The development of the Korean crisis has shown that one of the most dangerous aspects of the revolutionary upset in Asia has been the fact that the United States, the dominant power in the Western coalition, has not had a coherent and consistent policy capable of coping with the rapidly shifting play of forces in Asia. This has not only worried America's friends but provoked its enemies.

Both of the warring major groups in the United States have grossly underestimated the impact of the Asian revolution. The 'sophisticated internationalists' of the Acheson school have made it clear by their overwhelming preoccupation with aid to Europe. The 'crude nationalists' of the Taft-MacArthur school demand that the U. S. give its highest priority to the historically impossible task of restoring, by military means, such inept and outdated counter-revolutionaries as Chiang Kai-shek. On February 13, Senator Robert Taft—apparently with a straight face—told how to stop a Chinese Communist attack on South-East Asia: "It should be clear to our Government that the only chance to stop it is by a Chinese Nationalist (Kuomintang) invasion of Communist-held territory. An invasion, well-organized, might snowball rapidly. The only unused armed forces in Asia with a will to fight against the Communists are the Chinese on Formosa. They have a spirit that is rare in the world today."

When the Senator used the term 'snowball' he meant the Kuomintang forces might grow with the speed of a snowball rolling downhill. He was not, presumably, comparing Kuomintang chances to the proverbial 'snowball in Hell.'

The danger in the United States is that both the major camps get worked up emotionally about an Asia that no

longer exists. Most of the realistic American experts on Asia, like Owen Lattimore, who have followed the Asian revolution with knowledge and sympathy while deploring that its leadership has fallen into Communist hands, have been smothered into near-silence by blankets of McCarthyite accusations. Virtually the only effective voice of these 'sympathetic-realists' is Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court, who has proposed that the U. S. promote Asian peasant revolutions and stop giving "feudal systems strength and vitality to perpetuate the causes that breed communism." But Justice Douglas is in a tiny minority in demanding an emphasis on Asia in order to 'capture' the Asian Revolution.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Korean conflict is largely a product of American underestimation of the effectiveness of Communist politico-military training superimposed on Asian nationalism. American strategists created a military vacuum in South Korea when the U. S. National Security Council decided in December 1949 to 'write off' South Korea. It decided that in a general war South Korea was untenable against a Soviet-Chinese-North Korean offensive. It also decided that the American-trained South Korean troops were more than a match for the Soviet-trained North Koreans alone. In fact, a member of the U. S. training mission in South Korea told me in 1949 they were primarily concerned that Syngman Rhee's forces would attack the North and, as a result, they did not let the South Koreans have offensive weapons. The Soviets presumably decided to exploit this American underestimation of the North Koreans and gave the latter the green light, apparently expecting that the U. S. would no more intervene with its own troops than it had in the Chinese civil war.

The Soviets were not alone in their surprise at the forcefulness of the American reaction to the North Korean attack. The foreign affairs pundit of Britain's giant *Daily Express*, Sefton Delmer, pontificated from New York that the United States would do absolutely nothing. But the Soviets and Mr. Delmer indicated how little they understood the motive

powers in American Asian policy. To Secretary of State Dean Acheson, whose whole attitude has a distinctly moral-legal emphasis, the crossing of a UN-recognized boundary line was clearly a provocation. And if he hesitated for a moment, he must have been jet-propelled forward by visions of McCarthyites snapping at his heels, drooling that he has "sold Korea down the river, just like China."

It was characteristic that having decided to stop the Communists in Korea, the Truman-Acheson administration should have attempted to marshal the greatest possible number of allies behind this policy. It was equally typical that the execution of the Truman-Acheson policy of a limited war in Korea, to demonstrate that aggression does not pay, should have been put into the hands of General Douglas MacArthur, who scarcely concealed his deep antagonism to the Truman-Acheson policies. Typical again, was the fateful decision in October 1950, when Gen. MacArthur advised that the U. S.-U. N. troops should sweep right up to the Chinese border and ignore repeated Chinese warnings that they would consider this a threat to their security. Although America's allies, and particularly Britain, urged that the U. S.-U. N. troops stop at Korea's 'waist' it was MacArthur's advice that was taken.

BRITAIN AND THE YALU BOMBING

THE bombs that fell on the Suiho installations on the Korean-Manchurian frontier may well have damaged Anglo-American relations more than China's fighting power. By neglecting to consult Britain in a bombing raid with obvious political implications, Washington has made clear its callousness to the demands of coalition warfare. It has vexed its most vital friends in Britain—the Attlee-Morrison leadership of the Labour Party, who not only have more popular support in the country now than the Conservatives but who can carry the suspicious trade union masses with them. Equally important, Washington has made its most fervent supporters—the Churchill-Eden leader-

In short, the tremendous economic and industrial power of the United States and its determination to halt the tide of Communism has been sapped in Korea by incorrect evaluations of the enemy, plus an inter-ecine struggle over policy within top American circles. This struggle has been so bitter that American policies toward Asia are frequently made more with an eye on American than on Asian politics. The outstanding example, of course, is the Truman administration's renewed support for the Kuomintang forces on Formosa. In one of the most exhaustive and crushing studies of a recent ally ever published, the State Department demonstrated conclusively in 1949 the complete uselessness of the Kuomintang as an ally. This massive 'white paper' entitled "United States Relations with China" laid bare the incompetence, corruption and nepotism which resulted in the destruction of an American-armed Kuomintang army initially 4,000,000-strong, by a Communist army which in 1945 was only 1,000,000-strong. But in the months since then, the State Department has felt it necessary to 'eat' the 1054-page indictment page by page. Now that Chiang Kai-shek has only 300,000 troops in Formosa, as against a modernized 5,000,000-strong Communist army, it feels compelled to pay lip-service to the fantasy that Chiang's forces can 'liberate' the mainland.

ship of the Conservative Government—seem to be unprincipled stooges of Washington. It has given powerful ammunition to the Bevanites who argue that undisciplined American action is as great a threat to world peace as Soviet aggression. The pro-American "Economist" has described this non-consultation as a "capital blunder."

Although it is generally recognized that Washington's neglect in not consulting Britain was inadvertent, the lack of graciousness in America's apologies to its junior partner has left a bad taste in British mouths. Dean Acheson did little to assuage injured British pride at a packed off-the-record meeting of 300 M. Ps. when he refused to concede that Britain had

an automatic right to be consulted, at least about the Suiho installation in the crucial border zone. Much worse was the attempt of some Washington officials to 'weasel out' of their clumsiness by suggesting that Britain had been informed or that former Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison had agreed to such bombardments. This provoked an unusually sharp repudiation from Mr. Morrison who, accurately describing himself as a "warm supporter of cordial Anglo-American relations," hit at the tendency of American officials to "intervene in British politics" by making "false allegations" about confidential diplomatic exchanges. He reiterated that he had agreed to bombardment of Manchurian airfields but only when "truce talks had broken down and... serious large-scale military operations had been resumed. Neither of those circumstances obtains today."

It was clear to those watching Mr. Attlee on June 25 that his restrained and moderate but insistent complaint carried virtually the whole House of Commons with him. He made clear he was complaining as a loyal but still proud ally. He said the Labour Party has "never concealed our admiration for the prompt way in which the Americans took up the challenge to the United Nations, and the last thing in the world I should wish from this debate would be any causing of difficulties in Anglo-American relations. That would be playing completely into the hands of those who hate us as much as they hate the Americans.... We all know... that the United States have provided the bulk of the forces and have sustained the heaviest casualties. But that has never meant that we had no say in the matter, nor has this ever been claimed by our American friends."

He displayed Britain's injured pride in not being consulted when he insisted: "Obviously... it must have been decided before Lord Alexander left Korea and yet he knew nothing about it. That does seem to me to be very extraordinary. A British Minister of Defense... visits the scenes of operations and is apparently told nothing of this major operation... that does seem to me to require some explanation, because it is not much

good sending off high-ranking Ministers if they cannot have full and frank discussion and be put in command of all the facts."

He paid tribute to the "immense patience" shown by American negotiators and admitted that there is an "arguable" case that strong action might bring the Chinese to terms. "I think it is a profound mistake in psychology, and it is not the first mistake in psychology that has been made in the course of the whole of these events. I think it will exacerbate; I think it will lessen the chances of an armistice and may lead us dangerously nearer to a general conflagration in the East, and if that happens no one knows where it may stop."

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who shares Mr. Attlee's general viewpoint, had to admit with many regrets that "Her Majesty's Government were not informed or consulted." He then went on to state that nevertheless "we should back it. The reason is that we are there with our Allies and the decision"—and here a Labour M. P. interjected "right or wrong"—"the decision having been taken, I am not going to give ammunition to certain people to try and drive a wedge between us."

The Conservatives have been in a particularly embarrassing position because Mr. Churchill had clearly instructed Minister of Defense Lord Alexander and Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd to be as nice as possible to the Americans on their Korean trip on the assumption that you get more with honey—perhaps a British deputyship to General Clark—than with vinegar. Washington's snub, however inadvertent, has made the Conservative tactic seem unalloyed slavishness.

This has given Aneurin Bevan further opportunity to attempt to end Britain's bi-partisan foreign policy by insisting that whereas the Labour Government restrained the Americans, the Tories are content to be dragged in their wake. He claims American policy combines resisting aggression with fostering counter-revolution. He said at a recent Labour rally: "I don't believe that one British soldier will risk his life in order to put Chiang Kai-shek back in China."

MIRAGE OR THE MORNING LIGHT?

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

A fortnight ago the Premier of Ceylon gave a few concessions to the applicants for Ceylon citizenship of Indian origin. He confirmed this in a communication to the Ceylon Indian Congress in reply to its memorandum. The most important concession was that proof of Indian origin would be waived in the case of those Indians born in Ceylon. Minor concessions in other matters were given, in addition, regarding proofs of residence.

Nothing can be inferred from these about the future of Ceylon Indians—even about matters of immediate interest, like what effect they would have on the speedy disposal of applications. Anyway a concession is a concession and the present one is more indicative of the general trend of the Ceylon Government's policy than any policy-statement.

Three months of satyagraha—vilified and blacked out by the Ceylon Press—a month of concentrated communal propaganda by the Premier of Ceylon before the elections, all on top of wholesale disfranchisement of two lakhs of Indian voters, preceded these little concessions announced as if all of a sudden. Of course, the concessions were not the direct result of the satyagraha. How then are we to explain them?

A similar sequence of events preceded a small amendment to the Citizenship Act two years ago. The then Premier of Ceylon, D. S. Senanayake, refused for long to have anything to do with amending the Act. After saying categorically that he would not touch the Act, he introduced an amendment which improved matters slightly.

The pattern is evident—outright refusal of all just demands and then a sudden spurt of small concessions. This is the result of two pairs of forces that interact continuously on the Ceylon-Indian issue.

The first pair of forces is the chauvinists and the moderates within the governing United National Party. While the former are given free rein

to vilify the Ceylon Indians as foreigners and interlopers, the second group plays a double game. The group has negotiated with the Ceylon Indians at the Indian High Commissioner's office.

The moderates tell the chauvinists that rank chauvinism is bad for the country. If Sinhalese chauvinism is allowed to run riot, the U. N. P. leaders know full well that, in the end, more than Meenatchi and Ramasamy, it is the cinnamon garden westernized gentry like themselves that will suffer heavily. At the same time, they tell the Ceylon Indians and the Indian High Commissioner, that it is they that stand between the wild anger of the rank chauvinists and the poor Indian voter. And the Indians are asked to take what they get before they are denied everything by the chauvinists.

This game has worked to some extent successfully, but most people see through it. Moreover, the game has helped a number of Indians without any political work to their credit to come up. The U. N. P.'s so-called moderates paint the Ceylon Indian Congress as the villain of the piece. The Congress is accused of being Communist-inspired, and under misleading leadership which does not even listen to the counsels of Mr. Nehru! What can they do with such refractory material? When obliging nobodies among Indians are available for their service, they boost them up so that these Indians can tell the Indian voter that the little concessions were won by conciliation and that a more conciliatory attitude will win more concessions.

But so long as there are Leftist parties which let out the truth about the U. N. P. election funds being built up by Indian merchants, and independents, like Mr. Suntheralingam, who let out the casual asides of the Prime Minister's to his embarrassment, this game is too transparent for all who know the facts.

Now about the other pair of interacting forces. The Government of Ceylon is very much concerned with its prestige. This attitude may seem ridiculous to many Indian readers, who know that in negotiations with such a generous person like Mr. Nehru, no one need attach undue importance to prestige. The whole thing however is not so simple. There is an ineradicable perverse complex in some ruling circles of Ceylon. They know from history that if any Indian empire had seriously wanted to subjugate Ceylon and make it a part of India, it could have done it centuries ago. They also know that there was no consistent ambition on the part of any Indian empire to do so, though there were sporadic invasions. They also know that at least Mr. Nehru has no such ambition even in his dreams. They also loudly deny that they have any such fears of India. They even know that the Indians in Ceylon, most of them born there, would be more loyal to Ceylon than many Ceylonese by descent. Still, a subtle complex of fear cum envy with regard to India dominates their policies, as Vincent Sheean pointed out two years ago. It is difficult to clearly analyse it. You can only call it a perverse Oedipus complex—the desire of the son, full of ambition, who cannot even bear to acknowledge his cultural and religious debt to his mother, for it is so great and can seemingly never be repaid. The mad rush for western civilization in Ceylon is not so much a desire to be western as a desire to be anything but Indian. You will find a boring repetition of the assertion that, whether India has territorial ambitions or not, the fear of it exists in some Ceylonese minds. Fortunately this Oedipus complex is confined to a few westernized gentry among the ruling circles of Ceylon. In politics this complex expresses itself in two ways; first in orienting Ceylon's foreign policy as far away from India's as is safely possible; secondly in playing with the Ceylon Indians a cat and mouse game.

The westernized ruling circles probably say to themselves: "India might be the land that gave us the Buddha, Asoka, and even the last Kandyan royal family. It might be the land of the Mahatma, and Nehru,

one of the world's powers and the leader of Asia. But we have a specimen of Indians, to whom we can be harsh and generous as we please. If India can pursue an independent foreign policy we must follow an independent Ceylon-Indian policy, unpredictable at all costs." So they have the satisfaction of following a policy of firmness with generosity.

It is worth while telling the background story of the small concessions. Ever since the Indian and Pakistani Citizenship Act was passed and the Ceylon Indian Congress boycotted it, the Indian High Commissioners have been following a policy of securing administrative concessions. Mr. V. V. Giri induced the Ceylon Indian Congress to call off the boycott, and give the Act a trial. But Mr. Giri himself later got disgusted with the little pinpricks he received from the Ceylon Government in trying to help the applicants for citizenship. The present incumbent has been going along similar lines. He seems to be of the view now that the Act is an accomplished fact it is better to concentrate on getting the applications quickly approved by administrative simplification and concessions. This does not mean that the Indian High Commissioner has absolute faith in the efficacy of this policy. He is aware of its pitfalls, but that is the only thing a High Commissioner can do.

The present concession is a valuable one. Indians born in Ceylon were asked to give documentary proof that their father or grandfather was an Indian. This was a well nigh impossible task. The wording of the Act remains, but Ceylon's Premier has promised not to insist on this. The value of this concession can be gauged only from the number of applicants it helps to win citizenship with ease and speed.

The Premier of Ceylon however would do well to make a clean break with this tortuous policy of "firmness with generosity" which for the Indians is really "bitterness with hopes deferred." When it is in his power to command an absolute majority, the little simplifications demanded by the Ceylon Indian Congress in the Act can be passed easily if he wishes.

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.

N.G.O's Plea

Heads of some of the educational institutions are of the view that children of non-gazetted officers who have failed are not entitled to fee concessions. I do not think they know why the concessions have been granted. The concessions are not in the nature of merit scholarships. The Government should issue instructions soon clarifying the position.

AN AFFECTED N. G. O.

'Road Safety'

In your editorial on road safety you have done well to draw the attention of the authorities to the arrangement of bus stops. Many residents of Triplicane do not get accommodation in the buses on Route No. 1—Triplicane to Parrys—after 9-20 a.m. If they do go by bus they often reach their offices late. Some board Route No. 2 buses, get down at Central and take another bus for Parrys. The bus stop at Central for this route is very far in the Wall Tax Road and it takes five minutes to walk from there to the stop for the Parrys-bound bus. In their anxiety to save time many get down at the Wall Tax Road turning even while the bus is in motion risking accidents. There is urgent need for a stop on Route No. 2 and 30 at the place where mofussil buses halt, just opposite the Central Station.

H. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

Who Is A Free Agent?

The Finance Minister is reported to have said in the Madras Legislative Assembly that the Leader of the Opposition "was not a free agent," "he was a creature of circumstances," and "he was a disappointed man and that was reflected in his speech." What is one to think of a man who speaks in this way. Anyone can say that anyone else is not a free agent, but if he is to be taken seriously he must substantiate what he says. The second remark that Mr. Viswanatham was "a creature of circumstances" can mean nothing unless one associates with Mr. C. Subramaniam a flair to hurl undignified clichés at opponents at random. By trying to give the impression that Mr. Viswanatham was not a man of "integrity" and "individuality" the Finance Minister has betrayed himself. One who consciously imitates Mr. C. Rajagopalachari in everything he does may not know who is a man of individuality and who is not. What an irony of circumstances that he should say that Mr. Viswanatham is "not a free agent." Have the tax-payers no

right to expect a high level of debate from their representatives in legislatures?

S. B. R.

Rajaji And Casteism

A Communist friend, who read my letter that appeared in SWATANTRA of July 5, asked me whether I had changed my attitude towards the Congress after Rajaji became the Chief Minister of this State. He stated that I was bound to support the post-election U. D. F. Immediately after the general elections I informed the Secretary of the pre-election U. D. F., Tamilnad, that I was not prepared to co-operate with the post-election U. D. F., because of my differences with K. M. P. Party which is one of the big groups within it. The leader of the K. M. P. Party is the leader of the post-election U. D. F., against whom I contested in the general elections.

I continue to fight for the liquidation of the Congress. In my view, Rajaji is not a democrat. At his best he is a benevolent autocrat. At his worst he is a clever advocate of the caste system. I am a democrat and believe that perpetuation of caste will throttle democracy.

