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Amrutanjan

WHEREVER you go, you find a flood
Of anjans and their kindred brood;
But none of them are half so good
As Amrutanjan with its Princely hood.

Knowing not imitation is a praise,
They wish their status thus to raise;
But sound alone can win no prize,
Sans substance it is but form and guise.

Amrutanjan played an established role
And headed the list at every poll,
In curing pain and stopping cough
And healing head-ache or small or rough.

Be it a burn or cut or wound,
Or sore or itch or swell around,
Every kind of pain is bound
To perish in the underground.

The summer heat or winter cold,
Or a change in the rainy season weather,
May upset health or cause untold
Suffering to people hither and thither.

Waste not your hard-earned little wealth,
From deterioration stop your health;
For the former, Amrutanjan is a guard,
For the latter, he is a watch and ward.

He ever awaits your beck and call
From every medical stores and stall,
Though far-reaching in name and fame,
Even to the poor he is "Open Sesame".

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII. NO. 28.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1952.

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ON THE COVER: Picture shows actress Nimmi and others who visited Madras recently—Photo By *R. Krishnan*

SWATANTRA

VOL. VII
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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE PRICE OF FOOD

ONE notices the small beginning of a fear that the price of food is going up and will perhaps go up further. It is true that the retail price of rice has recently registered a small increase and that during the last two weeks the public have been paying more for it than they did immediately after the announcement of decontrol. Panic, however, is the enemy of reason and this is just the time when a little reflection is necessary; for, in consequence of an apprehension of dearer rice, the tendency will be to buy and store more than is necessary for current needs, leading to a further depletion of saleable stock and opening the way for the very increase in price that the public desire to avoid.

The food economy of the country is, at the best of times, marginal, that is, the deficit and the surplus are both just a little on one or the other side of the balance, and a failure in some remote corner is sufficient to convert a favourable into an unfavourable year. It is a Micawber economy and needs watching. But this feature also makes for easy recovery if mass fright is not allowed to break the process. It should be realised that when private trade is permitted after a longish period of severe control, during which even the black market was in trickles rather than of parallel magnitude to the ration, the merchants have to start laying in stocks and that their purchases would therefore be in excess of the normal turnover. A new set of stresses and strains is certain to develop, of which neither the director nor the side can be foreseen and

provided against day by day. An enquiry into the trend of supplies and prices even during the old days of free markets will reveal that during the months of the south-west monsoon and especially towards its closing weeks stocks have been low and prices ascendant. This is a seasonal phenomenon that will prevail in the future also. The question that we have to ask ourselves is whether the present tendency is anything more than the registering of this seasonal factor, slightly accentuated by this being the initial period of decontrol, or whether it is the result of a hasty or unwise economic policy in the face of a shortage that has not been got over.

To those who feel that controls are in themselves good and are an essential corollary to national planning, no suitable reply can be given. They raise the discussion to ideological levels, in which the point at issue is the structure of economic institutions. To those, on the other hand, who welcome decontrol but are not certain of the wisdom of its timing, the arguments advanced above should be sufficient at least to show that the time is not ripe nor the situation grave enough to draw final conclusions.

Towards the end of 1948 the Government of India introduced decontrol in haste and repented also in haste. Then they did not proceed by particular tracts and it swept the country wholesale. The present policy is more cautious and the incidence, of failure, if any, within the limits of timely rectification. The working classes have not been wholly denied

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the benefit of the ration shops, and the real price to the others, in terms of clean grain of good quality, has not soared to an extent that justifies fear.

This is an *ad hoc* analysis, and not a prophecy; it is not even an apology for decontrol as a principle. There is a relentless logic in events and a pragmatic approach is the most suitable for economic problems. When principles are hitched to facts, and the facts rebel, political power is used to control and even conceal the play of economic forces. Nor is party criticism of Government measures always unbiassed. The Opposition often diagnoses the disease but leaves it to the Government to suggest the cure. In the welter of so many centrifugal

influences, it is all the more necessary that the distinction between the transient and the inherent should not be lost sight of.

So we conclude that decontrol should be given a chance, and that while we express no views about its ultimate success, we feel that no facts have come to light to condemn it; on the contrary an increase of price during this season and in the face of this being the first few months of the free market is only to be expected. The situation should also be judged by reference to the overall criterion of adequate availability. One harvest at least should be over before even hesitant conclusions can be arrived at on intrinsic merits.

Sotto Voce

THE MAULANA'S BLUNDERBUSS



WHEN the sponsors of a new Arts College for Madras went about beating up funds, a rich philanthropist whose help they solicited scrutinised with some curiosity the list of donations, promised and paid. He was puzzled to find that one of the leading spirits behind the scheme did not figure in it at all. When he discreetly expressed surprise, the gentleman, who had reputedly made a seven-figure fortune in the plush-covered tiers of Government service, blandly told him, "I haven't given anything so far. But I have promised my full moral support." And that, you were to understand, was more valuable to the embryo College than all the cash in the world!

Likewise the Education Minister to the Government of India makes up

by his fine moral fervour for any deficiency in cash from which Education may have to suffer by reason of the parsimony of his colleagues. Gifted with a tidy mind, he goes about, unhasting, unrelenting, "breaking the sorry scheme of things entire and remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire." It is a heart whose recesses are deep and unplumbed; the well-springs of its life are presumably fed by subterranean streams from Bokhara and Samarkhand, from Azerbaijan and the Hedjaz. But there is nothing chauvinistic, much less sacerdotal about the Maulana's cultural ideal. It may be that his only point of contact with the Indian mind is Urdu, a fugitive hybrid. But, by an overnight transference of sympathy, he stands forth to-day as the foremost champion of Hindi.

Hyderabad University has been informed that its high, nay awful destiny is to be the crucible of a new culture. It is from the vantage point of the Deccan that the shining hosts of Hindi civilisation are to make their mass attacks on the entrenched ignorance of the South. It is true that the Hyderabadis do not seem to be particularly grateful for the honour that is being thrust on them. They have hardly had time to recover from the effects of thirty years of intensive Urduisation. But, with a Ministry whose loyalty is no less marked than its intelligence, you may be sure that they will be persuaded to submit themselves as guinea-pigs for the new experiment.

But the Maulana is in a hurry to catch up with his vision. One Hyderabad is not enough to convert two hundred millions to Hindi within the fifteen years prescribed by the Constitution. So what could be more natural than that everyone of the thirty odd universities and institutions of university status should take their share in spreading the gospel? But, such is the perverseness of the intellectual that he reacts instinctively against any suggestion that seems to by-pass him. Thus most of the universities have not only not taken kindly to the idea of jettisoning English: they are determined that if and when English goes the local language shall take its place. They do not feel too respectful towards Hindi.

And so the Maulana seems to have made up his mind that if the bird will not sing it must be made to. And he has hit upon the simple device of setting up a Council of University Education with hand-picked members

"to regulate the standards of teaching and examination." Any university which shows itself averse to being regulated and standardised according to the specifications drawn up in the Maulana's ante-chamber may be brought to heel by one of two simple alternatives. Supplies will be withheld and in the more contumacious cases recognition may be withdrawn.

Now, that does not seem to be very different from what Goebbels did. In a decade he succeeded more thoroughly in ushering in the dark ages by depopulating and devitalising some of the greatest universities of Europe than ever Hun or Vandal had done when the sun of Rome set. It will perhaps be said, "But our universities are not exactly Heidelbergs and Göttingens. They are mostly diploma factories; and some of them are none too particular about how the diplomas are secured." Granting there is something in this charge, is suppression of academic freedom the remedy?

In other countries the highest type of talent—the creator, the explorer—are drawn to the university as naturally as the iron filing to the magnet. They are assured of comfort and consideration and they are left free to follow their daimon. They have not to pay court to pinchbeck dictators misnamed Vice-Chancellors, nor have they to play the politician among the pressure groups who dispense patronage. And they are not expected to waste time correcting composition note-books or teaching mechanics mensuration. Your genius is, above all, a shy bird. The booming of the Maulana's archaic blunderbuss will effectively scare him away.

VIGNESWARA

Half a century ago, a U. S. journalist defined perfume as any smell used to drown a worse one. Deciding what is a worse one may nevertheless be difficult, and the consequences of a wrong choice embarrassing. There was once a cashier in Britain whose tiffin time always concluded with several glasses of port, after which he would eat a few cloves before rendering the day's accounts to his chief. One day there were no cloves, so he was obliged to substitute pickled onions. The afternoon's interview had hardly started before his chief brushed him aside, saying: "Smith, for twenty years I have put up with port and cloves, but port and onions I will not stand."—THE STATESMAN.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI

By "VISWAMITRA"

CACOETHES Scribendi is pundit high-brow for the itch that makes men scribble. The ordinary man, in the street or elsewhere, is apt to wonder why people scribble and how they scribble. When George II met Gibbon all that he said was "scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon," which was, indeed, a fair summary of the gentleman's life. One could feel the scratch of Gibbon's quills in these three words, containing a mixture of admiration, curiosity and contempt. Curiously enough several men engaged in pursuits that are called 'practical' have been afflicted with Cacoethes Scribendi. General Wolfe wanted to be author of Gray's Elegy. Some amongst the ancient kings and modern big businessmen have got books written for them by impecunious scribes. Caesar was actually an author. But they sought fame in literature as an accomplishment, not as a profession.

*"One hates an author, that's all
author, fellows*

*In foolscap uniforms turned up
with ink."*

So if a soldier writes poetry or a surgeon is a fiddler he gets away with it. Schizophrenia, being a departure from the accustomed parsimony of nature, is prized by the possessor and applauded by the public; though, in point of fact, two excellences are never combined in the same measure. A great violinist may be an indifferent cricketer but Bradman and Kreisler can never be combined in one person. Such is nature's single track mind. Even in animals it is possible to achieve optimum results only in one line. Sheep can be bred for wool or meat but not for both. We may say, reluctantly or otherwise, that a great writer is a great writer and nothing else. He exhausts himself in writing. Not by training only but inherently also specialization is the order of the world.

The common man perhaps likes to imagine authors as subject to spasms of imaginative fury, feverishly unburdening on paper thoughts when they

are redhot and retiring exhausted, and then indulging in all kinds of alcoholic and amorous excesses, and generally leading a life of amoral impulse. This view is neither altogether false nor altogether true. There are several persons who persuade themselves that they possess the artistic temperament merely on the score of being sensual and there have been great writers who kept a careful bank account. There are some who think that they are poets because they grow long hair. The possession of a temperament without creative faculty is a sad frustration of nature, and vacant chaff well meant for grain, and it is tolerated and occasionally admired by the credulous only because the general public still like to feel that art is genius and that genius makes its own laws. A professional writer—even a real genius, let us say, who makes a living out of his art—turns out so many pages per day or week. His brain has to secrete thought as the liver secretes bile. Anthony Trollope wrote in his autobiography that he sat down regularly after breakfast every day and turned out so many pages. This disclosure was repugnant to his public. They did not like to acquiesce in the possibility of a daily, quantitative output of literature. But there is no reason why the ability to write, like any other gift, cannot be on tap, at least reasonably so, there being an incorporeal storehouse that, energised, becomes art. This can be true of any type of creative work and is certainly so of writing, at any rate most of it, except the very greatest poetry where the extra unpredictableness flashes like a sword in the night.

But how much of such poetry does the world possess? Just a thimbleful, enough to quench a sparrow's thirst. The rest is the jingle of verse, the fascination of rhythmic sound like the "noise of bees in immemorial elms" or "I galloped, Drick galloped, we galloped all three." Sanskrit is especially full of such crunching poetry that exercises the jaw more

than the mind. It is usually compared to munching iron pellets. Let us therefore agree that writing, like all else, is craftsmanship and that art is a glimmer in its midst.

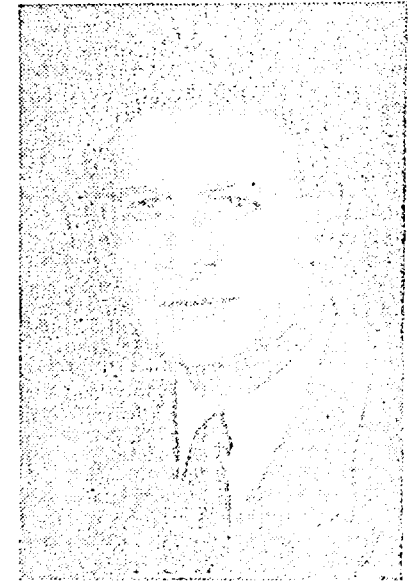
Even on this pedestrian premise, so much is being written to-day that one envies the ancients. They kept learning as a privilege, expressed thoughts in verse, including thoughts on such subjects as medicine and architecture, relied on memory and oral transmission to preserve the thoughts, associated knowledge with religion and generally took care to see that none but the really earnest got to know anything. It also prevented all but the best from living long. Ancient civilizations had no journalists to whom yesterday is antiquity, editors who cast their bread upon Fleet Street (or Mount Road), no spinster lady novelists who invent hirsute cavemen gathering up drooping maidens in bear hugs, no critics who use art-jargon in which words are used like brickbats to be thrown at one, no compilers who write made-easies, digests of even two page originals for those whose minds are yawning with the boredom of excitement, in short no professional hacks who have to write to live. Having to "cook up something" is a nightmare that one may well sympathise with; witness the birth pangs of A. A. Milne's *Punch* sketches: "Ideas may drift into other writers' minds, but they do not drift my way. I have to go and fetch them. I know no work, manual and mental, to equal the appalling, heartbreaking anguish of fetching an idea from nowhere.... On Friday morning at 9.30 I sat down to search for it. At 11.30, my brain in ruins, I was still searching. At 11.30 I was telling myself that even if I did find it, I had to find fifty one more before the year was over; and if I stayed on *Punch* till I was seventy, as everybody seemed to do, then I should have to find 2,500 ideas before I died, yet now, in my prime, at twenty four, I could not find even one. Why hadn't I become a schoolmaster?"

We may call it the "scribe's" lament and versify it:

*"All scribe
Is a dribble
That becomes a smudge
A loose*

*Ooze
From the brain of a drudge
Thoughts are not things,
Nor cats kings,
Thoughts do not mate
Or gestate
Yet abort in vain
And are still born in pain
The surviving lot
Just boil the pot."*

One may legitimately lament the passing of verse, let alone true poetry, as a pastime of the learned. It was common to test one's verbal ingenuity by giving the first line of a quatrain and asking one to complete the other three lines so as to make sense, or to offer two totally unrelated subjects like a palm leaf and the nose of a damsel and ask for their reconciliation in verse. These tricks were the occupations when the intelligentsia



Mr. A. D. Wenzel, Managing Director of the Firestone Tyre & Rubber Co. of India Ltd., who returned to Bombay recently with Mrs. Wenzel, after a four-and-a-half month trip to the United States and Europe, investigating latest production methods and improvements which could be incorporated into their factory at Bombay.

were a community and learning and bread were not tied together in an iron alliance. Now even professional poets exhaust themselves in slender volumes in spite of six line pages and thick paper. An element of wonder is inherent in poetry. We have become the grammarians of nature, and have succumbed to scientific analysis. The earth is a minor planet. The milky way is one of many. Love is a gland. The damsel may be "smooth as monumental alabaster" but that is due to depilatories. Dean Swift could not reconcile himself to the fact that ELIA had an alimentation that had a beginning and an end. We are not worried by the natural inaesthetics of bodily functions. On the contrary we revel in advertising them. It is a far cry from the song of Solomon and the sonnets from the Portuguese to

*"Doris, towelled from the bath
Enters, paddling on broad feet
Bringing sal volatile*

And a glass of brandy neat"

or

*"Her drying combinations touched
by the Sun's last rays*

*On the divan are piled—at night
her bed*

*Stockings, slippers, camisoles and
stays"*

Thus woman has been debunked. Man himself is not a rational being. He is full of incestuous half-thoughts, stored up from infancy, unrevealed repressions that break out in odd ways, and generally irrational. These have to be exorcised by the new witch doctors, the neuropaths who thrive on the libido. Man's ancestry is also unlovely. We were pithicanthropos, Neanderthal and other near-simians.

Knowledge is not acquired but inherited through chromosomes, forty eight in all, and life itself is a fight between nerves and pills. It is no wonder that poetry does not thrive in these surroundings of cruel knowledge and ruthless analysis. One can well understand why nations that are intellectually eminent indulge in vast cruelties. We are, to quote Rathenau, "vertical barbarians" whose treasons, stratagems and spoils are cold, unjustified even by fury, whose objectives are not conditioned by humanism, as each is only a narrow specialist to whom the world is a guinea pig.

It is curious but true that when the real springs of inspiration dry up one takes refuge in novelty of technique. This happens in all the arts. The new techniques are camouflaged under strange names, but they have one common feature, namely, the condemnation of realism as a cheap imitation of nature, and a desire to shock rather than please. Thus in music discordance is sought to be synthesised. One should not relax but sit up and take notice. In sculpture large and nebulous shapes, pendulous mammalia, are shown as representing fertility. In painting screeching lines and flamboyant daubs are produced by the inverse alchemy of the painter's mind. In present poetry chunks of words are used in solid masses to build up sensations rather than unilateral thought reactions. Perhaps there lies at the back of all this chaos the yet unshaped raw material of a new beauty of naked truth and stark feeling and in a few hundred years the distinction between thought and feeling will merge into quiet and harmonious ecstasies. Today we are bewildered, and are compelled to bemoan the advancement of knowledge.

Eva Peron's story was much more than a Cinderella climb from rags to riches; more than the success story of an ambitious girl who liked the right soldiers, orchids, mink and diamonds. She was utterly loyal to Peron, once they began to rise together, but she was also determined to make herself a power and not merely to bask in the President's glory. In some ways her triumph was more remarkable than her husband's. Before Eva Peron showed the way, Argentine women had no place in public life, and were stifled by rigid social conventions. She was the illegitimate child of poor parents; she was earning twelve pounds a month as a radio performer and pin-up girl only ten years ago.—*Critic in The New Statesman and Nation.*

RAMU'S RAMAKRISHNA MISSION

By C. N. C.

IT was fifty-five years ago. Madras City was thrilled to the core of its being by the magnetic presence of Swami Vivekananda, just back in this country after his trip to the New World. Vast crowds thronged for his darshan and to hear his words of wisdom, and he spoke for a few minutes to every group that visited him; and the groups came one after the other. Among those who enthusiastically rushed to the Swami's presence and listened to him spell-bound were college students whose imagination had been fired by his great achievement in the West.

When one such group of students came before him, the Swami's eyes alighted on a timid, retiring, wistful-looking youngster at the back. With a gentle smile, Swamiji beckoned to him to come closer and spoke a few words. The rest of the batch was practically ignored. This marked the beginning of a consecrated life. Vivekananda had chosen the man who was to be the main instrument in furthering Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa's great cause in the South.

Soon after he left Madras, Swami Vivekananda received a request from the citizens of Madras that a Ramakrishna Mission centre should be started here. Swamiji sent one of his foremost brother disciples to the City for this purpose—Ramakrishnananda. For a while Swami Ramakrishnananda carried on the work of preaching the gospel single-handed, but ultimately complained to Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa himself—for whom can a devotee approach for help but his divine master?—of having to struggle hard with no one to help him. Sri Ramakrishna thereupon made him understand that a young man would come to him that very day and would be a source of strength to him in the years to come.

The young man who came was the very man Vivekananda had chosen—C. Ramaswami Ayyangar, or Ramu as he was familiarly known to all those

who came in contact with him. And everyone who knew him loved him dearly by reason of his sweetness and humility, his wisdom and faith in humanity, his visionary zeal and infectious enthusiasm.

Ramu's background was by no means exceptional. Born in Kayarkolathur in Chingleput District, he was educated in the Native High School, Mylapore, founded and sponsored by his first cousin, the late Sir V. C. Desikachari, and later in the Presidency College. He took to sports with the same ardour as to study. Obtaining his degree, he promptly became a clerk in the Public Works Secretariat, and some years later joined the office of the Chief Inspector of Railways.

It was while still a clerk that he came in touch with Swami Ramakrishnananda, and under the latter's influence his innate love for the poor and the lowly blossomed fourth into a burning passion to bring succour to the suffering poor. The first fruit of this was the starting of a school for Adi-Dravida children—quite a revolution in those distant days—which continued to exist for seven years in spite of stiff opposition from the orthodox members of his community and from most of his relatives. But ultimately Ramu had to abandon the school.

But the seed of his greatest work, which was to earn for him undying fame, was sown when, one day in 1905, Ramu came across a batch of Andhra students sitting disconsolate under a banyan tree in Mylapore, starving and helpless. They had come to the City in the fond hope of finding willing help for the prosecution of their studies, but they had achieved nothing but pain in their legs and an ache in their hearts. Deeply moved, Ramu arranged to feed them for the day at his sister's house. Then he went straight to Ramakrishnananda and told him the sad story of the Andhra boys. "Swamiji," he asked, with tears in his eyes, "can we not do something

for these boys? Can we not start a boarding school on a small scale?"

Ramakrishnananda looked at him silently and long. Then slowly he spoke. "My dear Ramu," he said, "several boys come to me appealing for help. If our Mutt were as rich as some of the other Mutts in the country, I would throw open our doors to these boys. With the poor means at my command I have already given refuge to one boy here, and even that I find difficult." The boy he referred to was an orphan from Mysore, whose parents had died of plague.

Then, again, Ramakrishnananda added: "Ramu, do you really believe you can undertake such a task? Think well over it. You ran a school for Panchama children for seven years, but at last you had to give it up. Once you take up a work you must stick to it. And what you propose now is not so easy as it appears."

Ramu replied without hesitation that he felt confident that the undertaking would succeed if he had Swamiji's blessings. Touched by this simple faith, Swamiji exclaimed: "If you have faith, Ramu, you will work miracles."

In his Reminiscences, Ramaswami Ayyangar recalls this conversation and comments: "That was enough for me. I felt the load on my heart already lifted. From that day to this I have never doubted, never calculated, never been anxious for the future. He made everything easy."

From that day onwards, unwavering and steadfast, Ramu devoted himself to the building up of the Ramakrishna Students' Home, which continues to grow and flourish long after its founder's death. With the begging bowl Ramu went from door to door seeking help in cash and kind for the great cause he had undertaken. Those who helped willingly and at once were very few. Most of the rich men of Mylapore pooh-poohed Ramu's move and some even admonished him for seeking to do the impossible. But, undaunted, Ramu went ahead with his mission, pained but not angered by the rebuffs and rebukes of the recalcitrant rich. Ramu and his bike became increasingly familiar in the streets of the City, and little by little he won over a number of permanent subscribers. And, in a few years, Ramu built, brick by brick,

that unique and ideal residential school for poor students, the Sri Ramakrishna Mission Students' Home in one of Mylapore's quietest spots, part of which has now been shifted to Athur in Chingleput District. The institution began with seven poor boys in a small, rent-free house given by a friend and finally attained to its present position of eminence and popularity. And those who scoffed first came later to pay warm tribute to Ramaswami Ayyangar's largeness of heart and spirit of selfless service, his self-effacing humility and dauntless perseverance.

Ramu's major work was the creation and fostering of the Home, but he also took an active part in the propagation of the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna in the South. He was the Secretary of the Madras branch of the Mission throughout his life, and he was an unfailing source of strength and inspiration to the devotees of Sri Ramakrishna in this part of the country. The Ramakrishna Mission School for boys in Thyagarayanagar was the last undertaking which Ramu initiated, and the late Sri S. Vasudevachariar, that austere, kindly soul whose presence lit up Thyagarayanagar for several years, continued the good work and brought into existence several elementary and higher elementary schools for boys and girls in that part of the city.

Ramaswami Ayyangar's strong body broke down under the strain of incessant work, and in 1926 he had a stroke of paralysis which rendered him an invalid for the rest of his life. This made him decide to stay in the Home permanently, and he forgot his ailment in the midst of the students to whom he was verily a father. A visitor to the Home during this time wrote of him: "His enthusiasm and fervour for the work so near to his heart is infectious, and I came away full of admiration and a desire to do all I can for the Home."

But however strong the spirit, it has to submit to the limitations of the flesh at some stage. The end came in June, 1932, only four days after he had attended, undoubtedly enduring much pain, the opening ceremony of the Mission School at Thyagarayanagar. People saw him that day and he was smiling radiantly as ever. Four days later on a fateful Wednesday he

attended a meeting of the Home Committee to consider applications for admission. At the end of the meeting he had an attack and fell down unconscious. He remained unconscious for three days, at the end of which, on June 17, he breathed his last within the institution to which he had devoted the best part of his life. He was sixty.

This was the remarkable man whose statue adorns the entrance to the Ramakrishna Students' Home. As one stands before the image, the thought passes through one's mind that there is little that faith cannot achieve, and nothing at all that faith combined with humility cannot bring about. This statue and the Ramu

Memorial Hall within the precincts of the Vivekananda College will ever inspire the young men passing through the college portals to lead a life of service to fellow-beings in a true missionary spirit.

The Ramakrishna Mission Home has, in these 47 years since its inception, become an all-embracing educational institution, combining the moral and material aspects of life in judicious proportion. Strict discipline is the essence of life in the Home, but this does not preclude encouragement of the various aptitudes of the boys. Industrial training has been combined with normal high school education, and thus the Home forestalled Basic Education by decades.

OUR STUDENTS OVERSEAS

THE news that the Melbourne University in Australia was disappointed with the academic performance of a majority of its Indian students and had decided to make its own and stricter selection for admission is not flattering to the selection authorities in India. But this feeling is not confined to this University alone, but is shared by some of the leading universities in the U.S.A. In 1947, I had occasion to visit several universities and institutes of technology in the U.S.A., which had Indian students and discuss their problems with the presidents and deans. It was the policy of these institutions to welcome foreign students, and even reserve quota of seats for them, though it meant the exclusion of some American students themselves. While they thought that most of the Indian students then in American institutions of higher learning had done 'pretty well', they were not sure of the standards of graduation in the Indian universities and requested the American State Department to assess their values and grade them for the guidance of the American institutions. They were also not satisfied with the selections made by the authorities in India and contemplated some method by which they themselves could make the selections in India before the students left India for America. For instance, they might conduct their own examinations or arrange for their own representatives to visit India and make the selections by personally interviewing Indian applicants.

Their reasons are understandable. The American institutions, which have an international appeal, receive applications from all over the world and in numbers far in excess of the accommodation available. Comparatively speaking, their standards are high and the education

very expensive. They are in a position to choose the best candidates; they must also choose the best to justify the high expenditure of educational effort and money.

On account of the comparatively inferior standards in India, the best by Indian standards is not equal to the best in international competition. Further, selections in India have not always been on merit; in the present circumstances of India, other considerations have often to be accommodated and even allowed to prevail. The American institutions are thus faced with a very embarrassing situation. If they admit non-competents, they waste their educational effort and money and, besides, keep out competent. If, on the other hand, they exclude them, they would cause frustration and deep humiliation to the Indian candidates who had been selected in India and sent to America at considerable expense and in high hopes. To avoid either evil, it is best that foreign institutions should select their Indian students in India itself, in co-operation with Indian selection committees. Such a step is bound to minimise frustration and waste, and incidentally stimulate a general improvement of standards of education, examination and selection in our country.

In order to prepare themselves for life the students have to live in foreign lands with minimum embarrassment and strangeness. It is, therefore, desirable that Indians generally and students in particular, should, before they leave India, be given a course in foreign manners and customs, and, more particularly, the proper use of modern bath-rooms. The foreign embassies in India may well arrange for such orientation as a friendly service.—P. KODANDA RAO.

AMERICAN, 89, FINDS FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK City: The last thing in this world Jacques Romano would do is compare a human being with an alligator. Yet, Mr. Romano, who is 89 and galvanic, announces he will live to be 150 because he's the alligator type.

Mr. Romano looks 50 and feels like 20.

He was quaffing iodine from a tall beaker, one of his elixirs for longevity, when visited in the ambrosial laboratory of the Jamol Co., 101 Maiden Lane. It is there Mr. Romano creates pharmaceuticals to cushion bumps along the road to oblivion, a sideline to troubling doctors who fear he might last until 2013.

A fierce-eyed, genial man with almost luminous gray hair, Mr. Romano brought up the wonders of the alligator's health while supervising a batch of Bahim Oil, which he says makes human feet feel younger, and Avatar, which he says revitalizes the human nose.

The Food and Drug Administration OK'd the ingredients used in Bahim and Avatar, but to their inventor that's merely the comfort on being on the right side of the FDA. It's what happens to the feet and nose that counts.

"The alligator," said Mr. Romano, sniffing a flacon, "breathes at long intervals and lives from 400 to 500 years. A dog races around all the time with its tongue out and dies at 14.

"By carefully avoiding exercise all your life, you can live on... and on... and on... That's the first step.

"I've made all my plans for living to be 150. I do not recognize the proverbial three-score and ten. The rest of the world does and that's why they pass out around 70. I do not age because I do not recognize the aging process."

At this timely point, Mr. Romano used the argument from example. He leaped into the air. For a man of

89 he took off magnificently. His legs arched, the lithe body flew across the room and he came down to the floor rattling only a few jugs of Bahim. Then he clutched the beaker of iodine and took a healthy snort. He never uses sugar or cream.

"Drinking iodine is partly the secret to living for centuries," Mr. Romano said, with a low gurgle. "For 60 years I have studied the properties of iodine. I have discovered how to eliminate the irritating effects of iodine by a secret process."

"I drink my own product day and night. It purifies the bloodstream. It fixes up thyroid situations. To others, iodine is poison. To me, it's the gift to the endless future. Here, take a sip!"

We dipped our tongue in a half-teaspoonful and it tasted like iodine. It smelled like iodine. No telling the difference.

Mr. Romano sloshed his superiodine in both hands and threw it in both eyes. "For others," he cried, "it would be blindness!"

Then he swallowed a brief snort. "Too much liquid," cautioned Mr. Romano, "fills one up. No sense drinking iodine without getting full benefits." Iodine-that-won't kill is manufactured by Mr. Romano for internal use by Mr. Romano. If you should get a thirst for the stuff, he warns, be sure to consult a physician. They buy a bottle from Mr. Romano. "In the year 2013 I will be driving a flying saucer with syncromesh," predicted Mr. Romano, "with a bottle of iodine in the glove compartment."

Jim Crow Land

A few years ago, Ray Sprigle, a Pulitzer Prize-winning white newspaperman, took a newly-acquired sun tan and a new idea on a tour of the South. He "passed" as a Negro and lived the life of one for several weeks, as he titled his subsequent book "In the Land of Jim Crow."

Sprigle's sense of indignant shock

at the everyday lot of the average American Negro citizen in the Southland was imparted to hundreds of thousands of other white Americans who followed his Jim Crow experiences first in a syndicated series of newspaper articles and later in his book.

"Many who had lived their lives amid the bland generalizations of race relations probably thought they knew for the first time what it really means to be a Negro—every day of your life—in this greatest of democracies.

But they really didn't know. And neither did Sprigle. For, despite his excellent reporting, his genuine shock and his bitter repudiation of the un-Americanism of his fellow white American, Sprigle was only temporarily a "Negro," and a suddenly-created one at that.

He had neither the background—the day-to-day conditioning from birth in the status of an "inferior" being—nor the inner rage or fatalistic acceptance of such a status which is the lot of most who must live with it.

Fortunately for America, and for all believers in human freedom wherever they be, another newspaperman has taken up where Sprigle left off. And this newspaperman, whose "sun tan" was his at birth, has brought to the same project the qualities which no white man, no matter how understanding, could ever acquire in a temporary assumption of the black man's burden.

