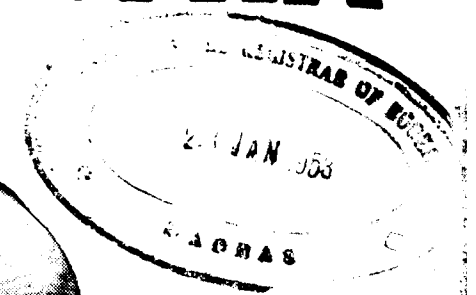


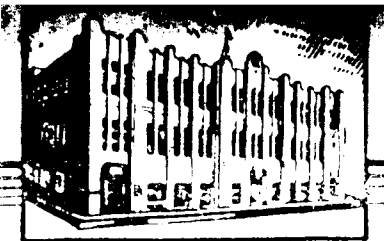
# SWATANTRA

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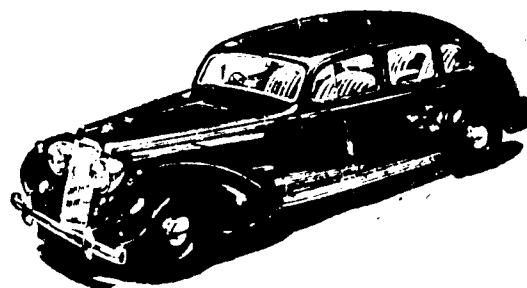
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# Amrutanjan

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".

G. Satyanarayana, B.A.

# SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1952

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ON THE COVER: John Hampson, British Novelist: A Recent Photograph.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. VII  
No. 44

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1952

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

A private member's Bill to set up a General Council of the Press failed to achieve second reading in the House of Commons last Friday. The one specific recommendation of the Royal Commission on the Press was the setting up of a General Council for the Press, but though three and a half years had passed since the report of the Commission was published, the Press had failed to form the Council of its own volition. The Bill sought to make good the omission and expedite the formation of the Council.

The mover of the Bill, Mr. Simmons, is a member of the Labour Party, and he said that it was the stubbornness of the Press barons that was standing in the way of the formation of a voluntary Press Council. He charged the newspapers with not being as high in their standards as when he was young. "Then there were great editors who were personalities in their own right, men who were capable and with a determination to express their own independent thought, based on high literacy attainment." But now, he complained, "there were far too many who were acutely conscious that they were just employees of strong-minded Press barons." Warming to the subject he asked: "To whom were the youth of today introduced in their daily and weekly newspapers? They were regaled with the confessions of Princess Narriman, the love lives—usually sordid—of film stars, of the experiences of a spiv or drug addict..... Just as the real craftsman hated to be compelled by a money-grabbing employer to do

shoddy work, so the journalist with a sense of vocation hated cheap and nasty journalism, and the vast majority of the newspaper world would like to see the Press using its great power and influence to advance all that was decent and true, refusing to debase standards for either circulation or popularity..... If a voluntary Press Council could be formed, so much the better, but there must be such an instrument to encourage the best elements in the Press and to shame the worst."

Discussion on the Bill appeared to run on party lines, but it was given to the Conservatives to manifest a deeper understanding of the requirements of Press independence. They pitched upon one of the clauses of the Bill and characterised it as the *Pravda* clause. It has to be read to be believed, said a severe Conservative critic. This clause runs thus: "The Council shall have power to do anything which in its opinion is calculated to facilitate the discharge of its functions." The Attorney-General, Sir Lionel Heald, pounced upon the words of the clause with devastating scorn. The words "in its opinion" he condemned as "extraordinarily dangerous words." "They are the same sort of words that were used in the case of Regulation 18 B which exclude the jurisdiction of the courts." He denounced the Bill, as drafted, as "a constitutional abortion."