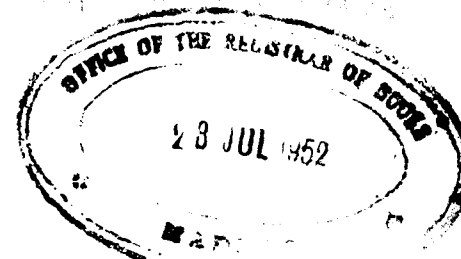
The other day, speaking to washermen, Rajaji said that every one should continue to carry his or her father's profession. It is strange that he does not see the absurdity of his casteism under modern conditions. The Chief Minister does not follow his father's profession nor do any of his sons follow his profession.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

A Vote of Indirect Confidence?

You were perfectly correct when you said, commenting on the four-day debate on the vote of confidence motion, that "so much public money should not have been wasted for providing this exhibition." There was no need for the motion because the election of the Speaker had shown that the Congress Party had a majority in the Legislative Assembly. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari should really ask the House to give him a vote of confidence on a policy like prohibition and test his strength giving freedom to the Congress legislators to vote as they like. What has the result of a parliamentary by-election to do with the confidence of the State Assembly unless it be to show to Prime Minister Nehru that Mr. Rajagopalachari at least has the indirect confidence of the public?

A. RANGA RAO.



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ISSUED
WEEKLY

SURCHARGE ON LAND REVENUE

IT is commonly assumed that land revenue is a great burden on the landowner. There is a confusion of thought prevailing on this subject. Net income, in proportion to land revenue on land, ranges between 9 to 33 times for all crops, 7 to 13 for paddy, 20 to 80 for lands under wells, 15 to 26 for sugarcane, 210 for tobacco, 16 for groundnut and 11 to 58 for cotton. Rents realised have been assumed as net income in these figures, even though rents should be lower than the net income of a self-cultivator. Land revenue therefore has been fixed with extreme moderation, and if calculated on the gross income, it will range between 3 and 5 per cent.

As most of the landowners hold small holdings paying a land revenue of below Rs. 50 and making an average income of below Rs. 1,000, there is a persistent demand for exemption of a minimum limit of income as in the case of agricultural income-tax. But as 69 lakhs out of the 71 lakhs of pattadars pay a land revenue of Rs. 50 and less, the Government fear that such an exemption will mean the practical abolition of land revenue. It is however possible to have a nominal land tax, say 8 annas per acre on all lands and collect an income-tax on net incomes of Rs. 1500 and above. Anyway it is not the land revenue that is pitched high, and what is required is a rebate in the case of un-economic holders subjected to under-employment in their under-sized holdings. A mere reduction in land revenue will be a paltry relief and will afford no solution to the problems of under-employment and pressure on

land, which call for radical remedial measures.

Government, it may be conceded, are entitled to enhance land revenue on the basis of prices. The prices stood between Rs. 140 and Rs. 200 per garce of 3,200 m.m. when the land revenue was settled. Today the price-level being about Rs. 850, the Government are entitled to raise the land-revenue four to six times the present rate, and they should do so in the case of the bigger landowners realising large returns from cash and garden crops. The debt charges are practically nil in their case. The benefit of a higher price has gone to them as they have marketable surpluses. The Land Revenue Reforms Committee therefore proposed, firstly, a surcharge of 2 annas in the rupee for all pattadars in lieu of rise in prices, secondly, a tax on commercial crops, and thirdly, a surcharge on land holdings paying a land revenue of over Rs. 150. The Madras Ministry have not proposed the first two levies. But they have extended the surcharge under the third proposal even to landowners paying a land-revenue of between Rs. 50 and Rs. 150 and slightly increased its pitch.

The reason mentioned for the surcharge at an increased rate for different land revenue brackets is that it takes the place of agricultural income-tax. The method of surcharge on the land revenue is preferred as it releases the pattadar from the obligation of maintaining accounts of yields, costs and net income. One can understand the criticism that this surcharge ought not to be levied on lands yielding a net income of Rs. 1,500 and pay-

ing a land revenue of Rs. 100. It is perfectly reasonable to urge Government to slightly enhance the exemption limit of land revenue for this surcharge from Rs. 50 to Rs. 100 but there is no case for a reduction in the surcharge. On the other hand, if non-agricultural incomes can be taxed at a certain rate, the same ought to apply for agricultural incomes too. Even taking an extremely low net income of Rs. 25 per acre of dry lands and Rs. 100 per acre of wet lands (without taking any note of larger incomes from commercial crops and high food grain prices) and applying income-tax rates, the following should be the rate of surcharge per rupee of land revenue on single pattas:

Land revenue Rs.	Land revenue in lakhs.	Agri- cultural income- tax. in lakhs.	Equivalent surcharge per rupee.
100-250	43.42	7.19	3 annas
250-300	22.05	15.94	4 annas
500-1000	14.22	18.72	Re. 1-5
1000 and above	15.94	60.99	Rs. 2-8
		102.84	
Add 20% for joint pattas		20.57	
Add 1/3 for Zamin- dari areas		41.47	
Total		164.88	

These slab rates of land revenue do not take into account concentration of landed property in the hands of bigger landholders since 1945-46, and of more fertile lands paying a greater land revenue. As against these surcharges which the Government have every right to levy, the present proposals are only 8 annas, 12 annas and one rupee on land revenue brackets of 100 and 500, 500 and 1,000 and above 1,000 respectively. The surcharge proposed should therefore be ungrudgingly paid and without demur.

There are certain anomalies in the collection of a surcharge on land revenue. Certain districts are paying a higher land revenue owing to the fixation of rates in years of higher prices. The calculation of the surcharge should therefore be made after proportionally reducing the land revenue to the lowest prevailing in any district. In certain areas land revenue includes the water-rate while in others it does not. A dry land cultivator will pay a small charge of a rupee on an acre while it may amount even to Rs. 20 in the case of wet land. To be just, the surcharge should be collected on extra-water rates too, in the case of lands paying a dry assessment. In other words, the canal rate becomes automatically raised to between 50 and 100 per cent as a result of the charge. An increase in the canal rate is in no way a regressive tax as the Government take only a share of the unearned income due to supply of water. Again, when constant remissions are given on land revenue, surcharges become an uncertain tax. In so far as land revenue rates for wet and garden lands are excessive in Malabar and South Kanara districts, a lower rate of surcharge should be fixed for these areas. If these suggestions are accepted, the rate will fall slightly within the Rs. 500 land revenue bracket, but it will increase in the higher brackets, and the yield will be about Rs. 1½ crores, double the sum estimated under the surcharge. This will obviate the need for the poll tax on non-Madras city bus passengers expected to be realised from unpaid unofficial tax agents burdened with a public responsibility for which they are the least fitted.

In their desire to secure more revenue in order to have more money to spend on beneficial schemes, the Government should not fail to discriminate between legitimate and unreasonable means of taxation. There should be a limit to greed in the exploitation of profitable undertakings. As motor transport is already yielding a handsome enough

profit, the proposal to levy a passenger poll tax can only be described as oppressive, especially as this State is already the highest taxed in the whole country in the matter of motor taxation. The levy of multiple sales tax is another financial atrocity that no Government pledged to decent administration can afford to leave undisturbed. The acceptance of a double fee for the same service is everywhere stamped as dishonourable. Are Governments immune from the standards of restraint regarded as inseparable from honesty of conduct in the case of ordinary individuals. Duplication of taxation in respect of the same commodity is permissible when the collect-

ing authorities are different. But it is little short of sharp practice that within the same State the same Government should extract a tax over and over again on the same goods every time it changes hands, inflicting on the ultimate consumer a multiplied dose of exaction in the name of taxation. People look up to the new Ministry to relieve them from the oppressive burdens of the past before they can hope for any great benefit. Nothing is just for the mere reason that it has come down from an earlier regime. It is a pity that the Chief Minister should have so sadly disappointed public expectation over so wide a range of his taxation policies.

Sotto Voce

P. M. REPORTS ON OPPOSITION'S I. Q.



OUR Prime Minister is progressing. "Departmentalism," said that superior person, the late Lord Curzon, "is not a moral delinquency, it is an intellectual hiatus." Likewise Mr. Nehru, who just before the elections was denouncing his opponents as 'liars', has now come to the conclusion that the Parliamentary Opposition lacks 'intelligence'. And that is a comforting discovery. For it releases him from the obligation to exercise his own powers of mind. But remembering Mr. Nehru as he was in the bad old British days which he now so fiercely scorns many will mournfully echo:

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Come to think of it, I am not so sure that the P. M. quite means what he says about scrapping the relics of

British imperialism. There are a good few of them still lying about. We are firmly anchored to the British Commonwealth and Mr. Nehru has let the world know that he will not be the one to cut the painter. Of all the Governments of the world his Government composed of cent per cent Congressmen alone dissolved like Niobe in a flood of tears over the loss of good King George. And the British flag flew side by side with the tricolour over Rashtrapathi Bhavan, till one of the malcontents now discovered to be lacking in intelligence called attention to it.

On that occasion Mr. Nehru did not disdain to take a hint, even though it came from the Communists. And it is just possible that even with regard to the standing committees of the Legislature which he denounces as the vestiges of a hateful past, he

may yet make a strategic retreat. But his decisions matter less than his moods. He was as near to being insulting to Dr. Meghnad Saha as any man can well be to another without coming to fisticuffs, all because that eminent scientist—who has the misfortune to be on the wrong side of the fence—thought he discerned Fascist trends in the Government. Dr. Saha could have well retorted that Mr. Nehru himself had obligingly furnished proof of the charge by the manner of his reply.

"The majority party which happens to represent the people of India more than the minority," declared the P. M. grandiloquently, "has to be treated with respect." And, as a cogent reason why the minorities should be sufficiently deferential we are allowed just a glimpse of the leathern thong hidden up the Prime Ministerial sleeve. "Let those who accuse this Government of Fascism and dictatorship pause for a moment and consider whether anywhere else in the world some of them would be allowed to function at all." But does that not savour of the magnanimity of the fox with the stork? So long as we expect the world to treat us as a democracy we shall have to invent an Opposition if we had not one.

The Communists, and not they only, allege that Mr. Nehru's sudden revulsion of feeling against standing committees is to be traced to his distrust of that group in Parliament. If that is so, he is surely shutting the stable-door after the horse has been stolen. As for the reasons Mr. Nehru himself has given, they will certainly carry conviction to nobody. If standing committees were out of place in Swaraj India they should have been abolished five years ago. And if they are in-

compatible with party Government, why should not Mr. Nehru be consistent and abolish the Public Accounts Committee and the Standing Finance Committee as well?

The P. M.'s dislike of these Committees perhaps originated unconsciously in the series of unpleasant revelations in Parliament by certain members of the Public Accounts Committee beginning with the jeeps scandal. But if in the interests of party prestige and public morale that kind of dirty linen is to be hidden in the closet, more thorough steps will have to be taken. The first will be the abolition of the Office of Auditor-General or at any rate, of his more important functions. The "muck-rakers" may then get busy in the Press and elsewhere, but thank God we don't make a fetish of freedom of speech here!

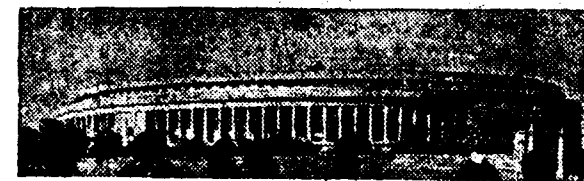
The Opposition, it seems, cannot expect to be let into official "secrets." But Ministers are quite in order in hobnobbing with party members in the umpteen domestic committees which the Congress, in search of democracy, has invented. They are, you will understand, conducting study circles and helping promising juniors to improve their minds. What a pity that the late Madras Ministry did not think of this splendid device. Take that odd little leakage that occurred the other day about steel permits having been given to 'August Tyagis'. There might have been no occasion for it at all if every member had been enabled to cultivate the happy family atmosphere in a cosy committee of his own. There would still have been irreconcilables, but they could be always dismissed as morons.

VIGNESWARA.

A West End dealer was trying to sell a rich American a male portrait by Romney. The prospective customer grumbled at the ugly face of the sitter. "Ugly!" exclaimed the dealer, with well-feigned indignation. "Ugly! How can you call it ugly? Look at me!"

A famous artist falling into a chronic state of hard-uppishness regularly pledged his canvases. The pawnbroker's assistants grew so used to his visits that they did not even trouble to disturb the packages. The artist died and the paintings which he had pledged were got ready for auction. When the brown paper wrappings were torn away, it was discovered that many of the supposed paintings were just untouched canvases.—BERNARD FALK.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

OPPOSITION to the formation of the Andhra State is entirely due to political considerations and not due to administrative inconvenience. The Congress Party is unwilling to part with power in any part of the country. Its unwillingness in 1937 to share power with the Muslim League, despite Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's proposal for formation of coalition ministries in all provinces, resulted in the division of India. It maybe that some eminent political thinkers and politicians do not like the idea of a non-Congress Ministry in the State of Andhra. Mr. V. Ramakrishna had made a brilliant suggestion for the administrative division of Madras State—with the Andhra Ministers looking after Andhra and the non-Andhra Ministers after the rest of the State. I asked Mr. Ramakrishna—who was in Delhi last week—whether this would not be defeating democracy inasmuch as the non-Congress members who were in an overwhelming majority in Andhra would be denied an opportunity of running the administration of Andhra. Mr. Ramakrishna agreed that that would be the result; but he seemed to have made the suggestion precisely with a view to preventing the United Democratic Front from forming the Government in Andhra. For any far-sighted statesman, the solution lies in having all-party coalition Governments both at the Centre and in the States. That will be the only way of saving the country from a great deal of suffering.

Pothan Joseph has raised a pertinent question as to how far Pandit Nehru takes the people into his confidence. Hammering his opponents (says Pothan Joseph), Pandit Nehru said in Parliament: "Such influence as I have and such affection as I have received from the Indian people are due to the fact that I take them into

confidence about my innermost thoughts." "That is true during agitation, elections and general ballyhoo about world affairs," says P. J., "but latterly Pandit Nehru has become very close. Could anybody guess (and who was taken into confidence?) when appointments of the following were sprung on the country? Tyagi, Diwakar, Srimathi Durga Bai, G. L. Mehta, Raghavan and quite a lot of others leaping out like rabbits from the hat."

I doubt whether the present Cabinet was taken into confidence before the appointments were announced. Some members of the previous Cabinet used to complain that they heard about such appointments only through the newspapers. I am sure some of the appointments—like that of Girja Shankar Bajpai—would never have been approved by any Congress Cabinet.

Prof. Harold Laski had suggested that a minister other than the prime minister should be in charge of all appointments. There is a great deal of sense in this suggestion. When some other Minister is in charge of appointments, there will not be so much of concentration of power in one individual—as there is in the Prime Minister of India today. Any other Minister will be compelled to place his proposals before the Cabinet whenever an important appointment is made. Everybody will not then have to look to the Prime Minister's whims and fancies in order to secure advancement in life.

Three members of Parliament have come out with ruined reputations during the first session. They are: Dr. Satyanarain Sinha from Bihar, Mr. S. V. Ramaswami, from Madras, and Dr. Jaisooria from Hyderabad. Dr. Sinha overshot his mark when he attacked the Communists wildly. He has a romantic background for he is said to have been in the Red Army as

a Captain, and worked with Subhas Bose. Dr. Sinha himself, it transpires, never claimed to have worked with Subhas Bose, but the story has gone round that he had. He obviously took no special steps to contradict it. Ruth Fischer herself says that no Asian Communists are trained in Leipzig—as claimed by Dr. Sinha. There was even a doubt in certain quarters as to whether Leipzig was in Eastern Germany. Scepticism is a good thing; but it happens that Leipzig is in Eastern Germany.

Mr. Ramaswami, who claimed that he was a barrister of twenty-two years' standing, said that he could prove that Mr. Gopalan was in his constituency threatening to kill Pandit Nehru in Kathakali-fashion. He was not doing much credit to the profession of barristers when he adduced his experience of twenty-two years in that line as a guarantee that he could prove something. Someone remarked that a barrister with so much experience can prove anything. Jonathan Swift went to the extent of saying that the lawyer can prove that a certain cow is yours only if it is not yours. If it is yours to begin with, the lawyer finds it difficult to establish your ownership. Swift points out that even if the cow is yours, he asks the judge to suppose that it is not yours, and then goes on to argue that it is yours!

Dr. Jaisoorya declared that a certain Indian national (now dead) had built up an account in Switzerland, and that this money was earned in questionable ways. Since many persons thought that the person referred to was the late Dhirubhai Desai, who was our envoy in Switzerland, it is worth while mentioning that it was not Dhirubhai to whom Dr. Jaisoorya was referring. The Prime Minister called Dr. Jaisoorya privately, and placed certain papers before him. Dr. Jaisoorya was convinced that his charge was false and apologized. The House was entitled to have access to the papers which were shown to Dr. Jaisoorya. A reply to a charge made the House should have been made in the House itself. It was the privilege of the House to hear the reply. The course was not followed.

Dr. Jaisoorya had said was Bank had asked the

Government of India what it should do with the money of the Indian national. It is possible that the Bank made no such query. But would that prove anything? For all we know, it may be that Dr. Jaisoorya's charge was false. But the fact that it was false should have been proved in the House itself. The charge was the property of the House, and the reply to it also should have been the property of the House. Dr. Jaisoorya was one of the most promising members of the Opposition benches; but he cut a sorry figure by his nervous conduct, and he ruined his reputation as a Parliamentarian.

The Press Gallery had the unique opportunity of watching the process of conversion of an M. P. into a Parliamentary Secretary last Friday. Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai was first seen casting his eagle-eye on the Congress back-benchers. He looked at each member for a few seconds and then passed on to the next one. Now he had spotted someone, for he looked intently at one member. I leaned forward to see whom he was looking at. The marked man was Mr. Krishnappa.

Rafi Saheb said to his Cabinet colleagues seated next to him, "That man there has a very intelligent look. Who is he?" His colleagues informed him that he was Krishnappa, and wondered whether he had any powers of intuition. "Yes, I have," chuckled Janab Kidwai.

The Food Minister immediately went up to the Prime Minister, and informed him that he would like Mr. Krishnappa to be appointed as his Parliamentary Secretary, and pointed him out to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister turned back to have a word with Mr. K. C. Reddy, who sits on the second bench, just behind the Prime Minister. He asked him what kind of a man Mr. Krishnappa is. Mr. Reddy spoke enthusiastically about the member from Kolar Gold Fields.

Mr. Krishnappa was told that he would be appointed Parliamentary Secretary for Food and Agriculture. It took about half an hour for the decision to be arrived at. Those who argued that the Nehru Government was unable to come to quick decisions had a bad day.