Carl T. Brown, a gifted young reporter for the Minneapolis Morning Tribune, also toured the South for his newspaper. His 6,000-mile journey started in his native town of McMinnville, Tenn., and covered the little known as well as large communities of the South.

And through intimate flashbacks to his own all Jim Crow childhood, his own daily experiences in both the South and the North, Rowan pinpoints the nuances of Negro life in a thoroughly excellent documentary. The real daily tragedy of being a Negro, is, he observes: "the life of doubt, of uncertainty as to what the reception will be."

"It is this doubt that permeates

Negro life in the North as well as the South. In the North, the doubt is created by whites who circumvent democratic laws by subterfuge, in the South, the doubt springs from the fact that, because few statutes exist that are favorable to the Negro, the white man's mood and spoken word become law. Whatever the Southern white man decides for the Negro has the sanction of tradition, and against traditions there has been little legal recourse."

But this is not a book of philosophical observations; Rowan's points are made with vivid, intimate and factual reporting. The pride and improved status of Negroes who fought back are revealed in the words of the race riot victims in Columbia, Tenn., the courage of a Judge J. Waites Waring is illuminated through an engrossing evening with the jurist and his Northern-born wife in Charleston, S. C.

And the taboo subject of sexual intermingling in the South recalls the evening he surprised his best friend and his young blonde paramour in a river-back rendezvous only to hear her yell automatically: "Get up! Stop, you black son of a bitch! Jesus, he's raping me!"

The Willie McGee whose ashes he stirs on a visit to Larrel, Miss., is neither the "genocide" victim irrevocably sent to his grave by the Communists nor the Negro "rapist" whom the crackers were determined to put to death. And the University of Oklahoma segregation case becomes a study in human and group relations, and not just a U. S. Supreme Court decision.

Rowan was trying to find out whether there was a "new South" since he left McMinnville less than a decade before. What he found was not so new, but it at least had encouraging signs of progress. And he ends by calling for a "new North" as well as accelerated progress for the South. As he puts it:

"In the North, the fight is against small men who manifest their hatreds and antipathies by guile and trickery; in the South, the struggle is against little men with the towering club of law..." (but):

"Prejudice is no ailment of the toe, or of the Southern extremists of man-

kind; it is near-gangrene of the body, the whole body, and what is needed is a wonder drug, a tonic for the national bloodstream, not amputation of any apparently less-healthy part of the body."

Carl T. Rowan has made an excellent diagnosis. But the wonder drug will never be produced solely through the efforts of those-black and white—who live "south of Freedom."

Flying Saucers

The Air Force, long skeptical about flying saucers, has now made some official and important admissions.

Admission number one is that they have detected something that looks like flying saucers on radar at the same time that people have claimed they saw flying saucers. In other words flying saucers are not just cloud freaks or hallucinations. If so they could not be detected on a radar screen.

Admission number two is that flying saucers could possibly be space ships from another planet. The reason for this admission is that it will soon be possible for us to build a space ship to visit the moon if we are willing to spend the money for research and construction.

Our current research into atomic power and supersonic speeds already has progressed so far that it is definitely known such a ship can be built, but the big expense would come from creating atmosphere inside the ship to support human life while traveling from one planet to another.

Therefore, if we are this close to interplanetary travel, Air Force officers admit that a more advanced civilization could be keeping this planet under surveillance through flying saucers.

Admission number three: It has not been announced, but scientific observation plants have been set up in New Mexico, where we are testing guided missiles, to track flying saucers also. A number of flying saucers have been seen in the South-West, and since trained specialists are already

on the job in that area with the latest scientific gadgets, the Air Force has ordered them to watch for flying saucers and track them scientifically.

In addition, the Air Force has instructed its 24-hour air observers to watch not only for enemy planes but flying saucers. Furthermore, it has set up special cameras on its radar screens to keep a pictorial record of flying saucers or any other strange objects flitting across the screens.

Finally, Wright Field, at Dayton, O., the centre of all Air Force research, has been instructed to chart all flying saucer patterns, find out whether their flight behaviour is similar, and what characteristics they seem to have in common.

This was started only two months ago and no similar patterns have yet been reported, except for the peculiar fact that more flying saucers have been observed around U. S. atomic centres and around Wright Field than any place else. This could be because observers from another planet were interested in our atomic and air development, though the Air Force thinks it is more likely to be because the population around these bases is more sensitive to something strange in the skies.

However, while Air Force officials are taking every precaution to solve the mystery they also say that the first flying saucer was seen by the Prophet Ezekiel, who reported seeing a flying wheel in the heavens.

The Air Force has tracked down thousands of fantastic reports, from that of George Koehler of Denver, who reported blond, beardless three-foot men from Venus, to the movies taken by Nick Mariana of Great Falls, Mont. The beardless men turned out to be a hoax, and the movies turned out to be pictures of two high-flying jet fighters.

So, while the Air Force is doing everything possible to solve the mystery, it still has its collective fingers crossed.

In fashionable circles, satire which attacks the fault, rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault is always acceptable.—RICHTER.

THE CONFIRMED DO-GOODER

THE man who hated films and vice,
The man was old and the man was wise,
And all too often, full of advice,
And full of a passion to amend lives.
And once from a platform he addressed some wives,
And said to them thus, in solemn cheer:
"Films are bad, as I tell you here.
And the money you spend, in the end,
Goes down the drain, or what is worse,
Into some fat capitalist's purse.
So mark my words and heed what I say,
And when your dear husbands hand you their pay,
Give it to me, to save it for you,
Or save it yourselves, and save yourselves too."

Up from the throng now rose an housewife,
And said to this man, "Upon my life,
Much money there is, to save or spend!
Save, you say, but save to what end?
To buy de-rationed rice at one-eight a measure?
To sell off my gold and pay taxes with pleasure?
I rather think it is wiser, nicer,
To spend some of this hard-won pisa
To go to the movies and sit in a chair,
And for a three-hour spell, forget the care
Of running the house and feeding the brute,
Of paying the taxes and government tribute."

But the old, wise man was undaunted,
And gave some more advice, unwanted:
"Films are bad, too, on the moral score,
Producers were pious in times of yore,
And though the pictures they made were often a bore,
Yet, the intent was there, and shots of god Almighty,
No, not as now, close-ups of a well-filled nightie.
This brings to my mind a play I have seen
With, in it, a single erotic scene.
Nothing much, indeed, rather crude, rough stuff,
Of a gorgeous beauty that bathed in the buff.
And the people, they thronged, to see and to sin,
Vicariously with this hussy, dressed in her skin.
But things are worse now, films full of kisses,
While an inflamed audience whistles and hisses.
Would that I could stop all such exhibition.
"T would do us more good than even prohibition."

The housewife was silent, but thought with a shudder,
Methinks this man's a confirmed do-gooder,
My husband drank once, ere this land went dry.
Now the poor man is parched, and his thoughts are on high.
And this man's now busy devising a measure
To kill all our joys and take away pleasure.
Methinks this man would change all our habits,
Mould us into nice, good Indian Babbits,
Pen us at home, to breed like the rabbits
Save us, O Lord, from sighs and tears,
Make us, O God, wise with our years,
Save us, keep us, from child after child,
But save us most from reformers wild.

—R.

NEW CHINA: A SUMMING UP

By VIDYA PRAKASH DUTT

IN a hectic six-week tour of a country which had just gone through a revolutionary transformation impressions tend to crowd each other out, but there are certain impressions which make a lasting impact on any visitor to New China. The most outstanding ones are those of intense activity, social equality, mass participation in the reconstruction of a new society, boundless enthusiasm, and faith and confidence of the people in their future.

The feeling of separateness between the Government and the people, which one notices in many countries, is absent and the people are associated with the administration at almost every level. In the villages and towns, in the factories and mines, in the trade unions and cooperatives, in the universities and other academic institutions, people are invited and encouraged to discuss issues, make suggestions and take part in the formulation of administrative decisions. Not only have the material conditions of the common man improved but he has also a much greater voice in the running of affairs than he ever had before. This has the incidental effect of blunting the edge of criticism against the Government since the people cannot very well carp and cavil at decisions which they feel they themselves have helped to arrive at. It also instils a sense of obligation on the part of the people to assist in the implementing of decisions to which they are a party.

One cannot help being impressed by the youth of China. Earnest and enthusiastic, they seem to be possessed by a missionary zeal. They work with a spirit of dedication and take a leading part in the building up of the new order. Another fact which grips attention is the emancipation of women. Women have achieved complete equality with men and are to be found everywhere, in the fields and factories, in the Government departments, in the railway trains and aeroplanes, working side by side with men, and working efficiently and smartly,

with a simplicity and a quiet dignity all their own.

On the material plane, the new regime can claim to have tackled many of the grave economic problems with a large measure of success. Inflation, which afflicted the Chinese economy for almost two decades, has finally been curbed and brought under control. Prices have been stabilized and brought within the reach of the ordinary consumer by pegging wages to prices. The budget has been balanced and the country is now spending within its means. Agricultural prices and industrial prices have been brought within reasonable relationship to each other. Production has practically reached the highest pre-war level and has even outstripped it in many commodities. The war-torn economy has been rehabilitated and the period of reconstruction has started. Corruption, bribery, and nepotism have been eliminated to a very great extent.

While there is unanimity of opinion among visitors to China about these general impressions, much heat and some light has been generated over the political organization and its working there. Some have called it a police state while some others have hailed it as almost a social democracy. Perhaps, the truth lies somewhere in between. China is neither a police state nor a liberal state on the Western pattern. In a police state, the police orders the lives of the citizen, watching and directing their minutest activities, and controlling not only their actions but their thoughts as well. The police is playing no such role in China today.

The new regime is not maintaining itself through a reign of terror and there is no fear of the revolution among the people. The vast majority of the people, workers and peasants, youth and women, the lower middle class, and even a section of the upper middle class, have welcomed the revolution, have no fear of it, and feel quite enthusiastic about it. A state where so much human energy has

been released, where the people are actively associated with the Government, where the common man's lot has materially improved, where the workers and peasants hold the pride of place, where youth has come into its own, where women have been emancipated—that state cannot be called a police state.

At the same time, China is not a social democracy in the Western sense of the term. Parliamentary institutions associated with social democracy are absent in China. All the parties which existed at the time of overthrow of the Kuomintang, and which were not collaborating with the Kuomintang, are represented in the new regime, and, at present, there is no organized opposition whose aim it is to capture power through the normal processes of opposition, such as one is accustomed with in a parliamentary system of government. In fact, China is what its leaders have called it: a "new democracy," a "people's democratic dictatorship." There are four partners to this "democratic dictatorship": the working class, the peasantry, the petit bourgeoisie, and the national capitalists (that class of capitalists who were not definitely aligned on the side of the Kuomintang). This coalition is led by the working class in alliance with the peasantry. In a liberal parliamentary state, everybody is legally entitled to the same rights and privileges, but in China the landlords and the bureaucratic capitalists have no rights and privileges and will have none until they have "reformed" themselves and are accepted back in the fold of society. The coalition is directed against three "enemies": imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism.

The sheet-anchor of the new regime is the Common Programme, sometimes called the Constitution of New China. It is a document which gives out the agreed minimum programme of a United Front consisting of scores of parties, groups and eminent individuals who jointly evolved it after months of deliberation during the second half of 1949 in a conference known as the People's Political Consultative Conference. That body, representing 14 political parties and groups and 16 "people's organization,"

also inaugurated the new Central People's Government and became the supreme organ of New China. Thus all the different groups and sections of public opinion, workers, peasants, intellectuals, industrialists, youth, women, minority nationalities, overseas Chinese, and religious circles, are represented in the new United Front Government and are a party to the Common Programme which is held sacrosanct. It is almost treasonous to oppose the basic principles of the Common Programme and all political activity is carried on within the framework of this Common Programme.

The Communists definitely give the leadership to the United Front. They hold the "commanding heights," the key positions, like the ministries of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, and Defence. However, the other parties and persons in the coalition are not mere dummies. They have been given positions of honour and influence. Madam Sun Yut-sen is one of the Vice-Chairmen of the People's Republic. Kuo Mo-Jo, another eminent non-Communist, is one of the Vice-Premiers. The non-Communists also hold, among others, the portfolios of education and Justice. Within the framework of the Common Programme, the non-Communists express their opinions freely and make their contribution towards the enactment of legislation and executive decrees. So far there are no apparent tensions in the coalition and it seems to be working harmoniously.

Another distinguishing feature of China's New Democracy, and one which is alien to parliamentary Government, is the principle of democratic centralism.

No Policies From Above

No policy is just "promulgated" from above. On all matters of policy, discussions, initiated at the top level, would be held at all levels. The matter would be fully discussed in the trade unions, peasants associations, provincial and county representative congresses and conferences, youth and women's leagues and a host of other representative bodies. The outcome of the discussions would then start "moving up," the leaders would have before them the consensus of opinion in the country, and

thus an agreed policy or law is framed. This process is one of the most important factors contributing to the feeling of unity between the Government and the people. The principle of democratic centralism is not confined to the Communist Party alone but is extended to the entire country.

Once an agreed decision is reached and announced, everybody is expected to fall in line and abide by it. In reply to my questions about the working of the principle of democratic centralism, I was told that centralism on the basis of democracy takes the form of election through universal suffrage of the people's representatives and leaders and that democracy under the direction of centralism is exercised through the popular movements of the masses under the leadership of the directing organs elected by the people themselves. However, individual voices are apt to be lost in this collective process of arriving at decisions.

Education

An entirely fantastic assertion has been made by some people that in China only the works of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao are taught in schools and colleges. What is true is that their works are also taught and that a good deal of importance is attached to them. Much has already been said by visitors to China about "reform" of intellectuals and education. A non-Communist educationist of repute told me that in the past education in China's institutions of learning reflected the old semi-feudal, semi-colonial society; it produced only bureaucrats and clerks. Education, he said, must now be brought in tune with the times and must serve the needs of the new society. He insisted that the reforms were being introduced gradually and that the academicians of China were engaged on the problem of how to combine the reasonable "components of the old

educational system beneficial to the people with their practical needs and the development of their faculties. The sole criterion now is that it must "serve the people."

It is interesting to note in this connection that the three guiding principles adopted at the first session of the All-China Higher Educational Conference, held in the middle of 1950, were that theory must be blended with practice, free thinking must be developed and criticism and self-criticism carried out properly, and that studies must be coordinated with participation in labour and production and in mass struggles. It was also decided that the reform in pedagogical methods must stress on opposition to dogmatism. The new slogan is: "One who talks cannot be guilty." The reform movement has not been imposed from above, by the Government and the bureaucracy, but is being carried on through mutual discussions between teachers and students. What is expected of educationists is not a Marxist approach but what they call a "progressive approach"; the method employed is not that of coercion but that of discussion and persuasion.

New China is no heaven on earth. The people work hard and live a Spartan life; their standard of living does not yet compare favourably with that prevailing in advanced industrial countries. But there is enthusiasm, there is hope, there is faith, and there is a steady improvement in the material well-being of the people. Social equality has very nearly been achieved and there are no social distinctions dividing one class from another. Economic equality is also within sight, what with a minister getting 500 rupees a month and the lowliest of workers between 80 to 100 rupees. One comes away from China with the impression of a people engaged enthusiastically and joyfully in the task of peaceful reconstruction of their country.—NAPS.

When I hear some of my contemporaries deploring the sins of the welfare state I wonder how clearly they remember the beggars of their youth. Foreigners used to be horrified by what they felt was the brutal indifference of London in the 'eighties to human misery and suffering. No child sees those mutilated or starving spectres of humanity today, but some of us who saw them have not forgotten them and so we are able to feel less indignant about the expense of social amelioration.—Compton Mackenzie in a BBC talk.

EKALAVYA

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

MR. N. Chandrasekhara Aiyer's article on Ekalavya and the discussion it has occasioned are very interesting and augur well for the future of literary criticism in our country. Our men-of-letters have hitherto been under the spell of English literature and of the various characters in Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray, and it is a welcome change to hark back to the treasures of Indian classical pieces. One might add, writing on the sixth anniversary of the day of our independence, our freedom will have no meaning if it does not instil in us a love of our traditions and of our literature.

The story of Ekalavya occurs in the Mahabharata, and bears striking resemblance to the traditional account of a disciple cast away by his Guru but able, with the Guru's name on his lips, to cross a mighty river much more easily than the Guru himself did. The Mahabharata was composed several centuries ago and Rajaji has pointed out that a great mass of accretion had been added on from time to time. It is just possible that the Ekalavya episode might have been one such interpolation; but nevertheless one can proceed on the footing that it did actually happen.

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the earliest and grandest of world epics, were not mere romances or fictitious themes, but historical records of the happenings in two of the most fruitful epochs in ancient Indian history. The main incidents in either have spread themselves throughout the country and even beyond, in her former colonies, in stone and sculpture. Both Valmiki and Vyasa were contemporaries of the events and personages dealt with by them; and they have set down what they saw, heard and observed. Being the most objective of all biographers, both ancient and modern, they have recounted not only the virtues but the lapses as well of the chief heroes and actors in the epics. The Ramayana is long anterior to the Mahabharata; the conditions of the society and of the peoples, their aims and aspira-

tions in war and peace, in prosperity and adversity differed radically. The impact of the Kali age had already become felt when the events in the Mahabharata had commenced. Both are however tragedies—the Uttara Kanda is part of the Ramayana—recording two of the bloodiest wars in history. The Bagavat Gita is a product of those times, but Sri Krishna largely drew upon his own experiences of men and matters when He spoke the ideas in slokas 61 to 63 chapter II, Chapter XVI, and sloka 32, Chapter XVIII.

Earthly life to our ancients was both an ordeal and a curse. When the sage Mandavya was charged for theft and impaled for days on end, he cursed the perpetrator of the injustice to be born as a human being in this world. Why should they have dreaded the earthly existence? It was because human beings, however high or omniscient, acquire certain attributes and inhibitions which ultimately land them in chaos. Love, fear, hatred, jealousy and a host of sub-human failings seize them and warp their judgments. Take for instance Sri Rama's coronation. How was it that neither Dasaratha, nor Vasishtha or Rama thought of inviting Bharata and Satruguna? Consider, again, the attitude of Drona, the high-souled personage that he was, towards Ekalavya. And observe the long trail of woe and misery which befell the Pandavas and Draupadi at the hands of their collaterals making, as Balarama said to Krishna, "even the mountains and rivers weep."

The period of the Ramayana registered a definite advance in ethical and moral values. There was no ideal villain in the story except it be Mandara and Kaikeyi for a brief interval; but even she in her worst moments could not stand the rebuke of Vasishtha. Ravana was no villain and not seldom does Valmiki refer to him as a 'Mahatma'. His prepossession was the capture of Sita, but there were occasions when he had detested his own objective and repented his treatment of Vibishana. Hear him relenting after Kumbakarna had been killed:

"Of what use are Sita and my kingship after your exit? The Mahatma's (Vibishana's) words have proved too true and I am reaping the consequences of my action in turning him out." Again when, maddened by the death of Indrajit, he rushed forward to kill Sita outright, he took care to listen to the words of Suparsva who cautioned him not to let his anger get the better of dharma, and regained calm. Contrast with this Aswathama's massacre of the allies of the Pandavas and the sons of Draupadi, whilst they were all fast asleep, to avenge the killing of Duryodhana and Drona. The war too in the Ramayana was terrific to the core: still at no time were the principles of fair battle laid down by Rama ever lost sight of when Lakshmana offered to kill the whole brood of Rakshasas as reprisal for the havoc wrought by Indrajit, Rama refused to permit it, and ruled that one should not attack an enemy who does not fight, who hides himself, who is in meditation, who is surrendering, who is negligent and who runs away. In the Mahabharata war, every one of these principles was honoured in the breach.

The Mahabharata epoch represented a state and a society which were polls apart from the conditions which had obtained in Rama Rajya. Hatred and malice, cupidity and violence were abroad. The people, excepting the Pandava brethren, had no respect for their parents, preceptors and priests. The kingdom itself was in a turmoil. Even the gods and godlike men, like Bhishma and Drona, were ignored. As Sri Krishna has stated in the Gita, a mahatma who could see the godhead in everything was a rarity. 'Varna-sangraha' which

Arjuna had dreaded, had already taken place. Drona became a warrior, Vidura a philosopher, and at the battleground when the forces stood arrayed on either side, ready to annihilate each other, Arjuna clean forgot his Kshatriya Dharma. As the war progressed, there were violations upon violations of the moral code. Abhimanyu was butchered when alone and helpless and Burisravas when in meditation, not to mention the circumstances surrounding the killing of Karna and the butcheries of Aswathama. In short, it was a total war, annihilating the combatants root and branch, and unlike the Rama-Ravana Yuddha, leaving a heavy legacy of hatred and ill-will behind. The country itself stood to suffer enormously and the carnage, which had swallowed up the best martial men of the race, ultimately exposed India to the Muslim invasion and conquest.

The Mahabharata events had their own lessons to teach. As Vyasa told Kunti, "life is a mangled web and there is no one who has not done both good and evil." Secondly, howsoever learned one may be, eternal vigilance is the price of Dharma. Great men now and again fall into error and commit wrong. That is the rationale behind the Ekalavya episode, which proved that Drona was inveigled into doing what was "viparitha" as Dharma. His affection and loyalty to the Princes were so overmastering that he was induced to make on Ekalavya the most extravagant demand; and he little realised that the Princes whose cause he had in mind, would themselves be drawn into deadly conflict with each other, himself being arrayed against Arjuna and ultimately being killed by his brother-in-law.

HAVE WE MISSED THE REVOLUTION?

By N. G. JOG

NO slogan was more popular before we became free, and is heard less often since, than *Inquilab Zindabad*—Long Live Revolution!

This was the shout which reverberated from every Congress pandal. To its strains marched thousands of satyagrahis, who braved lathis and bullets. It was the last cry with which condemned patriots mounted the gallows:

Inquilab Zindabad! Why is this slogan not heard at all at present—not anyway in Congress circles? Is it because, like the hero, we have achieved our objective, and "are living happily ever afterwards" in the usual story formula? But a revolution, unlike a beloved, is said to eat those who woo and win it. Are our rulers, therefore, afraid of this fate, and avoiding its mention?

Or is it, simply, that although we have achieved our freedom, we have missed the revolution altogether? That we are uncomfortably conscious of this loss and are doing our best to forget it?

This inquiry is of interest and importance: It gives a psychological insight into many things that have happened in the last five years and into many more that have *not* happened. It may even explain the frustration which seems to be inseparable from our freedom.

India affords the only example in history of a great country becoming free without a revolution. The main credit of this unique consummation must, of course, go to Mahatma Gandhi. But the British Labour Government too showed statesmanship of the highest order in quitting India on August 15, 1947. Nothing became British rule in India more than the manner of ending it.

The graceful exit of the British from India, however, was to a great extent influenced by their fear of a revolution. The I. N. A. upsurge and the Naval Mutiny were more than straws showing which way the wind

blew. They were writings on the wall, grim endorsements from unexpected quarters of the Quit India demand of 1942.

Gandhi on his part did not believe in revolution if it meant armed insurrections and bloody revolts. Peace and non-violence were his watchwords, not the tumbrel and the guillotine. There was rich irony in the remark that he was the British Government's best policeman in India!

But although Gandhi might not have believed in revolution in the accepted sense, he was perhaps the greatest revolutionary of all time. Winning political freedom for India was only one part of the great revolution he had envisaged. It was to be the curtain-raiser of the great Gandhian era.

August 15, 1947, no doubt brought freedom to India, but in the very moment of its birth, the India that we knew and loved, the Bharat Mata that we worshipped, lay dead. Freedom came to us with a difference and a division, with bloodshed and arson in its train.

We hailed August 15, 1947, as the Appointed Day, as the Day of Fulfilment, as the Day of Destiny. But the Appointment, Fulfilment and Destiny were all decided in Westminster. It was offered as a concession, a grace, and received as a compromise, as a Hobson's choice. It was accepted then as half a loaf being better than none. But with their usual astuteness the British made it look like two loaves—one for India, and one for Pakistan.

And they had kept one for themselves too—the huge loaf of British investments in India and Pakistan. To a Britain bled white by two world wars, the kernel of its commercial security mattered more than the husk of the Empire.

"Sire, it is not a revolt, it is a revolution," said the Duc de Liancourt to Louis XVI on the eve of the French Revolution. Well might have we said on the eve of our freedom: "Sire, it is

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not a revolution; it's only an Act of the British Parliament—the last Act!”

It was a smooth constitutional change-over. It was a transfer of power attended with the minimum of fuss. Everything remained seemingly the same from the British Governor-General to the humblest representative of law and order in the village.

Freedom came to us not with a revolutionary bang but a constitutional whimper, and the manner of its birth has become the tradition of its working. Not that we have not undergone tremendous changes, but all of them have been unconscionably long time a-coming, and they come to us as a statute, a code, a clause in an Act.

The upsurge, the ferment, the patriotic yeast which raises a people to great heights, the feeling that they are building a new State, working out a new order, a new destiny have been conspicuously absent.

Nehru bitterly observed that while our river projects are even bigger than those the Soviet launched on the Dnieper, they have not evoked a tenth of the national co-operation and pride evinced in Russia. For this it is the Government rather than the people who are to be blamed. Their's but to struggle and live as best they can. And this struggle of existence is itself becoming progressively more difficult every passing year.

The common people have scarcely been associated with this great adventure of freedom. In Russia the worker is sovereign. They call it the People's Government of China. But in India it is the Congress Raj. The Congressman considers himself a privileged being, a superior person with a prescriptive right to rule. Did he not step into the shoes of the British in 1947? Was he not returned to power in 1952?

Somehow the revolutionary ardour in the Congress seems to have died out with Gandhiji. Even Nehru, who once preached the doctrine of "living dangerously," very often refers now to the "compulsion of events."

This can easily amount to a tacit acceptance of circumstances, a passivity, a static do-nothing policy. Everything has to be according to a cut-and-dried plan, administrative precedent, appropriate sanction in the

Constitution. Innovation and experimentation are sadly lacking.

Even when a break with the barnacled past comes, as in the abolition of zamindari, it takes so long, and is hedged in with so many complicated conditions and saving clauses that it fails to strike public imagination. Our rulers show an excessive regard for property and privilege, and only succeed in leaving the common people cold.

In China the Communists won over the masses by simply redistributing the land with one stroke of the pen. Even nearer home Sheikh Abdullah has resolutely refused to pay their pound of flesh to dispossessed landlords. Our constitutional purists and legal pandits may look with horror at this high heresy of "expropriation without compensation," but it cannot be gainsaid that it has ended the exploitation of centuries, and ushered in a revolution in the peasantry.

A revolution creates its own momentum, but a written Constitution is considered sacrosanct, and therefore tends to become static. The changes when they come are more likely to favour the ruling classes, and therefore reaction. It has already happened in India.

Having won freedom by a constitutional switchover, Congressmen seem determined to make the revolution nugatory. They have plucked its teeth, cut its claws, even muffled its roar.

"Law and order" has taken the place of *Inquilab Zindabad*. Indeed, a Central Minister not long ago pooh-poohed the very idea of a revolution. "There is no revolution around the corner," said Mr. C. D. Deshmukh smugly in Parliament, "nor is anyone ever to come."

We cannot dismiss these words as those of a typical bureaucrat trained in the steel frame tradition. For Mr. Deshmukh is a key man in the Congress Government, and reputedly enjoys the confidence of Nehru. His views have thus a corporate significance. They give us an insight into our Congress rulers' mind.

Decrying a revolution is the surest way of provoking it. Freedom will prove weary, stale, flat and unprofitable unless it assimilates and grows upon the revolutionary instincts of a

people. Gandhiji weaned us away from revolution as it is known to history, but that was the greatest revolution he achieved. Unfortunately, his message seems to have been lost upon us.

On the one hand we have failed to usher in the Gandhian revolution. On the other we are fighting shy of the very word revolution. "It's not even round the corner," says our Finance Minister complacently.

This complacency, this misreading of contemporary history, this missing

of revolution is the real cause of the lack of fulfilment and frustration of the last five years.

Freedom will be illusory if it fails to harness revolution. We might have achieved freedom without revolution, but let us make our freedom itself the embodiment of revolution. Let the means give a new content and significance to the end. Let us, therefore, lustily cry once again on this fifth anniversary of our independence **INQILAB ZINDABAD!**

THE GANDHIAN EPOCH

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

THE advent of Mahatma Gandhi on the Indian scene proved to be a turning point in the fortunes of the country, and he left a permanent impress in every walk of life. He was essentially a religious man turned politician either by necessity or by accident. His ascetic life and sterling character captured the imagination of the masses and classes alike since the real landmarks in the annals of India have always been saints and scriptures. His life-long effort to remove the blot of untouchability from the fair face of Hinduism was unique. He proclaimed that though he was a touchable by birth he was an untouchable by choice, and wherever he went he made their locality his abode. He further expressed the ardent desire to be born as a Bhangi (untouchable) if he had the choice. His contacts and commitments with the rich did not cost him his undoubted hold over the teeming millions of India who still do not know what a square meal is, have not got sufficient clothing to cover their shame and consider dirt and vermin as their natural surroundings.

Besides his equal respect to all religions, the support he gave to the Khilafat movement endeared him to the Muslims as long as that issue was alive. His integrity and selflessness were beyond cavil. There was never a whisper about his motives. He inspired love and confidence among his followers. The technique of Satyagraha which he successfully experimented in South Africa became the

chief weapon in the fight for freedom. He never advocated disobedience of all laws, but only those that were humiliating and harmful. But most of his followers had different ideas. In the words of the late Sir C. Y. Chintamani, though Gandhi stood for Satya (truth) his followers stood only for Agra (anger).

Doubtless, Gandhiji taught the people to assert and stand erect, but it cannot be denied that his leadership brought about certain unforeseen and undesirable tendencies for which he was not solely responsible. In the first place his mission was interpreted and understood as revivalism. His faith in his inner voice delivered a sore blow to rational approach. The thinking public were bewildered when he said that the Bihar earthquake in 1934 was the result of the ill-treatment of Harijans by the caste Hindus. His simplicity was mistaken for slovenliness. The cultural standards and the intellectual levels of the nation were definitely lowered. Intolerance of opposition and lack of a sense of proportion became common. But it must be said to the credit of Gandhi that he had an open mind and cherished personal loyalties. He acknowledged Gokhale as his political guru. To him Mr. Srinivasa Sastry and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya were elder brothers, and consulted them on critical occasions. The school master in Sastry corrected the grammar of Gandhi. The English rendering of Gandhi's Autobiography was revised by Sastry. His life-long friendship

with the Bard of Santiniketan, Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore, in spite of their differences in the way of life, mode of thinking and method of approach, is a matter of history. Thus people belonging to the various schools of thought and shades of opinion, ranging from a peasant to a prince, felt at home in his company.

Even with his bitterest opponents like Mr. Jinnah and Dr. Ambedkar he moved on a higher plane and took care never to offend them in spite of frequent provocations. Field Marshal Smuts and Sir Samuel Hoare whom he had to fight in South Africa and at the Round Table Conference in London had a very high regard for him. Lord Reading, a Solicitor-General who became the Lord Chief Justice of England, was bewildered by the rise of Gandhi on the political firmament during his regime as Viceroy. While Lord Irwin openly praised Gandhiji, Lord Wellington, his successor, avoided him for fear of being charmed. After him, Lord Linlithgow, the Scot with typical British traditions, befriended Gandhi at the earliest opportunity. Lord Wavell and Earl Mountbatten are of recent history. His life, to quote his very words, was an experiment with the truth which he equated to God.