EKALAVYA THE HUNTER LAD

By N. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR

Judge, Supreme Court of India.

DRONA was the teacher of the Kauravas and Pandavas in the science and practice of archery. Arjuna, the middlemost of the Pandavas, showed more skill than the rest and became the master's favourite pupil. One night, as Arjuna was taking his meal, the light that was burning got extinguished by a strong gust of wind. Though utter darkness prevailed, the hand reached the plate and the food reached the mouth. The thoughtful boy wondered why the same force of habit should not help him in the use of the bow and arrow even in prevailing darkness as well. Assiduous self-training brought him a large measure of success; he could hit his targets with perfect ease and aim. The highly pleased Drona congratulated Arjuna and predicted that none shall equal him in the art.

Drona's fame as a professor of archery spread far and wide. Kings and sons of kings came to him in hundreds to receive instructions from him and learn what was very essential for them as Kshatriyas. There was a hunter-chieftain called Hiranya-Dhanus (of the golden bow) and he had a son named Ekalavya. This boy also approached Drona for instruction but the Acharya sent him away with his blessings, as his low caste did not entitle him to receive initiation into the *mantras*, the incantation of which alone can confer perfection. Ekalavya did not show any resentment. He repaired to his abode in the forest, made an image of Drona in clay, and worshipped it intently and with fervent devotion asking for the boon of proficiency in archery. His progress was astounding; he soon became an adept in the art.

One day, the Kaurava and Pandava princes went out on a hunting expedition. A dog happened to accompany one of their footmen. Happening to see Ekalavya, dark in colour, bespattered with mud, and deer-skin clad, the dog growled and barked. Ekalavya sped into its mouth seven arrows simultaneously. The dog ran to the place where the princes were. They

were astonished at the skill displayed by the unknown bowman. They went in search of him and found him practising the science. On being questioned, he told them who he was and how he had learnt what he knew, sitting at the feet of the clay image of Drona, his guru. They could not believe at the first blush that such a thing was possible but they ultimately accepted Ekalavya's word.

When they went back to the capital, they narrated the story to Drona. Arjuna in particular questioned the master how, contrary to the master's prediction, there could be another as proficient as he. Drona wanted to set right matters. He went to the hunter lad. There was a touching meeting between them. The boy prostrated at the Acharya's feet proclaiming him as his guru. Drona asked for the customary *guru dakshina* and when this was promised to be given he wanted the lad's right thumb. Ekalavya parted with it without any regret and in fact joyfully. This deprivation lessened his skill somewhat and Arjuna felt satisfied.

This story which occurs in the *Adiparva* of the Mahabharata illustrates the potency of faith, the supremacy of the guru ideal, and the joy of self-sacrifice. To the ordinary mind, there is an injustice, even cruelty, in the demand by the guru. But who knows what unseen evil was averted thereby? The orthodox explanation for this act is that the learning which is not transmitted according to traditional *sampradaya* by a guru to a competent *adhi-kari* is not likely to be effective or beneficial and this was why Drona, afraid of possible misuse or abuse, made such an astounding demand. But what strikes me as a more reasonable explanation is something different. Who knows that Ekalavya may not have joined hands with the Kauravas? And if this had happened, the war would have drawn out even more blood; and stark wickedness may have triumphed over the forces of good. Invisible to the ordinary mortal eye, lie deeply-hidden secrets of God. The revelations of the

underlying reasons for the dispensations of Providence may do more harm than good. Even statesmen and administrators who are in charge of petty states do not always take us into their confidence in the conduct of their affairs. Is it reasonable to expect that He who is in charge of the whole universe should tell us from

time to time why a particular course is taken so that He can justify himself in our eyes? It is for us to repose unswerving faith in Him and believe in the justice of what He does, though seemingly unjust. There is an ultimate justice, which is higher than our thoughts and deeper than we can see with our limited visions.

"ORDER, ORDER"

By H. RANGACHAR

THE Press has carried a fairly detailed account of the scene in the House of the People on July 4 when, in the course of the debate on the abolition of the Standing Committees, the Prime Minister, provoked by the Opposition's allegations of fascist tendencies in the Government, made some uncomplimentary remarks against the well-known scientist, Dr. Meghnad Saha, and the members of the Opposition. About the latter, he said, "I do expect a modicum of intelligence in the Opposition." This led to heated exchanges then. The matter was again referred to on the floor of the House on July 11.

Is this remark of the Prime Minister in order? This point does not appear to have been specifically raised in the first instance and on the subsequent occasion, the Prime Minister maintained that he was justified in making the observation in the context in which he made it. The question calls for further consideration.

It has to be considered on the basis of precedents in India or in the British Parliament. There is a close parallel in an incident which occurred in the House of Commons in 1909. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was interrupted in the course of a speech he was delivering by a young Irish peer sitting in the Opposition benches. Resenting the interruption, Lloyd George observed, "I should think the argument would be plain even to the colossal intellect of the noble lord." The peer, appealing to the Speaker, asked if it was "in order for the Right Hon. gentleman to refer to my colossal intellect." Speaker Lowther, well-known for his gift of softening the asperities in debate by apt genial remarks, said,

"Well, I think it is not only in order but is rather complimentary than otherwise."

Between Lloyd George's "colossal intellect" and Nehru's "modicum of intelligence," there is little to choose, as far as the real substance and the import of the words go, but the characteristic irony and sarcasm of the Welsh Wizard afforded an opportunity to the Speaker to weather a possible storm, which the direct and unvarnished words of the Indian Premier did not.

This is not to suggest that irony or sarcasm is better on such occasions. Boswell records that he had once to "censure invectives which were becoming fashionable in the House of Commons" and suggested "that if Members of Parliament should attack each other, it should be done more genteelly." "No, Sir," observed Johnson, "that would be much worse. Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy—no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club, and wounded by a poisoned arrow."

This apart, the question remains whether the language of the Prime Minister was in order. The position in this respect has not by any means been improved by the explanation offered by Nehru when the subject was raised by the Opposition on July 11. While declaiming that what he said could "possibly apply to everybody" in the Opposition, he maintained that he was "rather careful in the use of language" and that what he said "was completely not only parliamentary but justified in the sense of language. If any member of the Opposition or all of them....wants to take to heart what

I said....I do not want to deny him the satisfaction of doing so." He as much as hinted that if he had committed a mistake, the Speaker would have pulled him up. Thus he has taken the uncompromising attitude that he was thoroughly right.

It may be conceded that accusing an opponent or a group of opponents of not having a modicum of intelligence is not unparliamentary as far as language goes—at any rate not to the extent of calling for the Speaker's intervention. The English precedent also supports this.

The point for further consideration is whether language of this sort is consistent with the high level and decorum which one has a right to expect in parliamentary debates. The words of Sir Thomas Smith, an M.P., and a writer of the 16th century, are very pertinent: "No reviling or nipping words must be used....in such multitude and such diversity of opinions there is the greatest modesty and temperance of speech that can be used." He further admits that "nevertheless with much douce and gentle terms they make their reason as violent and vehement, one against the other, as they may." That the words

were in this case "nipping," if not "reviling," cannot be denied. An explanation may yet be found. It can be said that the words were engendered by the provocative utterances of some members of the Opposition. It is to be regretted that the Prime Minister did not avail of the opportunity offered by the statements of the Opposition members to throw oil on troubled waters but maintained that the remarks he made in the heat of the debate were right, with an insistence worthy of a much better cause. Using uncomplimentary language is a game at which two can play and the Prime Minister, on account of his position and personal prestige, should set up a high standard in the language and tone of parliamentary debates.

The references to Dr. Meghnad Saha, the distinguished scientist, in the Prime Minister's speech on July 4 were both "nipping" and "reviling." There is however no need to labour the point further. Pandit Nehru has made honourable amends in his statement on July 11, though one could not help feeling that, coming as it did from him, it may well have been less halting and more unreserved.

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SECONDARY EDUCATION

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE decision of the Central Government to appoint a committee for reporting on secondary education, will be received with mixed feelings in the country. That something should be done to arrest deterioration in education and educational standards is perfectly obvious; that in the name of reorganization, old values and institutions should not be scrapped out all too suddenly is equally patent. In regard to university education, the Radhakrishnan Commission have made specific and valuable proposals, but implementation has seldom followed recommendation and the report itself had to encounter hostility in certain quarters. On secondary education, the Sargent report has become a locus classicus, effecting a happy synthesis between cultural and craft education. Since independence, however, new problems and new difficulties have arisen, and a fresh approach is needed even in respect of settled facts; and this apparently explains the comprehensive terms of reference which have been formulated. The committee is charged with the duty of evolving a new scheme of education which will "initiate the qualities of leadership in the different walks of life as well as to consider the duration of secondary education, an examination of the existing syllabus and the methods of instruction and the types of text books."

Since education became a transferred subject, politics had become inextricably mixed up with it, and it is no exaggeration to say that successive ministers of education declined to view education from any but a communal angle. Communalism has affected the selection of the staff, the pupils, education bodies and even text books. The Bengal Secondary Education Bill was the most typical illustration of this tendency. The results are what were bargained for. What is the position today? Too many pupils knock at too few schools, and too few teachers man too many schools. The position has become distinctly worse in regard to the education of girls who have to be huddled together in

boys' schools. As for quality, Sri P. T. Rajan has candidly admitted that since 1920, educational standards in Madras have definitely deteriorated. The main reason for this state of affairs is to be found in the sway of politics over education. Even now there are few problems of education, even of secondary education, which are not dominated by political issues or controversy. Take for instance the place of Hindi in the curricula. A common language is the basis of a country's political structure. Still the South Indian or rather the Tamil isolationist would regard it as a badge of North Indian fascism, and his hatred is only matched by the fanaticism of the upcountry Hindi protagonist who would make it a common vehicle here and now and even for numerals, irrespective of repurcussions at home and abroad. Take again the position to be assigned to English. Do many of those who would observe a cat and mouse policy in this respect think of the consequences following its interdiction? Have they considered at all the unity and progress effected in this country by the English medium and the pivotal position our country has come to occupy in the comity of world nations, being wooed even by the imperialist powers for intervention in the Sudan and Korea? The truth is as Mr. K. M. Munshi has recently pointed, the "Quit India" mentality has clouded the judgments of those who fight shy of the language. After all English is as much of our heritage as the allopathic system and the British parliamentary set-up.

Prof. R. M. MacIver has set out perhaps the most comprehensive import of education. "Public education," according to him "must (1) enable the young to enjoy the cultured treasures not only of one's country but of the world, (2) open to them the roads of intellectual and artistic endeavour and (3) enhancing in them, so far as they are capable of response, a sense of the worth and wonder of human achievement." Education in our ancient Gurukulas and the English public schools had very nearly kept up these ideals, and it is up to those who

fashion the syllabus in this country, not to lose sight of them. A writer has stated that in England since the time of Henry V, out of 25 British statesmen, half had their training in public schools, and that all of them were nurtured in the classics; it was Asquith who once confessed that his lessons in statesmanship were gathered from Plato's Republic which he had studied at school.

The Indian system of education initiated by Macaulay doubtless labours under many imperfections; but its defects have been counter-balanced by its virtues; at any rate that has been the experience one has of its products. The curriculum was meant to produce clerks and sycophants of British way of life, lacked grace and spiritual growth. Yet it had brought forth an Aurobindo and a Gandhi, a Vivekananda and a Sivananda, besides hosts of statesmen, scholars, scientists, philosophers and artists, no whit inferior to the world's best. It was a soul-less and mechanical thing; still when Mahatmaji launched his movement based on soul force, hundreds of thousands responded to his call, throwing away their all for the country and inviting untold suffering on themselves? And in Madras it is worth while to advert to Dr. Rangachariar and Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer.

Critics and planners, who are generally oblivious to these factors on account of political pressure, should pause before uprooting it completely. No doubt certain unwelcome features have been hotly debated upon. For instance, the examination system is viewed with disfavour; but is there any worthy substitute, making for discipline and self-reliance and weeding out the lazy and the incompetent? Vacations and holidays take up two thirds of the year: the curriculum is burdened with too many unessential things; and there is no place for the Indian classics or culture. An aversion to things Indian and manual labour is also pointed out. But these can be set right by intelligent modifications, taking the cue from some of the best administered girls' high schools in this State. Basic education as such is unexceptionable but its introduction in the secondary stage is of doubtful value. Indeed the experience in Mysore, a place ideally suited for

the experiment, has not been fruitful or encouraging. Craft education should follow and not be part of secondary education, and it would be good both for the country and the pupils if a two-year course in occupational institutions is insisted on after the secondary education is finished.

In the secondary stage, instruction should be in the mother tongue, but the pupils should be compelled to study Hindi in addition to the mother tongue, and also English and Sanskrit, both of which should be devised as short-term courses. The optionals should conform to the old matriculation standard, and provision is necessary for the inclusion of geology, architecture, painting and music. The reading habit should be fostered and weightage should be afforded to those reading the maximum number of approved books.

In India it is a crying evil that there is no adequate supply of good books especially of the classical variety. Our richest treasures lie embedded in Sanskrit, untranslated and unavailable in cheap and attractive editions like those issuing out of the newly started Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Our best scholars are frittering away their energies, producing annotations on English authors; and encouragement is not forthcoming for litterateurs who are eager to explore the mines of ancient learning. In this connection, one has regretfully to allude to the vagaries of the Text Books Committee in this State, which, in recent years, have gone to unimaginable lengths, the language most sinned against being Tamil. Few outside Tamil Nad can gauge accurately the degree of communalism which has affected the very springs of Tamil language, literature and culture. It is well known that for some years now atheism and agnosticism have caught hold of the young; and it is an open secret that a good many of the Tamil teachers are the chief propagators. But what is perhaps not so well known is that the main factor responsible for this is the stuff which the Tamil pupils have to read compulsorily for the most part. Some years ago, an S. S. L. C. text openly ridiculed the Hindu Gods and occasioned a good deal of public agitation. Many of the writers whose work in poem and prose

are to be studied compulsorily by the students have been associated with the self-respect, anti-Hindi and anti-Sanskrit movements. Classical literature is tabooed, and the S. S. L. C. prose selections are generally the productions of the members in the hierarchy of the committee. The vested interests operating in this direction are so powerfully entrenched that even exposure has not so far been attempted in the numerous education and teachers' conferences, not to mention the so-called 'Valarchi' conventions and "festivals." The writer recently came across a Tamil text for the fifth form in one of the prominent high schools in the metropolis. The title of the book is "Gems from Tamil Literature," and its com-

pilars are two Tamil pandits and a lecturer in local institutions. A good many of the prose selections are by the compilers themselves and each is prefaced by a short account of their life and achievement.

Every author is entitled to put as high a value as possible upon his writing but it is unpardonable to withhold from the young the classic pieces of Arumugha Navalar, Sundaram Pillai, A. Madhaviah, V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar, V. Swaminatha Iyer, and amongst moderns, of Rajaji, T. S. S. Rajan, T. K. C., Venkataramani and K. Chandrasekaran. And it is certainly worth while to ask whether secondary education has any future in the State, if such glaring evils are not remedied surely and swiftly.

"SELF-REGULATION" AND FILM INDUSTRY

By R. M. SESHADRI

I insert the quotation marks in the title advisedly. They define a distinction which is often overlooked. I do not deal with self-regulation in general, but with self-regulation specific. In a proper assessment of the merits of the matter, this distinction is essential.

These few days, in the film world, self-regulation was much in the air—at any rate, talk of it. People preached its philosophy at a conference of film interests in Bombay convened by the Film Federation of India. It was all nice and cosy. A high sounding word which may mean everything or nothing, which could and did attract copious oratory and champions galore. What was forgotten was only what was being dealt with. It was a specific proposal which was under consideration. What was it?

Before I answer, let me say this. The conference had a prestige opening by Dr. Keskar, Minister for Information in the Centre. He ran true to form and fashion. His speech was minatory in tone and exhortative in content. It charged, albeit mildly, the film industry with being purveyors of eroticism and romanticism and traducers of Indian culture and character.

In the complete canvas of Indian filmdom, is there a single picture which traduces Indian traditions, vilifies Indian character? The Minister may answer; I do not know. I know only that one searches for what one wants and one finds what one searches for. Does a single swallow make the summer? These canons are however too elementary for notice by Dr. Keskar. They are mere requisites of fairness in judgment. But since when has fairness anything to do with authority's verdict over the Indian film industry, be it in Madras, Bombay or far-away Delhi.

The Federation convened a conference of all the film interests in India. It was not to discuss the general philosophy of disciplining ourselves we were all invited and the conference was held. The purpose was, as the President of the Federation, Mr. Chandulal Shah, made clear, to see if a particular proposal suggested by the Federation could find universal acceptance. The proposal was that on the three fronts of the film industry—production, distribution and exhibition—the industry should become 'endogamous'. What exactly is this? It means that members should deal in regard to film matters only with per-

sons who are members of an authorised association, affiliated to the Federation which itself is an Association of associations. In other words, throughout the length and breadth of this country, film business would be confined to those persons who have enrolled themselves as members of an association which in its turn has received the seal of approval from the Federation. Breach of the rule will entail expulsion meaning effacement from film business for the errant individual. None can do business with him in the film line.

The proposal requires canvassing on its worth and content. This is not a question of the salutary character of 'self-regulation' but it is a question of what this self-regulation is, in shape and form, and whether this particular expression of it warrants support.

On the merits then it was claimed for the proposal by the President and by succeeding speakers that it would cure the industry of almost all the major ills from which it suffers. It would, for example, bring in arbitration as a means of resolving disputes in business; it would reduce the costs of production of pictures; it would deter artists from treating contracts as of no consequence; it would keep out greedy speculators. In other words, it is an all-round panacea, blessing those who give and blessed by those who receive.

Is it really so?

The proposal, in its bare bones, is—no member, no dealing. It contains and confines film dealings. It is one thing to prescribe with whom I should deal; it is another thing to prescribe how a dispute arising from such a dealing be resolved. A dispute no doubt springs from a transaction but it is not part of it. It is certainly not the content of with whom I should deal. The latter is the proposal; the former is the merit claimed. I see no connection between the two.

The point is so obvious it is idle to reinforce it. To illustrate, as it were, I would say that you can have the one and not the other and vice versa. You may have a rule restricting dealings without one compelling arbitration even as you may have a rule requiring arbitration without one confining dealings.

To bring in the rule of arbitration

is really not so easy. If it is compulsory and if failure to adhere to it involves penal action, it may give rise to difficulty in law. Can the right of a citizen to ask redress of a grievance he may have at the hands of a court of law be denied or detracted from? Can access to court be barred? If the rule is recommendatory it will at best amount to an appeal to good sense, at worst to a pious wish.

The next plank is that the proposal would reduce costs of production. An association may take several steps to bring about such a result. This rule however of 'no member—no dealing' cannot as of automatic consequence contribute to the reduction of costs of picture-making. The proposal does not limit the outlay on any single item of production, but limits classes of persons you can deal with. Even more difficult to understand is the argument that the proposal will have a wholesome effect on arrogant artists. It passes one's comprehension how the rule, as proposed, can serve to keep under check flighty individuals.

The last argument that this proposal would shut out the film industry to speculators is also without substance. Who is a speculator? You enter the field hoping for the best; you receive the worst, and you get out. Is this wrong? If the endogamous rule prevails, you enter the field after becoming a member. That is all the difference. You are not under a contract to continue to make pictures after your finances are exhausted or, what is more usual, after your capacity to raise finances is exhausted, nor can you.

In cold analysis, therefore, no other conclusion is possible than that the virtues claimed for the proposal are imaginary. Does it then deserve support, otherwise than on the grounds on which it was pressed?

I am afraid it does not. My reasons are three. First, the proposal will give rise to legal difficulties. Secondly, it is impracticable. Thirdly, and most important of all, it will militate against the true interests of the industry and will be of disservice to it.

On the face of it, the proposal infringes freedom of business. It takes away one's liberty to contract with whomsoever one likes. It is opposed to the Constitution. Whether this view is right or wrong, it is formidable

enough to cause serious disquiet. Again under the Contract Act, the validity of restraint upon trade is doubtful. Even if you consent to the constraint, the illegality will remain. Consent cannot cure illegality. One may sign a betting contract of one's accord but nonetheless the law will not uphold it.

The conditions in South India and I have no reason to think that the conditions in North India are different—make the proposal impracticable. We have about seven hundred touring cinemas in this Province. Of these, how many are members of a recognised association? A handful. It would be an endeavour beyond achievement to make all of them members of a recognised body, not to speak of making all new entrants members first. The result of the proposal will be that about three-fourths of the touring cinemas' trade will be cut off for the South Indian distributors.

Was it for this you joined an association, to put fetters upon yourself, to reverse the clock of progress? Your profession casts a duty upon you. It is your task to carry entertainment forward and inward; and it is breach of your obligation to deny service to those you can serve.

Coming to financing—the backbone of the industry—without private financing, most of the independent producers would go out of existence. In terms of the proposal, an independent producer wanting to borrow from a banker will have to overcome the first hurdle of getting the banker to join a recognised body, next to which alone comes financing. What is the result? Fancy a banker soft enough to consent to become a member of a strange body just to obtain the gift of sanction from it to conduct his professional dealings in

regard to a particular transaction! And all the while the endogamous rule is there limiting the sphere of his operations—an incidental inconvenience to which, I suppose, the banker submits himself with whoops of joy!

It may be said that film financing will be excluded from the operation of the rule. Even if this were so, film distribution cannot be excluded. In almost all the financing agreements the rights of distribution are with the financier. In any case these agreements are complicated. They touch on many aspects of distribution and exploitation, and are not simple financing agreements—sans security of the pictures or charge on collections.

The proposal does not serve the true interests of the industry; on the other hand it inflicts grave harm upon it. It curtails the sphere of film financing. It also cuts into the area of potential exploitation of a picture. Can the industry afford shrinkage in these two vital matters? Is it for this that the Federation came into being or associations became members of it?

Down the centuries ruling bodies always wanted more power and more. They sought this concentration always on the ground that it was for public good. This was so with Hitler and it was so with Mussolini. Corporate strength is not built on surrender of individual freedom. Strength thrives on liberty, not on regimentation. Whom do you hurt when you deal with a non-member? No one. Whom do you serve when you decline to deal with a non-member? No one.

Would you then barter your freedom for keeping your trade? If you surrender the former you surrender life; if you give up the latter you give up livelihood. Which is your choice—life or livelihood?

A MATTER OF TASTE

By GORA SASTRI

"NOBODY," said C. R. in the Legislative Council recently, "objects to the most unpleasant facts being brought out. But there is a certain standard of decency in debate and a standard of good taste which should be observed." The provocation for this painful remark was poor Mr. S. B. Adityan's speech which failed "to touch a cord in the heart or a cell in the brain" of C. R. A most unfortunate failure indeed, so far as Mr. Adityan is concerned. This concern of our betters for falling standards in human values, though in the field of politics, is very touching. The other day Pandit Nehru pined for "intelligence" in Parliament and here our beloved C. R. was hurt because good taste was in short supply in the speeches of the State Legislature.

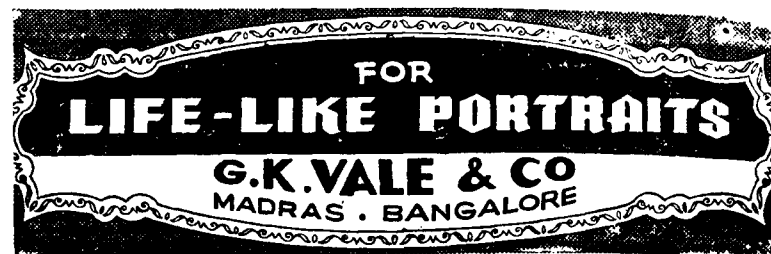
Now, this thing called taste is a vague, elusive term connoting different meanings to individuals differently situated in life and a man's comprehension of the concept of taste largely depends more on his spiritual fibre and attitude to life than on his other make-up. Taste, ultimately, is not a code of conduct; it is a way of life. In a moment of heightened consciousness rarely given to mortals, Gandhiji once declared that he could never hope to eat his meal with relish so long as one hungry man was left in the country unfed. A finer example of perfect taste in the attitude of living would be difficult to find.

Here is an elder statesman of our country, noted so long for his cold intelligence, pitchforked in the evening of his life into a position of power and authority where his greatest part of misfortune, according to his own admission, is "that he should have had to sit there listening to a speech like the one (just now) made by Mr. Adityan." After having defined his misfortune, he replied to the debate in his own quiet, measured and calculated manner, making mincemeat, in the process, of poor Mr. Adityan's logic and rhetoric, such as they were. And because the preamble to the reply dealt with the need for good taste, one would expect C. R. to give a lead

in it. Probably it is the misfortune of the little man not to have found just that good taste for which C. R. hungered, in C. R.'s own speech.

"Every time I said I would give up office," observed C. R. in the same speech, "Mr. Adityan's mouth seemed to water." And it evoked laughter from the House, the daily press gleefully informs us. In situations like this one can only console one's self believing with Thomas Hardy that "all laughter comes from sheer misapprehension: rightly looked at, there is no laughable thing under the sun." Here is a sad spectacle of a septuagenarian statesman, who in his own good time held the highest gubernatorial offices in the country, who loudly proclaimed many times retirement from public life and invariably came back to seats of power, ridiculing a political opponent's desire for power with such lovely and picturesque phrases. It would be an act of blasphemy for anyone even to imagine that C. R.'s mouth must have watered when the Chief Ministership fell in his lap; and being a man who abhorred bad taste, he accepted the high office, much against his will. But every politician is not so fortunate like C. R. as to be offered positions of power on a platter. They have to work for it and fight for it at the hustings and the assembly chambers. And if Adityan's mouth did really seem to water, it is but human frailty. Entrenched in positions of vantage and mocking at helpless opponents may be a joyful pastime but is surely not either an exhibition of good taste or a characteristic of strength.

"The country is poor and the people are miserable. These are the facts and they are the difficulties against which the Congress Government is struggling," said C. R. A small mercy, this awareness of the country's poverty and the people's misery. Apropos of Mr. Adityan's suggested remedies to this, C. R. observed, "Mr. Adityan seemed to think he had made a brilliant point when he said that the Governor's establishment was costing so much. Even if the entire expendi-



ture on the Governor's establishment should be given up and the sum made available for distribution on other items, would it improve the position?" Fine rhetoric, and the opponent is floored. But whoever said it would improve the position? Mr. Adityan and his friends may be naive, but not that naive. A market place rhetoric like this may silence the opponent for the nonce, but will not convince the small man, the little man, which is much more important. And a truth will not become less true merely because a professional agitator like Mr. Adityan uttered it. The policy regarding the Governor's establishment had been settled by the Constituent Assembly, said C. R., consistent with the dignity and prestige of that office. Very true. The first duty of every loyal citizen is to uphold the dignity and prestige of the Head of the State. But the problem is whether in a country like ours, steeped in poverty and misery, where the bulk of the people live at sub-human level, prestige and dignity are commensurate with lavish pomp and spectacular splendour. Centuries ago the great Moghuls thought and behaved that way. But then, that was long ago, and they were born to the purple. Should our plebian leaders, who profess to be saviours of our masses, allow their souls to be empurpled too? It is sad to reflect that even a man like C. R. not only fails to see but positively upholds the moral inversion created by this situation of measuring dignity and prestige in terms of salary received and retinue kept. At the least, it is a lapse of taste; at the worst, it is unjust.

Against this backdrop of clever logic, consider what he said about the demands of the poor teachers and village officers:

"Regarding the plea for better remuneration for the teachers and low-paid Government servants, the Chief Minister said if there was a mercenary spirit among the people and if every village officer and school

master had to be paid according to the rules of a mercenary... then the position would become impossible. So long as they had that mercenary spirit, rural life could not be improved."

This 'daring old man on the flying trepeze' has swung back to the other extreme. The low paid teacher and the village officer are asking no more than a living wage. The demand is just an application for permission to live. When abstract entities like dignity and prestige require material emoluments for sustenance, surely living human beings need a living wage to keep body and soul together. To be living in a state of chronic poverty and want is humiliating enough; if the slightest whimper under the stress of the load is termed a mercenary cry, it is not merely bad taste, it is downright callous.

When C. R. speaks in the Legislature, he addresses, in effect, a wider audience than Mr. S. B. Adityan and his men. The motley groups of opposition in the legislative houses may have their own axes to grind, political battles to fight. But outside, across the vast stretches, multitudes of men live, men who work, produce and suffer and if the faceless man among them feels neglected, humiliated, he broods, reflects and confides in another man who has similar experience. And two men are not as lonely and perplexed as one. Only a little multiplication now and the snowball grows in volume. If only people in high pedestals understand this, if they could separate causes from results, they would know that our Nagi Reddis and Adityans were results, not causes. To grapple with these results, rhetoric and sermons on good taste are not the right weapons. And the faceless little man is shrewd enough to perceive the taste involved in a leader's desire to go to Communist countries and expose the present expediency politics of the Communists. To this the little man would couple his wish that a modern Cervantes would rise to the occasion to record the exploits.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls with the other.—BACON.

GANDHI'S INDIA AND THE WEST

Under the caption "What Is Happening in India?" Manas writes:

INDIA is not an easy country for the Westerner to understand. We have all heard of Gandhi, and of Prime Minister Nehru, just as we have heard of the Himalaya Mountains and perhaps the Khyber Pass, but "hearing" of these great Indian leaders is not the same as understanding them. Actually, the average Westerner is likely to be more puzzled than enlightened if he tries to go beyond the newspaper headlines and to find out what, exactly, is happening in India, today.

How should one attempt to define what is happening in India, supposing he had reason to believe he actually knew? Should he—as the United States Ambassador to India, Chester Bowles, did—write an article telling how the Soviets and the Chinese are wooing Indian public opinion? Mr. Bowles' discussion of this situation in the April *Progressive* seems just and informed. He writes:

It is in the villages of India that the great underlying issue that challenges us all will be hammered out. We have learned from experience that tanks and machine guns are not the most effective weapons in fighting Communism. Communism got its hold in China on the village level. It must be beaten in India on the village level by proving that free men working together can obtain more of the good things of life than can the victims of regimentation.

The next five years may determine which system—free democratic government or Communist dictatorship—proves the more successful. If the Indian economy stagnates while China with its brutal methods succeeds in providing even moderately improved living standards for its masses—and whether we like it or not China has already made progress in that direction—the Communist appeal will become almost irresistible.

Mr. Bowles believes that winning the Indians for democracy will be easy if we (1) talk less to them about our material blessings and more about the great American tradition of freedom; (2) give greater financial aid to India;

(3) remember that India is an Asiatic country.

It is necessary, we suppose, for Mr. Bowles to discuss India in terms of getting them firmly on "our side." That is what his readers are wondering about, and that is what he, as an American diplomat, is supposed to be interested in. So far as we know, Mr. Bowles is a well-intentioned man who is in the diplomatic service from a sense of duty and a desire to serve the public good. But he might have given a little more attention to the Indians as having ends of their own. Conceivably, other great decisions which lie ahead for India are more important than a choice, in the next five years, between Russia and the United States.

Having heard Mr. Bowles on India, let us now listen to an Indian on the well-intentioned Mr. Bowles and the country he represents. J. C. Kuma-rappa, editor of *Gram Udyog Patrika*, writes in the February issue of this organ of the All-India Village Industries Association:

About a month ago an agreement was signed between the U. S. A. and India, by which a grant of 50 million dollars was made available for developmental purposes. The U. S. A. has been an octopus with financial tentacles in all the other parts of the world. Britain specialized in political imperialism, while the American specialty is financial imperialism. Is this going to gag us on world questions? Let us beware of baits of all kinds, including "rural-urban development."

Not content with a contribution of a mere 50 million dollars, the American Ambassador, Mr. Chester Bowles, suggests an aid of 1000 millions to push forward the "progress" of India. American "experts" have already begun to come in.

There is danger in all this. The American penetration will bring commercialism and tractors. Basing our agriculture on crude oil and machines will deliver us body, soul and spirit into American hands. If we chafe at anything that the Americans dictate later, all that they will have to do to "bring us to our senses" is to stop crude oil supplies. Then we shall be starved into

subjection. Prior to the last war some well-to-do cultivators had installed crude oil pump sets in some district places near Madras. Their economy was dislocated during the war, as they could not get any supplies of the needed fuel. Some of them were even ruined by this handicap.

To base our economic order on things our country does not possess or produce, is suicidal. Let us profit by Japan's experience. Japan surrendered, not so much for fear of the Atom Bomb, but because they had no stock of petrol to carry on the war any longer. Hiroshima provided only an honourable excuse. Humble though our progress may be, let it be on our own legs. Any attempt to hasten the pace may be fatal. In the end any foreign aid of this magnitude, from which we cannot easily shake ourselves free, will prove a halter around our neck and jeopardize our newly found independence.

Confronted by this statement, Mr. Bowles would undoubtedly expostulate, "But Kumarappa represents only a small minority segment of Indian opinion—he is one of the leaders of the Gandhi extremists; Prime Minister Nehru told me..." And Mr. Bowles would be technically right. But the ferment of ideas coming from the Gandhians who live and work on, although Gandhi died in 1948, is an important part of what is going on in India.

The India of today is haunted by strange contradictions. Here is an incredibly proud people—having been the authentic motherland of several great civilizations, and the source of the profoundest philosophical thinking known to man are reason enough for this pride—who after a century of oppression and exploitation have suddenly become free, on their own, in a world of fiercely competing national economies and ideologies. Even if material wealth and power are not the greatest things in the world, material wealth and power have been the symbols of India's long subjection to a foreign imperialism. Imagine the temptation to seize these symbols, to say to the West: "We too are a people to be reckoned with. Now we are as great as you are, in your terms!" How could there fail to be this smouldering emotion beneath the surface throughout India, today? Then there is the further reaction of a proud people to the charge of "back-

wardness"—the insult of a book like *Mother India*.

Inevitably, people subjected to autocratic control, allowed to work for their government, but never in high-ranking policy-making positions, tend to lose their sense of social responsibility. To be only "resisting"—forever objecting, resenting, secretly despising—and remembering past glories are not the best way to get ready for self-government. Fortunately, India did more than this—much more. The great *Samaj* movements of the nineteenth century helped Indians to feel the nobility of their cultural and philosophical heritage. The Indian National Congress—founded many years ago with, interestingly enough, the help of some intelligent Englishmen—stirred the sluggish spirit of the Indians to aroused social and political consciousness. There were outrages, such as the Amritsar Massacre, by the British, to weld Indian public opinion into a united front. And then, finally, came Gandhi, with his extraordinary moral sensibility, his love of his country, and his indomitable will. Gandhi touched—there is no other word for it—the soul of India. He awoke sleeping memories of ancient greatness. He went to the villages, where, as Chester Bowles has noted, the destiny of India is hammered out. Like Gautama Buddha who, nearly two thousand years before, had wandered over the peninsular continent from village to village, Gandhi went to and won the Indian masses. He did something that gifts of money or foreign assistance in technology can never do—he helped the Indian masses to rediscover the hidden sources of their self-respect, and, therefore, of moral power.

Gandhi, it may be said, was a moral genius. He became a moral genius by understanding the delusion of the West and the potential greatness of the East, and by seeing as clearly the vulnerability of the East, of India in particular, to the Western delusion. He spoke to the masses of the Indian people in terms they could understand. To Westerners, Gandhi often sounded like a "fanatic." This man, they said, is against railroads, hospitals, machinery, birth-control, modern medicine—practically everything good our civilization stands for. He goes around in a breechclout, and after

having a fine education in European terms, he wants to throw it all away, not only for himself, but for his country, too!

It seems evident that the victim of the Western delusion cannot possibly understand Gandhi. Gandhi was not really against any "thing"; he was for human beings. He dealt with things according to their moral effects upon the Indian people—their effects in his time. He was fighting delusions, while the West, with its wonderful inventions and methods of prophylaxis, sanitation, and immunization, was fighting bacteria; with its mass production and technical genius was fighting for a "standard of living." Gandhi was not against these things the West was fighting for, but he was for the things this battle of the West had been allowed to obscure. Mr. Kumarappa speaks for Gandhi, in this, although a little stridently, perhaps.

Obviously the West has its own legitimate greatness. It has produced the tools of a wonderful civilization. It has created the possibility of leisure for everyone in the world. It has announced, through its great political documents, the social meaning of profound philosophical ideas on the nature of man. But the West is seriously infected by the delusion that material progress represents the true destiny of man. The search for enlightenment is not a central theme of Western life. The drama of awakening to truth has not shaped the heart's longing of Western youth. The West is like a great caterpillar that wants to fly, but spends all its rich substance manufacturing mechanical wings instead of preparing a chrysalis for its rebirth as *psyche*—as a form evolved from within for natural flight.