But his lead stultified political life and paralysed constitutionalism. His insistence on khaddar created a new order claiming monopoly of patriotism. It is not farther from truth to say that behind the khaddar curtain many an evil flourished. Even stalwarts like Pandit Motilal Nehru and C. R. Das could not assert themselves to the logical extent. Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, who is accustomed to think independently, ultimately surrendered to Gandhi on critical occasions. It must be said to the credit of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari that he not only thought for himself but acted accordingly and was prepared to lose caste with the Congress. Ultimately he stood vindicated before the bar of public opinion. That was the secret of Gandhi's attachment to Rajaji. With his characteristic intuition he gave his recalcitrant followers a long rope. The Congress was practically his puppet. He moulded it according to his likes. The party bosses had to quit when they differed

with his policy and programme. Subhas Bose, Dr. N. B. Khare and Mr. K. F. Nariman had to pay a severe penalty for opposing the wishes of Gandhi. The imprisoned Mahatma (this appellation was conferred on him by Dr. Annie Besant) was more potent and powerful than while he was free. The communal award, announced by the British Government, had to be revised under the shadow of a fast unto death. His frequent fasts and consequent releases from prison constitute an epic. He had his commentators like Kripalani, Kumarappa and Pattabhi justifying all his actions.

As a negotiator he was patient and painstaking. He was unbending but open to conviction, stern but understanding and, above all, just and even generous to his opponents. He was frank to a fault and thought aloud. Though he led the country through successive ordeals, he never lowered the standards of rectitude, national honour and racial self-respect. He faced the might of the British Empire with the simple dignity of a human being. The short-lived Gandhi-Irwin Pact was a distinct contribution to the constitutional development. It was interpreted as an example of the workability of the Sermon on the Mount in mundane matters. Subsequently he had to keep pace with the forces of nationalism and communalism. It is difficult to distinguish these two forces. The nationalism of the majority is the communalism for the minority. The assertion by the minority is branded as communalism by the majority. Thus Veer Savarkar became the protagonist of Hindudom while Dr. Ansari and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad played a role as nationalist Muslims. In ultimate analysis life is a series of concentric circles with self as the centre.

Unconsciously, Gandhiji appeased the Muslim communalists and was instrumental in bringing about the birth of Pakistan. He was completely disillusioned by August Fifteenth. All his hopes were blasted in the wake of freedom. The forces of communalism and savagery were let loose throughout the country. Instances of arson, loot, rape, murder, abduction and forcible conversion became frequent. Retaliation and revenge came to the fore. The British, who wielded

the imperial sceptre till then with consummate ability, stood aside like the Biblical Pilate. Violence became the order of the day. Peace gave way to vengeance, tolerance made its exit finally and one saw fratricide and no sign of brotherhood. He was betrayed on every front. He talked of Ramarajya but found the sway of power politics everywhere. While paying lip sympathy to cottage industries the business magnates and captains of industry were given a free hand. Slow poisoning was administered to his scheme of basic education and rural welfare. He looked like an actor lingering on the stage after finishing his part. His frantic efforts to extinguish the communal flames were not effective. He became intolerable and the noble mission cost him his life. While Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru was named as his political heir, Acharya Vinoba Bhave is the only man who can claim to be his spiritual heir. Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, the Gandhian economist, has lately discovered the application of Gandhism in the economy of New China which has turned red. But according to Mr. K. G. Mashruwala, Gandhism followed Gandhi to the grave. And Gandhi's very technique of satyagraha when resorted to by a tried and tested disciple like Swami Sitaram of Andhra on a question of life and death is pooh-poohed.

To call Mahatma Gandhi the Father of the Nation is to do less

than justice. He belongs to humanity. His place is by the side of the Buddha and Jesus Christ. Judged by intellectual integrity, moral earnestness and spiritual insight he is undoubtedly one of the greatest figures in the pageant of history. He vindicated, both by precept and example, that nations like individuals become great not by what they acquire but by what they renounce. He typified plain living and high thinking.

With all the traditions of peace, freedom and culture human race lapses into barbarism not infrequently. The Greeks made Socrates drink death, the Jews crucified Jesus, the people of Europe gathered faggots to burn medieval Martyrs and Gandhi was shot dead by a Hindu fanatic. Many more such ghastly acts may be recorded in history. According to the Bhagavad Geeta, the universal scripture, whenever virtue subsides and vice prevails there comes One to redeem humanity. That frail person with a loin cloth and a staff to support him, weighing seven stones and with love in his heart and a smile on his lips, uttering Ram Nam passed away from mortality to immortality leaving behind a message and a mission. Gandhiji had gone into the province of history giving way to a new epoch. Time alone can reveal whether Gandhism will be preserved in its pristine purity or a shadow without substance will remain to the chagrin of the departed soul.

The world needs more housing, more clothing and more food. Yet, we must not plead for the support of science solely on the basis of its immediate usefulness. That is dangerous, for there are values in science, apart from practical applications, that fully merit public support and esteem.

It is true, however, that although modern means of mass communication give ample information about science, they contribute little to its understanding. It is this aspect that is of great importance, and in our educational system to-day we need science instruction of a wholly new kind for those who have no choice but to be citizens in a "scientific age."

This is the theme of the main article in the Summer, 1952, issue of *IMPACT*—Unesco's quarterly magazine that deals with the social implications of science. The writer, Dr. I. Bernard Cohen, assistant professor of the history of science and of general education at Harvard University, discusses this problem of the education of the public in science in the light of his experience in teaching science to non-science students.

In an article in this issue, Dr. Rabinowitch, editor and co-founder of "The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists", tells the story of this interesting publication.—UNESCO NEWS.

THE PRESS UNDER FASCISM

By S. P. MISRA

FASCISM by any other name does not, of course, become different. It is therefore important to recognise it by its very nature, particularly since the horrors perpetrated by it in the last world war make impolitic an open avowal of it by name.

"The Devil is come down amongst you having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." That is, roughly speaking, the Marxist view of Fascism," writes Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, quoting from St. John's Revelation.

A more explicit definition is offered by Jellinek in his *Paris Commune*, that fascism is the revenge taken by history on the people for their failure to make the revolution.

When capitalism is menaced by a severe crisis the working class is expected to seize power and establish socialism. If for any reason it fails to do so, capitalism naturally makes violent struggles for survival which constitute the fascist system.

Under fascism the working class is savagely oppressed. Controls are also imposed on capitalists, industrialists and financiers. Industries, facing bankruptcy, are supported by the state. Since the state cannot indefinitely assure capitalist profits from falling revenues, there is the inevitable production for war for foreign markets.

Thought Control

The entire economy is coordinated and revitalized for preparation and prosecution of an imperialist war. The unemployed are absorbed in the armed forces. So as to obtain all possible popular support, and not merely to prevent popular opposition, intense ideological preparation is in two directions. There is sought to be created a hysteria of hate, fear and war, and also, a predatory self-confidence on some pseudo-scientific basis as the race-superiority—synonymous with our communalism.

Depending on the magnitude of the capitalist crisis, the urgency for foreign markets to prevent collapse (in the case of highly industrialised

countries), the malaise may be short and violent, or comparatively prolonged, more oppressive than violent, before it culminates in a war. But the basic features are the same—oppression, control of and state support to finance and industry, thought control, racism or its equivalent.

In Nazi Germany no person could be an author by profession unless he was a member of the state organization *Reichsschrifttumskammer* (Chamber of Literary Profession). This body included booksellers and publishers so that political control on authorship was at the same time in the interests of private profiteering in the book trade.

An application for membership to the *Reichsschrifttumskammer* could be refused by its President if the applicant, in the President's opinion, was unreliable, or if he "does not possess the qualifications for practising authorship." Similarly, any member could at any time be expelled from the Chamber on the very same grounds. Obviously, a person competent to be an author at the time of admission could later become incompetent!

The inevitable result of this system was that Nazi party men could alone, if at all, become authors. Any exceptions did not alter the fact of dictatorship in thought.

Nazi Kultur

Members of editorial staffs of newspapers and their publishers had to be members of the *Reichspressekammer* (Chamber of the Press). The musicians and composers had to be members of the *Reichsmusikkammer* (Chamber of Music). Sculptors and allied artists had to be members of the *Reichskammer der bildenden Künste* (Chamber of Plastic Arts).

Similarly, playwrights, actors, theatre-managers and those of allied professions had to be members of the *Reichstheaterkammer* (Chamber of the Theatre). Singers, musicians, broadcasting-writers and others in broadcasting had to be members of

the *Reichsrundfunkkammer* (Chamber of Broadcasting).

All these Chambers formed a corporate body, the *Reichskulturkammer* (Chamber of Culture). Over this *Reichskulturkammer* there was direct supervision in detail by officials of the Nazi party. Every work touching on politics, but particularly on Nazi ideas, in any way, had to be submitted to a special Nazi office before publication or publicity and before being placed with any editor, publisher, theatre-manager, etc.

No work in the least concerned with politics, directly or indirectly as through economics, or with Nazi ideas, directly or indirectly as through appraisal of other philosophical systems, could be published unless first so authorised by the special Nazi office. The members of these organizations could enter into contracts with publishers, newspapers, theatre-managers and others. But the Chamber to which one belonged could prohibit any contract or prescribe its own terms instead of those agreed to and these other terms were binding on both parties to the contract.

Sales Betray Secret

Generally, all rights in novels were bought off at agreed sums. Small articles were paid by the line at rates varying with the importance of the newspaper concerned. Newspaper chains would take only good and lengthy articles. Such an article was either published in the whole chain or not at all. The market for good lengthy articles was therefore bad and meagre.

Articles which had been published once before could be used by the *Zeitungskorrespondenzen* (agencies for newspapers) which paid a low flat rate for publication in any number of newspapers any number of times.

We do not know if the outright sales of novels were at adequate prices. But except for novels which featured the capitalist perverse invention, "the eternal triangle," Nazis stifled thought. Despite good payment offered by newspaper chains for good and lengthy articles in favour or not against the regime, they could not obtain satisfaction.

The smaller articles on commonplace subjects of no importance were

more numerous and the starved market seized on them and such good and lengthy ones as were available. The *Zeitungskorrespondenzen* monopolised in second-hand publications at a low flat rate, more to the advantage of the trade than to the writers who were thus discouraged.

Nazi dictatorship in thought was most glaringly betrayed in the sharp fall in the publication of non-political literature. There was virtually no non-political market. But sales of political books went up. Purchase of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* was made obligatory by decree for marrying couples. The possession of them became good form in the regime and promised safety from persecution and suspicion. In any case, after passing through Nazi censorship they were published cheap by order.

Enslaved Journalism

The lending libraries exploited the scarcity of good books. The publishers raised the prices of good non-political books, such as there were of old and the new. The lending libraries imposed a rate of subscription varying with the price of the book and the period for which one was taken out, the ratio being prescribed by the *Reichsschrifttumskammer*. The rates charged by the libraries could not come down in competition among them.

German playwrights and writers in broadcasting had perhaps the worse time of all. Only old, established and approved playwrights were allowed. Their plays ran each for months on end and at very low rates or remuneration. Broadcasting was entirely official and the success of writers for it was rare and the exception.

It will have been noted that there was dual supervision in newspapers, both through compulsory membership of members of editorial staffs to the *Reichspressekammer*, as well as through the compulsory membership to the same of the publishers and proprietors of newspapers. But, as if this were not enough, the number of newspapers was reduced as also the space quota allowed to each.

It was obligatory for all newspapers to publish all political material issued by the official agencies. With the restrictions on space, this left little or

none for material other than official. But what space was left over was further rationed according to the importance attached to non-political material available.

Obviously, Nazism imposed such rigid control and close scrutiny of thought, not for the pleasure of it, but because in the throes of severe crisis in capitalism there was a tremendous undercurrent of the urge for freedom—a tremendous implicit opposition.

Italian "Democracy"

All authorship in fascist Italy was controlled by numerous legislative measures as in the capitalist "democracies" today. Control was also exercised through five main organizations. These were The Authors' Society, The Syndicate of Authors, The Syndicate of Journalists, The Syndicate of Publishers, and The Syndicate of Newspaper Publishers.

All these bodies were semi-official but all were under the authority of the Ministry of Popular Culture. The facilities offered by these bodies were said to be open to all, to members as well as non-members. In other words, all these bodies exercised control and jurisdiction over their members as much as over non-members or private organizations and individuals.

The Presidents of the Societies of Syndicates were all appointed by the Ministry of Popular Culture. The Governing Body of each of these organizations was constituted as follows:—

The President, appointed by the Ministry of Popular Culture, acted as Chairman with eight members selected as follows: three members from the Confederation of Professional Men, three members from the Confederation of Industry, one from the Ministry of Finance, and one from the Ministry of Popular Culture.

In each such Governing Body, of the three members from each of the Confederation of professional Men and Industry, two members from each of them had to be publishers. The Society or Syndicate concerned was divided into sections, each such section was appointed by its Governing Body constituted as mentioned.

The Nazi German system was bla-

tantly coercive. The Italian fascist system was more subtle and covert. Oppression was perpetrated through the law. The corporate bodies were "semi-official" and membership to them was not compulsory, but their jurisdiction was limitless, all-inclusive.

Italian Journalism

Italian works were bought outright by publishers on a royalty basis—something of a hire-purchase system. As elsewhere under capitalism, there was no way of ascertaining the accuracy of publishers' statements. If 5,000 copies of a work were sold they could say but 2,000 were sold and offer the author royalty on that figure.

In disputes between an author and a publisher The Society of Authors tried to reconcile them. Cases of actual breach of copyright were dealt with by the courts on the basis of ordinary law.

None could be a working journalist in Italy unless a registered member of the Syndicate of Journalists. Such a journalist could not be dismissed from service without a reason, given first, which finds one grievously at fault, otherwise he is liable to compensation in proportion to his salary and the length of his service.

In cases of contracts between newspaper proprietors and working journalists containing clauses which are detrimental to the interests of journalists, such contracts were illegal, null and void, provided that what is detrimental to the interests of the journalist is also contrary to the law!

Italian fascism recognized the conservatism, subservience and the mendacity of old hand in journalism, which is also recognised in the entire capitalist "democratic" press. The old hands were protected against the incursion of adventurous persons with ideas.

In capitalist "democracies", such as India, where literacy is so low as to be a serious restriction in itself, there is no need for any elaborate fascist regimentation of thought beyond provisions in special laws. But if and when literacy nears and becomes universal, we may expect all those fascist means of regimentation in thought.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN ART

By JOHN CARTER

WHEN, in 1912, Edwin Lutyens was appointed to the New Delhi Planning Commission, Herbert Baker, in a warm-hearted letter of congratulation, asked whether he would "drop the language of the classical tradition and just go in for surfaces—sun and shadow." Lutyens intended from the first to design the "central buildings" himself—the fulfilment of his unquenchable sense of mission. George V had told him that "Moghul" was the style for the new capital, while the Indian Civil Service seemed to favour a blend of East and West. But they, intact and competent, untouched by the East, saw the question simply as one of choice. For Lutyens it was one of human values.

To us, the picture of high-principled Edwardian administrators in Kipling's India appears an absurdly unpropitious circumstance for an enduring synthesis of East and West. If Lutyens had not been there, the Viceroy's house might well have become a piece of stylistic play-acting. He, involved in the formulation of requirements, changes of plan and policy, only wanted to be left alone—"to get at something that might endure." Officials who looked no further ahead than their retiring age, shocked him deeply. If his collaborator, Baker, saw architecture as the handmaid of sentiment, to him it was the expression of the finely adjusted order of civilisation. The essence of Indian art might well have eluded him. The astonishing synthesis of East and West that he eventually achieved in Viceregal Lodge seems a fruitful point of departure from which to search for the fundamentals of Orient and Occident.

The native architecture of India he defined as too immature a language to carry the meanings of Western humanism. "Moghul" was not enough. In a limited sense, it compares with his own early work as a romantic country house architect; the picturesque and ingenious idiom of a traditional craft, eloquent, but without the echoing modulations of rhetoric. But by the time he came to India, he was a

confirmed classicist. The earlier small-scale wisdom of folk-lore had enlarged to the profounder truths of philosophy; and it is interesting to recall that Andre Gide said: "His classical work is beautiful by reason of its subjugated romanticism." But if romanticism—the ingenious idiom—can be truthfully applied to Indian architecture, it is by no means the whole truth. The real essence is strangely elusive to a thoroughly Western mind. Europeans, and more particularly the English, are apt to find themselves at a loss before Oriental art, unless it be that curious meeting of East and West—Byzantine. A pattern on a Persian rug one accepts, but the same motifs in a sculptural medium strike a more uneasy note. One begins to grope for a recognizable feature. If the access to a Western artist's mind is through his feeling for a landscape or a figure, expressed in paint, this approach to an Eastern artist seems oddly barred; the crystallized thought of time and place are just not there to be sought. If we imagine one chord of a Chopin phrase, or one contour of a Michelangelo torso to be altered arbitrarily, the instant discord seems to reassure the elementary correctness of our approach, like the pulling of a thread to indicate where it is attached. The threads of Oriental art come away in our hands, an Indian song has no shape to distort, a Chinese painting no balance to upset.

At the failure of this approach, we find ourselves falling back upon generalizations—"exotic," "fabulous," "mysterious," which only reflect our inability to distinguish one work from another in terms of character. Or, we are content to admire technique—the rare delicate line of the Chinese painting, the patient encrusted carving of an Indian mosque. But still the anonymity of the Oriental artist leaves an unfilled vacuum in our aesthetic selves, for, to the Occidental, a work of art must be the commentary of an individual, and only secondly the expression of a phase or

a philosophy. The latter is the background which puts the former into a useful perspective.

Perhaps in this sense the anonymity of Gothic architecture allies it more closely to Oriental Art.

Art historians encounter another aspect of this anonymity. The indefatigable Ferguson tried to fit Oriental architecture into the same evolutionary theory that Western art had so neatly provided, but "influences" and "derivations" became an interlocking maze more confusing than the art they attempted to unravel. Eastern art cannot be regarded as a chain of cause and effect; the seeds of one phase in the decaying flower of the last. It is, as Eric Newton has suggested, more like a series of parallel canals which intersect each other, but do not (like tributaries) deliver into a main stream. There seems to be no steadily growing continuum to read as a consecutive line. Buddhist, Jain, Hindu and Saracen must be looked at separately, though they are related.

Lutyens once remarked to Baker that one cannot have a Wren without a Newton. It was the essence of his aesthetic principles—art, or at any rate, great art, inevitably reflects the facets of human character, and the growing changing fabric of knowledge, which is Western civilisation, is expressed in art because it is held by human minds. Perhaps from this point of view we begin to get closer to the enigma of the East and the West, for knowledge in this context is knowledge of the particular, and the Western artist is pre-eminently a commentator on the particular *This* landscape; that person, where the Oriental artist seems to be more concerned with landscapes or people as such. He seeks to portray what is constantly true of *all* landscapes or *all* people, rather than the passing truths of time or place.

Time and place become mere symbols for remoter meanings:

"By what dim shore of the ink-black river,

by what far edge of the frowning forest,

through what mazy depths of gloom, art

thou threading thy course to come to me,

my friend?"

Tagore's images are only valid in the echoes they strike from a distant Absolute. Shelley's in the response of memory:—

"Oh, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

And driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing."

The Asian's unconcern with shape, his indifference to light and shade in the Western sense, now come into focus. Both shape and the shadow, which reveals shape, are accidents of time and place that depend upon how the thing is seen; they involve a point of view. The Asian paints not what he sees but what he knows to be there. Scale and proportion—the essence of European architecture—have little significance for him because they are properties of shape. The subtle adjustment of profile and volume is important to the Western artist because it represents the modulation of human feeling responding to environment. The mind looking outwards. But the Oriental aesthetic mind looks inwards at itself, where, in place of modulation, there is only variation on an endless theme. Hence the enduring and relatively subtle motifs of Eastern art, which seem to have remained very much as they were born.

Again, perspective, related to scale and proportion, entails a viewpoint, a relationship to time and place, not material to the Oriental artist's purpose for he is concerned with inner, not factual truth. Thus there is no equivalent in Oriental art history to the momentous discovery of perspective in Renaissance Florence.

Eric Newton's canal analogy is doubly apt, for the truth which Oriental art seems to illustrate may be the same now as it was five-hundred years ago. Inner, contemplative truths do not change. The canals then are consecutive reiterations of a truth, can never add together to form a second truth, can never be the links in a chain of logic.

In E. M. Forster's *A Passage to*

India, Miss Quested, fresh from England, listens to Dr. Aziz talking excitedly...: "In her ignorance she regarded him as 'India' and never surmised...that no one is India." If this is true for so close an acquaintance, it is less true in a larger perspective—where the particular becomes part of the general. At that distance, the simple truism that the art of a people irrevocably demonstrates their character becomes valid. With this qualification one may generalise, and the essence of the Oriental mind to be found in Ori-

ental art is this unwavering concern for spiritual truths, and the relative detachment from time and place. The overshadowing of the mind by the soul.

We are told that the Emperor Akbar once said: "It appears to me that a painter has quite peculiar means of recognising God, for in sketching anything that has life, and in devising its limbs one after another he must come to feel that he cannot bestow individuality upon his work, and is thus forced to think of God, the Giver of life."—N.N.F.—Copyright.

A NEW BLIGHT ON CITY CRICKET

By P. N. S.

THE charms of cricket are boundless both for the player and the spectator—and also for the law-makers of the game. While the former two take the many possibilities, thrills and even boredom as part of the game, the legislators are not content with these. They feel irked at the dominance of the bat or the futility of the ball. Why not we have four stumps instead of three, or make the ball smaller? they ask. They feel the results of drawn matches sit heavily on them, and set about finding ways and means for making a match end decisively.

The 55-over cricket in the city, under rules framed for the lower divisions in the League, is the outcome of such sentiment on the part of the authorities. On the calculation that on a day normally 100 overs can be bowled, the two teams share the time or the number of overs equally, and the side which scores the most runs is declared winner. By this method gloss is sought to be given to a match that has really ended in a draw so that it may appear to have produced a positive result.

There is an illusion that a draw is not a result at all. It is inconceivable why an idea of this kind should be entertained when the glories of cricket include a match ending in a draw. And what is wrong with a match that ends in a draw? Why should it be ascribed a lower place—or no place at all—in the curriculum of the game? And in the history of

cricket have not drawn matches been more thrilling, more productive of the finer quality, than a decisive outcome? Was not the Test match at Manchester between India and England during the 1946 tour, when Hindlekar, practically an invalid, and Sohoni saved the game for India by a display of stubborn batting much better than the debacle on the same ground last month, when the England team routed us and finished the match in the course of three days?

Even granting that a draw is not a result that can stand on the same footing as a win, is not the award of a lower number of points to the teams concerned sufficient punishment? This brings us to the point that adoption of this subterfuge to force a result is not warranted in a system of tournament based on the award of points. It may be justified in a knockout tournament, which is hedged in by limitations of time.

This new basis of cricket really interferes with the result and leaves the team, which has really drawn the match, defeated in its purpose, a most ethical purpose in the game. And, surely, sharing of the day's honours will leave a much better taste in the mouths of all players.

All this apart, such interference will really lead to a deterioration of the game in the long run. Fifty-five overs—these two words at once put the mind of the player into a hurrying mood. One might argue theoretically that there need be no hurry, that you can score a run a ball and

not wield the bat to fours and sixes to step up the rate of scoring. But ask any normal player and he will at once declare he must have a go at the ball if he is to win the match in 55 overs. The result is that the go-by is given to the rule that you must get your eye in before opening out; for by the time the batsman gets his eye in he will find that his side has lost the battle! We have been sufficiently blamed for playing League cricket in the Ranji Trophy and other representative matches.

Another vital aspect of the matter is that this innovation gives ample scope for a side that has been fortunate enough to hit up a good score first to adopt a negative attitude when the opponents go in to bat. Why should they worry about dismissing the other side when they can do much better by keeping the ball clear of the bat? Will there be any incentive to use the slow spinner who might prove expensive? And there is every chance of the game turning out to be cheerless and dull.

The protagonists of the novel rule

might be provoked to retort that it all depends on the attitude of the captains concerned. But the right captain can bring about a result—in the narrow sense of the word—even when the game is played as before. And if the charge is made that teams these days are not led by men of imagination but by men who are content to sit on the fence, the 55-over cricket will only make them sit tighter on it, and drive away even the handful of people who witness our League matches.

The new limitation might have a place in a knockout tournament—it might be pointed out it was not much appreciated in the City Zonal tournament last year—but it certainly fails to serve any purpose in League cricket. And considering the general immaturity of the teams that take part in the lower divisions, its application to their matches will be decidedly harmful to the game, though it might give the authorities the doubtful satisfaction that not one League encounter ended in a draw. Does this sound like cricket?

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IN THE WORLD OF GRAHAM GREENE

By T. K. DORAISWAMY

GRAHAM GREENE has more than half a dozen novels to his credit. Some of his travel books also exhibit the same characteristics as his novels, like the *Lawless Roads*, *The Journey Without Maps* etc. Books like *The Power and The Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair* and *The Journey Without Maps* stand out prominently.

Greene has been described as religious and it is said that his Catholicism pervades his works. But one feels that it is the more sombre part of the Catholic religion that attracts and inspires him. Theories of vice and original sin and corrupt nature of humans have been the source of all his writings.

Perhaps this is as it should be. In times past, Milton projected himself in Satan. Then Eliot pointed out to us that Baudelaire's cult of vice was more powerful as an instigation for right living than the blase indifference of the hollow man. Kafka pictured Him who moved in mysterious way His wonders to perform.

It is in the same way that Greene is pre-occupied with vice and sin. His pre-occupation is much more complete. Born in the 20th century, one learns that the glamour of vice is strong and goes to the head like wine. In how many different garbs has he depicted the sober and serious nature of vice!

First of all there is original sin. In one of his books he declares that hell lies about us in our infancy. That a child should be a protagonist in the human scene of vice and terror is of an intense appeal. Before him writers had sung of the glories of innocence and the unmerited sufferings of children as in Desotovesky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and Mann's *Dr. Faustus*.

But Greene moves in a different way. He shows us the horrible spectacle of a boy delighting in transfixing insects with a pair of dividers. In *Brighton Rock* he created better than he knew. The boy in that book

is horribly fascinated and disgusted by the mechanism of sin. His reaction to the idea of the sex act is pathological. In his latest book *The End of the Affair* the detective Parkis employs his son, who is in his teens, to dog the footsteps of a whore. The fact seems to be the innocence of children is regarded as an exploded myth. One remembers Orwell's *1984*, where under a Communist regime, with its Doublethink, Newspeak, and thought-crime, children spy on their parents and betray them to the police and go to witness public hangings as others may go to a cinema.

Next to original sin, we find that he is exercised by the fact of sex. Sex continues to exercise the minds of both saints and artists. In Greene's hands the treatment of sex comes in the way of Lawrence, but with a transformation. When Lawrence speaks of things sensual, we gain an impression of power and immediacy rather than anything else. But in Greene sex draws its source of fascination from vice and horror inherent in it. In one of his travel books, he notes on setting out from London a man and a woman standing and copulating under a street-lamp and he sets it down in his work. In his *The Power and the Glory*, in a crowded prison-house reeking with the smell of vomit, he hears the quick gasp of pain a woman utters in the sex act. And the whole source of the enduring charm of *The End of the Affair* is the heroine's sure knowledge of herself as a bitch and her helplessness to forget it entirely.

Next one can view the position of the sinner and his vice in his novels. He holds that it is the sinner who ultimately becomes the saint. He holds that vice is a defect of the mind and not an error in action. One can say it is the mental attitude and not his actions that makes a man a saint or a sinner. He seems to go further and imply, that strictly speaking, an end of sin and vice denotes the end of the world as we know.

That at least is what the 'whiskey-priest' in "The Power and The Glory" teaches us. He has a taste for wine and women. But he believes in the Christian doctrines of grace and forgiveness. He tells the Commissioner of Police that even under the perfect regime of a communist state man will not be happy.

In the "End of the Affair" the manner is changed. Sarah is a fake and a bitch. It is a fact that she finds all her lovers are more fascinating and accomplished than her dull husband. But God may love even a leper; but a woman or man cannot do it. One realises that God's love is terrible, all-embracing and annihilating and he who loves God learns that love in the strict sense of the word is a cross. And her predicament is that she feels it her duty to love the civil servant husband of hers but she cannot. The fact is recognized by Bendix who recognizes that humans cannot escape sex and all that "the flesh is heir to." That human life is corrupt is a view echoed by Bendix.

And then one finds that Sarah is preserved from falling again by coincidences which are regarded as providential interferences and this is the weakest part of the book. And the book closed with the deification of Sarah and the erstwhile whore into a saint.

Everywhere the human conditions the abstract and the perfect. The saint and the artist have to deal with the world of men, first and last. In "The Heart of the Matter" we are posed with the problem of good becoming its opposite. Even though Sorby does not say "Good, be thou my evil" that is what happens. Human pity turns him into a faithless husband and corrupt official. Added to

this, he commits the sin of self-destruction.

And that brings us to a final summing-up. Greene's favourite word is "seedy". He pictures a seedy world and seedy types. The priest in "The End of The Affair" declares that no man can do what the saints had not done. It is no new discovery. The temptations of the saints are as old as the hills. But in times past the story of the temptations did not dwarf the saint's annihilation of them. But in Greene one feels the horror and glory of vice rather than the charm of virtue triumphing over them. Everywhere there is an attempt to measure the values of the world of humans by another standard. Sorby's weak pity, Sarah's weak line and the whiskey-priest's human failings engage attention. In the earlier book, "The Power and the Glory," another standard of values is only shadowed dimly in the background. But in "The Heart of the Matter" and "The End of the Affair" it has become much more powerful and evident.

In these books Greene's picture of God or virtue triumphing over man or vice is not effective or relevant. It is his picture of two worlds and two standards of value running parallel and never touching each other that is convincing. It is, we are told, the saints that bridge the gap between the two at certain points in time and we discover that the saints hold us because in one time or other of their lives they too had been all too corrupt human beings.

In his own way Greene has added the explanation of another world and its values to the modern novel which is not the domain of the psychologist. It is the world of the man of religion as seen by a coldly realistic man. And to Greene God is certainly not the image of man.

The only justification for the payment of dearness allowance to some people is that they are organized and are in a position to exploit their bargaining strength, and they do not hesitate to do so, even at the expense of the unorganised and poorer workers. It is pressure-politics, and not economic justice. There is no moral justification for dearness allowance for the few when the alternative of price control is available and benefits all consumers. The funds, if any, that may be needed for subsidising prices, can more effectively be debited to the revenue from income-tax, than the funds needed for dearness allowance which bears most heavily on the poorer and unorganised workers.—P. Kodanda Rao.

A SOUTH INDIAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS: ITS SCOPE

By Prof. C. KUNHAN RAJA

A State, in its external appearance, is essentially a political organisation. But civic life in it must comprehend something far more than political problems. Politics, with all their implications, contain an element of conflict, which cannot be avoided in their constitution. There must be a cure for this element of conflict in the political set-up. And that cure is culture. Although I am not competent to give a faultless definition of culture, I can say this much that culture tends towards assimilation, growth, change and progress (which is orderly movement towards a desired goal). Unity is an essential factor in culture, and the expression "cultural unity" is redundant, just as the expression "conflict of cultures" is a contradiction in terms like "sweet salt." Conflict is absence of culture and culture is unity.