Meanwhile the East feels and is affected by the tensions of the West. For now, whether we like it or not, whether we believe it or not, the world is one. No longer is there a private individual salvation for nations and races. The East and West—how can we doubt it?—are destined or doomed to grow together, either interdependently and cooperatively, or locked in the bitter embrace of rivalry and mutual rejection.

No longer is there any room for pride of race and origin—not while

this great synthesis is taking place. The Eastern and the Western races are alike struggling against tremendous obstacles—obstacles both material and moral. *Where are we going?* This is the basic problem for both. Scores of little groups in the United States are giving profound study to this question. They are never heard of, or almost never, in other countries. To them, however, belongs the future. The Renaissance was once no more than a few "little groups" in the centres of European culture. Every great reform, as Emerson said, was once a private thought in one man's mind. There are groups in India, too—groups such as Mr. Kumarappa represents, and the several educational and other culture-renewing organizations founded by Gandhi or under his influence. Their fires may burn low, now that Gandhi is gone. India has been a land of personal leaders. Gandhi, perhaps, saw this, and was content to go, knowing that his work, if it could not survive as a Great Idea, could not, in the long run, survive at all.

Meanwhile, our sympathies may go out to Mr. Nehru, a man who typifies to an extraordinary degree the first steps, at least, of synthesis between East and West. He moves, it seems, not as Gandhi moved—by a great and powerful intuition of the heart's need—but more as a public, a population, moves, straining after meanings with its mind. What, he seems to be asking, is synthesis at the rational level? He can no more abandon his people to their own devices, because they will not follow Gandhi on the testimony of their hearts alone, than he can follow Gandhi on the testimony of his heart alone. He is trying to work with the West, and perhaps this means he must accept, or accept vulnerability to, a portion of the West's delusions. A public man cannot retire into the forest. A public man, unless he is what the Hindus call an *Avatar*, is almost inevitably involved in some of the limitations of those whom he would serve—perhaps to show how to work out of them.

And so we ask again, without much of an answer—What is happening in India? If we knew what is happening, here, doubtless our answer about India would be more complete.



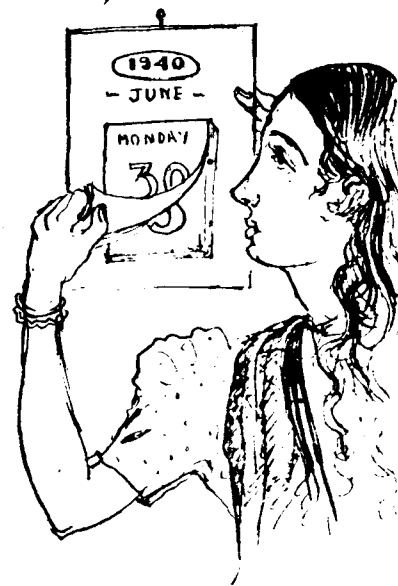
SHE read the letter once; she read the letter twice; she read the letter thrice; she read it in the portico; she read it in the parlour; she read it in a corner of the kitchen; she didn't know how many times she read it before she tucked it away beneath her blouse, wrapping it in the tender warmth of her bosom. Smooth as the wing of a bird, light as a leaf, the envelope with its one thin sheet of fine small writing gave her a pleasure that was more than she could bear. The pleasure in its acme was an ache, and she welcomed the ache with open hands and heart, every nerve in her body tautening and untautening into springs and spirals alternately, of excitement, of relief.

The letter was from her husband. From Bombay. They had been married three years: she at seventeen and he twenty-four. During this period they had been so much together; young and healthy never a shadow of illness had fallen across their bright strip of sunshine to darken their days and segregate them. Of course both of them had been in the blues, in the sulks sometimes, but which newly-weds had not? Thought of the sulks made her smile.

In all their marriage this was their first, long separation. For over a year. It happened when the lights had gone out in Europe and where all the dogs were barking and the war was feared to come to our very doors. He had already made the decision to take her to her parents in Madras, when he heard from his father-in-law who asked him to resign his job in the bank; he was still young and jobs in the world were many; at the moment their first concern was safety. He, however, had thought better and kept

his situation, leaving her in her parent's home to stay there, till, as they said, things became safe in far-off Bombay.

She could never forget the day he had gone back to his post, eight hundred miles off from where she was: from one seaport city to another—both of them vulnerable in the war. But God and her own love and devotion for him would protect him. The half-month he had been with her had rushed past like palings in a fence seen from a flying railway carriage; she had counted the hours of the last three days desperately as if the whole world were coming to an end; she could never forget the day he had gone away from her. The night previous to his departure had been a white night for her: tears drenching the pillows, her hand passing tremblingly over his body for fear at any

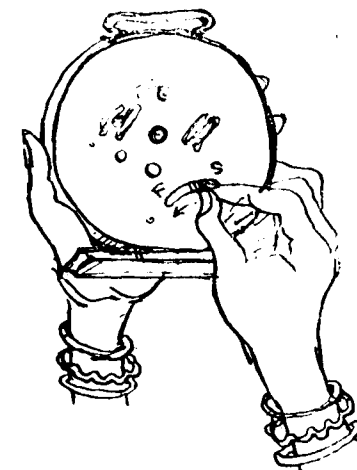


moment she would feel the place beside her blank, bleak, barren. How she had asked him, her voice choked with sobs, to be careful, careful, careful! How she had clung to his neck and how fondly had he returned her ardour! How she had made him promise to write her letters twice every week! At six sharp in the morning, the taxi had tooted at their threshold; he was already dressed for the journey in the clothes she had selected for him with such meticulous care. Hard, too hard the parting was for them; they were not equal to it. His face was pale because of sleeplessness for which she put the blame on herself, in great contrition. She stood in the parlour, so wan, woebegone, her body a-tremble, battling back the lump that rose to her throat. She very much wished to accompany him to the station but it wasn't quite decorous; her father had constituted himself as the proper escort. A nod from him; a nod back from her;—an eternity of affection and tenderness compressed in an instant—and he was gone! She didn't hear what her mother was saying, didn't feel that her little brother catching hold of her hand was dragging her into the house.

Of all the letters she had had from him these twelve months this was the shortest and sweetest. After the usual budget of news—his prospects of elevation in the bank, the execrable nature of the food he was eating at

the hotel, the difficulty in obtaining living quarters, the cut-throatism of landlords, the hideousness of the pagadi system, and God knew when they would be able to set up house together again—he had ended the letter brief like a telegram: "Arriving Madras on Saturday by the Bombay Express, Yours with—"

She blushed at the intimate sweetness of the ending, her heart leaped to her mouth in joy. Today was Monday. She looked at the date stamp on the cover. She looked at the top of the tiny sheet inside. He had written and posted off the letter on the same day, day-before-yesterday. Four more days for his coming. Ninety-six hours. Four less to hundred. She itched to tear off the four little bits of paper simultaneously from the calendar. She stared at the timepiece on the wall. It was going too slowly. She made it gain fifteen minutes to the sixty. She went about light of heel, of heart lighter. She hummed songs, more songs. She caught herself glancing at the mirror every now and again, wistfully, provocatively; she winked at her image, pulling out a lock here, patting down a lock there. She smiled, her reflection smiled. She knitted her brows; pouted her lips; ran the end of a finger across her lashes and asked them why they were wet. She scrutinised her finger-and toe-nails; she was satisfied with their pearly lustre. No cutex for her; no, thank you. She dreamed of the home-made henna,



collyrium, and the *kumkum* of her toilet. In the night she lay awake in her bed, her fancies flitting out like fireflies, and the dark was athrill with expectancy. Tuesday . . . Wednesday . . . Thursday . . . one day more—just twenty-four hours! What would he be doing now? What a wasted year! She was a married woman and suddenly the knowledge of it filled her with grace and graciousness, with pride in its matchless state. She would wear the yellow silk saree bordered with black turreted designs worked through with lace of gold and the jet-black blouse: he liked the combination so much and had complimented her on her good taste. Besides she had worn these for the last time in Bombay when they had gone together to the cinema, and after the show when they were having their coffee at a restaurant he had spilled a drop from his cup on to the end of her saree and she had kept the tiny stain there as a memento of the hour. She

would take the saree and blouse out from her clothesbox for airing; the sachet reposing between their folds was the one he had bought for her at an Industrial Fair, its perfume was like a blossom in his blood and her own. As for jewels she would wear the pearl-set *kammals* with the emeralds in their centre, the diamond *besari*, her favourite gold neckchain in two slender strings wrought in the pattern of wheat grains, with his gold medal pendent (the prize he had got for standing first in the presidency in Mathematics in the B.A. Degree Examination), and all the dozen gold bangles of diverse designs. She swelled with pride at the picture of her she would present to him. After a year. How time had flown!

Came Friday, and she was up betimes in the morning. In the bathroom everything stood ready: the oil, hot water, soapnut powder—the entire paraphernalia, proclaiming the glory



of the day. With the helping hand of her mother she finished her bath, then fumigated her wet tresses with incense smoke, and shortly after ate a meagre meal of rice and pepper water and a wholesome curry. Her entire being expanded with gratitude to life. She beamed at her mother for all her kindness. The dear old face looked tired with domestic work. The servantmaid had absented herself that day. So after meals she assisted her mother in cleaning up the kitchen and scouring the vessels. Her father had gone to his office, and her little brother to school. Mother and daughter were in the backyard, under the tap, absorbed in their work. The house door was on the latch. It was about eleven o' clock in the morning.

Suddenly they heard the honk of a motor horn. There was silence for a minute during which they looked at each other; maybe a passing taxi, they thought. Again the horn sounded, it was clear, indicating it was stationary and not inclined to trail away in the distance. Presently there was a knock on the front door.

"Who can that be? At this hour?" said the mother.

The daughter's face was a mark at once of interjection and interrogation. Her heart missed a beat.

Washing her hands hurriedly, the old lady went to the door and opened it a little, put out her head, peeping cautiously. She drew back imme-

diately with an exclamation of surprise. She saw her daughter standing at a short distance behind, exactly as she had anticipated, and said in a gasp:—

"It's the son-in-law!"

She stood petrified for a moment, watching her daughter vanish as under a charm, the young man meanwhile stepping gingerly through the fully opened door into the parlour. She didn't quite know which amazed her the more: the exit or the entrance which happened simultaneously. Shyness had accompanied both the acts; and considering the relationship she bore to him who had entered, she too felt instinctively shy: age does not wither nor familiarity stale the uniqueness of a son-in-law.

Ensconcing herself behind a partition near by she heard her mother and her husband converse. Her heart beat like a bird caught in the fowler's net. After the first note of embarrassment their voices tried to attain, with growing courage, their natural freedom and fluency. Then there came a pause in which the chauffeur of the taxi was paid the fare, followed by a dull dragging sound—a suitcase and a bedding were being moved into position on the floor. She listened intently, torn between the desire to rush out and drink deep of his presence or stay concealed where she was. She decided to stay back.

"I came a day earlier," his voice sounded apologetic; "leave was granted to me sooner than I expected."

"Your letter said you were coming tomorrow," said his mother-in-law.

"The train was late by three hours today," he answered, endeavouring to hide his confusion, wondering the while why his wife had run away like that on seeing him.

Their talk of banalities lasted for about five minutes.

He then had his bath. His mother-in-law served him food after which he was left to himself. His wife didn't make her appearance before him. He was surprised, pained. He couldn't understand this, her strange attitude. How had he offended her? He had been all eagerness to meet her; a day in advance had been heaven to him. And now something like hell threa-

tened to spread about him. The day stretched out vague and weary. His mother-in-law again gave him tiffin in the afternoon; at sight of her he became uncontrollably shy and felt like a boy caught in some guilty act.

Evening fell. His little brother-in-law from school charged upon him with a whoop of delight. This revived his drooping spirits somewhat, and he hoped to send the boy to his wife with the gift of a new silk saree and various blouse materials he had brought for her. The sight of these might put her into an amiable mood. But the boy began to clamour what presents there were for him. Out came a toy-pistol with percussion caps, a spanking new tennis ball, and a beautiful mouth-organ. In the excitement of possessing these, the gifts to his sister were forgotten and his role of messenger to her delayed.

He was on thorns and tenterhooks. Soon his father-in-law came from office and welcomed him cordially, affectionately. He too was expecting him only on the morrow. But one never knew the vagaries of trains these days. He was wise to have come a day earlier. They talked. His words dropped mechanical, he was in a brown study.

After supper he was asked by his father-in-law to rest straightway, the long journey must certainly have tired him. In the heaviness of his heart he didn't feel the fatigue of his body. He walked to where he knew the room was usually got ready for him in the house.

His bed had been made. And at its head she stood, her face cast down, her body shaking ever so imperceptibly. She looked lovely in her yellow silk saree and black blouse, her jewels shimmering in the shaded electric light. He shut the door behind him, came close to her and surveying her intensely for a couple of minutes, switched off the light. He took her hands gently in his and together they sat on the bed. He was the first to break the silence.

"Have I done anything wrong? You've taken a whole day to come to me," he said, unable to control the tremor in his voice.

"O, God, please let him not think bad of me!" she prayed.

"Why don't you speak?"

"Yes, I am speaking," she murmured at last. "O, God, please, please!"

"Tell me, why did you hide yourself from me these many hours? That's hardly the sort of reception to give a husband who has been thirsting to see his wife for a long, long year."

"Oh, nothing. Forgive my silliness."

"Silliness! There's something."

She thought of herself as she looked the moment when he had burst upon her so unexpectedly, without the speck of an ornament on her person,—for that had been the day of her oil-bath—her hair tousled and tied anyhow into a clumsy knot, her threadbare saree tucked up to her knees, a smear of black on her cheek achieved in the course of cleaning the kitchen vessels—a positive fright. And all along, since the hour she had received his letter she had been planning how to look best in his eyes! What a shame!

"Did you see me when you first entered the parlour?" she timidly asked.

"Yes, for a fleeting second. Why?"

"How did I look?"

"Divine!"

"You are making fun of me."

"Making fun of you, my dearest? Never! You've always been beautiful to my eyes."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

He put his arms around her. She nestled close to him, laid her head on his shoulder, slid her cheek delicately along his, then with a sigh broke abruptly away from him.

He was bewildered.

"Oh, why did you come today, when you said you were coming on Saturday?" she moaned.

FREEDOM OF LANGUAGE-I

By S. P. MISRA

THE general problem is: the demand for a common language for India, of regional languages and scripts, of varying attitudes to English, of internationalism as against insular nationalism, of the development of distinctive nationalism inevitably insular, of the preservation and development of the peculiar genius and culture of various Indian peoples, equally, the necessity of a cultural unity, of the necessity for a basis in language for material and technical progress.

For convenience of enquiry the terms of reference may be taken to be: what are freedom, language, culture, how are language and culture inter-related, if at all, the phylogenetic and ontogenetic aspects, the problem indicated by this enquiry, provisions of the Indian Constitution concerning freedom of language, the resultant indications as to the solution of the general problem.

What Is Freedom?

If we say freedom is something not licence and yet something assuring considerable absence of restraint, it is a meaningless, erroneous, negative concept. Of positive concepts of it there are two, the idealist and the dialectical materialist. Idealism believes thinking comes first before being, the spirit before nature. Materialists regard nature as primary, that one has first to exist and be a part of nature before one can think of anything. Idealism is the basis of capitalism, imperialism, fascism, exploitation.

Idealism believes in an inborn spontaneity, in free will which accrues from introspection. This is entirely wrong. It is an apology for actions based on illogical assumptions.

Actions are involuntary and voluntary. Involuntary actions are of a reflex character, such as contraction of the iris to light (pupil reflex). One is not conscious of the motives in such actions. They occur involuntarily, independently of the will. Therefore, in involuntary actions the will is not

free. They are subject to little or no control.

Voluntary actions are those in which the consciousness perceives some need. Consciousness is the cerebral reflection of the objective reality. It is not a reflection as in a mirror. It is one in which man actively participates to alter and make nature subservient.

Animals have no consciousness, man alone has. They make no implements of production to master nature. They adapt themselves passively to it. When a dearth of food arises a herd of apes will simply migrate to more fruitful areas without trying to raise the fruitfulness of the trees on which it subsists.

A conscious, voluntary action occurs because the individual knew beforehand its results. Man plans and acts to achieve preconceived aims. Such voluntary actions are based on a recognition of necessity. Therefore, there is freedom of the will only in recognition of necessity. Recognition of necessity alone confers freedom.

Technical Freedom

"Freedom is the recognition of necessity," said Engels. Impractical necessities cannot be recognised, cannot confer freedom. Where there is no traffic, no traffic regulations are necessary, no freedom of movement with safety in heavy traffic ensues.

Man struggles against nature by recognising necessities and using natural laws discovered in the process which gives him freedom. This appears in scientific and technical progress which changes the face of nature, gives man greater freedom and mastery over nature. "Freedom is not a state, it is a specific struggle with nature... the very act of living and behaving like a man in a certain state of society," wrote Caudwell.

The individual is free only in so far as the cooperative social labour, to which he contributes, is successful in the struggle against nature. Society is therefore the only means of obtaining freedom. Social consciousness and freedom complement and develop

In ancient days the most celebrated precept was, "Know thyself"; in modern times it has been supplanted by the more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbour and everything about him."—JOHNSON.

each other. That society which actually shares equally the freedom (recognition, realisation of needs) available in the given state of scientific and technical development, among all, is one in which individuals are free and remain free so long as products of social labour (commodities) are equally available to all ensuring equal recognition of necessity by all.

Under capitalism there may be high productivity, scientific and technical development, but recognition of necessity (freedom) is denied to all except a few capitalists and the rich. Capitalists do not themselves acquire freedom. They deny recognition of necessities by the people as well as by themselves. They recognise only the "right" to exploit and amass profits beyond their needs. In no way is it necessary for them to exploit others.

All social progress, scientific, technical, political, economic, results from growth of communication in ideas and experience between individuals and generations. This act of communication is effected by means of language, written and spoken. Technical development decides the amount of freedom available for distribution among members of a society, forms of organization of society decide whether it is equally or unequally distributed.

What Is Language?

The descendants of the ape had to have the larynx (voice-box in throat) and cooperative labour (for mutual benefit of groups), before they could speak. They had to have complex matters to communicate, otherwise a few distinctive sounds would have sufficed as with animals. The need for communication could only be in cooperative, not individual, struggle against nature. In individual work there is no need to exchange experience.

The compelling necessity for communication led to the development of the larynx, speech and the brain. Without labour there could have been no occasion to exercise intelligence or forethought. It had to be labour in groups—tribes and societies. "Language is the essential tool of human association," wrote Caudwell, and social labour the tool of progress.

Language expresses both external and internal reality, both facts and feelings. It does so by sound symbols

making memory-images of external reality, or mental projections of the instincts from internal reality. It is an organised sound symbol system. But neither reality is perfectly mirrored. The projections are imperfect which is why there is room for attitudes as to what we may do with reality. It expresses what reality is in relation to living humans. It emerges consciously in the course of man's struggle with nature.

In content, language is inseparably both objective and subjective, expressive both of concrete, objective existence, and emotional, subjective attitudes. Science relates to the objective, poetry or illusion relates to the subjective part of it. Science relates to the struggle against nature, to economic production; poetry to attitudes. Poetry is in some form, therefore, as eternal to society as is science.

What Is Culture?

Culture is a social by-product of language and leisure, of language and economic social production which permits leisure for contemplation from the all-time consuming struggle for existence. It is a product of leisure available at the time due to improvements in economic social production. It is closely related to poetry—a product of language and form of social organization. Poetry is rhymed language reflecting social forms.

Dream is private, poetry is public. Both are transitory, passing with time. But poetry is valuable. Poetry passes but always leaves behind a public memory which modifies or influences social consciousness to concrete reality. Not all but that poetry which anticipates advancement of objective existence, of science, and corrects it, in attitudes, is valuable.

Culture and poetry are products of the conflict in man between instinct or desire and the reality always inadequate in the struggle with nature. It is the basis of civilization, not a diseased process as represented by Freud and Jung.

The neurotic but real conflict produces frustration to lessen which men act on the environment and so produce civilization. In production specialisation of functions saves time, affords leisure for thought and so culture. Thought and action occur in a closed "automatic" system. Actions

cause thoughts intended to guide them, thoughts cause further actions, and so on. In isolation thought produces a moribund, subjective, reactionary culture.

Culture and thought originated, says Caudwell, with popular leaders and supervisors of productive labour. It produced ancient Indian, Chinese, Egyptian, Roman civilizations. With rise of classes, fellow-tribesmen functioning as leaders became slave-owners, exploiters and employers. Thought was isolated, no longer a guide to action. It became barren formalism while action became mechanical. Chaos ensued, economic production became inefficient and the ancient civilizations perished in consequence.

Separatist Disease

In class society the exploiting class is "more and more isolated from reality, is more and more concerned with thought, with pleasure, with culture." Meanwhile the exploited class is more and more isolated from thought, condemned to drudgery and force of circumstances. Specialisation of functions becomes class-exploitation to extinction of culture.

Capitalist separatism is a social disease. It causes individualism in science, art and culture. Individual scientists and artists take three different roads, one to fascism, the highest form of capitalist national state, the other to blind revolt against capitalism. The third, to integration of society, individual and collective freedom, release of consciousness under communism and the abolition of classes.

Those supporting fascism perish with it under its internal contradictions. The blind rebels are anarchists who assert the bourgeois creed in their demand for complete "personal freedom"—destruction of all social relations, "art for art's sake," biology for biology, physics for physics. Such anarchism destroys bourgeois society without building another instead. The third category progressive art and science alone survives.

Capitalist culture is a separatist disease. With internal organization and achievement of parts the mutual repulsion and chaos increase, thought is further isolated from action. Free thought is conscious thought which

recognises necessities. Unconscious thought is not free, does not recognise necessities, they are instincts or behaviour patterns.

It is language which shapes consciousness. Whereas things, such as the sun, electricity, etc., merely elicit unconscious responses from animals, human languages appraise them consciously, tell what we may do with them and how. Without consciousness there is no culture, no freedom, no subjective or abstract thinking, no distinction between ape and man.

Psychic Development

Phylogenetic and ontogenetic, collective or social pertaining to a species, and the individual, respectively, are the two aspects of psychic development. Phylogenetic aspect takes form as a problem of heredity, of changing human heredity itself. It is a biological problem adapted in psychology. Ontogenetic aspect is most important in child development.

Psychology is closely connected with biology through physiology of the higher nervous activity, facts of evolution of species, and the problem of heredity.

The three factors of fundamental importance are: social conditions into which children are born and by which they are influenced, the manner in which the child mind develops, and the role of education in guiding child psychology. The task of creating a supermankind necessitated action in every one of these three spheres.

Heredity is determined by conditions of life. Changed conditions have created new species of plants and animals. Even when we have a society of supermen it will be necessary to control and direct child-mind development by means of scientific education. Control and direction of conditions of life to change human heredity includes scientific upbringing and education of children.

Education is of supreme importance because the child mind develops differently from the historical development of the human mind. Specific features of the child's mental development are also determined by the fact that his physical development, closely associated with the mental, is also different from the historical physical development of man. (To be continued).



By V. P. SATHE

THE most important event of the week was the film conference; and yet the film people themselves attached little or no importance to it as is evident from the very thin attendance and lack of enthusiasm in its proceedings. The speech by Shri Chandulal Shah, President of the Film Federation, contained no new point; it was just a repetition of old grievances against the Government and a reiteration of the old demand for relief in taxation. The demand for implementation of the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee was promptly answered by Dr. Keskar, who said that as the recommendations were 'complex' and required prior consultation of state Governments, it would take some time (eighteen months not being enough) for the Government to come to a decision.

That apart, Dr. Keskar's speech was more of a homily on morality to the film producers. The film producers were warned not to indulge in vulgar scenes and bad songs which were, according to him, becoming very common. If they persisted in them, the new Minister threatened the producers that the censorship would be even more strict. Dr. Keskar also warned the Indian producers not to copy Hollywood and bear in mind the moral conventions of the masses of India. Thus, far from enlightening the film people, his speech proved that Congressmen have not changed their attitude towards films and even younger men, like Dr. Keskar, were as puritanical and conservative as Rajarshi Tandon in their outlook.

A film magnate, after hearing the speech of Dr. Keskar, commented that the so-called vulgarity had ceased to

be an attraction and censorship had already been very strict about it. He went further and complained that the Indian pictures had become so dull that they had not even "erotic" attraction of the past and as an example pointed out *Shinshimaki Booblaboo*, which lacked even the vulgar appeal of 'khidki' and, consequently, failed at the box-office. He said that the trouble with the Indian pictures today was that they were not even aptly vulgar.

Discounting exaggeration in this provocative remark, one is constrained to say that the pictures of today fail to appeal even to the baser taste of the audience.

Nothing concrete emerged out of the conference except the pious hope that the industry would soon work out a proposal for 'self-regulations' for its inner working.

Picture Of The Week

It is no easy task to translate an old novel to the screen and especially so when the novel is *Anandmath* written by Bankim Chandra Chatterji in 1882.

A novel written in a style like Sir Walter Scott's with many characters, sub-plots and a big canvas, *Anandmath* is not as easily adaptable for the screen as Sarat Chatterji's short novels like *Devdas*. And yet, to the credit of Hemen Gupta it must be said that he has tried to capture the spirit of the novel with fidelity that is almost astounding. In doing so, apparently he had to discard some threads and reduce the others to the minimum. But where he has stuck to the principal narrative, such omissions make hardly any difference; and viewed in this larger perspective Hemen

Gupta's adaptation is admirable, though not, without blemishes.

Thus, for instance, he has not been able to fully exploit the episode of Raja Madhavsingh and Kalyani, with the result that, after dominating the scene for the first few thousand feet, they gradually disappear. If the episode had to be cut to save length, even the earlier portions could have been deleted with advantage. For, as it is, the story gets into stride when Shanti, superbly played by Geeta Bali, appears on the screen.

The story itself has all the ingredients of a typical Dumasian melodrama with a religious fervour and mystic appeal to give it a spiritual note. The leader of the revolt is an ascetic who creates an army of 'sanatans' who have vowed to observe celibacy and dedicate their lives to the freedom fight. Yes, it is the army of ascetics fighting against the British and the Nawab. In the original novel, the Nawab is as much of a villain as the British rulers; hence the song of *Vande Mataram*, which has also a religious fervour, is as much anti-British as it is anti-Nawab. But *Vande Mataram* as its very composition indicates, is a prayer, a hymn and even Hemant Mukerjee's gallant martial tune fails to give it a militant air.

In the picture, the Nawab plays second fiddle to the British satraps and thus looks like an innocuous victim of their intrigue. This subtle change of emphasis shows the correct perspective of Hemen Gupta. The human drama in this fight for freedom is created by the weakness of two stalwart lieutenants of Guru Satyanand for women. Jeevanand, his right-hand, is disturbed when he meets his wife Shanti by accident; Shanti follows him and watches him atoning for his sin by dying for his motherland. Bhavanand, Guru's left-hand, is enamoured by Kalyani whom he rescues from death. He also atones for his weakness with his death.

The story, which needs no detailed recapitulation, has all the elements to make it interesting; but it is doubtful whether its patriotic theme and the philosophy that the ends justify the means would appeal today to a country steeped in Gandhian tradition. Besides, the words 'patriotism' and 'freedom' have lost their lustre

and inspiration for the people; hence what could have been the chief asset of the picture five years ago is its chief drawback. Even the thrilling rendering of *Vande Mataram* by Lata Mangeshkar does not evoke the expected response from the audience. That is the tragedy of our freedom.

The picture's appeal lies in its vivid presentation and human element; and, considering this, one feels it would have gained immeasurably had Hemen Gupta confined himself to the essentials of human drama and deleted long speeches on patriotism. As it is, the speeches, thanks to faulty recording, are not even clearly audible; it appears as if Prithviraj eats his words—hardly likely for a stage artiste of his calibre. Hemen Gupta always errs in being too elaborate in details and often goes beyond the climax and wastes his footage in showing the after-effects which could have been better left to public imagination. He ruins the tempo and the dramatic effect of his own direction.

But for these blemishes it cannot be denied that, perhaps, no other director could have captured the spirit and atmosphere of the original novel with such zest and sincerity as has Hemen Gupta. In recreating Bengal of the eighteenth century, he has been helped by the technical staff of Filmistan to a great extent; and they have given some of the most authentic and thrilling battle scenes ever witnessed on the Indian screen. The zest and sincerity which marked "42" is again evident here. And this picture should place Hemen Gupta among the front-rank film creators of India today.

Among the artistes, Prithviraj, Geeta Bali and Ajit acquit themselves creditably. Pradip Kumar, somehow, did not impress me much nor did Bharat Bhushan and Ranjana who have very little to do.

Hemant Kumar Mukerjee's musical score is excellent; his blending of 'slokas' and songs is beautiful. But a few songs are unnecessary. By cutting a further thousand feet, *Anandmath* would be even a better picture. All that can be said now is that it is one of the few good pictures I have seen during past few years.

News Of The Week

—Anhance did not have the usual muhurat celebration. K. A. Abbas,

instead, distributed sweets and held a dinner. He had called even the press people for the celebrations on Thursday, July 16, at Modern Studios. Talking to journalists, Nargis said that this picture fulfilled her long cherished ambition to play a bad girl's role.

—Dr. Keskar is reported to have said in a speech at Poona that film songs would not be, hereafter broadcast as frequently as now. Later, on Sunday, the press reported that there was a move not to broadcast any film songs from All India Radio. A similar move at the behest of the Maulavis is under consideration of Pakistan Radio. Meanwhile the Ceylon and Goa radios are increasing the hours devoted to Indian film music for the benefit of Indian listeners.

—Producer-director A. R. Kardar returned to India last Saturday after

completing his tour of the U. K. and Europe. On the same day Raj, who had paid a visit to Cairo, Rome and other places, reached London. Raj has entered *Awara* in the Venice International Film Festival.

—Kishore Sahu is producing a Hindi version of *Hamlet* entitled *Khun-e-Nahaq*. He will himself write the dialogues, direct and produce the picture and also act the role of Hamlet. The other casting is yet to be made.

—Leslie Thomas will design the G. P. Productions' new undertaking *Shahenshah* directed by Raman and starring Madhubala and Ranjan.

—Santoshi rejoined Filmistan and will direct a picture for them.

—Bombay Talkies are planning to produce *Kismet* in colour.

—Shiv Prasad is the name of the new music director signed by Shantaram for his next picture.

We never reach our ideals, whether of mental or moral improvement, but the thought of them shows us our deficiencies, and spurs us on to higher and better things.—TRYON EDWARDS.



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SRI SARADA DEVI'S BIRTH CENTENARY

SWAMI AVINASHANANDA, Secretary. The Holy Mother Birth Centenary Committee, writes:

A great many people all over the world are well acquainted with the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. But a majority of these do not know much about Sri Sarada Devi. Her simple and unostentatious life, lived mostly in cloistered seclusion, and remarkable for its depth and universality of outlook, has many valuable lessons for humanity.

Betrothed to Sri Ramakrishna when she was five years old, she grew up all by herself in her quiet village home. When she was about 14, Sri Ramakrishna came to his native village to recoup his health. He then called Sri Sarada Devi to his side, and taught her many useful and precious things, both secular and spiritual. This brief contact left an unforgettable impression on her mind.

Except for this meeting, they lived apart as if they were utter strangers. For Sri Ramakrishna was then engaged in a long and strenuous spiritual discipline. In 1873, when Sri Sarada Devi was 19, rumours reached her ears that Sri Ramakrishna had gone mad. She felt sorely distressed, and at once decided that it was her paramount duty to be by the side of the Master. Unmindful of the difficulties, she walked on foot all the distance of about 60 miles from Jayrambati to Dakshineswar.

The subsequent life-story reads like a super-miracle. She found Sri Ramakrishna always in a God-intoxicated state of mind. Yet when he met her, he admitted her claims upon him as his wife, but pointed out that his mind was wholly given to God. Sri Sarada Devi was in no way behind the Master in her spiritual hankering. She readily renounced all vulgar pleasures of the family life. She only wanted to partake of his exalted spiritual attainments. She thus became his first and foremost disciple, and during the 13 years of *sadhana* under the Master, she attained to such summits of spiritual realization that she



Sri Sarada Devi.

was spontaneously venerated as the Holy Mother in the Order of Sri Ramakrishna.

After the passing away of the Master, for nearly 34 years she ministered to the spiritual needs of thousands of sincere seekers of God. She lived her quiet life, but was always full of sympathy for the struggling souls caught in the meshes of worldliness.

A story of this unique life is bound to help in popularizing the noble and lofty ideals of womanhood of our motherland gathered through the ages. This precious heritage needs to be placed prominently before our rising generation which is in imminent danger of losing its national moorings.

It will be, therefore, in the fitness of things that we celebrate her birth centenary which falls in 1953 in a befitting manner. To give a start to such a worthy cause the authorities of the Ramakrishna Math at Belur have formed an executive committee

with Swami Madhavananda, general secretary of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission, as its chairman.

The Centenary Celebration Committee is now engaged in the task of preparing an authoritative and exhaustive account of Sri Sarada Devi's life and teachings. The publication of 'The Great Women of India' dealing with the lives and contributions of women in various spheres of life and different epochs of our history is also under preparation.

In addition to these two publications, the Committee has sponsored the following plan for celebration: Observance of the birth centenary between December, 1953 and December, 1954; publication of an album of the pictures of the Holy Mother; collection and preservation of articles used by her as well as her letters; organisation of a pilgrimage to Jayrambati, Kamarpukur and other important places associated with her memory; arrangements for putting tablets at important places; essay competition

and women's meetings, particularly in women's institutions.

The Committee has purchased the house at a price of Rs. 2,300 at Jayrambati where Sri Sarada Devi spent the major part of her rural life. Efforts would be made for the repair and proper maintenance of this house and other dwelling places associated with her memory.

The Committee has decided that all contributors of Rs. 20 and above to the Central Celebration Fund should be enrolled as general members of the Committee.

It is estimated that more than a lakh of rupees will be necessary for the implementation of this plan. We appeal, therefore, to all who believe in the advancement of womanhood and the worship of motherland to contribute their mite for a worthy cause.

All contributions may be sent to the Secretary, The Holy Mother Birth Centenary, P. O. Belur Math, Howrah District, West Bengal.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

THE place of social service organisations for arousing mass awakening needs to be recognised. The State has a number of functions to perform. But no State should attempt adult educational work for changing the mass psychology. This was recognised as early as 1919 in the British Adult Education Committee report. Mass appeals through power cannot take the place of mass appeals through personality. Nor will the appointment of good social workers as officers eliminate the congenital defects in the State playing the role of the missionary. The clergy in West Europe and labour leaders in the United Kingdom have played a prominent part in building co-operatives.

The spirit of service, team spirit, a sense of corporate responsibility, compromise, and discipline among the village leaders and civic vigilance of the people over their leaders have yet to evolve in the country-side. Consequently the weakest link in enlisting mass enthusiasm has been the village organisation, be it a Panchayat or a Co-operative Society, or a court or a school board. A corrective in a backward democracy suffering under an undeveloped sense of citizenship is the provision of a missionary type of whole-time workers to act as shock-brigades in mobilising mass enthusiasm. No Government can afford in a poor country like India to reach the cultivator through paid staff of extension workers.

Bureaucratic control on the plea that revenue officials have power and that the people would take to improved methods of production out of fear or respect for the officials is dangerous and will stifle local enthusiasm. For these various reasons the community development projects should follow certain principles of organisation.

The State should confine itself to operational services, such as soil-conservation, tube-wells, land reclamation by tractors, that is, to such activities

which do not need public co-operation.

The State should supply technical services. But in the matter of distribution of seeds, implements, and manures, the people's organisation should be the instrument. Such organisations may be co-operatives with varying degrees of superior control over them according to the stage of the development of the people. Or they may be branches of a financing bank aided by an advisory body of co-operative societies or borrowers from these branches. Or where the people are very backward and the area is a distress area, the village unit should be a branch of a State corporation for backward classes.

In order to make a village organisation work, its secretaries should be paid men trained in agriculture, banking, commerce, supplementary industries, and co-operation. These secretaries should be whole-timers who should find work for themselves for a period under a society of their own. Their services should be lent to other organisations. The village organisation should be for a population of ten thousand, that is, about 10 villages and their hamlets. Financial credit, seeds, manure, implements and other supplies as well as marketing should be done through these organisations. Until the latter take root as co-operatives, the State should give grants-in-aid to organisations of whole-time workers recognised by it.