The Constitution of India, though a purely political document, does not ignore this necessary corrective to conflict in politics. Article 29 guarantees the right of citizens to preserve their culture along with their language and script. In the constitution of Parliament culture has not been ignored. Under Article 80, twelve members are to be nominated by the President to the Council of States. These members should have special knowledge of literature, science, arts and under Article 171 if a State Legislature has two houses, the Legislative Council contains representatives of Universities and Teachers and members nominated by the Governor for their knowledge of literature, science and arts. In the Legislative Council in the States, the cultural element is a real one, containing a third of the whole membership, when all the three categories are taken together. And Madras is unique in so far as the Chief Minister holds his seat in the Legislature, not through the ignorant vote of the masses, but by virtue of his eminence in literature. Thus Madras has become pre-eminently a

"culture State." It may be that in actual practice little of cultural activities has been undertaken by the State, except an occasional exhortation to pray to God for human welfare. Perhaps the guiding principle is—"first food and then culture"; and we have now food uncontrolled by the State.

Madras has also a cultural wealth more than any other State. There are four literary languages in the State, and Sanskrit finds enduring permanency in South Indian support. Tamil started on its literary career long before anything of North Indian languages was known, and the other South Indian languages too have a literary history more ancient than the languages of the North. In this way South India is a single linguistic unity, kept together by four forms of the same South Indian (Dravidian) language. When literary men were prominent in the life of the nation, there was literary unity in the country, and the poets of one area knew and admired the poets of the other areas. It is the decline of the position of poets and literary men in the country that resulted in a gradual drift of the languages from each other, and at present the literary men of one area know very little about the literary activities in the adjacent area. We have to rebuild the lost unity, and a cultural Academy is the proper machinery to forge that unity.

Neither language nor script is a barrier between the four linguistic areas in South India. We, from Malabar, come to the Tamil regions and just start talking Tamil; I am told that for a Kannada man, Telugu is equally easy. I have known many Tamils who speak good Malayalam, simply through practice, with no effort at a regular study. When I was studying Sanskrit, I could start reading Sanskrit books printed in Tamil (Grantha) with my knowledge of the Malayalam script. Even learning Telugu was not difficult to

me as Devanagari or Roman or Persian at a later stage in my study of languages. At present the language problem is too tightly bound to the political problems of the country, and that is the reason for some sort of an apparent conflict of interest among the languages; but when language again gets its position as a medium of art, of higher thoughts, it will be found that the literary men of the different regions will consider themselves as brethren working for a common aim.

Within each language, the literary men can handle certain problems with far greater efficiency than the politicians at present. There is the question of making the regional languages the media of instruction and also of administration; for this we must change the language completely to fit into the modern environment. When languages were living and when literary men were holding a prominent position, the languages progressed, and we see, consequently, the various stages in the continuous and orderly progress of the languages. Vocabulary must increase and the mode of expression must alter. Who other than literary men can undertake this task? There must be a change in our scripts, too, to suit printing machines and type-writers. We must also represent new sounds in foreign languages that have come into contact with our languages and from which, perhaps, we have to take over words. Our scripts have changed in the past for similar purposes and why should they not so change now? The function of culture is to avoid stagnation, drift and chaos.

Outsiders must know what the best in our literature, past and present, is. They can be assured that the contribution of the members of the Academy will represent the best in the language concerned. I do not dare to assert that the Academy can function

as an inquiry office. Perhaps some sort of a propaganda council must function for this purpose.

The South Indian Academy should have its individuality through its linguistic unity and not as representing any special culture. The Dravidian culture as something different from the Aryan culture, has only a historical significance, and is merely an antiquarian curiosity with no practical value. This is a very important point and will not at all be ignored. Otherwise it will defeat its own purpose and will be a real danger.

And it will not also be a federating unit in an Indian Academy. The Indian Academy, too, should be a unitary institution.

The constitution and the mode of establishing the Academy and other details must be treated separately. There is scope for such an Academy in South India. It is rather unfortunate that there is no provision in the Indian Constitution for such Academies as integral factors in States, like the Governor, ministry and the High Court. It does not even figure prominently in the part dealing with Fundamental Rights and Guiding Principles.

An academy of letters must contain men pursuing literary activities with an academic mind, just for knowing the truth, with no ulterior motive; it must also have recognition by the States, so that it will have an all-India and international recognition.

As matters stand, the State must take the initiative. It is only the State that can provide the needed funds. There are poet laureates in the five languages of South India. It will be the crown of glory if the Chief Minister, who sits in the Legislature for his specialised knowledge of literature, will take up the matter now, when people have food for their body, so that their souls too may have the needed food and nourishment.

The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than the most elaborate dissertation.

—SOUTHEY.

FORMATION OF LINGUISTIC STATES

By H. D. RAJAH

THE formation of linguistic States is a matter of great importance. My approach to this problem is not based on irrationalism, sentimentalism or any kind of parochialism. India today is a sovereign democratic Republic. Each one of its 300 million odd citizens is a sovereign. When a child is born in any house, it is not taught English. The child picks up the language of the home. The masses of this country want to have a Government doing its work in the language of the people. That is the crux of the problem.

To say that linguistic States would disrupt the unity of the country is nonsense. There is no division of the country in any way whatsoever. The country is a unitary force governed by a Constitution which has guaranteed to every citizen the fundamental right to live and work wherever he likes. When I speak of division, it is not division on the basis of Pakistan and Hindustan. Let me make this national interest very clear. What is a Government? What is a nation? A nation consists of individuals and individuals form into groups. If the Government does not take the interests of these groups of individuals into account the nation ceases to exist. It cannot survive on the basis of one group exploiting the others, talking in the name of national interest, creating disruption and disunity among the weaker sections of the people while creating what may be called a monstrous, integrated economy. That is not in the real interest of our nation. What is it that we want to have? We will have administrative unity in which people will be associated with the Government. The Constitution has given us the right to vote and shape the destiny of the country.

In spite of several languages, 80 per cent of the people in the country today are illiterate. Our primary responsibility is to raise them through education in the spoken language of the people who, living in different

territorial units, have their own languages, their ancient culture, their traditions, which they all cherish. The importance of language cannot be minimised by a really sensible man who has understood what language is. It is a question that should be attended to from the people's point of view but not from the Government's point of view.

Divide the country into administrative units on the basis of language and let the people have the Government they want. If certain people want to sit in another place and carry on their own local administration, it is perfectly justified. By that the integrity of India is never broken. Another important point raised with regard to this is about the people of different languages becoming minorities in particular linguistic areas. Take for instance Delhi. We have got Madrasis in Delhi. We have got Punjabis in Delhi. We have got Bengalis in Delhi. But Delhi is Delhi. A part of Delhi cannot be attached to the Tamil Nad State, or Punjab or West Bengal.

There is one wholesome provision in the Constitution, that a citizen in this country has a right to live anywhere in the Indian Union and carry on his avocation peacefully. Linguistic States could be formed only of contiguous areas. It is better to have the country divided on the basis of language for administrative purposes. It is only a demarcation of the Union's units, and it will not be a division of the country. The Government should come out with its policy with regard to the question of Andhra State and with regard to the administrative units being divided on a linguistic basis.

Pandit Nehru stands committed to the Andhra State formation and having said that, he should not go back on his word now. The Government should, therefore, decide its policy with regard to the demand of linguistic division of the States, and act accordingly.

SIDELIGHTS :

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.
—STERLING.

DR. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar sees a threat to the autonomy of universities in the proposed Government of India's Bill for the establishment of a Central Council of University Education. He declared at Tirupati the other day that if the Bill were to become law, the universities in the country would become subordinate instruments of the Department of Education at the Centre. They would then be looked down upon by universities in other parts of the world, he lamented.

As Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, Dr. Lakshmanaswami is entitled to be apprehensive of innovations likely to injure the independence of the universities, but it is not as if, but for the proposed Bill, everything is all right with them. They are already damaged institutions, with prestige gone on account of lowered standards, and according to his own admission, many college managements are not able, "in spite of advertising, to get qualified teachers even with the minimum qualifications."

Why is there such a reluctance on the part of the qualified to seek service in the universities? There is no such reluctance in England or in the United States where the cream of the nation's talent and intellect is collected in the research institutions connected with the universities. The reason for this is simple. In those countries the professor is an aristocrat held in high esteem, and he is nobody's inferior socially or professionally. Power and patronage are concentrated in the hands of the professors. It is they that determine who is to be admitted to their classes. Their recommendations are rarely disregarded in the disposal of scholarships and the like. They have enormous opportunities of advancing the careers of brilliant students, and through their unceasing quest of

talent, the stream of high endeavour in the pursuit of knowledge is never allowed to go dry.

The annals of British and American universities are replete with grand opportunities for success and brilliant fulfilment afforded to Indian students who in their own country could find no encouragement and were all but driven to despair. Stamped as failures here, these blossomed into geniuses abroad. The practical standards of university administration in India are not congenial to the flowering of talent. And no wonder, as we have arrived at a stage when an illiterate ancestry is regarded as a preferential passport for admission into a college!

The decline in our university standards began when the professor was dethroned from his pedestal of high authority. If a professor is competent to teach, he is also competent to select his students. He is competent to plead for special help and encouragement to the deserving among the taught. If professors are not of integrity enough to use their powers with discrimination, no remedy will suffice for checking the corrupting influence sure to spread from their presence in educational institutions. Government favour as the basis of selection of members for *ad hoc* admission committees is no substitute for character and integrity on the part of the teaching staff in colleges.

Dr. Lakshmanaswami and others in comparable positions have acquiesced too tamely in sabotaging the importance of teachers and professors, and if now they express concern for the crisis in the universities, it is like bolting the door of the stable after the horse has fled. There is, in fact, something very wrong with the top "brass" of the universities. These are mostly politicians of an intriguing bent with too many irons in the fire. We must have as Vice-Chancellors distinguished scientists or educationists with a concentrated interest on research and academic pursuits.
—SAKA.

SEARCH YOUR MIND

By C. R. NARASIMHAN

KEEP learning and keep fit and happy. Psychology has knocked the truth out of many of our favourite superstitions, including the pet saw: "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks." It has discovered that not only a first small portion, but the whole of life, may be availed of as a training period, and that one's ability to learn towards the end of life is hardly inferior to one's ability at the beginning. A lack of educational opportunities in youth due to "res angusta domi" or due to other causes may no longer be made the excuse for incompetence in middle age. One is never too old to learn.

Of all the phases of life to which psychology has been applied in practice none has been influenced more than education—both from the standpoint of teaching and appraising ability.

It used to be taken for granted that the best ages for learning lay between the years of six and eighteen, and that when a person gets past thirty it is almost imbecile to try. The tradition has impressed itself with an indelible stamp upon our whole life. Children are pushed into school early and rushed through ten or twelve years of vigorous training and then education is too often precipitously stopped. If the early schooling—as is often the case—is not sufficient or suitable to guarantee a full, satisfying, happy livelihood the whole remaining life is likely to go bad, or come to no good.

Psychological investigations made during the recent years have proved that the old conception of learning is a gross fallacy, utterly false. Innumerable experiments indicate that the best age for learning is not between six and eighteen but between twenty and thirty; that between the ages of thirty and forty one can learn more easily than between ten and twenty; and that in the years between forty and fifty the falling off of learning ability is only slightly inferior. It has been demonstrated that in memoris-

ing an adult in the forties is a match for a youth in the teens.

The whole tendency of the old tradition, it would seem, was to discountenance adult education. Life was arbitrarily divided into a period of school and a period of work. With modern knowledge of learning ability, the line of demarcation is rubbed out. It is not now unusual for education to continue beyond day school. It has been suggested that men and women of the near future, instead of restricting themselves to a single vocation—which they have learned or qualified themselves for in youth—may become proficient in a new one, perhaps every ten years.

The psychologist in education is of great use in unravelling problems of learning which a few years ago might have remained an impenetrable mystery. Here, for an instance, is the case of a boy who was a total failure at reading. The reason could not have been general dullness, for in a standard intelligence test he rated fifteen per cent above the average. Tests of his vision, his visual acuity, and his hearing indicated that all the faculties were sound. He had no organic defect which might come into collision with his proper reading.

Perhaps he had not been taught correctly. Often an incorrect habit established in the earliest days of learning may plug up all prospects of future progress. To find out whether the boy had been fallen into a snare in training, he was taught words, as a beginner is taught, made up of letters with which he was wholly unfamiliar, devised for the occasion. The latest methods of teaching were availed of. Instead of failing to read these new words, the boy was a proof of superior ability.

A faint clue has been caught up. Further observation by the psychologist revealed that the boy looked at ordinary words in a rather confused manner. From watching the shifting of his eyes through the letters it was noted that he first looked at the end of a word, then darted off to the

middle and finally limped to the beginning. It at once became apparent why he had slipped into such mistakes as confusing "was" with "saw". His fundamental training had been at fault and it is to blame and not the boy. Knowing the difficulty the remedy was easily applied. The boy was taught to read through the letters in their proper sequence. At eight years and a half when the test was made—his reading was zero. Three months later he could equal a child with two years of proper training. In seven months more he had acquired a place 19% above the average for his own age. A year later than this he had gone up to 30% above the average. The absolute failure had by understanding and redirection been made decidedly superior.

The next case discloses excellently how the psychologist can get to the bottom of the cause and apply a remedy where not only a special branch of a child's education is affected, but all the branches and his personality as well.

Another boy—let me call him John—was ten years and a half old and in the fifth form in the school. Up to and through the fourth form, John had turned out fairly good work. Now his work was falling off, becoming inferior—so steadily and rapidly that if some striking change did not take place he would certainly fail to be promoted at the end of the term.

Not only was his work becoming inferior, but his whole temperament was undergoing a change. He had been a spirited, cheerful boy, enjoying good health. Now he was becoming nervous, irritable, morose, would not mix as he had formerly with his fellows and was losing weight.

There was room for many probable explanations for a change such as was taking place in John. A physician could forthwith conjure up a score of bodily ailments which set back a boy's ability; an endocrinologist would see cause in the irregular functioning of the ductless glands. To an orthodox psycho-analyst nothing could be more apparent than that John's infantile love-life had been distorted; and so on and on—and their might be little truth or lot of truth in each reason.

So easy would it have been for the psychologist to have attached an obvious and probably wrong explanation to the observed effect that he had to refrain himself rigidly from accepting anything as true until he had thoroughly weighed every ounce of evidence.

Was poor eyesight reacting upon John's nerves? Did he have adenoids, diseased tonsils, intestinal trouble, incipient tuberculosis? Was some form of insanity growing upon him, such as dementia praecox? Perhaps the teacher had mismanaged his training. Still it was possible that the boy had a generally inferior intelligence. A child with an intelligence rating of as much as 15% below normal may pass unnoticed in the lower forms, but becomes quite conspicuous when he has reached the fifth form.

Test alone could tell. It was discovered that physically the boy was in good condition. Emotional tests disclosed that he was also remarkably well balanced. Then followed the tests of intelligence. In order not to frighten or overtax the boy, he was first assigned the test of a normal eight-year-old. He got through. He came out with flying colours through the nine-and ten-year-old tests. Finally he was presented with the examinations designed for a twelve-year old child—a child a year and a half beyond his own chronological age. To the surprise of the examiner he scored a mark of 150—a rating equalled by only one child in 10,000 selected at random!

His mentality was years above that of his classmates. In answer to one of the questions in the test, "Describe an envelope," he wrote: "An envelope is an oblong double-sheet container with a flap." Now such an answer from ordinary ten-year-old boys simply is not given. His superbly adult conversation probably confounded even his teacher. No wonder, he broke down—he was being bored stiff to death!

It is only in connection with this case, it is suggested that much of the reputed "dumbness" of men of genius during their school years was pro-

ably due to the same circumstances—capable of thinking beyond their classmates the young prodigies were inevitably misunderstood. It is the purpose of modern methods of progressive education to take cognisance of the differences in children so that all—the ultra-brilliant pupil as well as the dull blockhead—may be conceded a fair chance.

John had a high-school mentality; he viewed the whole problem of life as an older child. He was saved from further distress and given a chance to healthily express his precocious personality, by being put in contact with children of a nature in tune with his own.

These two examples are typical of the problems handled in hundreds by the educational psychologists of the western world. In each, standardised tests play a very vital part. The diagnoses were reached after carefully planned sets of observations. To persons, who not thoroughly understand the principles, the value of psychological testing appears often dubious. The real value of tests lie chiefly in their ability to furnish strong clues, which can be pushed

satisfactorily to their conclusions only by a psychologist of insight and experience.

In addition to devising tests by means of which the capacities of both children and adults may be judged (indeed such test is secondary), the educational psychologist has been and is applying himself to the task of formulating better methods of teaching, better, more adequate curricula. Many years ago the idea was generally given credit to, that the faculties of the mind—such as memory, imagination, will and so on—had some sort of organic basis, and could be developed by exercising like muscles. School books were filled with mental dumb-bells—matter of no earthly practical use—simply to "develop the mind!"

Such silly follies have been condemned to exile, and chiefly through the influence of psychology. Present day educators are trying more and more to infuse into school work that material which can be of practical avail to the boys and girls in their every-day lives. An attempt should be made to inculcate in them certain habits that may stand them in good



A "Bharata Natya" sequence in Gemini's "Three Sons."

stead in an ever-widening circle of situations—habits such as neatness of execution, cleanliness, discipline, scientific methods, hygiene, civic conscience, social etiquette, reasoning. More attention should be paid to the technique of thinking, of emotional control and other qualities which make stable, right-thinking and clear-minded, well-balanced men and women than to mental gymnastics. Even young babies are now subject to psychological investigations. Their smiles and cries and recognising and clutching—all the little actions, cunning or tantalising—have a certain meaning in their development.

As a result of these observations, it has been possible to define the normal rate of development for infants and children under school age; which information is of supreme value as an aid in tracing out psychological deviations in other children at the earliest moment.

Individual differences in capacity, emotional characteristics, personality traits, and body type proclaim themselves early. Those differences are comparable in degree and kinds with those watched in later life. Many of the differences are due to innate or constitutional factors and are not the direct result of training or experience.

Experiments and observations have not supported the "extreme" views of behaviourism which insist that any child can be taught anything—that all depends upon environment and training.

Some things can be learned by infants without training. There is a case of identical twins, one of whom was helped in learning how to climb stairs, while the other was given no instructions whatever. It was found that the untaught child—being the exact duplicate of her sister—learned to climb stairs just as well.

Other children, for all the exactly same training given, develop differently, physically and mentally.

There is a certain great inspiring hope in that innate quality in children which asserts that each child shall be different. It is the guarantee that men shall never become "like machines." What psychology and mental hygiene can do to help is to learn to diagnose correctly the ten-

dencies and aptitudes of children in the cradle of their infancy, and to provide that supervision which shall facilitate their growth and throw light upon the direction of health.

That language was devised primarily to conceal thoughts is a saying all too just in accord with the opinion that the power of speech has been one of the formidable handicaps that hamper the scientific study of human nature. Without usually an intent of falsehood, the convictions, the explanations, given orally by men are devoid of any actual foundation. English words are so ambiguous; psychological processes are so easily mistaken.

We have a lot of scientific facts about the behaviour of wasps, bees, frogs, chickens, rats and apes, more than we have about human behaviour, for the obvious reason that animals, cannot talk to us. When we want to know something about the behaviour of a spider we only watch it with vigilance and formulate an elaborate system for recording our observations; but when we want to know about our fellow-men, we either ask him or someone else about him, or assign a test, or get him to answer a questionnaire. And information so obtained is usually far from an exact conformity with truth.

The problem of personality is a broad one, and I cry down or disparage the attempt of several specialised branches of research to claim a monopoly of its control.

When the psychologist found out, or thought he had discovered some of the functions of the endocrines, the pseudo-scientists at once jumped at the conclusion that all behaviour and personality could be explained in terms of the function of the nervous system which controls the secretions of the endocrines. But now that we know more definitely about the functions of the endocrines, we are not so certain.

In psycho-analysis the fallacy of accounting for a complicate process by calling it a name, and thereby setting at ease the mind of the inquirer, is all too common. There is no form of human behaviour and no event in history that the nimble psycho-analyst cannot explain by the simple process of selecting from his

list a few explanatory terms that suit the case.

The psychologist by adding to an understanding of the queer quirks which memory plays, the possibilities for good and evil in the sex impulse, the acts which an inferiority or superiority complex may be responsible for, the relation of intelligence to co-operation and responsibility, is helping the doctor, the lawyer, the judge and the minister to be more considerate, understanding and effective in their professions.

Some of the aspects of "Psychology and Industry" especially in reference to a certain electric light English firm were outlined by the Director of Personnel Research. The requirements of an electric sub-station operator are unusual. The apparatus entrusted to his handling is extremely complicated in character. A single switching operation may involve as many as twenty or more moves, each of which must be carried on in the proper sequence.

The employee must generally play a lone hand, all to himself. He may be

called upon to make a sudden transition from the job of cleaning, involving little display of mental ability, to switching or blocking operations involving a considerable amount of technical knowledge and training and the display of a higher degree of alertness and sanity in avoiding error. He must be adaptable and capable of readily adjusting himself to unusual circumstances.

It was the problem of this Director of Personnel Research to find out just what qualifications were required for this job, and to try to devise tests and methods of training by means of which the unsuited could be got rid of and those who were employed could perform their work better. When the testing was first tried upon all those sub-station operators already employed, it was with the understanding that nothing would be immediately done considering the outcome. The results were to be recorded only for future reference. However, the finding from the tests so agreed together with what was later observed about the operator from experience that the



Sri Ram and Nagendra Rao as son and father in Gemini's film "Three Sons." The son takes on himself father's crime of theft and saves the family from ruin.

Personnel Research Department of the company became indispensable.

The social psychologist calls into question the belief that the social system is static, a fixed one to which men and women must, somehow be adjusted, and the belief that it is the purpose of education and the social and psychological sciences to help fit people into the social, economic and political order as it exists today. It has been proved by many graphs how the behaviour of the individuals

differed from their behaviour under various social pressure. Such conceptions as "the group mind" and "the moral standards of a community" may well be figments of fancy. The social structure itself must be regarded as psychological in a major part and the standpoint of psychology is not the adjustment of individuals to the social system but the study of social system itself as a part of the behaviour of the individuals.

PAROCHIAL AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Under the caption 'Children and Ourselves' Manas writes:

QUITE often, these days, one may hear parents pondering Catholic claims that parochial schooling provides more thorough education than can be gained from public institutions. Adolescents sometimes confirm these representations, as, for example, when girl or boy transfers from parochial schools easily surpass their non-parochial schoolmates in basic matters such as spelling, arithmetic, and reading. Inasmuch as such facts often become the basis for Catholic arguments in behalf of Government subsidies for their schools, it is time, we think, for most of our non-Catholic parents and teachers to take up the challenge *without* underestimating the opposition.

Why are parochial schools so successful? In the first place, the Catholics save a great deal of time when they go about instructing the young. They have no doubt about *how* to instruct them, what to instruct them in, nor about what the end-result of all the instruction—or indoctrination—is meant to be. So-called "secular" educators, on the other hand, are usually prone to consider each essay in education as something of an experiment. Not claiming to know precisely what mysterious elements compose the child, whether or not he has a "soul," and inclining to accept the philosophical assumptions of democracy, the teacher is apt to follow a free and individualistic course. "Self-expression" on the part of the child becomes very important, while

all systems or methods of pedagogy are regarded as probably needing constant revision to meet the particular needs of particular children.

Then there are the teachers as individuals. As someone recently remarked during a discussion of the differences between parochial and public schools, "Who ever heard of a nun being worried about the carburetion on her V8?" The nuns, like some others who embrace the religious life, are apt to be supremely dedicated and one-pointed. Teaching, for such persons, is never simply a means of gainful employment, but instead often becomes the very breath of life. Much of the energy public school teachers usually deploy into social, financial and marital channels is still bubbling around in religious devotees, and teaching is an outlet seemingly made to order. It offers the opportunity for gaining one's own salvation and that of the children at the same time. So Catholic teachers are apt to have their minds thoroughly on their jobs.

While we ought not to forget the other side of this picture—the fact that teachers consecrated in this particular way are hardly living well-balanced, normal, creative lives, but often tend, instead, to live vicariously on their contact with children—the matter of consecration or dedication of *itself* needs to be given thoughtful attention. For instance, while one can be all "for" married and marriageable teachers, it is also possible to see that no one should teach unless the process of teaching means so

much that the *desire* to continue the calling, at least, will outlive marriage, providing circumstances permit. We cannot, of course, formally set up any such requirement, especially during the days of an acute shortage of teachers, but we can call attention to the fact that the best teachers will have a passion for their work. It is only this breed which is fitted to avoid the pitfall of emotional liking and disliking of particular children, a hazard as subtle as it is real in every schoolroom. The true teacher is "selfless" during instruction and, in a sense, certainly is thinking of each child as a "soul," regardless of appearance or propensity.

A recent Metropolitan Life Insurance bulletin on the health of teachers contains some interesting thoughts which are related to our present subject. Teachers' health, like health in general, is now seen to be more and more a psychological matter. The good teacher must be full of "teaching energy." This sort of energy can be dissipated in a thousand different ways—ways natural enough to "normal American living"—yet seldom are they on the programme for Catholic instructors. The health bulletin sums up the difficulties of energy conservation in a fast-moving society:

The continual adjustment of a mature mind to what is going on in each one of many immature minds is bound to consume nervous energy.

The need for teachers to do what they themselves can do to conserve their health is even greater than formerly, because recent events have tended to add to the teaching load and to multiply sources of annoyance and friction which are not subject to their control. The rise in the birth rate which began in 1940 caught many schools wholly unprepared to meet the tidal wave of new pupils who began entering school five or six years later. This tidal wave is now approaching the secondary schools. There have not been enough teachers entering the profession to balance the increase in the number of children entering school. School buildings are antiquated and classes are overcrowded in many communities; aids to teaching are often

woefully inadequate. To the strain of teaching larger classes is added the tension which arises when teachers see their ideals being sacrificed on the altar of mass education.

Teachers, however, have an excellent record in some respects. Statistics reveal that the death rates of school teachers are consistently among the lowest recorded for any occupation. There must be something about the profession of teaching the young which aids in what the health bulletin calls "replenishing vitality," and which is subsequently explained:

The fresh approach of young minds to new material is a constant joy to healthy, well-adjusted teachers. They have within themselves a little spring which continuously wells up to replenish their reservoirs of physical energies and intellectual and spiritual enthusiasms. Healthy bodies and minds possess lavish reserves of strength and recuperative power. However, these margins of safety have not been provided to permit waste. As the years go by, they are needed to compensate for the normal wear and tear of living. They can be conserved by a sensible regard for health practices that permit body and mind to replenish depleted stores of energy.

A good teacher seems instinctively to know something about this process. A good teacher wants to be "fit to teach," because he feels a direct responsibility for the mental and psychological welfare of the children entrusted to him. Perhaps the very "sense of responsibility" tends to drive away illness and assists in the conservation of energy, both physical and mental. And perhaps it is this Sense of Responsibility which is the most important heritage a teacher can pass on, in turn, to a pupil. Yet it is doubtful whether this sense of responsibility, flowing from spontaneous dedication, can ever be equalled by those who conceive duty and responsibility in rigid theological terms. Thus we think it will always be that the most easily applied external disciplines can never carry quite where we want to have our children taken, even though, admittedly, they may take them *somewhere* in a hurry.

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.

India And Bharat

The All India Radio news broadcasts in the languages always use "Bharat" to the exclusion of "India." The Constitution refers to "India that is "Bharat." "Bharat" is an alternative name to "India" and serves more as an explanatory note and by itself is not a separate name.

Many of the Asian countries have a name of their own apart from the names by which they are known outside. Burma was called "Swarna Bhoomi" in ancient days. These oriental names reveal to us the great traditions and the eminent persons who upheld them. But they have not replaced the well-known names of the countries entirely.

Why should A. I. R. wage a crusade against "India" as if it is the accepted policy of the Government to banish it altogether? Let us not use "Bharat" indiscriminately, for it is meant to be used on great occasions when we can recall our rich past.

R. PADMANABHAN.

Cuddalore.

A Good Case Spoilt

A great lawyer wrote in his reminiscence that ninety per cent of good cases are spoilt by bad advocacy. Mr. P. Sundarayya, while opposing the Preventive Detention (Second Amendment) Bill in the Council of State, is reported to have said on August 8:

"The Communist Party has no illusions about the incapacity of the present Government to solve people's problems, but they (Communists) would be in Parlia-

ment so long as they are allowed to do so."

This speech produced anger, not sympathy. No doubt, Mr. Sundarayya's intention was to secure relief to his Telengana friends. But his advocacy produced a contrary result. There was no point in asking the Government to create confidence in the minds of his friends, who possess arms without licence, to surrender arms. It was foolhardy on his part to have said that he would allow his friends to live their entire lives in jungles. This is bravado, but not pleading for securing relief to his Telengana friends.

It is on record that I tried my best to secure relief to the suffering people, irrespective of their political faith, not by making speeches but by influencing the Congress leaders to respect and to follow the Constitutional and human principles while dealing with the Communist cases. I am sorry that the Communist legislators will not allow me to continue my humanitarian mission.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

Mint More Pie Coins

Owing to scarcity of pies, one has often to pay a quarter-anna piece, in lieu of one or two pies, the balance being conveniently appropriated by the seller of commodities. As the smallest coin, it has fallen out of use nowadays and is virtually not in circulation. The Government of India will soon mint more pie coins unless they want the poorer classes to continue to suffer due to the scarcity.

P. V. S. VASAN.

Amrutanjan

WHEREVER you go, you find a flood
Of anjans and their kindred brood;
But none of them are half so good
As Amrutanjan with its Princely hood.

Knowing not imitation is a praise,
They wish their status thus to raise;
But scound alone can win no prize,
Sans substance it is but form and guise.

Amrutanjan played an established role
And headed the list at every poll,
In curing pain and stopping cough
And healing head-ache or small or rough.

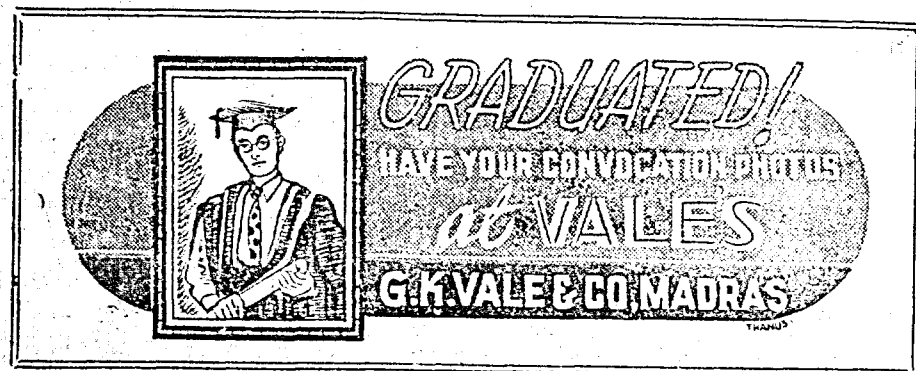
Be it a burn or cut or wound,
Or sore or itch or swell around,
Every kind of pain is bound
To perish in the underground.

The summer heat or winter cold,
Or a change in the rainy season weather,
May upset health or cause untold
Suffering to people hither and thither.

Waste not your hard-earned little wealth,
From deterioration stop your health;
For the former, Amrutanjan is a guard,
For the latter, he is a watch and ward.

He ever awaits your beck and call
From every medical stores and stall,
Though far-reaching in name and fame,
Even to the poor he is "Open Sesame".

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.



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THE COVER: Photo taken at the inauguration of the All India Dance Academy last week. Seen in the picture are Dr. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, R. K. Karanjia, Editor of Blitz and Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar.

—Photo By R. Krishnan.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC

THE need for the establishment of an effective Press Council is urged once again by the *New Statesman And Nation*. During the sittings of the British Royal Commission on the Press (1947-49) the editor of the *New Statesman And Nation* had placed before the Commission a suggestion that a column should be reserved daily in every newspaper for the comments of an outside critic or expert authority who would have an opportunity of commenting upon incorrect or misleading statements which had appeared in the paper the previous day, and of expressing a point of view different from the editorial opinion of the paper. The Commission rejected the editor's suggestion both on the ground of "practical difficulties" and on account of their objection to the "principle" involved in it. But the Commission expressed great concern at the failure of the Press to develop the internal organisation necessary for the regulation of its own affairs. The Press had a number of organisations to represent sectional interests within it, but there was "no one body concerned to maintain either the freedom of the Press or the integrity on which its reputation depends." The Press, the Commission held, had taken "fewer steps to safeguard its standards of performance than perhaps any other institution of comparable importance."

The Commission sensed, in this state of affairs, a grave peril to the future of democracy itself in the country. For, the democratic form of society, as the Commission pointed out, demands of its members an active

and intelligent participation in the affairs of the community; it assumes "that they are sufficiently well informed about the issues of the day to be able to form the broad judgments required by an election, and to maintain between elections the vigilance necessary in those whose governors are their servants and not their masters." As the Press is the main source from which information and discussion on the main issues of the day reach the public, the Commission was of opinion that the safeguarding of the character and integrity of the Press through a competent institution was indispensable for the safety and preservation of democracy itself as a system of government. The Commission therefore recommended the establishment of a General Council of the Press having as its main function the censuring of undesirable types of journalistic conduct, and the building up, by all other possible means, of a code of conduct in accordance with the highest standards of the profession. The medical profession has such a General Council established by statute, but in the case of the Press the Commission came to the conclusion that a voluntary organisation not excluding outsiders would be more effective and prove to be of greater advantage. Arguing that among men of repute in the Press there is a considerable measure of agreement on what constitutes sound professional practice, the Commission observed in their report: "We should like to see the General Council express and extend that agreement, safeguard the traditions and interpret the aspirations of

he profession, and use its influence to eradicate discreditable practices."

Though it is now three years since the report of the Commission was presented to Parliament, the General Council advocated in it shows no sign of materialising, and the *New Statesman* has registered a spirited demand for prompt action, provoked thereto by the presentation of a telephone conversation as a personal interview in the columns of the *Daily Express*. When the *Daily Express* published its disputed interview... it unwittingly did more than the Royal Commission to stimulate public discussion of Press ethics," comments the *New Statesman* caustically; then it proceeds to give an account of the lagrant abuses manifested in far too many British mass-circulation newspapers, illustrating their failure, "for reasons which are neither convincing nor creditable, to create the informed public opinion on which the success of democratic government must finally depend." Can it be denied, asks the *New Statesman*, "that in the columns of many 'popular' newspapers the frivolous consistently takes precedence over facts which are regarded as 'dull' because they are serious and significant?"

By way of illustration, the treatment by the mass-circulation newspapers of the abdication of King 'arouk and his arrival in Capri, is cited. This is what the journal states:

"Readers were spared any serious attempt to explain or evaluate the political developments involved in General Naguib's coup in Egypt; but, at the cost of very considerable cabling charges, they were treated to a meticulously detailed account of the ex-monarch's daily diet and the precise number of salons, bedrooms and bath-

rooms occupied by his suite on the island of his romantic exile. To take so much trouble to purvey such nonsense is only one degree more degrading to the profession of journalism, and damaging to the prestige of the British Press, than the assiduity with which the Foreign Secretary, on honeymoon, was faithfully followed round Portugal by journalists whose achievement was their ability to report that Mr. Eden took a short walk dressed in a blue sports shirt and subsequently had luncheon at precisely 1.30 p.m."

If, on this data, it is stated, as a net result, that the British Press (with a few signal exceptions) does not make good use of its newsprint, and Britain is badly served in the matter of quality of reporting in the newspapers, what is one to say of the performance of the Indian Press? Though in their own vehicles of publicity, our Press tycoons are fond of singing paeans of praise to the high mettle and quality of their journalistic achievement, the truth is just the reverse. Especially since the advent of freedom, a madness of sycophancy has crept into the heads of our bigger newspaper industrialists, and any puff from a Minister is given gorgeous display, while no attention at all is paid to the higher values of objectivity, public interest and the like. The Press in India is taking on the aspect of a menace to democracy which is very ill served in its columns, and the task of releasing it from the strangle-hold of rapacious controllers abusing its finest traditions, is among the most pressing responsibilities of the Press Commission to be presently set up. We hope the personnel of the Commission will be such as not to fall under the blandishments of the very forces of evil from whose sway it is their mission to rescue the Press.

A fearless, critical free Press is the one indispensable safeguard to ensure the survival of democracy in the present dangerous crisis of civilization.—HAROLD HERD.

Sotto Voce

MARGINALIA



THE Great God Jones, in the American play, poor Negro though he was, was visited by no undivine doubts. But the Chief Minister of Madras, after his much blazoned "triumph" in Tanjore confessed that the enthusiasm of the mirasidars for self-annihilation had exceeded all his expectations. From the mere Kingship that he had arrogated to himself when he brought them the Greek gift of Debt Relief fifteen years earlier he had now, at a mighty bound, landed on the dizzy heights of Divinity. But—unlike Providence—he kept looking about him warily, lest somebody should cast doubts on his avatar. None did—audibly—and one could hear his obvious relief finding vent in the too human ejaculation, 'Ah, the trick has worked!'

These prancings and posturings, which elsewhere might have been regarded as blasphemous, well befitted the *opera bouffe* atmosphere of the Tanjore tamasha. The obsequious supers behind the back-drop led the huzza, while the dazed silence of the impressed audience in the pit was taken for speechless ecstasy. Having told the assembled mirasidars that they should include in their daily orisons the rubric, "Let us thank Heaven for the priceless boon that is Rajaji," the showmen graciously permitted them to speak out of a full heart. The response was rather disconcerting.

Most of them had questions to ask and they passed on chits (so an eyewitness tells me). But the Chief Minis-

ter waved aside the forlorn bits of papers saying that he couldn't be bothered to decipher scrawls; let those who had objections to make come to the platform. Only one man dared to run the gauntlet of the serried phalanx of supercilious eyes, and he, incidentally, one of the ablest agriculturists in the State. He asked how the owner, who in a busy season like harvesting had to work to a programme, could possibly safeguard his own if a dishonest tenant, taking advantage of his absence in another part of his demesne, should harvest his plot and smuggle away part of the yield.

My informant tells me that there was nothing divine about the way the great man flared up at this inconvenient question. He did not merely tell the mirasidars, as the newspaper reports suggested, that if they could not manage these difficulties for themselves they had better sell away their land and scuttle. He gave them another alternative. "Breed abundantly and distribute your land among your sons. Let each have just enough to till with his own labour, without having to seek another's aid." A debate at that high level could hardly be sustained for any length of time. The function came to a close with a chorus of praise for the Vicegerent of Providence from the hand-picked mirasidars in the Ministerial entourage.

The "overwhelming enthusiasm" of the Tanjore mirasidars for the Ordinance was nobly simulated throughout the triumphal tour by this cons-

tant chorus of two or three. Their exhibition of ventriloquism did credit to the traditions of a district famous for the art of "Poykaal Kudirai." Men of great possessions in times of trouble must perforce trim their sails to the prevailing winds. What they lose on the roundabouts they may, if they are prudent, gain on the swings. The visionary prospect of a Minister-ship is comforting, especially if your broad acres are infested with squatters thick as lice. The monkey that has lost its tail is the perfect propagandist for the wagging stump.

The landed magnates came to the command performance in their shining limousines. And this provoked our austerity Premier to an acid homily on the unwisdom of vulgar ostentation. The rebuked were too well bred—or perhaps too cowed down—to point out that they at least were spending their own money while the new khadder-clad aristocracy seemed to think it a pious duty to live *de luxe* off the public. And hereditary giganity is far less of an offence to the eye than the parvenu who rides his Rolls Royce with the self-conscious air of the circus monkey humped on horseback. The car-owning mirasidar is a far less conspicuous phenomenon than the black-marketeers and the licence-peddlers. Why does not our Savonarola turn his wrath against them for a change?

A regime that maintains the costly Mumbo Jumbo of Government House with idolatrous veneration can hardly afford to jibe at the mirasidar and call him pretender and popinjay. It is easy to denounce him as heartless for asking how he is to pay 360 days' wages for a man who does a hundred days' work, if you carefully avert your gaze from the plight of the vast bulk of 'landowners' (bless the name!) who are poor as a church mouse. Nobody grudges our non-pareil Premier the salary that he gets in addition to his pension. But by that standard of remuneration most mirasidars are beggars. Is that any reason why they should be insulted?

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LEADERSHIP IN MADRAS LEGISLATURE

TWO SURVIVING TITANS

The race of giants is extinct in Madras, the Titans who strode the political stage have all fallen by the wayside. There are only two survivors of the spacious Gandhian era, both past the liberal age of three score and ten, writes a Special Correspondent in The Hindustan Times.

Of these two survivors, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and Mr. T. Prakasam, he says:

BOTH have several things in common. They started life as lawyers and built up lucrative practices before they succumbed to the lure of Gandhism. Both have been to prison on a number of occasions. Both were no-changers to begin with. When the Congress decided to accept office, it was but inevitable that Mr. Rajagopalachari and Mr. Prakasam should take up aisle seats in the Ministry. Both became Chief Ministers by turn, first Mr. Rajagopalachari; then Mr. Prakasam.

Points Of Difference

Here the resemblance ends. Whereas C. R. is essentially an intellectual, Mr. Prakasam is swayed in all his actions by his emotions. With his philosophical mind and his faith in religion C. R. can escape from the dust and din of politics to his study room and the Gita. The Andhra leader, however, revels in the fierce light that beats on a political throne. He rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. He braved his breast to the bayonet of a policeman during the visit of the Simon Commission. He is brutal in his frankness and calls a spade a spade.

To C. R. politics is the art of the plausible. He is a supreme realist who takes a mountain-top view of things. Occasionally he drops a bombshell and freezes your blood. His advocacy of Pakistan made him *persona non grata* with the Congress leaders, but those who scoffed at him remained to pray, and when Mr. Jinnah's chickens came home to roost, C. R. was hailed as a prophet.

He emerged from the shadows to become first a Minister at the Centre, then a Governor and finally the first Indian Governor-General. He earned

his political peerage and pension and returned to his home State. But the Prime Minister again asked for him and he had another innings at Delhi where he stepped into the shoes of the late Sardar Patel. Fate again bowled him back to Madras and everyone said that it was retirement for good. The circumstances that conspired to bring him back to the political arena are too well known to need repetition.

Dominating Figure

C. R. with his colourful background has the unique distinction of being the Chief Minister of a State without having fought an election. Unlike in 1937, when he had a docile majority at his beck and call, today he faces an array of Opposition leaders owing allegiance to a variety of creeds. Though he is backed by a strong team of 14, all his colleagues, with the exception of Mr. A. B. Shetty, are freshers. This entails a heavy responsibility on him. No wonder he works 14 hours a day and wades through a forest of files. His brain is the card index system of the Secretariat. Nothing eludes his eagle eyes. Both during question-hour as well as in debates he dominates the proceedings.

He is one of the best administrative brains in India. He is courageous and constructive rather than negative in his outlook. His command of language is great. He is never at a loss for words, and he always has the right word for everything. He enjoys exercising authority, his will power, his inner strength. In his frequent references to God, he resembles Gladstone. He has strong likes and dislikes. Sometimes he uses the hammer to crush a fly. He has in reserve a quality of

iron flexibility. An inconvenient number of people ask with great concern whether he is not garnering all power in his hands and setting himself up as strong man. In the confused pattern of Madras politics, only a strong man of the calibre of C. R. can keep at bay all destructive elements and save the State from the anarchy towards which it was heading. Someone has mentioned the politician who gave to party what was meant for mankind, but the plain fact is that under the present system of party government, the politician must submit to party in order that he may have opportunities of serving mankind. This is the case with C. R.

Chief Adversary

Facing C. R. in the Council is his old political bedfellow Mr. Prakasam. He exudes strength. His outstanding gift is his audacity. He bursts into the legislative chamber like a boisterous schoolboy. His non-stop career

in the Assembly which started in 1937 was broken when he was beaten in the recent elections in Madras City. But the K. M. P. Party men of whom virtually he is the head saw to it that he was elected to the Council. Age has not dimmed his old fire, but his recent speeches show that his mental agility is on the decline.

There is a terrible sense of frustration in him and the feeling is uppermost in his heart that he has been deprived of the Chief Ministership which he thought was his by right. His criticism of the Governor's conduct in calling C. R. to take up the Chief Ministership was indicted by the Assembly. In marshalling a case for attack there are few who can equal him in the Madras legislature. As one of the stalwarts of the old guard, his views on many subjects, which are sometimes unorthodox, are nevertheless listened to with respect even by those who do not share his politics.



LIFE IN EAST GERMANY

By SUCHETA KRIPALANI

SINCE my return to India many friends have been asking me about what I saw in East Germany. I have, therefore, thought it best to write about what little I was able to see as a contribution to the Press.

For various reasons I felt greatly handicapped in fully understanding the real conditions in the country. Firstly, the language difficulty prevented me from getting in touch with the people and getting first-hand information; secondly, as delegates to the Peace Council meeting, we were guests of the organisers of the conference and were naturally accompanied by those who were interested in this work and were mostly supporters of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany. We had little opportunity to get in touch with others. As the country was new to us and we had no other contact, we had to fall back upon our kind hosts. But the impression that in the 'Iron Curtain' areas the tours are conducted and the visitors are always under the surveillance of the so-called interpreters did not occur to us. We certainly had interpreters with us all the time but we were also free to go on our own and see the country by ourselves. On more than one occasion I and Dr. Kumarappa went out for a walk and wandered amongst the people by ourselves. Our hosts too seemed to be eager that we should do so and see things for ourselves and find out the real condition of the country.

The World Peace Conference in Berlin was a successful conference from the point of view of the assembly gathered there. 59 nations were represented. Over 400 people were gathered there from all parts of the world. Almost every country in Asia was represented there. The participants were not necessarily members of the Communist Party. They were people of good will, literary people, artists, labour workers, priests, members of the Quakers' organisations, in fact, people belonging to every walk of life.

The World Peace Council is claimed to be an independent body which is

striving to avert war and create an atmosphere of peace throughout the world. It has its branches in a number of countries. The organisation has, however, the full support and backing of the Soviet and pro-Soviet countries. The task placed before itself by the conference is so great and important that it is not possible for any non-official private organisation to work without the support of some powerful Government. But it would not be quite correct to call the World Peace Council a Communist organisation. At this session the main pre-occupation of the conference was over the questions of the division and re-armament of Germany, the Korean war and the bacteriological warfare. It cannot be denied that there are some of the crucial international problems and each is surcharged with dangerous possibilities. As usual, in such conferences, eloquent and beautiful speeches were delivered mostly about first principles which nobody is willing to deny in theory. It is good to exchange views and to know each other, but how this will help the real preservation of peace is the question that yet remains unsolved, specially when most of the countries whose nationals participated in the conference are known to be building their armies and piling armaments. It is also a question whether the delegates have any influence with their respective Governments. I was not so impressed by the conference in Berlin as I was impressed by what I saw in East Germany.

We left Berlin and toured some parts of East Germany, mainly in Brandenburg and Saxony, for 5 or 6 days. We saw farms, factories, schools, hospitals, social institutions, mines, post-war house building projects, pioneer places, holiday camps for children, etc. Wherever we went, we got the feeling that in East Germany at least, the propaganda for peace has penetrated into the innermost part of the country. The desire for peace on the part of Germany was very genuine. It may be more correct to say that their dread for war is very genuine. The peace propaganda has

reached every home in the villages and every child in the schools. Whenever we went we were greeted with the words 'Freundschaft' (Friendship) and 'Frieden' (Peace). They have given up the old Hitlerian salute of "Deutschlands uber alles" which was the expression of race superiority, hatred, and world domination. Now their greeting is peace and friendship to all. Naturally when such an atmosphere is created among the people it is bound to have some effect on the Government of the land and to some degree on the world situation.

One finds all over East Germany an atmosphere of reconstruction, hope and enthusiasm. There was a sense of elation that at last the people were allowed to build for themselves and their children. We could often hear the words "Now we are building for ourselves." "Whatever we do, will go to our children." The people seemed eager to work the Five Year Plan. There were, however, sections of people, particularly the old, who had been so often disillusioned during the course of their lives, that they were sceptical about the Plan. Now that the first Five Year Plan has achieved some results even they are looking forward with hope and expectation.

The Five Year Plan is intended to raise the industrial production to 192.3 per cent of the 1950 figures. That is more than double the production of 1936. In 1936 the gross production was 21,282 million marks. In 1955, according to them, this will amount to 45,006.3 millions marks. This would indeed be a very great record of progress in a short time. Industry is mainly nationalised, though there are still some private factories. But these are mostly small and less important. Trade is completely under Government control. All over Germany we saw shops run by consumers' co-operatives called 'Konsum'. There were other Government shops called H. O. Not only are shops run by H. O., hotels and restaurants are also managed by it. There is a free market where one can get articles by paying higher prices, but even here the upper limit for prices has been fixed. The H. O., and 'Konsum' shops had enough of goods though not in profusion. We visited a big department store that they have recently

started in Berlin which was very well stocked. I made a point to enquire at the counters as to the country from where goods had come. At no place did I hear of any other country but Germany. I did not find any Russian-produced goods in the shops. The German people are conscious and proud of the fact that all the goods they use are produced in their country. As a matter of fact they were taken aback to see some of the ordinary articles of every day use with us which were not produced in India. Their reaction was so spontaneous and natural that I could see that it was inconceivable for them to use for ordinary basic needs of life anything that is not produced in their country.

People looked well dressed. We saw no beggars or ill-clad people in the streets. They were not always well-shod. It appeared that there was a certain amount of leather shortage. A large number of people wore canvas shoes or shoes made from some other material. In the matter of food they told us the ration had been increased threefold since the war and today they were not short of any other things except meat, fish and butter. In the matter of housing there is still very great shortage because both Berlin and Dresden, the two big cities we visited, were very badly destroyed. Berlin is still full of ruins. But in Dresden the havoc caused must have been much greater. We were told that in 6 hours of bombing 2 million people were killed there. The entire centre of the city is in ruins. Beautiful palaces, cathedrals and other public places are still seen in dreadful condition. In the plan of reconstruction the first priority was accorded to the building of factories. Now that they have met the requirement to a great extent, they are concentrating on building houses for people. In both these cities we saw big blocks of buildings, 4, 5 and 6 storeys high, going up at a great speed to accommodate families in 2 and 5 room flats. They are salvaging every bit of brick, steel and other building material from the ruins. We saw people working there and making neat piles of bricks, iron rods and other building material. The housing scheme comes under the name 'AUFBAU'. All work is being done directly by the Government but as there is

labour shortage, the Government has harnessed voluntary labour through very interesting means. People are requested to donate units of labour to the work, 3 hours make an unit. Individuals, male and female, offer as many units as they can negotiate in their spare time. Usually no one gives beyond 20 units. People from all walks of life, men, women and children, co-operate in the building work. In addition to regular workmen, we saw volunteers at work on Saturday evenings and Sundays. To give inducement, prizes are offered for good work and the best inducement is 'priority in the allotment of a house'. There is so much enthusiasm for house building that one of our friends told us that once owing to rush she was not able to contribute her quota for two weeks. When on the third week she reached the spot where she usually worked she was not able to recognise the site because in place of the

ruins she found a nearly complete building. The material that they are using for building houses is stone, brick, cement, concrete. I asked if they had no other material with which they could build houses in order to speed up construction. They were surprised at my question and could not understand what I meant. So I asked them if there was any material by which they could make panels and such panels can be put together and houses built at exceptional speed. They laughed at my suggestion that houses could be built that way. I then asked them if they had heard about prefabrication. They said they had not heard of any such thing. I wondered then how backward Germans were. We living in India thousands of miles away heard of prefabrication, but Germans the next door neighbours of the country which supplied us the well known prefab factory, had not heard of the scientific method of house construction.

THE KALAYOGI AS A GREAT INDIAN

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

A worthy hailing from Manipal, Ceylon, which was the original home of Doctor Ananda Coomaraswamy's family, met the great Kalayogi in Boston and mentioned to him that both of them belonged to Manipal. The story goes that Ananda Coomaraswamy firmly denied the implication and added that he considered himself an Indian first and an Indian in every way.

Born in Colombo, to a Ceylonese father and an English mother, and reared up in U. K. during the early part of his life, Coomaraswamy's spiritual self remained so truly Indian that he was able to penetrate the core of Indian art and philosophy as few Indians born in India have done. A Ceylonese by birth, he used to call Ceylon a cultural projection of India. His tenacity in these convictions is a lesson both to Indian and Ceylonese students of culture—particularly to the Ceylonese, when short-sighted Chauvinism and misplaced borrowing from the West and oftentimes temporary short-term political considerations tend to obscure the basic facts.

To Indians, however, the Kalayogi has a special message at present, when India is emerging as a new independent sovereign democracy. The Kalayogi was not—as many admirers of our great past might mistake—an admirer of everything Indian in art, culture and philosophy, nor was he a narrow nationalist even at a time when such nationalism was held in high esteem and seemed the very sine qua non of national existence during the days of India's political subservience. So far in advance of his time was he in this respect, that one can just include him in India's Pantheon of political prophets, on this score alone.

Doctor Coomaraswamy has himself beautifully summed up his attitude, in a short and pregnant speech which he delivered on the occasion of India's first independence day on 14th August 1947. Probably it was his last public utterance since he passed away on 9th September 1947. Said the Doctor: "Indian culture is great not because it is Indian but because it is culture." A similar sentiment was

expressed by him years earlier, in less categorical terms, when talking about the Swadeshi movement. "Not till the Indian people patronize the Indian arts and industries from a real appreciation of them and because they recognize them not merely as cheaper but as better than foreign, will the Swadeshi movement become complete and comprehensive."

Chauvinism for its own sake or for the sake of self-preservation—or patriotism in a narrow sense—all these were definitely beyond the pale of the Doctor's philosophy, at least definitely in the cultural sphere. Doctor Coomaraswamy was a prophet in his own right if only because he took up the cry of Swadeshi even before the Indian National Congress took it up. But he was greater than the political prophets, because the "Swadeshi" movement to him was neither political nor economic but had a cultural side. To him the dangers of Chauvinism in that sphere were so clear that he pointed them out ruthlessly even in the early stages of the movement. Indian art was great in itself—it did not require the prop of patriotic self-esteem to make it great—and it was a positive insult to it to call it great because it was Indian. The Kalayogi might even have added, had he the opportunity and occasion, that he who admires Indian art because it is Indian is not true to the spirit of India at all.

Of the limitations of the Swadeshi movement in the economic and political spheres, he was fully aware, as he was also aware of the fact that to replace the foreign exploiter by a native one was fruitless substitution. To use a flamboyant phrase, he is the father of gandhian socialism or villagism. In the words of the Doctor, "Competition with Europe on the lines of modern commercialism must involve intellectual and ultimately industrial ruin. It matters little whether it is the Lancashire manufacturer or the great millowner of Bombay who successfully contests the village weaver's market."

Equally deeply was he conscious that "Swadeshi" in culture was more important than in the economic or political fields; because Indian culture was great in itself and to preserve it and carry it forward was

a special duty of those born in India. As he put it, "Five hundred years hence it will matter little to humanity, whether a few Indians more or less have held official posts in India or a few million bales have been manufactured in Bombay or Lancashire factories, but it matters much whether the great ideals of Indian culture have been carried forward or allowed to die." One is reminded of Carlyle's declaration that he cared more for Shakespeare than the British Empire, and Baldwin's speech "On England" where he said that long after the British Empire had disappeared people would remember English character and justice—just as they remembered Roman courage and Roman laws long after the Roman Empire had disappeared.

On the question of absorbing Western culture or ideology Doctor Coomaraswamy is well known as the most caustic critic of servile imitation. But in his sarcasm his chief synthetic idea on the subject has often been forgotten. As he has once mentioned, the terms West and East in culture have only by accident come to denote geographical entities after the industrial revolution, but before that the same fundamental religious ideals informed both cultures. According to him rapprochement must first come from the West, because it is the modern West which abandoned the once common norms.

It is clear from all this, that besides all the invaluable contributions he made to Indian art, culture and religion, by interpreting them, popularising them and making them live, the Kalayogi had made a very special contribution to Indian culture by his prophetic declarations about the limitations and dangers of cultural chauvinism. Probably, while he said and wrote those things, they might have appeared both superfluous and irritating to some ardent nationalists. We see their wisdom today when a total rejection of all that is Western along with a still servile craze for it, compete to ruin the national progress. It is well therefore for Indian thinkers to remember, on the occasion of Ananda Coomaraswamy's anniversary on September 9 that his last public utterance began with the sentence: "Indian culture is great not because it is Indian but because it is culture."

BRITAIN WONT 'LIBERATE'

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: In the slightly stodgy surroundings of a British church conference house in South England, a brilliant young editor was holding forth with impeccable French logic on the manner in which 'cold war' propaganda, on both sides, inexorably builds toward the inevitable "war of liberation." The surprisingly youthful J.-M. Domenach, Editor of France's left-Catholic monthly *Esprit*, demonstrated how carefully-channelled propaganda disguised as "information" has been pushing the masses on both sides of the 'curtain' toward the acceptance of four propositions: Good is on our side, Evil on the other; the other side threatens the peace; war is inevitable because of the pressures driving the other side; victory will bring 'liberation', 'justice' and the solution of unbearable present problems. M. Domenach was able to win quick support from his listeners. They were almost all pacifists, attending the annual international conference of ILCOP (the International Liaison Committee of Organization for Peace) to hear, among others, Pastor Martin Niemoller and V. K. Krishna Menon, until recently Pandit Nehru's diplomatic representative in London.

At the moment M. Domenach spoke his words would have found a far wider audience. One could expect a French 'neutralist' to find a sympathetic audience in British Labour circles. But at the end of August his audience could have extended far into the highest circles of Britain. For British leaders—not being afflicted with French logic—were still recollecting from Gen. Eisenhower's promise to turn back "the tidal mud of Communism" and "liberate" the "captive populations" of the enslaved lands—including not only East Europe but China and Tibet, Outer Mongolia, areas of Indochina, North Korea and, in his geographically stupid phrase, "the Northern island of Japan"—or "Northern Japan" as the *N. Y. Times* transcribed it. (This apparently meant not Hokkaido, which is still part of Japan, but Southern Sakhalin which was taken by Japan from Russia in

1905 and returned in 1945. Its return was confirmed in the Peace Treaty drafted by John Foster Dulles last year.)

The British reaction to Eisenhower's speech was more temperate than that of the Continent, where *Le Monde* described the speech as "violent". This is partly because Britain is less immediately threatened if an American provocation precipitates World War III. Also, Britain knows very well how to restrain dissent when that restraint strengthens the Anglo-American alliance.

The Times of August 27 carried a consummate example of how a British editorial writer can take down a person's pants and spank him soundly while appearing to be patting him on the back. *The Times* pointed out that the Eisenhower-Stevenson nominations had reassured Britain that "whatever the outcome of the election, no revolutionary change in American foreign policy is to be expected." It accepted the fact that Eisenhower's party must make political propaganda but insisted that "it can avoid taking up positions which it may find embarrassing if it wins."

Since it feels it advisable to be charitable to Americans, *The Times* said: "Almost certainly, General Eisenhower did not intend, when he listed the 'captive peoples' of Eastern Europe and the Far East, to assume any specific commitment at all. He may have intended no more than to outline in hard terms the 'tragedy of lost opportunity' of the past ten years and to assert a proper concern for the peoples that have fallen victim to that tragedy." But, *The Times* admitted, "General Eisenhower seemed to come near to assuming certain commitments which might be quite beyond the ability of the United States to discharge by peaceful means in any measurable period of time."

Added *The Times*: "The difficulty is... that to list as *irredenta* vast areas of Europe and Asia, and to advocate telling the Soviet Government 'with cold finality' that 'we shall never recognize the slightest

permanence' in its position there raises doubts about the manner in which General Eisenhower would really like American foreign policy to be conducted.... He has inherited the Republican foreign policy which Mr. Dulles, at the party convention in July, described as 'liberation, not containment.'"

On the basis of Britain's centuries of diplomatic experience, *The Times* clearly feels this an example where adolescent bravado exceeds power. "There have been many occasions in the past when American Governments have taken up rigid, and wholly sincere, moral positions, refusing to recognize indubitable situations of fact, but such refusals have rarely been fruitful in their outcome. In these days the United States plays not a withdrawn but an active part in international affairs. From this change, perhaps the greatest single development in world affairs in the twentieth century, flows the inexorable necessity of matching a foreign policy to the means available for its pursuit; the desirable and the possible can no longer safely be confused." The British not only doubt America's ability to "liberate" the new Communist states but they fear it would be suicide for Britain if they were 'shanghaied' into such a crusade.

The Times reflected informed opinion here in its particular worry: "The list of 'captive' Far Eastern territories implies... views which are not new but carry more extensive implications. China has fallen under Communist government, it is true, but there is no final evidence that the Chinese Communist regime is a 'captive', as distinct from an ally, of Moscow. It is a potent and formidable regime, but its open hostility to the West does not make an accurate appraisal of its true character or of the extent of its freedom of action any less important than if it were friendly."

Even more interesting than *The Times*' polite but serious chiding was the unexpectedly sharp reaction of Edward Crankshaw, *The Observer's* expert on Russian affairs. Mr. Crankshaw is considered by those moderately critical of Soviet policy to be well-informed but with a rather violent anti-Communist bias. This bias, it should be said, rather parallels that of

the East European sections of the Foreign Office. He was particularly concerned in an *Observer* Foreign News Service dispatch published on August 28 that "General Eisenhower has come out with the most downright statement of cold war aims yet uttered by a responsible leader of opinion in the West... at a moment when there is an accumulation of signs suggesting that Stalin is considering the advantages of an armistice in the cold war."

"Lately, in the Soviet Party journals, there has been more than one suggestion that Moscow has decided to desist in its provocations, consolidate its gains, achieve some sort of a co-existing agreement with the West, and devote itself to building up the strength of the Soviet Union. Italy's pro-Soviet Socialist leader Signor Nenni, in a recent speech, hinted at the same idea. The instructions to the French Communist Party to go easy and revive the spirit of the popular front point in the same direction. The calling of the nineteenth Party Congress for October itself marks the end of a chapter in Soviet history. The increased urgency and ruthlessness in the drive to Sovietize the East European satellites again suggests that Stalin is more immediately concerned with strengthening the Soviet sphere than in weakening the outside world. All things considered, it will not be surprising if, at the Party Congress in October, the Kremlin puts a new stress on the doctrine to live and let live, acknowledging a deadlock in the conflict between East and West, and ushering in a new period in the spirit of 'Socialism in One Country'—with the difference that this time it will be Socialism in several countries."

Crankshaw is obviously so worked up over Eisenhower's irresponsibility that he even ventures to point out that "liberation" can end police terror but will probably replace it with exploitation. This is particularly significant because about nine-tenths of Mr. Crankshaw's writing time is devoted to criticizing Soviet totalitarianism. "Police terror is Stalin's own natural method of getting his way. The West has other methods of getting its way: the most effective in the past has been a wide range of what might be called financial blackmail,

employed with more or less elegance, with more or less benevolence, in the interests of its own system, against the weaker and more backward nations. It is possible to argue, and many Soviet Communists do so argue, that in the long run the adoption of the Soviet system will benefit, say, Rumania, even if many people get badly hurt in the process of adoption; whereas the continuation of the capitalist system, which meant that Rumania was largely run by capitalist interests outside the country, would never benefit the Rumanians even if it were less immediately brutal in its application and effect."