There should be a healthy competition among these organisations. Workers may come from the Sarvodaya group, Socialists, the K. M. P. P. and the Christian missions. A federation of these societies of whole-timers should be the Bharat Sevak Samaj in each State. This should be the supervising body for the community projects.

Nilokheri, which I visited in January 1951, is at its wit's end. Co-operatives for joint-farming or supply of milk products have been unsound in their

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organisation. The costly top officers cannot be maintained by the township. Even though the joint efforts of the displaced persons are commendable in economically constructing the buildings, and the educational work is engaging the youth in many ways, the problem of setting up a self-supporting township repaying Government loans and continuing the present staff is still a problem.

There is a difference between the creation of village people's organisations and the promotion of joint effort for definite jobs. When a village wants a road or a school or a drinking water well, the people will no doubt enthusiastically come forward to contribute their best in cash and labour. This was seen between 1925 and 1935 when the village Panchayats were given half-grants for works executed. The Panchayats had no special staff to induce the workers to work. Under the firka development scheme, there is such a staff. If efforts are to be consolidated and turned into a second habit, Co-operatives and Panchayats should be set up in the village, the former for economic development and the latter for civic amenities. They should not be mere appendages while works are carried out through village leaders unconnected with them and workers under an official staff. A policy of this kind will weaken the village organisations as has happened under the rural development schemes in Madras. The community development projects should confine themselves to increasing agricultural production and finding employment for the villagers. They can make permanent investments in soil-conservation, land reclamation and machinery. But they should not spend on education, housing, health, medical relief and other social services. It is claimed that these projects are meant to secure irrigated areas as substantial results in agricultural production can be shown only in the irrigated areas. If that is the case special expenditure is justified only for this purpose and not on public health and education. In fact these areas can afford to spend on the latter from their own resources which poorer areas cannot do.

The staff working under these projects should be divided into three categories; those for operational services which should be disbanded as

soon as the services are over; technical staff which would be permanently maintained by the State; and whole-time workers of recognised social service societies utilised for organisation, training, education and propaganda and as secretaries of people's organisations. The expenses of whole-timers should be paid by the State initially and then gradually reduced till the people's organisations are in a position to pay them.

The Etawah project has been criticised on the ground that it had not done much in the matter of providing industrial employment. The firka development scheme in Madras has not been a success because there is no desire to develop a social order based on a self-sufficient village. We find encouragement is given to unremunerative industries like khadi, bullock-driven oil 'chekku', and hand-made paper. The new projects must promote only industries which can compete with machine-made goods in quality and price. If protection is wanted by a rural industry, then the time within which it should establish itself should be specified.

The projects can do a great deal by permanent investments in lands and by making loans to cultivators for long-term improvement. But short-term finance will be needed by cultivators for several purposes. Any number of officers cannot solve this problem if the financing bank does not evince any interest in it or is dragooned to distribute loans out of fear of the Collector of the district. Agricultural banking corporations should be started for each project. The corporations should have a paid staff and an advisory body of co-operative primaries. Such banks alone will give an impetus to any scheme of economic development.

The Bharat Sevak Samaj, which is to consist of all party leaders and non-party leaders and which is expected to co-ordinate the social service agencies in the country for awakening mass support, seems to hang loose from the whole scheme of community projects. When all work is concentrated in a paid staff under a district Collector what are the social workers to do? Unless they have a definite responsibility with a beginning and an end, how is their enthusiasm to be evoked?

THE RED DEAN'S FOOT

By ANDREW ROTH

EVERY time Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the 'Red Dean' of Canterbury, opens his mouth after a trip to a Communist country, he seems to be trying to put his foot through the sturdy but strained curtain which protects British civil liberties from the totalitarian winds abroad in the world.

Scarcely anyone fears that the 78-year-old ecclesiastic will make many converts for the Communist cause in Britain. The last 'big' meeting he addressed in London last year after his return from Rumania attracted only 150 persons, most of them recognizable as the habitual attenders of Communist-front meetings. The Dean's attitude is indicated by the fact that he went into ecstasies of enthusiasm about the fact that Rumanian collective farmers now have fishponds. What is a commonplace in Israel or Indonesia becomes a "triumph of Communist planning" in Rumania. The Dean is at his most expansive when talking to such a 'congregation' because it is clear that he has simply transferred his faith from the Anglican Church to what a humorous friend once described as the "Third International Atheist Reformed Church of Moscow."

It is enough to watch the Dean in action just once to see that the Communists have captured his loyalty largely by flattering an aging but expanding ego. The Dean, dressed in the most attractive clerical attire seen in these islands, replete with a strikingly large and resplendent cross, is likely to 'freeze' in the middle of a speech in a particularly photogenic pose and ask the photographers whether they have gotten enough of him. His speeches are interlarded with stories of little children running up to him with flowers on his trips to Communist countries.

Dr. Johnson's inability to convince a more skeptical audience was demonstrated when he addressed a press conference on July 8, the day after he returned from a seven-week trip to China. Under any circumstances the Dean would have been roughly handled in print by some of the 'hatchet men' of the ultra-Con-

servative Press. But a section of the British press—unhappy about the American use of napalm bombs in Korea—would have reported any serious evidence behind Communist charges of bacteriological warfare. But the Dean expected his listeners to share his touching faith in the truthfulness of Communists and their supporters. He produced no first-hand evidence nor had he apparently even displayed the necessary propagandist's intelligence to ask his Chinese hosts the questions British interviewers were certain to ask. He simply stated, "The facts about germ warfare are conclusive and irrefutable. The truth cannot be hidden...." The evidence? The "final and unanswerable" confessions of imprisoned American airmen Enock and Quilan; an exhibit in Peking by Chinese bacteriologists, scientists and physicians... of world-wide reputation, many of them trained in England and America. No one doubts their objectivity, honesty and scientific equipment." Another was the story of an American Negro prisoner, Charles Pixley who fell ill after biting the head off an insect. This story was contributed by the Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett "whose complete integrity cannot be doubted" although, as some one else pointed out, Burchett is the correspondent for the French Communist paper *Ce Soir*. The climax of the conference was the unfolding of a beautiful 34-foot scroll, signed by the leaders of most of China's recently-reformed Christian churches, protesting against bacteriological warfare. "Can we doubt the integrity of our Eastern Christian brethren?" the Dean asked rhetorically. It all was a touching example of confidence in those who have the "true faith."

The *Daily Worker* story next morning complained: "American correspondents in particular, flung sharp and hostile questions at Dr. Johnson." Apparently one was this correspondent's query whether Dr. Johnson would be prepared to ask people to take on faith a letter signed by similarly representative American Christian leaders alleging an equiva-

heinous Communist misdeed. He dismissed this as "far-fetched." In reply to another question he said Peking would "most willingly" accept an impartial investigation by independent scientists whose probity is acceptable on both sides of the "Iron Curtain." He cited as an example Dr. Joseph Needham, the very distinguished Cambridge bio-chemist, who has just arrived in China. He had to be reminded that Dr. Needham, as chairman of the Communist-controlled Britain-China Friendship Association, could scarcely be considered impartial—except perhaps by the 'Red Dean.'

While Tories Burn

The 'Red Dean' has a way of bringing choleric colouring to the cheeks of rightwing Conservatives. Last year Sir Waldron Smithers, Britain's seriocomic equivalent of America's Senator McCarthy, actually proposed that the Dean be tried for treason and hanged in public. On July 19 Sir Waldron asked Mr. Churchill, amidst general laughter, whether he could submit a list of "fellow-travellers" from the Church and the House of Commons to be used as guinea pigs when Britain's first atomic bomb is exploded. The day before, J. D. Profumo, a wealthy and aristocratic Conservative M. P., had denounced Dr. Johnson as a "turbulent priest" who has "inflicted three slashing wounds on the British public, first of all by gratuitously presenting the Communist propagandists all over the world with further vile material; second, by sowing seeds of doubt and misapprehension in the minds of our less knowledgeable folk; and third by filling the hearts of the vast majority of people with very burning indignation that a high dig-

nitary of the Church should be able to bear false and treacherous witness and still be permitted to remain in Holy Orders." Over a score of other M.P.s—all Conservatives—have joined in demanding the Dean be ousted. For the first time this demand is now supported by Liberal newspapers like the *News Chronicle* and *Evening Star*.

"There can be little doubt that, if there were any safe and lawful means of dispensing with the Dean's services," said *The Times* on July 10 "his ecclesiastical superiors would have long ago adopted it." The fact is that Dr. Johnson, like all Deans of Britain's ancient cathedrals, was appointed for life by Letters Patent of the Crown. Under a measure passed in 1949, compulsory retirement of the clergy on political grounds is forbidden. The only way now legally open to unseat him is to prove him guilty of heresy (non-belief in the 39 articles of the Anglican Church) or of treason or felony.

The thing which infuriates most orthodox Conservatives is the Dean's use of his exalted position in the Church hierarchy to give his political views an importance they would assuredly not have if he were plain Dr. Johnson. The established Church in Britain (like the Monarchy) is considered to be one of the bulwarks of conservatism. Conservatives were furious with Labourite Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald for nominating the then-socialist Dr. Johnson in 1931 as a gesture against the solid Conservatism of the upper clergy. In a country with as aristocratic a tradition as Britain, the aura of high office is only supposed to be awarded to those who "play the game."

This irritation with those who use orthodox honours to support unorthodox causes is at the back of the more spectacular of the fairly limited cases of victimization for political reasons which have blotted Britain's outstanding civil liberties record. Thus Edgar P. Young, retired pro-Communist naval Commander, was struck off the list of retired naval officers in March because "his activities on behalf of the Communist Party are proving a source of such embarrassment and distress to the Royal Navy at home and abroad..." (The devoted way in which Commander Young follows the 'party line' was demonstrated when he wrote a letter to the *Cooperative Sunday paper Reynolds News* attacking this writer as being an instrument of Washington, trying to save American troops from defeat. My 'crime' had been to state in the second week of the Korean war that the best hope to keep the Korean war from spreading was for a military stalemate to emerge.) Commander Young's removal from the retired list was attacked at the time by James Callaghan, Labour M.P., the former Parliamentary Secretary of the Navy, as being persecution for political views which was not only unwise but unprecedented. No action has ever been taken to remove from the list Admiral Sir Barry Domville who was interned during the war because of his fascist sympathies.

In June 1951 Mrs. Monica Felton—who preening under Communist flattery almost exceeds that of the 'Red Dean'—was removed from her post as Chairman of the Stevenage Development Corporation by her sponsor, Hugh Dalton, Labour's Minister of Local Government, when she returned from North Korea after swallowing without questioning the Communist version of American atrocities and American "aggression."

Similarly, retired diplomat Sir John Pratt—brother of Boris Karloff—has been removed from a Foreign Office-appointed committee on Chinese students for propagating the Communist line.

None of these persons, it should be noted, has been deprived of his passport, which the British consider as much a right of citizenship as voting. This enables them to make the rounds of Communist meetings abroad parading as "representatives of the British people" although all but about one percent of Britons now consider them gullible cranks at best.

Last year the Dean himself was quoted in the Soviet magazine *Ogonyek* as saying: "I should not be surprised if I was not shortly to be relieved of my duties at Canterbury Cathedral because I tell the truth about the Soviet Union." Despite the Dean's unpopularity in his own country, he will probably be denied his martyrdom. Britain has a soft spot for eccentrics, including political eccentrics, possibly because British society is so stable, balanced and firmly rooted in tradition that it has no fear of them. If, however, the Dean had not only his ecclesiastic rostrum but also the brilliant intelligence of, say, D. N. Pritt he might be considered dangerous rather than eccentric by most. However, despite the increasingly harsh winds of the 'cold war' most leading Britons—including the bulk of the Labour M.P.s—still prefer retaining the basic fabric of their free institutions to 'witch-hunting' the small and shrivelling group of Kremlin echoes. As *The Times* said somewhat portentously, "The whole structure of both Church and State in England is strongly biased towards freedom of opinion, and whenever freedom exists it will sometimes be abused."

While the population of Australia has grown by 1.5 million since 1939, the rural labour force has declined by 79,000. The emphasis on industrial development, by creating thousands of new jobs, has encouraged the movement into urban areas, and some limited efforts at decentralization have further affected the rural labour supply. Permanent farm hands became difficult to find, and seasonal and casual labour all but disappeared. It is true that mechanization of agriculture would have displaced much rural labour and many going into the new industries have been women and girls. But many men have gone too, and the problem is to replace them.—James R. Roach in *Far Eastern Survey*.

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THE ARTS IN DELHI

By A. S. RAMAN

DELHI since independence has been active in the field of the arts. It is at its gayest in winter months; not a week passes without an exhibition, a play, a ballet, or a concert, while cinemas vie with one another in offering their choicest fare.

Of these activities, exhibitions are the most numerous and least attended. For instance, I happened to be the only man present at a recent exhibition. Even the artist was not there. And it was a good exhibition.

Today there are at least a hundred artists working in Delhi. Most of them are members of one of the two rival organizations. The National status of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society is severely contested and the Delhi Silpi Chakra is an organization of rebels from the Society. Delhi's best known artist, Sailoz Mukerjee, remains neutral. He says he is a painter, and not a politician. The criticism against the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society is that it is the apostle of a school of painting which, in its present phase, is sterile and stagnant, as it lacks the original compulsion of the pioneers. Its exhibitions, its biggest boast, and its publications betray a lack of taste. On the credit side it has many achievements. In fact, Delhi owes its very art-consciousness to its efforts over twenty years ago. When the Gallery of International Art, whatever that may mean, materializes, the Society's most cherished dream will have come true. Its foundation-stone was laid by the President on the New Year's Day this year.

Sculptor Bhagat

Among the artists of the Delhi Silpi Chakra, the most outstanding is Dhanraj Bhagat, who is a sculptor. It was one of the happiest days in the history of modern Indian art, when he abandoned painting for good and decided to concentrate on sculpture. His oils are very dull. At best these have topographical interest. Today, he is one of our finest sculptors. He came to prominence only in 1950, when he won two of the most coveted

awards at the annual exhibition of the Academy in Calcutta. His interest in representational content is not marred by his passion for simplification of form. He carves directly in wood, a medium which appeals to him most because of its grain. Other reasons for his preference for wood over other media are its cheapness, availability and its portability. He carves, on an average, about ten pieces in a year.

Another member of the Delhi Silpi Chakra who deserves notice is young Harikrishan. He is most charming in his decorative landscapes. His building up of planes is particularly striking. His adolescent adventures into social realism, however, are unconvincing.

National Museum

The National Museum at Rashtrapati Bhawan actually emerged from the Exhibition of the Art of India and Pakistan held at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1947-48. It presents a very impressive cross-section of India's five-thousand-year-old artistic heritage. Discordant notes are, however, struck by a few legacies of the old regime. A Glyn Philpot, for instance, shares a room with prehistoric terracottas. The badly-lit Topolski, a massive melodrama depicting the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi set against the general background of the turmoil in the East, is out of place, too. Modern Indian art is conspicuous by its absence. The Ministry of Education, I understand, has acquired an excellent collection of it. But where is it? Wherever it may be, it is certainly not within the reach of the public.

On the whole there is much to see in the National Museum. But one cannot stay there as long as one wishes for want of even the most ordinary amenities. A national museum worth the name is yet to be established. And it is not lack of funds but lack of will that is responsible for India not having it so far.

A place which a visitor to the capital should not miss is the Delhi University's New Convocation Hall. Here are displayed murals which, at first

SIDELIGHTS

SRI Tenneti Viswanadham is one of the most respected members of the Madras Legislature. He has added to his laurels by the manner in which he has been acquitting himself as Leader of the Opposition. It was expected by many that with so many stalwart Communists ranged against the Government side, and no fixed majority to fall back upon, the Chief Minister would be having a hard time of it in the legislature. Actually, however, most of the Communists have written themselves down in the very first session. The sources of power in speech are not the same on all forums. The tricks that help to rouse the rabble are ineffective with more sophisticated audiences. Of the House of Commons it is said that it has proved to be the grave of the reputations of not a few who had previously been giants at mob oratory. The same may be said of the Legislature of this State where Communists and other leaders who have had phenomenal success at mass meetings are proving themselves to be bores and duds. A set pattern of speech, retailing the same old points covering the history of the past fifty years, reiterating the same denunciations and filled with perorations of readiness to shed the last drop of one's blood in the country's cause, is not conducive to esteem or influence in legislative debates where specific issues have to be decided with knowledge and wisdom, and irrelevance is the deadliest of sins. Sri Viswanadham is one of the few among our legislators wholly free from the hysteria of stereotyped demagoguery.

He excels in a sweet reasonableness which never indulges in undignified attacks for their own sake. Some of the finest compliments paid to the Chief Minister have come from him. When criticism is thus adorned with tributes to the opponent, it becomes not only pleasant but also powerful, because it shines as a thing endowed with the culture of discrimination and divested of prejudice. In democracy of the right type, the ruling party and the Opposition are co-sharers in the tasks of government, the one labouring executively, and the other as a

corrective mechanism with continual criticism. The most democratic Government is that which knows how to steal the thunder of the Opposition by taking from its suggestions into its own programmes, whatever is desirable in the public interest. The most responsible Opposition is that which conceives of criticism itself as a way of co-operation, and is least addicted to violent diatribes provoking illwill.

As Leader of the Opposition Sri Viswanadham has been handicapped by the variegated character of his following. Within the United Democratic Front there are conclaves with exclusivist creeds where much of what goes on is shut out from each other and the leader. It is a series of disciplines within an over-all umbrella of no discipline. The widest disparity prevails between the speeches of members. The Front would have broken down but for the cohesive power of the Leader, the one man among them all with whom without discredit it is quite impossible to quarrel.

While the Front lasts, its voice constitutionally is that of Sri Viswanadham, and by hearkening to it with judgment and skill, the Chief Minister could have stabilised the position of the Ministry considerably. Unfortunately he has lost some valuable opportunities by descending to fireworks dialectics. His plea for more Ministers to share his burdens was not so much put up as facetious. There would have been more even distribution of portfolios among Ministers if the burdensomeness of multiplied administrative work had been experienced as a reality. The Chief Minister's references to corruption do not do credit to a man of his intelligence. It is no answer to complaints of corruption to say that the State Secretariat is the most efficient in the country. The most dangerous part of corruption is not that which can be airily disposed of as emanating from agitators, it is that which has been testified to even by administrators like Gorwala and has passed on into the staple of talk among common people in trams, buses and thoroughfares.