Crankshaw asks how this policy is to be carried out in reality. "Supposing, for example, that in due course the Soviet Union and the Western Powers were to withdraw their troops from Germany and Austria (this has already been suggested so far as Germany is concerned in the latest Soviet Note), the Soviet Union would have no pretext for keeping her troops along the lines of communication in the East European satellites. She would withdraw—unless the satellites invited her to stay. She would leave behind her a number of states with strong Communist governments, backed by powerful local police forces, controlling peoples from whom the brave and active oppositions have been ruthlessly purged. They would, on the face of it, be sovereign governments, in close alliance with the

Soviet Union. They might even invite the Kremlin to establish and garrison bases in their territories—as Britain and France have invited the United States of America to do the same. Given this situation, what is the West supposed to do? Is it to declare war on Rumania because she has a Communist government in close alliance with the Soviet Union?"

Crankshaw speaks for British realism on the Communist states when he suggests that only the Yugoslav pattern can be followed: "It is the business of the West to make the non-Communist sector of the world so strong, morally and physically, that if, for example, the Czechs decided to break with the Soviet Union, the free world would, so to speak, be in a position to support them."

Promising anything more, without executing it, would convince the surviving anti-Communists in the Communist states that the U. S. "talks loudly but carries a small stick." Doing anything more would, it is clear, panic America's European allies.

The strongly pro-American *Economist* summarized responsible British opinion about what it described as Eisenhower's "dangerously aggressive" proposals when it stated on August 29. "Unhappily 'liberation' applied to Eastern Europe—and Asia—means either the risk of war or it means nothing. . . . 'Liberation' entails no risk of war only when it means nothing."

One of the surest evidences of friendship that one can display to another, is telling him gently of a fault—If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.—BULWER.

DR. RADHAKRISHNAN: SYMBOL OF A MALADY

By A Special Correspondent

THE New Delhi office of a prominent foreign news agency is, at the time of writing still awaiting the External Affairs Ministry's reply to its query whether Dr. Radhakrishnan's speech on the 'Hitlerism' of the West, at Bombay last week, represents the official outlook of the Government of India.

It will be interesting to know the reply, because Dr. Radhakrishnan's remarks on the West and Russia are the most striking instance yet of the peculiar malady which afflicts Indian intellectuals as a class. The malady has more to do with emotion than reason, with the elemental group reactions of race and region than with individual judgement on politics.

Dr. Radhakrishnan is reputed as a philosopher, and, though some would deny him any higher status than that of an expositor like Dr. C. E. M. Joad in Britain there is no doubt that he is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. Yet here he was, the Vice-President of the Republic, repeating without qualification the crudest and most over-simplified of Communist political formulations. Ever since she parted company with her wartime allies and boycotted the Paris conference on the Marshall Plan, Russia has been charging the West with assuming the mantle of Hitler.

The West was "furiously and frantically preparing to crush Russia," Dr. Radhakrishnan said. He evidently did not think that Russia had done anything to provoke fear or anger in other countries, since he said nothing about it. The conclusion was inescapable: the Western countries, just as the Communists tell us day in and day out, are aggressive warmongers.

Yet Dr. Radhakrishnan is the deputy Head of State of a country which is in partnership with Britain and Canada in the Commonwealth, and receives substantial economic aid from the United States. Our foreign policy, miscalled 'neutrality', of judg-

ing international issues independently on merits has led us to vote largely with the West, not Russia, in the United Nations. India's military, economic and political ties with the West are too numerous and obvious to relate. We have opted for free elections and an independent judiciary on the Western model, not for Russia's system of one-party dictatorship and thought regimentation.

But the anti-Western bias comes naturally to a people whose acquaintance with Western imperialism is of long duration and with Communist imperialism very little. The systematic Soviet absorption of the Baltic States, of part of Finland, of Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Manchuria are far-away events of which one has only read in the newspapers. As for the new Communist regime in China, its intervention against the U. N. in Korea has seemed to us the natural reaction of a revolutionary Government fearing dislodgement, and the occupation of Tibet merely the enforcement of a generally accepted suzerainty.

Besides, it is good to feel virtuous, and our traditional, ready-to-hand means of gratification in this regard is our assumed moral superiority over the materially stronger West. In the context of the present struggle between democracy and Communism, it is supremely flattering to be regarded as a neutral, a calm and wise superior standing above the battle and impartially contemplating the lesser mortals involved in strife. Are not the Westerners themselves impressed by our unique neutral position, and do they not therefore make special exertions to woo us to their side? The rulers of Russia, if we lectured them on the evils of their system, may not respond quite as flatteringly. It is not pleasant to be called servitors, lackeys or running-dogs of Wall Street. It is therefore bare prudence to soft-pedal Russia, to observe a studied reticence on the dictatorship, thought control, political executions and other attri-

butes of Communism. Lecture those who will listen to you humbly, and take care to keep friendly with those whom it will be a risk to make enemies of.

This attitude is understandable but it is not creditable. Even Mr. Nehru, who has also observed a diplomatic silence on the policies of Russia and China in contrast to his frank criticism of the West, has never gone so far as Dr. Radhakrishnan has done in condemning the Western countries.

"More and more, people in responsible positions talk in terms of passion, revenge and retaliation. They talk of security and behave in a way which is likely to put an end to all security. They talk of peace, and think and act in terms of war." This is a typical Nehru utterance, with ambiguous pronouns which might apply equally well to General MacArthur and to the Communist 'peace' partisans. Mr. Nehru has followed the usual course of the peace-maker, of apportioning equal virtue and equal blame to the parties involved in conflict, in the hope of establishing thereby his own status as an impartial mediator well disposed towards either side. Dr. Radhakrishnan's conclusion is less subtle: the West's policy is Hitlerite, and Russia is the victim.

This amazing statement can be understood only in relation to another assertion by Dr. Radhakrishnan, in a different speech also at Bombay. Inaugurating the new premises of a local college, he warned against spiritual malnutrition of the sort that prevailed in "a certain country" where 80 per cent of the people had to consult psychologists. The reference was of course to America, where there are

not yet enough psychologists to take care of even eight per cent of the people. It might have occurred to a thinker such as Dr. Radhakrishnan that spiritual malnutrition might be prevalent in a country or age without psychologists, even as thousands undoubtedly died of tuberculosis before the name was coined and the cure found.

The truth is that neither the reference to Hitlerism nor to neurosis had any reference to facts. No one knows anything more precise about the armed forces of Russia than that they are immense and overwhelmingly superior to anything that the non-Communist European powers can put up. Against this background of the military superiority of Russia over her neighbours in every sphere, and indeed over the whole non-Communist world except perhaps in atomic weapons, the Russian proposal of a one-third cut in armaments by all countries is dishonest, and the West would be foolish to accept it.

But the facts are irrelevant to the anti-Western feeling of the Indian intellectual who must, for his emotional satisfaction, compensate himself for his and his people's dependence on Western economic aid, Western political philosophy and Western techniques in science and industry. The irony is that Dr. Radhakrishnan addressed his Bombay audiences in English, and that his carping criticism of America comes right out of the columns of the London "New Statesman and Nation" and similar journals which are Western but are from countries which, like India, take American aid and hate the idea.

WORSHIP OF THE PAST

A DOPE TO SUSTAIN VANITY

ANCIENT civilizations are beset with a heritage that sometimes affords the reflective luxury of a varied conglomerate that goes by the name of "culture," but very often it acts as a milestone round the neck that bends the head down; a halter round the waist that ties one to a place; a manacle that prevents all free movement of the hands except for worship; a chain that drags the feet; a loud noise that drowns reason; an exaggerating mirror (such as is used for shaving); a retrogressive journey in which the pilgrim becomes a pigmy; a form of flagellating self-despisement; a weak escape from the sternness of staring reality; a lopsided vision that is blind to the unpleasant; a pedagogic weapon for chastising the unruly; in short, a dope that sustains the vanity of class and country by inducing visions of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces and of mighty men of old, in a dim past since when the world has been steadily going to the dogs.

These reflections owe their origin to a recent announcement in the press that a manuscript has been discovered purporting to deal with the science of aeronautics. The manuscript refers to the manufacture of aeroplanes which "will not break, cannot be cut, will not catch fire, and cannot be destroyed." This looks more like a description of the immortal soul in the Gita: "It cannot be cleft, it cannot be burnt, it cannot be wetted, it cannot be dried" (chapter II verse 24) than of a material object. Modern planes, alas, break, they catch fire frequently, and are destroyed in large numbers. The ancients, it is now clear, had a better plane than we have. The manuscript of the text by Maharishi Bharadwaj goes into such details as "the secret of making planes motionless (our planes are motionless only on the ground); the secret of making planes invisible (our planes are invisible only after they have flown away); the secret of hearing conversations and other sounds in enemy planes (our planes are too noisy for any conversation even in the same plane, let alone enemy

planes); the secret of receiving photographs of the interior of enemy planes (we can do it only after they have been shot down); the secret of receiving and ascertaining the direction of enemy planes' approach (this, unfortunately, we show and it may be attributed to the theft of valuable ancient manuscripts by the Europeans from this country); the secret of making persons in enemy planes lose consciousness (this is beyond us); and the secret of destroying enemy planes (this both we and our enemies know).

A curious feature of the treatise is that while it explains with considerable elaboration, and one may add with embellishment various aspects of aeronautics, it is silent on what perhaps was then considered to be a matter of minor detail but which seems rather important to us, namely, how did the plane fly? We have to use oil from the earth and make carburettors and take part in international disputes with Persia in order to make the planes go. One asks this question with due humbleness and trepidation. No doubt the manuscript has an esoteric formula for this purpose. Its revelation is of great contemporary significance as the Hindustan Aircraft Factory at Bangalore, while it has been equipped to make the body of the aircraft, though not up to the standards of perfection envisaged and prescribed by Bharadwaj, is yet behindhand in the construction of engines.

The construction of aeroplanes was, however, only a fraction of the great attainments of our ancients. They knew all about the theory of relativity. Vedanta has laid down that all values and observations are valid only in relation to an accepted system of reference. This is the very essence of the principle of relativity. Thus the three feet of Vamana were not the three feet that King Bali had in mind. They knew all about the atomic theory. God was in each atom or "anu" of which the five elements were composed. In fact they even split the atom when they spoke of "Anoranayan," an atom of the atom.

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Yogic methods effectively annihilated time and space. An American writer is quoted by an Indian writer as saying, "According to the methods of extra-sensory perception the mind can identify a specific card in a deck located a thousand miles away. Then, nothing will prevent any knowledge hidden anywhere in the world from being reached by such power"; and it is concluded "that with such knowledge war planes and crafty designs of any kind, anywhere, can be watched and revealed. Every secret weapon and scheming strategy will be subject to exposure. The localisation of the hidden wealth of the world, mineral and non-mineral, will be wasted, because there is no space." It is now necessary to open a new department of yogic strategy in the army. We can also dispense with a whole host of geologists and mining engineers and drillers and concentrate on developing extra-sensory perception.

In astronomy our ancients were, in fact, pre-eminent. So were the Egyptians. But then, why do we perform penances during eclipses? Why did the knowledge of the real cause of the eclipse fail to penetrate the superstition of the serpent swallowing the sun and the moon? So also with eugenics, heredity, natural selection, chromosomes and genes. Our ancients knew all about these because they banned marriages within a gotra. Exogamy, as anthropologists will tell us, is a feature of most primitive societies. It has been contended that in Hinduism there is no clash between biology and religion as it accepts the theory of creation first starting with aquatic uni-cellular organisms. This is not strictly true, but assuming it were so, to read into a statement that in the beginning He created water, (to quote Manu), that the ancients were aware of what modern science has discovered is to rely on a patriotic imagination.

It has, indeed, become a practice for pundits to lie in wait for a modern discovery and then to proclaim with the aid of appropriate quotations that it was known to ancient India. This is all the more sad, considering that the ancients achieved so much of which one could be legitimately proud; but not in science, though they developed in their deductive pursuit

of reality what is now known as the "scientific outlook," i.e., both disinterested intellectual curiosity and fearless intellectual honesty, unbiassed by preconceptions or objectives. Some, indeed, questioned God and the scriptures, and far from being ostracised, founded new schools of thought. A proper appreciation of the ancients should therefore teach the very opposite of what is practised today.

It is interesting to speculate when exactly the fire went out of our thinking. It certainly did so long ago that it is not possible to rekindle it by blowing. It has to be relighted. It is said that Hindu law-givers sanctioned the return to Hinduism of persons on whom another religion had been forced. Was this ever brought into practice? Writing in the eleventh century Alberuni records: "The Hindus believe that there is no country but theirs, no nation like theirs, no kings like theirs, no religion like theirs, no science like theirs. They are haughty, foolishly vain, self-conceited and stolid. If they travelled and mixed with other nations they would soon change their mind, for their ancestors were not so narrow minded as the present generation is." The concluding part is significant and shows that he was writing more in sorrow than in derision. Kautilya has allowed divorce. Yajnavalkya says that one could eat, irrespective of caste, with one's farmer, barber, milkman and family friend. Brahmins are said to have visited Alexandria in 470 A.D. and lodged in the house of the consul, Severus. And yet by the time of Alberuni Indian culture had lost its dynamic qualities. It is hardly necessary to recall Macaulay's tirade against Indians. A perusal of the political history of India during the eighteenth century will lend support to Macaulay's diagnosis, and it was not till Max Muller and Mrs. Besant came on the scene that self-gratulation was restored to its original place.

There is a love of the miraculous implanted in the Indian soul and it takes many forms. Worship of a glorious past, filled with great and secret knowledge, which the little minds of today are just discovering, is one phase of it. It would be a thousand pities to succumb to this flattering unctious.—*Krishna.*

SACCO AND VANZETTI— 25 YEARS AFTER

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: August 23, 1927: *Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti: Their voices are gone into all the earth, and they will be remembered in gratitude and tears, when the names of those who murdered them—Judges—Governors—scholars have—gone down into everlasting shame.*

Twenty-five years have elapsed since these lines were written. The judge in the case, the governor who refused a commutation, the scholars who gave the sentence a background of respectability, have been generally forgotten.

Those last days before the execution will ever remain in our minds. Resentment and indignation became an immense roar of protest from all over the world.

Thousands of workers, meeting in Hyde Park, London, set up a replica of the electric chair and damned America. Tens of thousands gathered on the streets of Paris to salute Vanzetti's sister, Luigia.

Parade and demonstrations were held, not only in every city of the United States but in every capital of the world—from Madrid to Berlin—from Berlin to Moscow—from Moscow to Tokyo—from Tokyo to Buenos Aires—in Uruguay, Mexico, South America. Strikes were called in protest. Eminent voices cabled their anguished prayers to the governor—Romain Rolland, George Bernard Shaw, Albert Einstein, Alfred Dreyfus. The rising wave of indignant anger broke upon the rocks of Plymouth.

Sacco-Vanzetti headquarters at the Hotel Bellevue in Boston seethed with excitement. Up in Room 712 were gathered a number of lawyers, preparing papers for writs to be sought from all the judges in the vicinity. A picket line wailing slowly, like a funeral cortege, filed past the State House. Across the street, outside of Boston Common, were crowds of spectators.

Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote a letter to the Governor:

You promised me, and I believed

you truly, that you would think of what I said. I exact of you this promise now. Be for a moment alone with yourself. Look inward upon yourself for a moment. Which way would He have turned, this Jesus of your faith?

I cry to you with a million voices; answer our doubt! Emerge the emergency which your high office affords. There is need in Massachusetts of a great man tonight. It is not too late for you to be that great man.

We hurried to the State House to deliver the letter. The atmosphere was foreboding. Despondently we left, and quietly returned to the hotel rooms. A call came from lawyers who were still seeking a Federal judge. Could we not prevail upon the warden to wait for just a little while? This call rang off. The telephone bell rang again. Tom answered: "Wick's gone." A few minutes in silence. The telephone rang again "It's all over with Bart!"

In the light of the millions lost in the First World War, in the Second World War, and in the Korean War, one might well ask why the lives of "a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler" should be regarded as important. Their lives were not. Their death was. As Vanzetti said to Judge Thayer, "That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

And the reason? These men are symbols, symbols of injustice, of cruelty, of inhumanity, of tyranny. Instead of living out their lives "talking at street corners to scornful men," and dying "unmarked, unknown, a failure," they have become symbols that will mark history.

Probably by this time if they had been let alone, Sacco and Vanzetti would have lived out their unimportant lives. But this way, although "their voices are gone into the earth . . . they will be remembered."

Top Negro Mag For Stevenson

A leading Negro magazine endorsed Gov. Stevenson for President and

praised him as a man who "in every acid test has proven himself a fearless, forthright friend of the Negro."

"For the first time since 1940," *Ebony* magazine declared in an editorial, "The Negro is faced with an out-and-out choice between two nominees who have demonstrated clearly and unmistakably that they stand at opposite poles on the vital problem of the Negro."

The magazine criticized Gen. Eisenhower as "a candidate who has in his actions and even in some of his words (in his less political-minded moments) defended and upheld Jim Crow."

In a thinly-veiled attack on Rep. Powell (D-Manhattan), *Ebony* wrote, "Our most haunted fears are that some Negroes—misled by some of our power-hungry race politicians—will turn their backs on a man who has demonstrated unmistakably his feeling and friendship for Negroes."

Ebony is published by John Johnson of Chicago, who also publishes *Negro Digest*, *Tan Confessions* and *Jet*. The four magazines have a combined circulation of more than a million. They are the leaders in the Negro magazine field.

The 10 year old *Ebony* has never previously endorsed a Presidential candidate. In 1948, it commented editorially: "There is mighty little difference between Dewey, Truman and Wallace when it comes to the racial question. All three are genuine friends of the Negro."

Of Eisenhower, the October issue, which is on the new stand, on September 1 said, "We fear tremendously the cost to the nation and to Negroes of an administration led by a man whose qualification for the nation's highest office is 42 years of military training. We are genuinely frightened by the prospect of a President who in 1948 testified before the Senate Armed Services Committee that Negroes are inferior and that the Army was justified in its Jim Crow practices."

"It is noteworthy that at the time 300 New England NAACP leaders joined in blasting Eisenhower and expressing opposition, disgust, disapproval and denial of the expressed statement of the General relative to the unedu-

cated status of the Negro and his incapability for integration in the armed forces."

The editorial spoke of Stevenson as "a man who acts rather than talks."

"We have seen him fight stalwartly for a state FEPC and lose in every legislative session—simply because of Republican opposition," the editorial continued.

"We saw his ability to take direct, daring and courageous action when he called out the National Guard to quell the Cicero riot despite hemming and hawing by other public officials. We know first hand his role in forcing Southern Illinois schools to drop Jim Crow under threat of losing state financial support."

The editorial was scornful of criticism of Sen. Sparkman (D. Ala.), the Democratic nominee for Vice President. While conceding that his civil rights record was not good, the magazine pointed out that "he has supported federal aid to education, public housing and price and rent controls—all of paramount interest to Negroes."

"And we must consider the political facts of life too," the editorial went on. "A Southerner has been Vice-President for most of the last 20 years. We do not recall that Texas-born John Nance Garner diminished the greatness of President Roosevelt in the eyes of the Negro."

The magazine described the civil rights record of Sen. Nixon (R. Calif.) the GOP Vice President candidate, as about the same as Sparkman's and expressed the hope that Sparkman might rise above his Southern background.

"With utmost urgency," the editorial concluded, "We entreat our readers to stand muster at the polls and pass this most important intelligence test of our times by voting for the unquestioned and rightful inheritor of the mantle of Lincoln and Roosevelt—Adlai Stevenson."

'Inside' On Rita And Aly!

From Hollywood a very close friend of Rita Hayworth gives us this news.

From sources that seem good to me, I can assure you that the reason Rita's been slow to accept a reconciliation is: Money. Not money that she wants. Money that she's got. She's to receive

25% of the profits of her new picture, "Affair in Trinidad," which should amount to \$1,000,000 at least for her. So, with that, and profits on 2 other pictures due, she'll soon be loaded. "I've got money and I'm happy at the studio—why should I go back to being unhappy?" she reasoned when Aly wanted her back. That's not saying she won't go back, the female heart being what it is. Because Aly's charming, and women like his romancing manner. Men like him, too. I saw the Prince arrive the other day at a party Otto Preminger gave. There were many handsome, witty men present, but the women paid attention only to Aly. The Prince is "substantial folks," too. He owns 11 homes, and employs about 500 people. A man like this could have been "gold-dug." But Rita's not that type, despite the usual Hollywood idea. Somebody said she could seize assets of Aly and Aga Khan in Switzerland and elsewhere. "Oh, no, I couldn't do that!" she said.

In fact, her highly-publicized "demand" for \$3,000,000 for Yasmine never was made. It was a newspaper mistake. Rita did think her daughter should get as well treated as each of Aly's sons. They each reportedly got \$1,500,000. A reporter misunderstood and thought she was asking for as much as both sons. Rita, furthermore, has vast affection for the old Aga Khan. When she was packing her bags to leave Aly, her famous father-in-law sat on the bed, sadly watching. The main reason she has never filed her divorce action is that she feared it might hurt the Aga dur-

ing his illness. Another reason is probably that she still likes the guy. If this "reconciliation" fails, it may be attempted again next year. Anyway, Prince Aly is likely to visit Rita year after year. This year, of course, he came to sell horses and to see Rita. As one friend who likes him said, "He combined business with misery."

Future Of Truman

President Truman has been offered some 200 jobs by companies anxious to sign him up when he leaves White House. Mr. Truman isn't talking about any of them—even to his staff. But it's reported one offer is \$250,000 a year for a weekly television show.

Another report, that he's skined up to do a daily syndicated newspaper column, is denied by White House spokesmen. Offers are said to include nationwide lecture tour, weekly column, other radio and TV programme appearance, contributing editorship of national magazine. Another magazine has offered to finance any trip President wants to make—in return for anything he wants to write about it. There are new offers in every mail.

Note: Mr. Truman gets no pension when he leaves office. Law providing pensions for Congressmen was not adopted till after he left Senate. Also, it doesn't apply to elective offices in executive branch.

The President will be on his own when he steps out. The Secret Service does not guard former Presidents. Government doesn't even provide them the aids given retired five-star generals.

Tax collections by the Federal Government in the United States for the year ended last June 30 reached a new high record of almost \$85,600 million, according to the U. S. Internal Revenue Bureau.

Official figures show that this is an increase of \$14,500 million over the amount collected by the Federal Government the previous year.

Corporations taxes increased almost 50 per cent during the year, the bureau reported, rising to \$21,519 million. This was the biggest percentage increase in any single tax class during the year.

Federal taxes collected in the State of New York led all collections of federal taxes during the year, the bureau said. New Yorkers paid approximately \$12,240 million in taxes to the Federal Government in the 12-month period. Collections in the State of Illinois came next with \$5,364 million.

The bureau's figures were made public shortly after President Truman reviewed the federal budget for the fiscal year beginning last July 1. He estimated that the Federal Government will spend about \$79,000 million this fiscal year.

THE TWINS

By "Viswamitra"

THERE were five members in our family, grandfather, mother, myself and the twins. Grandfather was mother's father. He was in loco parentis to us. After father died suddenly, struck down like a tree, as one of the ladies said who came to condole and wept even more copiously than mother did, custom it would seem required that there should be a man in the family, and in the peculiar circumstances a lone widow could not do better than request her father to stay with her. There were lands to be looked after, and houses, and several transactions in which monies were due and had to be paid out. I was still at college and in any case not old enough to be trusted with such heavy responsibilities. Actually grandfather's inclusion in the family only added to mother's worries. He was a helpless old gentleman, with a weak heart, and took medicines at regular intervals during the day. He spent long hours almost, in fact, till noon, in "puja", and rested in the afternoon. In the evening he would tie a thin woollen muffler round his neck and venture out for a walk. He would walk slowly, with the aid of a stick, and if a bullock cart passed by, he would edge off to one side and stop, as if in meditation, till its rumble could be heard no more. He was in a permanent fright that his heart would stop and he saw to it that it should not do so due to any carelessness on his part. On oil bath days he cancelled his walk. He took a long time over it, allowing the oil to sink in, and still glistening with a film of oil as he emerged from the bath. He would spend hours discussing his numerous ailments with mother, who indulged him, though she knew that his heart had been in the same state ever since she could remember. But he was a kindly person, and an easy prey to hard luck stories. He kept a bagful of small coins and would give a coin or two to the beggars who

came to the door, after questioning them in detail about their difficulties, so as to satisfy himself that their distress was genuine. He held strong views on the necessity and virtue of charity, but did not like to be fooled by rogues, though, in fact, that was what happened every day.

Mother was a pillar of strength. She superintended the affairs of the estate, ran the house like a machine, and while she was by no means parsimonious she refused to allow waste of any kind. She found the twins a great consolation. During the sad days that followed father's death they alone could make her laugh. As time wore on, it was understood that it was part of their function to keep mother from brooding, and by a strange and inexplicable intuition they knew it and played their part bravely. I do not know of any two children, brothers or twins or companions, who had so much mutual understanding and co-operation. They never quarrelled with each other. They were plump little ruffians and looked like two peas in a pod. They acted jointly on all occasions, and each played a part complementary to the other. If they wanted to steal something from the cupboard in the store, one of them would stand on the front steps and call mother to come out and see something while the other, lying in wait, would sneak in and help himself to sweets vastly in excess of the daily ration. They would then disappear for at least an hour. What amazed me was the power of their digestion. I could not believe that any child could gorge itself as they did without becoming seriously sick. Nothing, however, happened to them. Their stomach was probably lined with asbestos. The digestive part of the heredity certainly skipped me. Grandfather said that they were like Vatapi and Ilvala who solved the food problem in a peculiar way. Vatapi would turn himself into a goat and

offer himself to be eaten by a guest. The unsuspecting guest would consume the meat. Ilvala would then call Vatapi, who would come out from the guest's stomach. The two brothers would finally eat the guest. Whenever mother felt that things had gone beyond a joke she would make a pretence of punishing them. When one of them was beaten the other would howl. When the other was also beaten they would both howl. As soon as the chastisement was over they would both run away and not be seen for sometime. They knew that if they kept away for a while they were certain of getting something good to eat when they returned. They would come sneaking back, and slowly put their arms round mother from behind. That was the end of her. She would give them the moon then if she could.

It was understood that the twins should be given a light meal and a glass of milk each soon after dark and be put to bed before the elder members sat down to dinner. It was grandfather who sat with them and told them stories at bedtime, and put them to sleep. The twins slept on a mattress on the floor, leaving room at the far end, near the wall, for mother. Grandfather would finish his evening ablutions and would be waiting for the twins to finish their meal. They would rush up to him and lead him, one on each side, and the two would sit on the mattress. There would ensue a preliminary discussion about the story for the night. Poor old grandfather had exhausted his repertoire long ago, and it was the twins who dictated what particular story should be gone over. All his stories were from the Puranas, and the twins enjoyed the sensation of suddenly turning themselves into mythological characters and waging wars, and killing demons, and sometimes changing the course of the narrative so as to make justice prevail early and not, after needless suffering, at the end. Thus they refused to allow Dasaratha to send Rama to the forest. They had him crowned and sent Kaikeyi to the forest instead. In their version of the Ramayana, Rama went voluntarily to kill Ravana who was wicked and harassed the sages, but he did not abduct Sita who was for ever safe in Ayodhya.

One evening the twins wanted to

hear the story of Dhruva. The stories of Dhruva and Prahlada were favourites and had to be recounted times without number. Both the stories were about little boys who, by the grace of God, became devotees almost from the time of their birth and the obstruction to their devotion came from ignorant elders. This reversal of what they saw in actual life pleased the twins no end, and the two stories were their revenge against the tyranny of the older generation.

"Once upon a time there was a great king. His name was Uttarapada," began grandfather. "He had two wives. One was called Sunithi. She was the elder wife. The other was called Surichi. She was the younger wife."

"Why did he have two wives?" This from one of the twins.

"Silly, kings have several wives." This from the other.

"Quiet, quiet, children. Now the younger wife had no children. The elder had a son." This was not strictly accurate, but grandfather took a few liberties with mythology.

"I know. He was a good boy, and said his prayers every day and God was fond of him."

"Yes, very well, now one day Dhruva wanted to sit on the lap of his father the king. So he went up to his father. Surichi did not like Dhruva to sit on the king's lap. She was full of envy. She was angry because she had no children who could sit on the king's lap."

"Mother has both of us. We can both sit on her lap."

"Yes, yes, but listen now, Surichi was angry."

"If I had been there I would have beaten Surichi and dragged her far away. I would have beaten her again and again and again." One of the twins, while giving vent to these feelings, kept pounding the pillow with both his hands.

Grandfather had a ponderous sense of humour, which was, as a rule, wasted on the twins.

"True, but neither of you were there. So what could poor Dhruva do. Surichi dragged him down from his father's lap. Dhruva started to weep."

The twins were rather disappointed at this tame acquiescence in injustice. They considered the situation for a while. At length one said, "He might at least have bitten her hand."

"But, Dhruva being a good boy, did not do so."

"I know. He ran to his mother. Then he went to the forest. He prayed to God. God showed himself. He became a great saint. Then he became a star. The story is finished, finished, finished and the brinjal plant has yielded the brinjal." One of the twins has completed the story with great rapidity. Incidentally, the reference to the brinjal plant is an old village way of ending a story. It has no meaning and is one of those irrelevant events that are added at the end or the sake of the alliteration it has in the vernacular.

Meanwhile the other twin was evolving a question in his mind. Grandfather," he asked, "you said that Dhruva went to the forest. Rama also went to the forest. The Pandavas also went to the forest. Why did everyone go to the forest?"

"Because if you don't like some one you send them away to the forest. Sometimes the tigers and the lions will kill them and eat them."

"But, Dhruva was not killed. And he was only a little boy. Why?"

"Because he was a good boy and was holy."

"How did the animals know that he was holy?"

"God gave that knowledge to the animals."

"Can God speak to the animals?" the other twin interfered at this age. "Silly, silly, God can speak to every one. He can even speak to the trees. Is it not so, grandfather?"

"Why, certainly. He is everywhere and he knows everything."

"Is he listening to your story, do you think?"

"I have no doubt about it. Because there is no place at all without him." That is what Prahlada told his father. "But," said one of the twins. "But father, who was a wicked Demon, would not believe him. So he put Prahlada to many many tortures. But nothing could kill him because God was on his side. One day his father

sent a great big elephant with long tusks to trample him beneath its feet. Are you listening, grandfather?"

"Yes, yes, I am listening. The elephant did not trample on Prahlada."

"Then his father tried to drown him. Still he could not succeed. Prahlada kept on repeating the name of God Narayana."

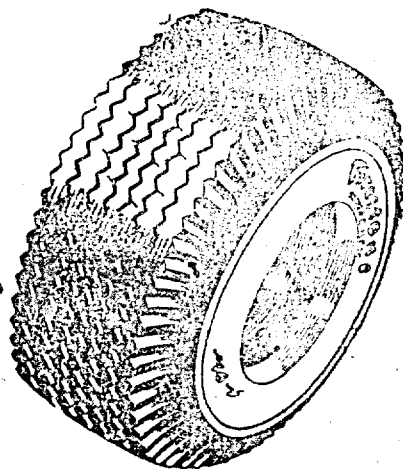
"Narayana," and a still more slow and long drawn out "Nara-a-yana" from grandfather.

"Finally the king sent for his son. He asked him 'Where is this Narayana.' Prahlada said 'Everywhere.'"

At this stage the other twin made a gentle sign to the narrator. The latter stopped the story. Grandfather was just asleep. He was snoring peacefully.