—SAKA.

KAVIKONDALA VENKATARAO

IN the world of Telugu literature Sri Kavikondala Venkatarao is a well known figure. He is a lyricist and short story writer.

The citizens of Rajahmundry and his admirers elsewhere are celebrating his sixty-first birthday on July 20 at Rajahmundry. Sri Venkatarao comes from the village of Srirangapatam in Rajahmundry Taluq, near Korukonda, where there are two beautiful tanks with a hill as the background. In his youth he was struck by the beauty of the tanks and, as in the case of Wordsworth, he was, perhaps, inspired by them. He is happy when he is referred to as 'Konda Kolaru Vikasitotpala (one inspired by mountain lake) Kavi'.

While studying in the Government Arts College he came under the influence of Principal Oswald Couldrey, who inspired many an artist like the late Dr. Rama Rao and Adavi Bapiraju.

Much of Sri Venkatarao's poetry is in worship of nature. In his short stories he has portrayed incidents in middle class and lower middle class life. He is one of the very few Telugu prose writers who have taken their heroes and heroines from the working class. Though a lawyer by profession, he has devoted most of his time to literary pursuits. Four of his poems, translated into English by Couldrey, were published in *The Beacon* in 1921. Two of them are reproduced here:

Welcome

Fallen from the bliss of his own sphere,
The baby is bewildered by his new surroundings;

He weeps as if he found no helper,
For he is a stranger in the world.

Unacquainted as yet with the face of
any here,

He looks into all with suspicion;
Unlearned in any of our languages,
He murmurs unintelligible sounds.

Doubtful of the wisdom of shewing the
secrets of his palm to any,
He holds his little fist very tight;



Kavikondala Venkatarao.

Afraid to go upon his tender, crimson
feet,

He draws them close, feeling the need
of instruction.

O, great world, give him a warm
welcome,

Dandle him in your arms;

Coax the moonlight of smiles into his
eyes.

And sing to him thus to know your
ways.

Does it all appear new to you? Oh,
no, my darling,

This is a very old world!

Here your father and mother are, here
You shall find your nearest and
dearest relatives and friends!

The Threshing Floor

"Grand mother, why do you linger
here?

What are you fitfully sifting thus in
the field when harvest is over?

The rice-grain has all been trodden
out, there is nothing here to help
your poverty.

You are putting yourself to trouble
in vain.

"Long ago the master farmer drove his carts away and filled his granaries;

The reapers and threshers have threshed the portions given them for wages and gone;

All that remained was taken by the outcaste serving-woman, sweeping clean to the earth.

Why, the whole floor looking as bald and bare as if it had been plundered!

"What, then, do you hope to find here? You are taxing your age in the burning sun for nothing."

So said I to a lonely old woman Who was gathering and sifting chaff.

Smiling she replied, not pleading her poverty, but showing the grain in her lap,

"Will not this be enough for my belly to-night, my son?

Even out of the waste that I leave the birds yonder will sup to their heart's content;

For the yield of our countryside, where the Miraculous-tree of contentment grows, is inexhaustible."

—K. L.

RAJAJI AND THE LEGISLATURE

By P. N. SAMPATH

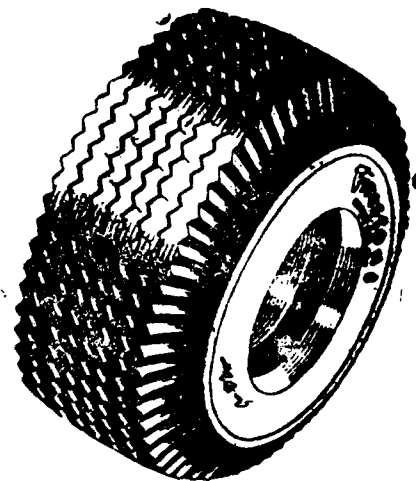
Rajaji's heroic, historic and histrionic, peroration in the Legislative Assembly on the last day of discussion on the confidence motion was indeed a masterpiece of declamatory rhetoric. He tried to expose what he called 'the Communist tactics' in the manner of an expert vivisectionist. In fact, the very purpose of bringing in a confidence motion was for creating for himself an occasion for another determined attack on the Communists, to supplement his performance of last month when he called them his Enemy Number One.

Though it was Rajaji's best speech to date, as SAKA has rightly found it to be, Rajaji has not said anything which his Western forerunners in the game of Red-baiting have not already said. However, by virtue of his superior powers of analysis and presentation, he has said things as they have never been said before. He has given the Rajaji touch to old material.

Apart from this downright condemnation of the Communists, and a rather elaborate discourse on God and the efficacy of prayers, Rajaji's speech contained nothing by way of answer to the points raised by the critics in the Opposition. The difficulty of answering the points raised was surmounted or rather circumvented with singular adroitness.

People expected that M.L.A.s other than the members of the United Democratic Front and the Socialist Party would unconditionally vote with the Government on the confidence motion. But it was not to be. The K. L. P. caused a certain amount of anxiety to Government sup-

porters by delaying their decision to vote with the Government until the eleventh hour. It appears that it was only a conditional support. This wavering attitude



Firestone

BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW

on the part of the K. L. P. shows clearly that the Government party is a loosely-knit conglomeration. The union of the K. L. P. and the Congress owed more to the cement of disaster than to fundamental conviction as to future policy. The K. L. P. does not approve of the taxation measures contemplated in the budget, and this has been openly so stated. Even inside the Congress Party, group politics has not apparently ended. At any rate, it has been scotched but not yet killed.

During his tirade against the Communists, C. R. said that of all vested interests, the vested interest in misery and people's discontent was the worst. If the misery and the discontent have not been due to ministerial bungling and a venal administration under the Congress regime, we can accept C. R.'s verdict for all it is worth. But, as long as there are other more powerful vested interests opposed to the people's good life—to the greatest happiness of the greatest number—, misery and discontent are bound to exist with their retinue of sympathisers and agents provocateurs.

Rajaji made fun of the unity forged by the U. D. F. He called them a hotch-potch combination, as though his party is one solid group without several integrated units. The Spanish Lady in Byron's poem, who, whispering "I will never consent," consented, was a model of consistency compared to the Congress which has entered into an unprincipled alliance with other groups and Independents after categorically publicising that it would have no truck with those who had opposed the Congress in the General Elections. The Independents, whom Nehru had ridiculed before and during the elections, are now the bulwark of the Congress Party in Madras. The legislative quintette of that rabid communist party—the Muslim League are now the foremost supporters of the Government.

One thing which even admirers of C. R. have noted with regret is that he has allowed his hatred of Communism to assume the proportions of a regular obsession. So much so, whenever he makes a speech in the chambers of the legislature, almost his entire time is occupied in making comprehensive attacks on Communist policies, aims and actions. This

slander campaign need not be so elaborate everytime. People judge the record of the Government not in terms of the mud-slinging abilities of the Ministers, nor of the brilliant way in which Opposition members are hit at. They will judge the Rajaji Ministry by the extent to which it succeeds in tackling the various problems awaiting solution.

For tackling the problems, the first thing that the Rajaji Ministry has thought of is, unfortunately, fresh taxation. No body will dispute the fact that no government can carry on without taxation. But, a senior statesman that he is, Rajaji should have found out that the people are at present in no mood and in no condition to bear additional tax burdens. By their taxation proposals, the Government have only supplied grist to the propaganda mill of the Opposition parties.

Another thing that Rajaji should try to avoid is frequent iteration about God in his Assembly and public speeches. It will not be out of place here to quote the famous thinker H. G. Wells on the subject: "What a rational man means by God is just God. The more you define and argue about God, the more He remains the same simple thing." Further, belief is not with the lips, it is with the heart. In a secular State, publicity to God and religion is uncalled for and unnecessary.

We know that Rajaji is walking on a tight-wire of anxiety behind his apparent imperturbability. He is handicapped in that many of his colleagues in the Cabinet are of mediocre parliamentary ability. For that reason Rajaji has to handle most of the files and equip himself for the question hour. This sort of protection, this immunity from parliamentary limelight, is not conducive to the rearing of leadership of the future. One does not keep dogs and bark himself. The Cabinet should not be a one-man show. While strain on a single individual could be minimised, by a judicious reallocation of duties among the other Ministers, any more continuance of the present concentration of power in one man is bound to develop a vested interest of indispensability, which will be an undesirable manifestation in a democracy. We are told that C. R. works 14 hours a day. But, we do not see the reason for so doing when he has as many as fourteen deputies to assist him in his work.

I am told that Mr. H. V. Kamath made his reputation as a parliamentarian by asking questions. I wonder whether he lost his seat also because of the questions he asked. Thus the day of questions is really a day well begun and half done. I draw great pleasure watching Government spokesmen in their hour of trial, seriously, nervously, uncertainly, waiting for the unpredictable supplementaries. It is said that while the answer to a question needs only a few minutes to prepare, the possibility of finding answers for unexpected but often anticipated supplementaries keep the various departments busy for days together!—L. N. M. in National Herald.

CHESTER BOWLES AND THE CHALLENGE OF INDIA

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: In the U. S. A. the leading morning newspaper is considered to be the *New York Times*. The evening papers are comparatively few and undoubtedly the foremost paper is the *New York Post*. This paper has the unusual distinction of having a woman as its publisher. She is Mrs. Dorothy Schiff. Her interest in India has always been warm. She says:—

Last week, I met Sen. Benton, one of the founders of the very successful advertising firm of Benton and Bowles.

By coincidence, a few days later, I had the opportunity of meeting and hearing the other members of this fabulous team when Chester Bowles, our Ambassador to India, was honoured at a luncheon.

Rugged-looking, weatherbeaten, friendly, 50-year-old "Chet" Bowles has always wanted to be in the diplomatic service, but got side-tracked for a while (25 years!) after he graduated from Yale. His family founded, and still own, a once-famous liberal newspaper called the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, where he worked for a few months before coming to New York to try to break into the metropolitan press. In 1926, Bowles turned down a \$12-a-week job taking ads. over the phone for the *New York Times* and was hired by the present Sen. Benton as an ad-writer at \$25 a week for one of the large advertising agencies.

Four years later Benton and Bowles started their own agency with little capital but great ideas and, in spite of the depression, became enormously successful. But piling up dollars was not the goal of either one of these two very intelligent men. As soon as they felt they had enough capital, each sold out to put his brilliant mind and boundless energy to work for the welfare of mankind.

In 1941, Bowles sold his interest in the firm and looked around for something more interesting to do. His background had been Republican, but

he had become a New Dealer and a Roosevelt Democrat. He went to see Connecticut's Democratic Senator and said: "I want to get into Democratic politics. How do I go about it?"

Shortly thereafter Bowles was appointed OPA director for Connecticut, then to the unpopular job of national OPA director, where he did a marvelous job but antagonized many important people who were seeking special concessions which he refused to give. When he resigned he said that the loudest critics of price ceilings were the people who were making the most profit. After that he became Economic Stabilizer.

In 1948, Bowles was elected Governor of Connecticut but was defeated by John Lodge in 1950.

Last year President Truman nominated him for the post of Ambassador in India. Sen. Taft and other Republicans fought his confirmation bitterly, but Bowles won by a vote of 43 to 33.

Ambassador Bowles arrived in India last October and made a hit immediately by his informal, democratic approach. The three youngest Bowles children were sent to a local public school, where they are the only Caucasian students and arrive by bicycle instead of in the embassy car.

Mrs. Roosevelt was another guest of honour at the luncheon. She looked particularly well and seemed more "dressy" than usual, perhaps because she was wearing a crisp lavender linen dress with a small, matching straw hat trimmed with lilacs and a mauve velvet ribbon. During lunch, when we were discussing the length of time it takes to fly across the Pacific—22 hours from the Philippines to Hawaii, which is only part of the trip—Mrs. Roosevelt made us laugh when she said: "I advise you not to fly around the world, it is very tiring (it certainly must be if the indefatigable Mrs. Roosevelt says so), although there is one advantage. They allow you—I think it is—38 pounds of baggage.

If you go back the way you came they only allow you 66!" Remember, Mrs. Roosevelt flew from Paris to the Middle East last winter? She left Lydda airport in Israel at some ungodly hour like 4 or 5 a.m., she told us, and arrived in Pakistan after lunch, then typically attended a reception and a large dinner party that evening.

Mrs. Roosevelt was introduced and spoke of the wonderful work being done by the Bowles family, even their 16-year-old daughter, she noticed so sweetly and charmingly giving out UNICEF supplies at one of their stations she visited while in India. (I didn't know what the initials stood for at the time but have since discovered that they mean "United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund.") This daughter, Mrs. Roosevelt told us, was so wrapped up in her work in India that she preferred to remain there, rather than to come home for a vacation with her parents last spring. So, you see, the whole family is acting as good-will ambassadors.

Mrs. Bowles was present also. I was struck by how much she resembled her husband in looks and personality. They share the same easy, pleasant, outgoing manner and are among the few people I have met who seem to be much more concerned about others than themselves. And their happy, lively, interested expression proves that the rewards of unselfishness are great.

The Ambassador spoke briefly and very fast because he had to catch a plane for India right after lunch.

India needs American aid for a few years to develop its production of food so that it can feed itself without using valuable foreign exchange for that purpose, the Ambassador explained. The people are willing to work themselves to the bone to achieve this. India's 80,000,000 cases of malaria could be wiped out in three years at the cost of one bomber (\$3-1.2 million). Teaching people about freedom of religion, press and political discussion is not enough when so many are sick and starving. India, with its overpowering problems and huge population, has received only a small

portion of the aid which has gone to far smaller countries such as Greece, in spite of India's absolutely crucial importance in Asia.

The Communist propaganda in India is very clever. They tell people that, certainly, democracy has brought a great rise in the standard of living but it took generations. Under their system, they point out, these gains can be made quickly, in a few years. This, of course, has a great appeal in countries where the progress is so badly needed.

Bowles told us that India had put into effect many excellent programmes but desperately needs our help for a few years. India in 1952 stands where China did in 1946. One-third of the people of the world live there—if they are forced to turn to communism in an effort to solve their problems the effect would be terrible.

Militarism and materialism are never going to do the job of fighting communism. We must return to the idealism of Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson and Roosevelt which is the essence of our democratic tradition, Mr. Bowles concluded.

But our false economy-minded Congress has failed to understand the message brought to it by Chester Bowles. It has remained deaf to his plea for wheat and dollars essential this year. Instead of increasing our aid to India, Congress has slashed it ruthlessly and stupidly. By so doing, it seems to me, we have not only hurt millions of people in that country but also endangered our own security. Will it be surprising if India, in desperation, turns to Russia and China who are eagerly waiting with outstretched hands, to welcome this rich plum into the communist group of nations?

There is no doubt in my mind that if we continue to be more interested in adding to the weight of our already over-stuffed bellies and gadget-ridden homes than in helping others to earn a small measure of our abundance, we shall not only lose what we have in a material sense but we shall also lose something much more important—we shall have betrayed the democratic dream of our great thinkers and proved that many of the accusations flung at us by the communists are true.

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Letters To The Editor

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

Corporation Council Elections

In 1949 the Madras City Municipal Act was amended and communal seats were introduced in the Corporation Council for the first time. In the elections held in 1948, Muslims, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, representatives of women and of labour were elected by certain municipal divisions (which had been joint-electorates). Besides, the Nattukottai Nagrahars' Association, the Muslim Chamber of Commerce (purely communal bodies with only a few members of the respective communities) had special representation. Thus, the municipal divisions had to elect, besides representatives for the general seats, members belonging to particular communities and the electorates became communal electorates.

The reservations for Muslims, Christians, Anglo-Indians, and other communities ought to have been abolished from the day the Constitution of India came into force. Articles 15 and 16 of the Constitution specifically prohibit discriminations based on religion, caste, colour, creed or sex. The Madras Government has to adhere to the provisions of the Constitution. The District Municipalities Act was amended in 1950 to conform to the spirit of the Constitution, but the City Municipal Act remains as it was.

Unless the Ministry wants to secure the support of these communities for its stability, there is no reason why communal representation should be retained. When adult franchise has been recognised and General Elections were conducted on that basis, it is surprising that the Madras Government is showing no sign of bringing in legislation to amend the City Municipal Act and then conduct elections. The Corporation Council unanimously passed resolutions on October 30, 1950 and June 6, 1952, urging this legislation but it seems as though the Government will continue to remain unresponsive to public opinion.

The time has come to take the matter to the law courts.

A. R. V. ACHAR.

Communists And Government Servants

I must emphatically deny the statement made by the Chief Minister recently in the Legislative Council that we have been approached by the Communists and their allied political parties and made to put forward unreasonable claims for increased salaries and allowances.

In fairness to the Communists, I must state that no Communist approached me

at any time all these years with any offer of his services to better our lot.

I may point out that it is not the Communists alone who plead for higher salaries for the low-paid Government servants. Several Congress M.L.A.s, including Dr. P. Varadarajulu Naidu and Mr. Appu of Malabar, have recently suggested that the Central Government's pay scales should be introduced in the State.

T. RAMASWAMI AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government
Servants' Association,
Madurai.

Temper Of Science

Pandit Nehru remarked in Parliament that because of Dr. Meghnad Saha's very eminence in science one expected the scientific temper to be brought into the domain of politics also. One of the first four or five most influential scientists in England, Prof. A. V. Hill, wrote in "Cambridge Review" in praise of a young American who said to him, "If I want to express opinions on morals or politics I do so as a citizen, not as a scientist." Pandit Nehru, in his "Discovery of India," has written that "too many scientists today, who swear by science, forget all about it outside their particular spheres." Pandit Nehru's criticism of Dr. Saha is understandable. Richard Livingstone held the opinion that education in science was no guarantee of the scientific spirit outside the field of natural science. "Scientists are not always scientific outside their own field." This is an excellent illustration of the limitation of "transfer of values" in education.

The limitations in the application of science to social problems have to be recognised. Man's social behaviour cannot be simply analysed into component parts for science to tackle; and the social scientists have found that the data available to them are not sufficient to be proceeded with. For example, we have data on the irrationality of human behaviour and on the wide inequalities in intelligence, but not the data on how a culture can be made to operate democratically by and for such human components. Pandit Nehru was not justified in saying that Dr. Saha left the temper of science, the approach of science and the mental climate of science far behind when he came into the political chamber; for the scientific mode of thinking has not yet been successfully applied in the field of morals and politics.

E. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.