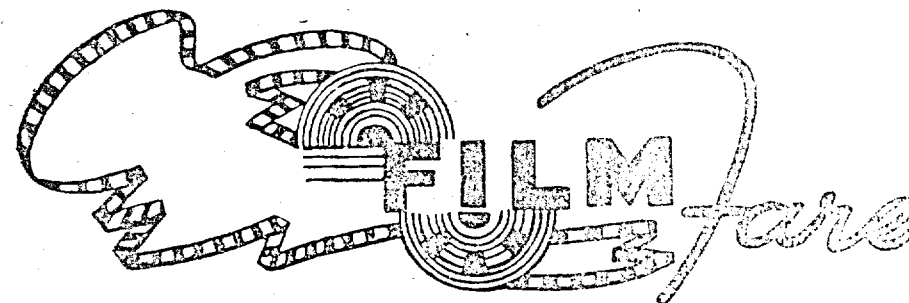
The twins got out on tiptoe, ran up to where mother was sitting, and put their arms round her from behind.

"Rama, Rama," she said "they are both wide awake."



Firestone

BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW



By V. P. SATHE

THE Workers Union of Bombay Talkies launched a production last week on a co-operative basis. The idea behind it is that the proceeds from the picture will be utilised to swell the workers' funds. A noble idea, it has secured the support of many stars, writers, directors—all of whom have agreed to work free. Produced on an economic scale, the picture can be easily pre-sold to distributors on a big margin of profit and thus serve the purpose for which it is being made.

This is the first time perhaps that the workers of a studio have ventured to produce a picture on their own. The film workers have already set a new precedent in the labour history by undertaking to run the studios; and they have done the job well. Now we hope that they will attain similar success in production venture as well, though I must admit that I am not very hopeful. My experience as a member of the People's Theatre which produced "Dharti Ke Lal" on a co-operative basis is rather sad. Though this picture was made at minimum possible cost, ultimately it turned out to be a liability as the picture fared very poorly at the box-office and the distributors did not recover even the amount they had advanced. So, whatever acclaim the picture may have received from critics, as a business proposition, it entailed a loss to the People's Theatre. And unless precaution is taken to pre-sell the picture at profit, the workers of Bombay Talkies may be faced with a similar fate. For, there is no guarantee that "Samandar" may prove a hit and the business intricacies are so bad that the workers stand a very slender chance of making a huge

profit in the long run. It is easier to run a studio; for here the returns are fixed; it is difficult to rely on the returns of a picture, which cannot be forecast. One hopes that the workers of Bombay Talkies are fully aware of the danger and that they will profit by the experience of the People's Theatre in ensuring financial success for their laudable but risky venture.

With the best of talent assembled together, one has no doubt that the picture as a creation of art will be worth waiting for. Kudos to director Phani Muzumdar, stars Dilip, Nalini, Leela Chitnis, Dev Anand, Shaikh Mukhtar, Gope, Bipin Gupta, Usha Kiran, author Krishnachandrar, poets Pradip, Jafri, music directors Timir Baran and S. K. Pal for extending a hand of co-operation to the workers of Bombay Talkies. Let us hope that their goodwill and efforts will not go in vain.

Pictures Of The Week

Three outstanding foreign films have been recently released in India—viz. 'Roshoman', 'Viva Zapata' and 'Cyrano De Bergerac'.

Out of these 'Roshoman' is a picture from Japan. It has won many awards; and after seeing the picture one feels that it deserved all those awards. The greatness of the picture lies in its very unusual technique and treatment. One incident is recounted four times on the screen as narrated by four different people from their own angle. Each version is so different that it is difficult to believe who is telling the truth—the wife, the husband, the bandit or the wood-cutter.

According to the bandit he waylays a merchant, assaults his wife and kills

the husband in a fair duel; the same incident is narrated from a different angle by the wife and the husband, who says he committed suicide and ultimately the woodcutter, who avows that the bandit killed the husband at the behest of his wife. The impression you get at the end of the four stories is that each one of the narrator is selfish and a liar; that he or she is trying to glorify himself or herself and blame the other. The entire approach is so cynical that after seeing the picture one loses faith in humanity. This bitterness is perhaps an outcome of the frustration and defeat in war. As an imaginative critic, said 'Roshoman' is perhaps an allegory in which the wife symbolises Japan, the husband symbolizes the impotent rulers of Japan and the bandit symbolizes the foreigner, who raped Japan and took over the country.

Whatever its purpose, there is no doubt that it required great skill on the part of the director and artistes to portray the same incident four times from different viewpoints and make each episode as convincing as the other. The whirlwind manner in which the camera moves; the simplicity of sets and the vigour and force evident in every frame make 'Roshoman', inspite of its cynical approach, a memorable film.

John Stienbeck, the well-known American novelist, director Elia Kazan and star Marlon Brando have combined their talents to make a stirring film on the life of the great Mexican revolutionary Zapata in the picture 'Viva Zapata.' Those of our producers who want to produce patriotic pictures would do well to study this picture. Brilliantly written by Stienbeck, the picture stresses the growth of Zapata from an impetuous youth who tells the President that the peasant cannot wait for land reforms, into a hardened and somewhat disillusioned revolutionary who is ultimately trapped by the army and shot like a rat. Twice, Zapata leads a revolution and finds that the revolution does not necessarily lead to reforms and welfare and so he leaves the Presidential chamber for the hills to continue his battle for the people, the battle that never ends.

Marlon Brando plays the role of

Zapata with great sincerity and conviction. Elia Kazan's direction is noteworthy for its restraint and authenticity. Stienbeck's script is full of literary gems like "Strong men make weak people; what our country needs is strong people," "Land is like a woman; you get used to it," "Time, land can not wait for time," and full of moving scenes. The sequence in which the people join the procession while Zapata is being taken as a prisoner; the sequence in which a youth challenges Zapata with the very words which he himself had used in talking to the President in his youth; the sequence of wedding night on which Zapata is more keen to learn how to read and write from his educated wife than indulge in romance—they are some of the highlights of this progressive film upholding the cause of democracy. Throughout the picture there is a sinister American character, who is out for destruction and who first incites Zapata to revolt and then gets Zapata killed. But as the colonel says in the end "Some people are more dangerous after death than when they are alive." It is a picture which no lover of purposeful progressive films should miss.

Equally remarkable is Stanley Kramer's "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is the story of a man with an obnoxious nose; but the man is so brave and so intelligent that to comment on his nose is to invite death. A poet playwright and soldier, Cyrano loves his cousin Roxana but he has no courage to tell her. And when she tells him that she is in love with handsome Christian, he is downcast; but Christian cannot express his love properly and so Cyrano supplies him the words and the poetry with which Christian makes love to Roxane. One night under the balcony Cyrano pours his heart out to Roxane, who believes that it is Christian talking in a different voice. This speech ultimately conquers her heart; she kisses not Christian's lips but Cyrano's words.

Later Christian realizes that Roxane loves Cyrano and not him; but unfortunately he dies and the secret that Cyrano supplied the words and feeling is not revealed until the day when Cyrano, trying to read a letter of Christian, unwittingly reveals the truth.

A rather subtle and poignant story of love of a man who because of his abnormal nose could not believe any girl would love him, it is presented more like a brilliant comedy punctuated with daring melodramatic action. Yet, underlining all the wit, humour and bravery there is a tinge of pathos that distinguishes the writing as well as acting by Jose Ferrar. Being based on play, naturally words play an important part in the picture. But the words are so beautiful that it is a treat to hear Jose Ferrar speak. A brilliant play has thus become a brilliant film.

Personality Of The Week

Bombay has always been known for importing artistes in the past from Bengal and Punjab and it is even today importing stars from Madras and Calcutta. The latest 'import' from Calcutta is Abhi Bhattacharya, the rather thin, dark and handsome hero of 'Ratnadeep' and lovable Brahmachari of 'Yatrik.'

Yet in a way Abhi is not an important artiste; he is a product of Bombay since he first faced the camera in Bombay. Abhi, born in 1920, had an aptitude for acting since childhood. But after drifting for a number of years he got his first chance when his relative and friend Hiten Chowdhary selected him to play the leading role in Nitin Bose's screen version of Tagore's 'Wreck' (Nauka Dubi). The Hindi version of this picture brought Dilip Kumar into prominence; the Bengalee version introduced Abhi to the Bengalee screen and he migrated to Calcutta and appeared in a dozen Bengalee films. It was however as the hero of 'Ratnadeep' that he became famous. And thanks to the coaching of Pahari Sanyal, he learnt Hindi and made quite a good impression in the Hindi version of 'Ratnadeep.'

Bombay producers always in search of new faces induced Abhi to come down from Calcutta to Bombay. So Abhi is in Bombay. His first important assignment is the male lead in Tripura Films' 'Aatma' which is being written and directed by Mohan Saigal and produced by ace cinematographer K. H. Kapadia. Nalini Jaywant is appearing opposite him. He is also being signed to play the lead in 'Sailab' and 'Naina.'

Young and talented, it is to be hoped that unlike other Bengalee artistes, Abhi makes good in Bombay and retains his integrity and flair as an artiste.

News Of The Week

The following pictures went before the cameras during the past two weeks: (i) Naya Sansar's 'Rahi,' written and directed by K. A. Abbas, starring Nalini, Dev Anand and Balraj. (ii) Tripura Films' 'Aatma,' starring Nalini, Abhi, Arti. (iii) Ratnadeep Pictures' 'Naolakha Haar,' starring Meena Kumari, Arvind Kumar. (iv) Chandu Studios' 'Sach' written by Niranjan Pal and directed by N. R. Acharya. (v) Heera Films' 'Sahil' written by I. S. Johar, directed by Chopra, starring Kamini Kaushal and Motilal. (vi) Rajkamal's untitled social film written by Dewan Sharar directed by V. Shantaram, starring Sandhya, Karan Dewan, Dewan Sharar, Nirupa Roy, Shashi Kala, Smriti, Sheela Ramani, Meenaxi. (vii) Ajanta's 'Laila Majnu' starring Dilip Kumar, Nalini Jaywant, Bikram Kapoor, Vijayalaxmi, produced by K. Asif and directed by S. T. Zaidi. (viii) S. U. Sunny's 'Udan Khatola' starring Dilip Kumar and Meena Kumari. (ix) Bombay Talkies' workers group's 'Samandar' starring Dilip Kumar, Nalini, Dev Anand, Shaikh Mukhtar, Gope.

—Ramesh Saigal has become a producer and under the banner of Asha Deo he is producing a social picture 'Shikast' starring Dilip Kumar, Om Prakash, K. N. Singh.

—Ramesh Saigal also will direct Time Films' 'Kala Admi,' a story of gold miners starring Dilip Kumar in the title role.

—Prakash Arora, erstwhile assistant of Raj, is writing and directing R. K. Films' 'Boot aur Polish'—a story of two kids on the street. This picture will have no songs.

—Raj Kapoor, Nargis, Beena Rai, Premnath, Surya Kumari, Arundhati Mukerjee, Chandulal Shah, K. M. Modi, Divecha, Acharekar, B. N. Sarkar, K. Sabramanyam, Nitin Bose and S. A. Iyer are the delegates of the Indian film industry visiting Hollywood next week.

IS INDIA BUILDING 'POTEMKIN VILLAGES'?

By ANDREW ROTH

IF an engineer recently returned from a four year tour of India is as expressive in print as he is in private conversation, he may evaporate much of the wishful thinking which has centered about the 'Colombo Plan'—and particularly the Indian part in it—as effectively as the sun dries the dew on a summer's morning in Delhi.

Few doubt the solid contribution to India's economy of such constructive achievements as the giant Sindri fertilizer factory which opened last March. But this engineer's experiences show how much waste still has to be cut out in some of India's less publicized new industrialization schemes. India, which has been described as "the poorest big country in the world," cannot afford to waste its resources. This engineer's stories also make one wonder whether some of the recent industrial advances claimed are not the equivalent of Tsarist Russia's 'Potemkin villages.' These stage-prop villages, it will be recalled, were erected by a Russian cabinet minister to impress his monarch with evidence of his industry.

This harsh suspicion arises from stories like that of a precision-instrument factory erected by the Government of Uttar Pradesh (formerly the United Provinces). The factory was established at the suggestion of some German mechanics who palmed themselves off on the U. P. Government as engineers capable of manufacturing almost anything. The plant was provided and machinery imported at a very considerable expense, but, in trying to copy a German-type water meter, they proceeded like inexperienced children and made a hopeless mess. But the U. P. Government, under fire from its opposition, made extravagant claims about rising monthly production. When a parliamentary delegation found these false, the U. P. Government said that "components" had been manufactured for assembly the next month. Thereafter, the provincial Government lent the municipality of Lucknow money on

the express understanding that it would be used to buy the factory's useless meters. Then the U. P. Government could claim it was already "selling" the products of the water-meter factory!

This is one of the more dramatic incidents witnessed by Paul Telco, an intense engineer with factories of his own in London. The son of Hungary's most famous sculptor of the last century, he was arrested by Horthy's police on a charge of high treason when he was only 14. After his escape he went to Canada and the U. S. A., where he continued his education and subsequently came to the United Kingdom. Here he early became an intimate friend of Indian nationalists such as the penniless barrister Krishna Menon, more recently India's High Commissioner in London. It was his long-held sympathy for India, which he had adopted as "his own" country, which led him to go to India four years ago as Adviser on Light Industries to the Government of the U. P.

Mr. Telco's experiences are rather significant because the U. P., which sprawls across North-Central India embracing the Ganges Valley and nuzzling up against Tibet and Nepal, is a key province. Its 60 million inhabitants include every sixth Indian and every tenth person in the crucial area of South Asia. Its political-educational level is, if anything, above India's average, with its most pre-eminent political graduate, Pandit Nehru, now serving as India's Prime Minister.

Mr. Telco found no shortage of a desire to industrialize. He tells the lovely story of two Indian businessmen who came to his office in Lucknow. They had decided to pool their resources and to open a bicycle factory together. All they wanted him to do was to recommend a good machine for the purpose. When he told them he knew of no machine capable of producing a complete

bicycle, the second partner who up till then had been silent, suddenly turned on his crestfallen companion in angry triumph: "You see!" he exclaimed. "Next time you will probably listen to me. I told you from the very start that you cannot make the tires on the same machine!"

But Telco did not tire of enthusiastic amateurs. Rather he came to dislike the cynical civil servant. Temperamentally Mr. Telco was almost sure to be disappointed. As an engineer who judges by concrete results, and as an idealist, he was not prepared to compromise with the somewhat sordid realities of contemporary Indian politics. He soon found that he was expected to okay the favours which politicians wanted for their friends. In one case an applicant dressed in the *khadi* (home spun) typical of Congress veterans, asked for Telco's support for a 10-ton allocation of steel. When Telco asked why he wanted it, the applicant 'explained' that he had gone to jail in India's freedom fight. When Telco asked again for what purpose the steel would be used, the Congressman 'replied' that he had been beaten in prison. It was clear he expected to be rewarded for his jail-going days by being allocated scarce steel which could be sold in the black-market!

Refusal to 'play the game' made it difficult to work. For two months Telco worked to launch a simply-worded, profusely-illustrated magazine to encourage cottage industry and improve its production. It was, for example, to be printed on hand-made paper. Just before he was to start publication, the protege of an important provincial official turned up with the suggestion that he should be the editor. After cross-examining him, Telco decided he was not experienced enough. Quite coincidentally, the financial sanction for the journal was stopped on the ground that it was wasteful to print on hand-made paper made by the cottage industries which the magazine was supposed to encourage.

Telco also found it difficult to conform with the burning Indian worship of degrees. He soon decided that India's greatest need, industrially speaking, is for competent technicians and mechanics. His plans for

erecting in Lucknow a fine technical institute were approved and the training machinery imported. It was then suggested the institute grant degrees. When Telco refused, his plan was derided as 'Telco's Bogus University', the building was given to the precision instrument factory and the machinery now is dispersed.

It was sometimes difficult also to prevent technically impossible things from going ahead at great expense—despite India's poverty. One example which worried Telco although it was out of his sphere was a cement plant planned for the Himalayas. It was 65 miles from any railroad and without access to any substantial limestone deposits. (When he asked the Industries Secretary why the plant was located on the wrong side of the Ganges so far as limestone deposits were concerned, he was told proudly: "We will have the longest aerial roadway in India!") Originally, apparently, a dam had been planned for the area and the cement plant was to supply its great demands. But long after the dam was abandoned the preparations for the isolated cement factory were allowed to continue. Although its cost was first estimated at 20 million rupees, 40 million has already been spent and it is not yet complete!

Another Himalayan 'white elephant' was the plan to build a rayon factory in the Himalayan foothills. Its fundamental raw material, woodpulp, was to be shipped from Norway to Bombay, railroaded to the U. P. and, after processing there, shipped back to Bombay for final treatment! It was abandoned just after the Government paid 500,000 rupees for plans.

What particularly shocked Telco was the U. P. politicians' ability to shrug off complaints about such hare-brained schemes. They seemed more anxious to have projects which gave them political ammunition than those which accomplished their objectives. One such example was the "U. P. Government Handicraft" organization. Although it was supposed to purchase handicrafts from cottage workers and distribute them, it purchased instead from the very merchants who exploited the cottage workers. Telco discovered that the fund's 'profits'—which were regularly announced—were

accomplished by highly irregular book-keeping. The unsaleable stocks, much of it rotting in leaking godowns, were listed at fictitiously high prices. When Telco insisted on a modern accounting system in conformity with normal business practices, he was blamed for the losses which this revised accounting inevitably showed!

Although sensitive to criticism, Telco might not have minded so much if it were restricted to the opponents of the U. P. Government using him as a convenient target. But he did object to being used as a decoy by his own Ministers. On one occasion it was asked in the Assembly how much salary Telco was receiving. Despite the fact that Telco was receiving no pay, the Financial Minister blandly replied: 86,000 rupees (about £6,600 or U. S. \$18,500). Telco felt he had to write to the press to expose the fact that the Minister was debiting to Telco the salaries of several German technicians whom the U. P. Government had hired in Switzerland and then forgotten about. Thereupon the Provincial Prime Minister accused him of "playing politics."

Telco might have been less discouraged if he had had the support of a group of selfless and idealistic individuals within the U. P. Government. But while he found some in New Delhi and elsewhere, there were virtually none in influential positions in Lucknow. He found it rather disillusioning, too, to find how rapidly the idealism of a number of Indian friends had evaporated. He expressed this in a frank lecture to students:

"I had many Indian student friends in the U. S. A. and in England. I studied with them, worked with them, and spent many pleasant leisure hours with them. These students were the hope of India and India's future appeared bright.... Now lies before them the great work of rebuilding their country.... But where are they—those heroes of yesterday?.... Their work is accomplished and they are resting..... Some Indians who in London risked arrest daily by speaking at public meetings organized by the India League, are now physically and mentally flabby, deaf, blind and totally indifferent to the mortal sickness of the nation.... If you

have a conscience, if you are Indians at all, then the end of your college career should mean the beginning of hard labour in your country's service..... If the universities will produce an army of conceited, pompous 'sahibs' to be the leaders of tomorrow, then independence will not have delivered India from slavery."

It is because Telco has felt as emotionally involved in India's battle for industrialisation as any Indian that he has let the sparks fly where they may. Thus when his superior, the Industries Minister, began displaying a hypodermic syringe and a water meter as the products of Lucknow's precision-instrument factory, Telco told him that they were a Swiss and German product on which the U. P. factory had just stamped its name. The Industries Minister, incidentally, kept on claiming his exhibits as "made in Lucknow." The infuriated Industries Secretary accused Telco of "talking to the opposition" and thereafter attempted to baulk every Telco project.

The bureaucrats began sabotaging him on all sides. He secured free subscriptions from about 400 technical publications but the U. P. Government would give him neither space nor a librarian to arrange it. When he started a school to teach children to use their hands, the Industries Department threatened its own employees with disciplinary action if they volunteered to help in their spare time. An appeal for volunteers brought only a few fashionably-dressed ladies who came along for one day—together with their own photographers! When he finally resigned at the end of 1950 the authorities not only pulled out his telephone but would not allow him to take a private line although anyone else could do so.

Telco has not allowed the disappointments of his two-year term as an official adviser to blunt his determination to participate in what he has described as "the inevitable industrialization of India." Since his official functions ceased he has joined with Indian friends in establishing two factories in India. Since his return to Britain he has been urging British industrialists to increase their participation in Indian industrializa-

tion, unless they want Japan to dominate the field. He warned them recently:

"Little remains of the old pattern. Yesterday, India was a traditional market for British goods; today she is everybody's happy dumping ground. Yesterday, India depended on British advice; today she is more inclined to look to Japan for 'know-how' and lends an ear to whispers coming from any quarter. Yesterday India kept faith with Britain;

today she is sowing her economic and industrial wild cats, and not even the Iron Curtain is a barrier to her promiscuous affairs. Yesterday, India relied on British support; today she depends on American charity....

"No one has today a pass to the front door, but the back door is wide open to any British industrialist who has the grace to enter it, bringing with him patience, understanding, tolerance and goodwill."

SANSKRIT, MOTHER OF CULTURE

By Prof. C. KUNHAN RAJA

TIME was when Sanskrit kept up the unity of the country. It was the scholars in Sanskrit that developed the modern languages as literary languages. There was no writer in any Indian language who was not a Sanskrit scholar and there is no literary piece in any Indian language that does not have the Sanskrit flavour. After the advent of English, Sanskrit lost that hold on the people, and the consequence was that the languages lost their mutual contact in India. Now the languages stand apart from one another and the literary men of one region know nothing of the literary activities in the neighbouring region.

Can Sanskrit return to its position of holding the literary languages of India together once more, as it did in ancient times? Or will the languages make some new arrangement for such contact among themselves? I am here considering only the first alternative. Sanskrit was the *national language* of India before the advent of English, and if English is to give way to an Indian language, the claim is for Sanskrit. Thirty five years ago there was no question of English giving way. The highest aspiration of the national leaders was to get self-government for India within the British Empire later the British Commonwealth and now merely the Commonwealth with English literature, Gladstonian democracy and "liberal" economic policy. The question of an Indian language as national language is a new feature in the Indian political movement, and naturally Hindi

became the language chosen, because of its numerical strength and not for any other claim of traditions on literary wealth. It became a live issue only when the Constitution was being drafted, and the question was put off in the initial stage. It was taken up at a later stage, and the matter was incorporated in Part XVII of the Constitution.

Unfortunately, the position of Sanskrit was never seriously considered. In the country itself there was no united and serious advocacy of the claims of Sanskrit. Some Sanskritists even opposed Sanskrit being accepted for practical purposes. I strongly felt at that time that if there is to be a change, then Sanskrit is the language that should and can shoulder the burden. Even from the point of view of Hindi, it would have been a great step forward if Sanskrit had been allowed to step in. Hindi could not put up its claim except as a minor, necessitating a Court of Words management. Sanskrit even as a regent was not allowed to step in. From English to Hindi is a big leap and a dangerous one for the time being. From English to Sanskrit is only a smooth movement, and from Sanskrit to Hindi is no passage at all; it is just like a migration from one room to another. It is very easy to translate all the political literature, the various statutes, etc., into simple, precise, correct and even polished Sanskrit. The vocabulary is there; the adaptability and the growth are there. In making the shift from English to Sanskrit, Sanskrit has necessarily to change

and to get simplified, as Sanskrit did in the post-Vedic age of integration of the Vedic and the non-Vedic cultures of India. And Hindi will have to get a little "classicalised"; the result would be a simplified Sanskrit and a classicalised Hindi, which would meet each other at very close quarters.

That chance is gone for Sanskrit; I fear that has affected the chance of Hindi also. Now it is for the patrons of Hindi to decide how to get its rights from the "Court of Wards" through its appearance on post-cards and signposts and through an occasional lecture from a Minister in Parliament, understood by few and resented by many.

Sanskrit has lost its chance in India only in the political field; it has its position still in the cultural field. The relation of Sanskrit to the national life of India is quite different from the relation of Greek and Latin to the national life of Europe. It may be the classical scholars that developed the modern European languages, but the themes from the classics had little influence in the development of the literatures in many of the European languages like English. But there is no Indian language without the stamp of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana.

We got a jerk and a shake in our national life after the Western contact; we lost many things, which were dropped down from our hands in that jerk and shake, while we have picked up fewer things from the new store. We have again to establish a steadiness in our national life. And we must re-create a new culture. We cannot go back. We must go forward and adapt ourselves to the regions ahead. The world also must develop a new civilization. What is called modern civilization is a mixture of three cultures, each as different from the other as things can be different; they are the Greek, Roman and Christian cultures. All the three are "Oriental" in their origin. Modern science added its contribution to this combination, later. The future civilization of the world cannot be this simple mixture. It must be something more, and that "more" is in the form of what West Asian, Indian and East Asian civilizations can contribute. They shall not be dismissed as primitive; they are not more primitive than

Greek and Roman cultures and Christianity. For the building up of this future civilization of the world, Sanskrit as the main record for Indian civilization has its function. And this is a function that has to be undertaken through scholars and specialists in the field.

As for understanding Indian culture, to give shape and form to the cultural life of the people, the literatures of modern languages are sufficiently rich, saturated with the culture of Sanskrit. One has to consider seriously whether any good purpose will be served by "compelling" every Indian to study a little of Sanskrit; what he can study must necessarily be very little, and too meagre for a cultural basis. It is better that the subject is reserved for specialisation at higher levels. It is very easy to say from a platform that all Indians must learn Sanskrit; but it is not equally easy to give effect to such a precept. The only profit is a temporary applause. We must also develop a new sense of real values. At a time when we had completely lost our political independence and when our material wealth was completely shattered and when there was little hope of the foreigner getting out of the country and the people being left to themselves to look after their affairs and to build up their future, we might have derived some solace at the thought of the intangible spirit being the real wealth of the country and at condemning political eminence and material wealth as sins and sources of misery; but the times have changed. If Ramakrishna and Ramana Maharshi have attained to "Moksha" (final liberation), we cannot say that it represents the spirit of our civilization. We must also think of the warriors who have fought on the battle field, who in modern times may not be recognised as having gone to Heaven. We must assign the correct value to active life, even shift the values from "escape" to "action." There must be a re-interpretation of our basic texts, especially of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. We must realise that "earthly life to our ancients was (not) an ordeal and a curse." (of *Swatantra*, Aug. 16th, P. 21). We must also realise that Shri Krishna too instigated many of the sins committed by the

heroes of the Mahabharata, like Yudhishtira telling a lie to his own teacher Drona that Asvatthama was killed and Bhimasena hitting Duryodhana below the hip in a duel, to take only two examples out of many. The massacre of the remnants of the Pandava army by Asvatthama at night during their sleep was a step taken as a necessity in war and not what could be justified in peace-time. Abhimanyu too was killed when he was helpless to resist. These incidents were the counterparts of what the Pandavas did under the guidance of Shri Krishna. The Mahabharata shows what the world is; it is a guidance in life and not a sermon to escape from this world of sin. Further, Sri Rama is not to be worshipped simply because he went to the forest to save the words of his aged father and because he did not marry after abandoning Sita. He too killed Bali by treachery. Sri Rama won the hand of Sita for his might and his skill in wielding arms, as demonstrated in stringing the great bow of Shiva and not for his Dharma. Sri Rama condoned and even praised Hanuman for his incendiarism, for which he had no commission. Examples can be multiplied to show that there are other sides for the picture in the Ramayana and that Sri Rama is not free from blemishes in his actions as a national hero, from the point of view of strict ethical codes. There are blemishes in Sri Rama and in the heroes of the Mahabharata and also in Sri Krishna who was the instigator of most of the sins in the Mahabharata; but they have become virtues in the great books in so far as the heroes showed humanity how to live in this world which is full of unevenness, which is also full of jungles and wild animals.

Unless we interpret our ancient classics as guides in life, it is impossi-

ble to fit them into the new civilization in which modern science has to be given a place. And modern science will not countenance a philosophy of "escapism" from sins. Unless we give the true interpretation of guidance in life to the classics, people would keep aloof such classics and build up the future civilization without them, rather than giving up science. And that is what is now happening. If Sanskrit is to contribute to the future civilization, then it must contribute such ingredients as would go into that mixture, and Sanskrit is full of such ingredients. There is nothing in Sanskrit that actually comes into conflict with modern science.

When Sri Rama was in the forest, not a single Maharshi advised him to stay there permanently and look for Moksha. When Yudhishtira was in the forest, there too not a single wise person of the age counselled him to work for Moksha in the forest. There is not a single drama, not a single poem, not a single literary work in the whole of Sanskrit that advocates renunciation and retirement as a path towards Moksha. Everywhere what we find is only "live, act, fight, kill if necessary, and save civilization."

This is the contribution that Sanskrit can make. If there is an apparent conflict between ancient thought and modern science, it is all an accretion of a later age of decadence. Those who speak of a conflict between the modern materialistic sciences and ancient spiritual thoughts do not present the truth, do not serve the cause of man and his civilization, they do not help the nation. They may win cheap celebrity for the time being; but they get no lasting fame or gratitude from future generations. Sanskrit texts must be re-interpreted.

Everything that makes for cynicism, despair and social breakdown is summarised in the news that the Master of Krupp, rehabilitated, is to receive £25m. in compensation. The firm's vast potential output is to be directed, we are told, to making arms lest it should swamp our export markets. Two world wars to end the menace of an expanding Germany; two Peaces pledged to disarm Germany and prevent it ever arming again; two revolutions deliberately aborted; two betrayals of everything two generations died for—and the prospect of a third German war, promised against Russia but quite as likely to be against the West. No one behind the Iron Curtain need in future trouble to talk of germ warfare. A rearmed and expanding Krupps, publicly justified in London and Washington, is all the propaganda that Moscow needs.—Critic in the New Statesman And Nation.

TWISTING UNCLE SAM'S BEARD

By MATTHEW HALTON

IN Paris, Rome, London and other cities of Western Europe you can occasionally see anti-American slogans chalked up on walls and buildings. And there is a true story of a U. S. airline agent in Paris who amusingly made the best of all this. Wherever he saw the words "Yankees, Go Home," he wrote underneath: "Travel Pan-American."

But anti-American feeling in Great Britain and Western Europe cannot be laughed off. It is widespread, and it is growing. Over a period of a century or more, the British lion got used to having his tail twisted. Now it is the turn of Uncle Sam's beard.

It would be easy to shrug it off and say: "That's what you get for being the strongest power in the world. You are bound to get yapped at." The Americans yapped at Britain long enough, and still do." But this new political phenomenon cannot quite be shrugged off. It is as ugly as it is interesting. If it prevailed it would be nothing less than disastrous for the free world. Even united, the free world will find it hard to survive.

The Americans I meet are genuinely puzzled by the whole business. "What have we done?" they ask plaintively. "We want absolutely nothing from anybody except their friendship—and if we could 'go home' we would be delighted. We have given some \$50,000,000,000 to help other nations since the war, and the money did not come off the trees. Without U. S. aid and U. S. guarantees, Europe would probably be a Communist province today. If we had reverted to isolationism after the war, the Europeans would have reviled us. We did not revert to isolationism—and still they revile us. It seems we can't do anything right. We just can't win."

The Big Lie

The Communists work day and night, of course, to whip up anti-American feeling. The main object of Russian policy today is to drive a wedge between the U. S. and her

allies, and their tools in Britain and France are not wasting a trick. The *Daily Worker* in London and *Humanite* in Paris plug endlessly and tirelessly at their campaign of hate, lies and distortion. The U. S. forces in Europe are described as "the army of occupation," and U. S. soldiers are portrayed as a horde of brutal, drunken and licentious louts. The Communists concentrate intensely on the girl question. Girls who consort with Americans have actually been described by the Communists as "collaborators"—a threat as sinister as it is insolent.

But it is not only the Communists who see no good in the Americans. After writing an article on this subject recently for an English paper, I received 21 letters from British readers and only one of them approved of their allies. The rest shocked me with their hostility and their utter illogic.

"I am anti-Communist," wrote one man, "but I am anti-American, too. The Americans are beasts. If you would visit Chester railway station any night after half past 10 and see the goings-on of the G. I.'s with our English girls you would be anti-American too." And to a man whose mind works on that level it would be no use pointing out, I suppose, that whatever happens at Chester station, the English girls are free agents and just as responsible as the G. I.'s.

Another letter was from a British worker at a U. S. airfield. "These Americans make me despair that we should be tied up with them," he wrote. "They have no taste, no manners, no feelings of sensitivity whatever. If they represent the 'American way of life' then give me something else, even Communism and slave camps. I am not at all surprised that they are using germ warfare in Korea."

Which brings us to something much more important than even the girl problem: to the Big Lie; the lie so

big and bland that many people believe it; the story that the wicked Americans have experimented with bacteriological warfare on the people of North Korea.

That this story is a lie there is no doubt. But many people in Britain and Europe—as well as the entire Communist world—believe it is true.

An episode which gave the British much legitimate grounds for criticizing the Americans was their handling of the Koje island prison camp in Korea. That was a shocking and in fact frightening revelation of ineptitude. But if the charge against the Americans is brutality, the Koje island affair would seem to prove they are not brutal enough. The Communists, at any rate, would have mown down the rioting prisoners with machine guns, and the outside world would never have known a thing about it.

Then there is the more important episode of the bombings of the Communist power plants on the Yalu river in Korea. This really did alarm and anger some two-thirds of the British people.

There were excellent military arguments in favour of destroying the Yalu power plants. A year ago, when the truce talks began in Korea, the Communist armies were beaten and in disarray. Since then, their numbers have been doubled and they have been equipped with large supplies of new guns, tanks and aircraft. They are ready for a full-dress offensive. The destruction of the power stations might prevent them from launching that offensive. Therefore, it would be military madness not to destroy them.

Some Rational Causes

Good military arguments—yet there was a desperate fear in Britain that they might be disastrously bad political arguments. They may, it is feared, end any chance of peace in the East. If the fighting opens again, the war may be extended. The U. S., already impatient and angry, would be ready to start bombing China herself, and we would soon be bogged down in the terrible process of full-scale war with China.

Apart from that, many people in Britain think the Americans have

fought the war in Korea with needless brutality. The *Manchester Guardian*, for example, has published scores of letters condemning the use of napalm. Now, I, for one, cannot see how the use of napalm is any more barbarous than the high explosives with which we destroyed enemy cities in the war. But it has aroused strong emotions. And as the tragedy drags on, more and more people seem to feel as Lord Hinchinbroke, a Conservative M.P., said in Parliament that the war in Korea has "lost its moral content."

I do not see it. If what we did two years ago when we entered Korea was right, as we all thought, then it is right today. If it was right to resist the small aggressor, North Korea, then it is right to resist the big aggressor, China. But by some process of exasperation and illogic the Americans get the blame for prolonging the war.

Let us glance at some of the more rational causes of anti-American feeling before coming to the main one, which is not rational at all. The arguments go like this:

The U. S., one hears it said, is forcing the pace too much in her passion to build a defence system against Russia. The treaties of alliance with Japan and Germany may be right, but opinion in Europe is not yet ready for them. But it would seem to me that if these treaties are right they cannot be hurried too much.

A second and important complaint is the U. S. demand that her allies give up all trade with Communist countries. The U. S., it is said, slaps on new tariffs as soon as we really begin to break into her markets—and we have to trade somewhere. This point concerns the Germans especially. "To survive economically," they say, "we will have to do business with Russia—and we will do it whether the U. S. likes it or not."

Grist For The Mill

A third complaint, in Britain, is that the Americans want to run the whole alliance themselves, even the British navy. They forced Mr. Churchill to accept a U. S. admiral as Allied commander-in-chief in the North Atlantic, a stinging blow to British pride. Now they have refused

to accept a Briton for the command of that British lake, the Mediterranean. The Americans argue, of course, that as they provide by far the greater number of warships and aircraft carriers it is not only their right, but their need, to command the navies and control the strategy. That is plainly a reasonable argument; but where national pride is concerned reason does not hold sway.

Another thing that rankles is the admittedly shabby way the Americans broke the Anglo-American-Canadian atomic partnership after the war.

And another grouse is resentment at the badgering and blustering that comes from a certain type of U. S. Congressman. Senator Alexander Smith, for instance, said recently: "I am shocked to see that our Government is being criticized in the British Parliament." What a silly and arrogant thing to say! U. S. Senators have been shooting off about British Governments for 150 years; and for them now to tell the British to keep humbly silent about the U. S. Government—when the issue is one such as the Yalu river bombings which may involve a world war—is an intolerable affront.

But when all that is said, I have not yet touched the main reason for the growth of anti-American feeling in Britain and Europe. And it is not a good reason. It is thoughtless, it is bad and it is dangerous.

The main reason, as I see it, is a process of thought transference and wishful thinking which leads from the natural fear of war and dislike of rearmament to the point where the U. S. gets the blame for both the danger of war and the need for re-

armament. The process can be telescoped like this:

"What a fearful mess the world is in.... Just when we were getting on our feet, along comes rearmament.... Is it really necessary?... Aneurin Bevan says it is not necessary.... Bevan says Russia produces only 30,000,000 tons of steel a year to our 200,000,000 tons and therefore can't possibly be aggressive.... That's right Russia doesn't want war!.... Then why all this trouble?... It must be the Americans.... That's it; it's the Generals in the Pentagon!.... The real danger comes not from Moscow it comes from Washington!"

And then they are off with the bit between their teeth, until the U. S. is a nation of nothing but bad manners and mad morals and decadence and neurosis and depraved comic books and gum-chewing yahoos.

"Why," they say, "in the U. S. these days it is dangerous to be a liberal!" To which one can only reply, "What is it NOT dangerous to be in Russia except a silent-serf?"

"And as for U. S. gifts of \$50,000,000,000," they go on, "that's only self-interest, to buy allies!" And to this, too, in the light of other imperialism, I have only one reply: Please pass the self-interest.

I do not say anti-Americanism in Europe is prevailing. I do say it is strong. As one writer has succinctly put it: "The anti-Americans have so filled their eyes with the molehill of American error that they can no longer see the mountain of Soviet crime."

And it is all grist for the Soviet mill.—Copyright—NNF.

Social control of sex behaviour is through laws, religious precepts, ethical ideals, and codes of manners. At every period of history great organizations and a host of individuals have dedicated themselves to the task of compelling or persuading people to conform, in sexual matters, to the locally accepted norm. To what extent has this drive for conformity been successful? The evidence on which an accurate answer to this question might be based is simply not available. But such evidence as we have tends rather emphatically to suggest that collective efforts to make the sexual life of individuals conform to a socially acceptable pattern are seldom successful. In a minority of cases they are evidently successful enough to produce more or less severe mental conflicts, and even neuroses. But the majority go their private way without paying more than lip-service to religion and respectability.—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

K. M. P. P.—SOCIALIST MERGER: WILL IT LAST?

By VISHNU MOHAN

THE merger between the K. M. P. Party and the Socialist Party is an event of far-reaching significance which will vitally influence the course of political developments in the country in the years to come. The merger is not a sudden or unnatural event; on the contrary it marks the culmination of a process of "moving towards each other" on the part of both the parties.

Deviation From Marxism

The Socialist Party since its inception had claimed to derive its inspiration from the teachings and principles of Marx. But while saying so, it took care to distinguish itself from the Communists. Socialists believed in their own way of applying Marxism to Indian conditions and claimed the right as well to adapt, modify and revise his teachings as may be necessary. The Socialists further held that what obtained in the Soviet Union was not a proletarian dictatorship but a one-party rule which eclipsed "personal freedom". They declared that the proletarian dictatorship in which (incidentally) they believed would be compounded of more than one working-class party. Only the vested interests who were the props of the old order would be disenfranchised or isolated compulsorily from the body politic.

Apart from ideology, the Socialists were critical of the vacillation, hesitancy and extreme moderation which characterised the outlook and conduct of their continental counterparts. Indian Socialists, they felt, should benefit by the mistakes of European Socialism and be ready to embark on any revolutionary action as might be demanded by the needs of the situation. They therefore believed that class organisations and class struggle were an essential and inseparable part of the struggle for achieving Socialism in India. Only, the Socialism established through their effort and under their aegis would be "democratic" as against that

established by Communists which would be "totalitarian."

All these are not imaginary things attributed to the Socialist Party. They are all embodied in the Party's Thesis, resolutions and speeches of the Kanpur Convention held nearly five years ago. With these fundamental ideas, they were also bitterly critical of the Indian Constituent Assembly which was then framing the present Constitution of India. They did not have any faith in the capacity of the Constituent Assembly to frame a Constitution of a progressive democratic State.

But anyone who examines today the aims, beliefs and attitude of the Socialist Party can see the complete change that it has undergone. Not only does it refuse to swear any longer by Marxism, much less be dogmatic about it, but as Shri Ashoka Mehta declared at the Party's Madras Convention in 1950, the Socialist rank and file are now exhorted to deprive their inspiration from the pre-Marxians like Calvin, Owen and Proudhon. They should further turn for light and guidance to the teachings of Gandhiji in which, they think now, are imbedded the essential elements of Democratic Socialism. The Sarvodaya programme contained 80% of Socialism, said Sri Jayaprakash Narain recently. This acquires particular meaning and significance, since the Socialist Party in the past derided Gandhism as a reformist doctrine retarding the progress of the people to the pre-destined goal of Socialism.

Party Methodology

In methodology too, the Party has as conspicuously changed. They now commend the very same cautious approach and action which they had condemned earlier in the Continental Socialist Movement. "In a country where democracy exists," says Sri Ashoka Mehta, referring obviously to India "there is scope for creative work. Struggle is rarely necessary.... Mobilisation of the creative will

of the people is the task which we have to undertake." (Italics ours). Dr. Rammanohar Lohia further elucidated: "If... the Government..... refuses to implement the (Socialist) programme then as a last resort we can remove the Government through Satyagraha." Mark, only Satyagraha as the last resort and no revolution, class struggle or mass action. The major reason given by the Socialists for abandoning the traditional path of class struggle was their recognition, though belated, that the Indian State is "fairly democratic" where there is "freedom of speech and expression", "freedom to assemble peacefully and freedom to form associations and unions."

All these, as anyone will admit, represent a fundamental break-up with the past on the part of the Socialist Party. It is this increasing bias, nay definite swing, towards moderation, parliamentarism and outlook of constructive reform that has paved the way for the present merger between the K.M.P.P. and the Socialist Party. Has the K.M.P.P. correspondingly changed?

Quarrel With Congress

The ideological position of the K.M.P.P. was the vaguest ever in comparison with that of the other parties. The circumstance that led to the exit of the K.M.P.P. adherents from the Congress were totally different from those in the case of Socialists. As was the case with Socialists, it was not because of the failure of the Congress to accept and implement a Socialist programme of reconstruction that the K.M.P.P. members left the Congress organisation, though disappointment over the record of Congress administration doubtless played a part. Mainly, it was as a protest against the totalitarian tendencies inside the Congress that they went out. It may thus be stated that it was more as a radical wing and not as a separate ideological group with an alternative policy and programme that the K.M.P.P. members resigned from the Congress. Ideologically, Sri Kripalani said often that they had no differences with the Congress; the quarrel was over implementation—though he himself often pooh-poohed what was called the Congress ideology, which meant "everything to

everybody". All that was clear was that Sri Kripalani wanted corruption and nepotism to be rooted out from our public life. The Acharya wrote in his weekly, *Vigil*, on March 29, 1952 as follows: "When a protestant group separates from the parent body, it usually does so in the name of the purity of the doctrine and more so in the name of the honest carrying out of the policies devised in the light of that doctrine...." He also repeatedly declared that "we had not talked of any ideology or ism. Unfortunately, ideologies have become fanatical creeds.... Whenever we talk outside ideologies we find that we understand each other better and appreciate each other's efforts at practical reform." But before long, as the elections neared and his party had to go to the polls, he had to clarify the K.M.P.P.'s ideology and distinguish it from that of the Congress and other parties. So he said the K.M.P.P. believed in Sarvodaya or the Gandhian ideology and would work for the establishment of a progressive, socialist state based on decentralisation of political and economic power. Ideologically, it may be said that this restatement brought the K.M.P.P. closer to the Socialist Party which too was effecting a similar reorientation. As regards methods and means, Sri Kripalani believed only in parliamentary or at the most Satyagraha form of political action, though he spiced his speeches during the election campaign with periodic talks of "bloody revolution."

The Most Impelling Factor

However, it is not the mere ideological affinity which has brought the two parties together. There are more immediate, pragmatic reasons. If it were purely for ideological reasons, the merger should have materialized long before, that is, before the elections. The most basic and compelling factor which has forced the merger is perhaps the innate nervousness and feeling of instability felt by the two parties sandwiched as they were between the Congress and the Communists. In spite of the immense prestige enjoyed by many of the K.M.P.P. personalities in their respective provinces, the party as such was nothing more than a "loose sheet of sand." Many of them, having basked under the Congress sunshine,

found themselves, once outside it, quite new to organisation. The Socialists, on the other hand, though a better organised party, did not either as individuals or as a party command the same prestige with the people. Both the parties naturally got trounced in the elections throughout the country barring a few exceptions. Only in Madras the K. M. P. P., caught the imagination of the people, while the Socialists fared badly everywhere except Bihar. In Travancore and Cochin in particular where the Socialists had held out hopes of their being able to form a Socialist Government, they failed to get more than a dozen seats. This rout in the elections has played a prominent part in effecting the merger.

From the Socialist side the most important and immediate reason, was however their firm resolve to wean the K. M. P. P. away from the Communists and the latter's acquiescence in it. The Socialists realised that a K. M. P. P.—Communist alliance throughout the country, whether it succeeded in ousting the Congress from power or not, would put the Socialists completely out of the map. This did happen in the South. It must also be borne in mind that the KMPP High Command was equally anxious to prevent any attempt by the several K.M.P.P. branches in the provinces for forming United Democratic Fronts as in Madras. It might be recalled how when the U. P. Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party's leaders had gone a considerable way and given their consent for forming a United Front, the Central Party intervened and dissuaded them from proceeding further. It is true that the K.M.P.P. High Command gave its approval for the United Front in Madras, much to its own dislike. But as is now well-known, this was done merely in the interest of party solidarity and on the doggedness of Sri Prakasam. Anyway the K.M.P.P. leaders thought that in its present weak and anemic state, the temptation for an alliance with the Communists would become increasingly irresistible. And an alliance with the Socialists, it was thought, would strengthen them as against both the Congress and the Communists. These are in brief the ideological, political and strategic reasons which led to the present merger. But the moot question is whether and

how long it will endure and with what effect on the country's political life. Obviously, its capacity to deliver the goods will be proportionate to the agreement, understanding and harmony inside the new party. The picture, as it is, does not seem to be as bright as one would wish it to be.

Narendra Deva's View

If reports are to be believed there has been no attempt at any stage on the part of both the party leaders to categorically define the ideological basis of the new party. It is reported that Sri Acharya Narendra Deva refused to give up Marxism and felt that the Socialist Party too should not. It is true, though, that the Socialists have become more "Gandhian" and the K.M.P.P. gone more "Socialist." But these represent at best a certain drift or tendency which has not been developed into a specific, positive ideology in which both would believe and which both would promote. Sri Kripalani's weekly, *Vigil*, editorially commenting on the merger writes in its issue of August 30, 1950: "The new party must on no account allow any confusion to arise in the minds of the people about its stand. For this the party's own mind must be clear. The K.M.P.P. has stood for the Sarvodaya plan for the country's reconstruction. How and to what extent will that be affected by its Socialist reorientation? These questions have to be honestly faced and answered. They are not just theoretical questions. They are of the greatest practical interest because no strong party can be built except on the foundations of some basic faith and some sincere convictions." (Italics ours). This makes surprising reading in view of Sri Ashoka Mehta's recent claim that the merger was not a sudden patch-work on an opportunist basis but one based on fundamental agreement to secure which prolonged negotiations were necessary for months. It would appear that the Socialist Party is unable to finally proclaim its renunciation of Marxism and acceptance of Gandhism. This is as it is bound to be in view of the fact that the entire rank and file of the Socialist Party had been reared up in the principles of Marxism, of course as modified by the Socialist Party, and in the slogans of class

struggle and proletarian dictatorship. In such circumstances it is inevitable that the K.M.P.P. adherents in the new party should try to interpret every success that attends the new party as being due to their reorientation and application of Gandhism and the Socialist members try to attribute the same to their own reorientation of the ideology of Democratic Socialism and its integration with Sarvodaya. This is bound to affect even their approach to day-to-day organisational problems. No party can, evidently, strike a clear path if it has the least internal emptiness and is without a staunch and unflinching faith.

U. D. F. In Madras

An extremely paradoxical question pertaining to the merger is that of the United Democratic Front in Madras to whose continuance the Socialist leaders have agreed. How will this be consistent with their policy of "no truck with Communists"? There is no reason as yet to believe that those in the K. M. P. P. who enthusiastically formed the U. D. F. then have changed their views now. And the K.M.P.P. High Command is obliged to tolerate its continuance precisely for the same reasons for which it had to agree to its formation originally. Sri Tenneti Viswanatham, Leader of the U. D. F. Opposition inside the Madras Assembly said recently that the U. D. F. would not be affected by the merger and that "no one except those who are anxious to divide the opposition need be in a hurry to anticipate events or raise doubts." But the curiosity of the people cannot be allayed except by a clear-cut statement or indication. Will the Socialists change seats and become a part of the U. D. F.? This should be the logical course in terms of the conditions of the merger with the K.M.P.P. Instead, the Socialists seem to hope that once a merger is effected and the new party starts functioning without (and sometimes against) the Communists outside the legislature, they would be able to split up the U. D. F. Because prolonged acquiescence and active participation by Socialists in the U. D. F. comprising Communists would mean the disappearance of one of their sheet-anchors. It will expose them to charges of basic inconsistency. It is however not easy for the Socialists to

attempt a break-up of the U. D. F. in the conditions obtaining in Madras. Because the K.M.P.P. leaders of the State seem to still hope to oust the Congress from power and are prepared to secure the cooperation of all elements opposed to the present Congress Government towards this end.

Not only in connection with the U. D. F. at Madras but generally speaking, the K.M.P.P. would not like to be a party to any attempt to generate undue hostility towards Communists. This is traceable to their still unhealed wounds inflicted by the Congress, their intense disappointment over "Congress misrule" and their impatience to end it. So between the Socialist anti-Communism and the K.M.P.P. anti-Congress-ism, both of a high-strung and uncompromising nature, there is bound to be a persistent, even if silent, struggle in the new party. There will be one group which would not feel shy of association with Communists to end the Congress rule, and another which would not hesitate to join hands with the Congress to stem and curb the "Communist menace." The former group will always try to pull the party in its direction and press for no truck with the Congress, overt or covert. It would be well-nigh impossible, specially in the South, for the Socialist members to prevent their K.M.P.P. colleagues from having joint action with Communists on issues affecting the people's lives—like rationing, housing, civil liberties. The fact that Srimati Sucheta Kripalani, Leader of the Socialist Praja Party in Parliament, agreed to go to East Germany as a delegate to the World Peace Congress held there recently is a pointer that the K.M.P.P. followers would not altogether taboo association, albeit limited, with Communists on broad matters which are above party controversies. This should be more true of areas like Malabar where the idea of the U. D. F. was first put into operation and where the U. D. F. is contesting the coming municipal elections on the basis of an agreed list of candidates.

Foreign Policy And Foreign Aid

On foreign policy again, though there is no open disagreement as yet, it is doubtful if the new party would always be united. The K.M.P.P. offi-

cially is committed to strict neutrality in foreign affairs. It is critical of some of Pandit Nehru's policies on the ground that they constitute an undue interference in other people's affairs. Its whole vision is confined to the borders of India. Even so, the majority of them would not like the least encouragement to the Western camp. And it is not clear how far the Socialists would be able to keep their anti-Communism sufficiently in check so as not to be led into supporting the Eastern Camp on occasions. On the war in Korea, for instance, the K.M.P.P. would certainly hold different opinions from those of the Socialists. They do not regard it as proof of Communist expansionism which must be countered by the "free" nations through collective force, if necessary, which the Socialist leaders do. They would perhaps blame both the Anglo-American and the Russian camps for the tragedy in Korea. In sum, the K.M.P.P. world-view is different from the Socialist world-view in that it would regard that what has happened in Russia is good for the Russians and what happened in China is good for the Chinese; only in India they should pursue a different path in attempting to shape the lives of the people—a path suited to our own innate genius and personality structure. If the K.M.P.P. followers by and large are neutralists there are also a few like Sri Shibbanlal Saxena who represent the militant wing and advocate positive alignment with countries like Russia and China which they regard as truly democratic and peace-loving." The new party has hence to walk on a razor's edge, as it were, as far as foreign policy is concerned.

More than on foreign policy, however, it is on the question of foreign aid that differences of opinion are bound to sharpen in the new party. Though theoretically not spurning foreign aid, the K.M.P.P. would like India do without any external aid. In the whole of its programme, manifesto and speeches of leaders there is no reference, hint or indication about foreign aid. The K.M.P.P. adherents believe that a Gandhian type of social and economic reorganisation with minimum material benefits and maximum social justice can and must be

accomplished through mainly internal resources. The fact that they may not this way be able to effect a spectacular improvement in the living standards of the people does not bother them. On the other hand, Dr. Rammanohar Lohia declared in the Patna Convention of the Socialist Party as follows: "Every effort must be made by the State to obtain foreign capital and also technical know-how, on terms suitable to our national development and in consonance with our national sovereignty." It is this difference in approach that explains the conflicting attitudes of the K.M.P.P. and the Socialists to the Community Projects Scheme presently being worked out by the Government of India, and generally to American Aid. With Sri Kumarappa who is closer to them, the K.M.P.P. members will view American aid with extreme distrust and suspicion. They think, rightly or wrongly, that it is an attempt on the part of American capital to fill in the vacuum caused by the exit of the British. They further believe that Communism must be countered not by an artificial economy resting on rotten foundations and backed by Anglo-American support but by constructive and progressive socio-economic measures aimed at eradicating the present inequality and distress in our society.

On certain issues, purely domestic, like Kashmir, the K.M.P.P. lags behind the Socialists. Anyone who had followed Sri Kripalani's writings when delicate negotiations were going on in Delhi between the Kashmiri and the India Government representatives would bear out that the Acharya's views both on the question of accession and the status of the Yuvraj Kieran Singh, were the same as those of Dr. Shyam Prasad Mookerjee.

Only the future can show how far the new party will succeed in working as one united team for establishing a progressive, Socialist State in India, which undoubtedly many wish for. There are understandably enough, as many who are sceptical as are sanguine of ultimate success. In politics, it is well to remember that more difficult and even incongruous things have been attempted and with success.

—NAPS.

SIDELIGHTS :

SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR occupied the chair at the Gokhale Hall on Tuesday when Sri T. T. Krishnamachari unveiled the portrait of Sriman S. Srinivasa Aiyangar. Rarely have I heard such a felicitous speech as the one that Sir C. P. delivered on the occasion. It was a perfect gem of a speech that shone and sparkled no less with the brilliance of its wit than the charm and beauty of its phrasing. Not a syllable could be improved upon. Art and content combined to make a masterpiece of a panegyric, and if ever the heart's outpouring deserved preservation in print word for word for its grace, dignity and moving emotional appeal, it was this one of Sir C. P. But the local dailies mangled it, and none of their versions contained even a faint reflection of the thrilling excellence of the original.

Of all types of appreciation, that which comes out of the conflicts of an antagonistic relationship, is of the keenest insight. It is only when in the stress of a fight, rivalry and the desire for mastery are displaced by admiration for the adversary's gifts, that appreciation is enhanced by the knowledge that comes from glimpses of the closest understanding. It was through initial conflict that Sir C. P. established his friendship with Mrs. Besant on a footing of everlasting permanence. Likewise it was through bouts in the law courts, that he came to comprehend the full stature of Srinivasa Aiyangar as a lawyer and a man. That is why what he spoke of him was so significant and revealing.

Srinivasa Aiyangar did not suffer fools gladly and his capacity for compromise and accommodation were limited, but he had an unlimited humanity in him that manifested itself unreservedly without regard to approval or disapproval. Those he disagreed with most furiously, were precisely the persons he helped most generously. Great lawyers who made plenty of money and had brilliant careers at the bar were easily forgotten after their time, but Srinivasa

Aiyangar was not forgotten, he was remembered for the dynamic energy he threw into the causes he espoused and the large-hearted beneficence he showered on all and sundry, not on clannish but human considerations.

Sri T. T. Krishnamachari expressed the opinion that Srinivasa Aiyangar was not remembered as well as he deserved to be. It was he that really set the Congress on the map of South India and put an end to the dominance of the Justice Party. There were elections before, and there have been elections since, but no election was ever fought with such terrific energy and thoroughness as the one conducted by Srinivasa Aiyangar in 1928. He was the architect of Congress successes, the real builder of the foundations of the power to which the Congress attained subsequently, but it was the tragedy of his political life that he had to take a deputy's place in the parliamentary life of the Congress at the Centre. Srinivasa Aiyangar not only felt himself superior, he was in fact superior to all others in the power of his brain and intellect, and his masterfulness chafed at having to take a second place. It was an untenable position that could not last, and it threw him back from the dizzy heights he had reached into a political oblivion from which he never completely re-emerged.

Sri Krishnamachari pleaded for proper memorials to the departed great like Srinivasa Aiyangar who were not so well known to the present generation as they should be. There should be a good biography written of him, he said. T. T. K. who always had choice felicity of expression, has through the intensified practice of public speech as a Minister, developed a very pleasant economy of gesture, and is one of the most accomplished debaters in the country, endowed with an agreeable voice of boyish intonation. There were few recent gatherings so replete with intellectuals and so listened to in pindrop silence with bated breath and rapt attention as this one at Gokhale Hall on Tuesday in honour of Srinivasa Aiyangar.—SAKA.

POLITICAL PERVERSION OF COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

By "SOIL CONSERVATIONIST"

IN answer to a letter from the Administrator of Community Projects, Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, the veteran Gandhian economist, severely condemned the community projects emanating from the Indo-American Technical Co-operation Agreement. He observed that there is a political motive on the part of the Americans in sponsoring this aid. This is the reaction of the majority of the leaders of the Sarvodaya school of thought.

There appears to be a good deal of misunderstanding even among the administrators of these projects both in regard to their scope and conception. Community development is essentially an economic issue. It has nothing to do with politics. Political influences might affect the pace of progress of such development, but they cannot negative the urge or the necessity for the economic emancipation of the rural communities. The intermingling of political ideologies and economic issues was a masterstroke of Mahatmaji for the liberation of the country from foreign rule; but a free nation can ill-afford the confusion of thought and action that results from an admixture of political and economic issues. It is the over-emphasis on the political aspect of the Indo-American Technical Co-operation Agreement that is being often laid by political advocates right from the Prime Minister and other State Ministers down to the regional leaders in their platform and press talks, that is creating this confusion among the public and is giving ground to the various political parties to keep the ball rolling as a major political issue. It is expected of at least the administrators charged with the conduct of these projects to evince a clear understanding of the purpose and scope of the economic development associated with the agreement. But unfortunately there is a lot of political emphasis even in their mode of approach, speeches and writings. This all-round political perversion of a simple economic issue is spoiling the

very atmosphere in which such mass scale development is carried on, imperilling its success.

Even in regard to the training of the project officers at the Nilokheri training centre, the political bias was given more prominence. In an attempt to impart rural orientation to the desk-work officials, they were made to handle the implements that are normally used in agricultural operations. A small incident that occurred during the personal contacts of the officials with the villagers, clearly illustrates the incongruous perversion of the whole set-up. A lambardar is reported to have informed the officials who were out demonstrating the use of spades and crowbars that they in their village knew these implements perfectly well and what they need most is water for irrigating their fields. In the Sarvodaya centres, it is a very common practice to demonstrate community work with spades and crowbars in ditch digging or tank bund building or even in road laying for the common good of the village. When the official trainees at Nilokheri began showing the very same things with the addition of some modern mechanical equipment, it began pricking the conscience and rousing the temper of the Sarvodaya leadership, because they felt that it was a cheap imitation devoid of the urge for selfless devotion and the sanctity of national fervour, all the more polluted by foreign money and leadership. This perverted political imitation on the part of the community administration of the economic emancipation politically perfected with the sanctity of mass action through selfless devotion, something on the lines of the Gandhian Satyagraha movement, did naturally raise ugly political issues for quarrel among the different schools of thought.

Perhaps all this clamour would have been avoided if the official trainees at Nilokheri had confined their attention to the basic ideology of community



C. R. at the plough.

that with enough organic manure paddy also could be raised in abundance. This pioneering consisted of in the first flush of conversion.

One hundred acres were thus converted into rich paddy fields and 150 acres into dry crop area.

This pioneer was lucky enough to secure from the Disposals Department two 'Case' tractors and to these he has built huge trailers with a capacity to carry 6 tons of load each. With these he used to transport municipal compost from Anakapalli Municipality from a distance of nearly 16 miles. It is unfortunate that such compost was strewn with a good lot of iron and glass pieces and small stones, and representations right from the sanitary inspector up to the ministerial level could achieve no relief.

Mr. C. P. Raju, the agriculture research engineer who had occasion to inspect this work heartily appreciated it and supplied Mr. Gopala Rao with a tool bar to which he fitted country ploughs. He tried them on the farm under various conditions. His experiment with the tractor in all operations resulted in great success. As much as 200 bags of paddy could be thrashed in 10 hours and the working cost has been 25% less than under the old system of thrashing with cattle.

Incidentally mention may be made of some events of interest which happened on this pioneering farm. Mr. Gopala Rao purchased a cow that was going to the slaughter house. He tended the animal so well that a mere skeleton fattened and gave birth to twins in 1950. And since he named 'Sesha' and 'Sesha' after his only daughter and son. A picture of this phenomenon has been

processed by Mr. Gopala Rao for his Christmas cards.

Before Mr. Gopala Rao took to farming he was mostly used to city life and then he was manager of the Jaggampeta estate for over ten years, after he came out of Loyala College. His work in the estate left a mark, and he is still remembered with affection and reverence there. Not a little of what he achieved was due to the blessing of Father Bacenach S. J. of Loyala College. When Mr. Gopala Rao purchased a large extent of waste land most of his friends took him to be a mad man on a wild goose chase, but now there is not one who does not pat him on the back and admire him for his work. There is no limit to his work on the farm. He has no other thought but how best to improve the lot of his labourers and develop the farm. He has a kind word and a kind thought for his workers and he concerns himself with zeal with their primary needs of food and clothing. As they know that he has their interests at heart, their outturn of work also is double and they are never slow to adopt his intelligent suggestions. Mr. Roche Victoria when Minister for Food and members of the Board of Revenue and several Collectors and other Revenue Department officials of Visakhapatnam district visited Mr. Gopala Rao's farm from time to time, and until they saw for themselves what was actually achieved the story was almost impossible for them to believe.

Such efforts require a lot of finance and State aid if they are to be more fruitful and it is by encouraging in every way such practical examples that the State can achieve substantial results in the 'Grow More Food' campaign. —M. V. Sasiri.

The cow with her twins.