*The Times* also opposed the Bill on the ground that by its provisions a statutory body with far-reaching powers would be imposed on the Press,

with the chairman and four other members out of a total of 25 appointed by the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord President of the Court of Session expressly from outside the ranks of journalists and newspaper proprietors. "Such a machine," it declared, "is a potential instrument, half made, for robbing the Press of its freedom and for keeping it under official control by Westminster and Whitehall." *The Times* once again reiterated its traditional view that the functions of Government are not compatible with the functions of the Press and the Press could not share its responsibility with the Government or any other outside institution. *The Times* said:

"Fundamentally the issue is one of responsibility. Newspaper proprietors, editors, and all journalists have a responsibility to the public which must not be usurped; cannot be shared, and should not be weakened or obscured."

These words are of universal applicability, and the Press Commission here, entrusted with the mission of remedying the ills of the Press would in particular do well to ponder over their significance. They sum up the dangers of outside interference with the functions and working of the Press. The project of statutory control of the Press through a General Council has for the nonce been scotched in the United Kingdom. It is a lesson for lovers of Press freedom everywhere else.

## Sotto Voce

### ORDEAL BY GOSSIP



**G**LIMPSES of the way in which the so-called people's courts of Red China execute wild justice and the new Inquisition in East Europe extracts confessions have turned the stomach of our good democrats. They are shocked by the morals of the witch-hunt which militant Communism has perfected into a fine art. The modern ordeal of trial by newspaper and by public meeting seems a monstrous tyranny when practised at a distance. But when the Rotunda echoes with the baying hounds whose collars bear the legend, "Root out corruption," "Hang the black marketers" and so on, our text-book beliefs

take wing and we join gleefully in the view-halloo.

The Robespierres of Praja-Socialism look back nostalgically to the good old days of the British Civilian. He is held up as a model of probity in contrast to his degenerate Indian successor. That is another story. But when the Haileys and the Vincents ruled the roost such a disgraceful flouting, as we are treated to these days, of all the decent restraints that law and custom impose as a safeguard of a man's honour and reputation, was unthinkable. They may have been hard-boiled administrators none too friend-

ly to democracy. But, when they played the Parliamentary game they did it with an expertise that wrung the reluctant praise of the Patels and the Pandits.

If in the guise of asking for information a whole chargesheet had been sought to be smuggled in it would never have passed the guard of the Legislative Secretariat. Where information had to be given no greenhorn would be put on the job, to fall into the trap that the Satya-murtis were adept in laying in the shape of supplementaries. The manner in which the omnibus question on the investigation of certain allegations against a high official was handled in Parliament the other day revealed not merely an ineptness and ignorance in high places that are truly frightening. It showed that our legislators have little to learn of the technique of the smear campaign.

The questioner had indicated that the enquiry was into charges of corruption. Why should he have been allowed to embroider on the theme and speak of "a palace worth lakhs of rupees"? And having replied that, the matter being under investigation, no information could be given, why could not the Deputy Minister stick to his guns? Instead he sought refuge in a pervasive profession of ignorance. And the Deputy Speaker, instead of heading off supplementaries on a matter which in essence if not technically was *sub judice*, preached a homily on the need for Ministers giving the fullest information.

The Home Minister had categorically declared that the Government had not considered it necessary to place the officer under suspension while the investigation proceeded. But when the question of suspension was raised again the artless Mr. Datar replied, with excessive prudence, "I am not sure he was under suspension." Mr. Feroze Gandhi pounced upon this almost as if it were an admission. And he dramatically sought the

Chair's intervention with the result aforesaid. The questioner here deftly interjected as a supplementary what was in fact an insinuation against a third party. But the priceless Mr. Datar, instead of objecting, meekly replied that "he was not aware of it."

The debate on the subject of corruption generally, which was raised the same day, made a bee-line for the unfortunate official. One speaker sought to build on the earlier questions and answers even more confident and raucous charges—of attempts on his part to evade justice by running away to Madras and of intent on the part of the Governments concerned to shield him. The Deputy Speaker saw nothing improper in allowing a general debate to take a personal turn. And a feeble protest by the Commerce Minister against prejudging the issue was drowned in the loud challenge to deny if they could that an order of suspension had ever been passed. There was no denial; and one Opposition member jeered, "They cannot," while another chimed in with "They dare not."

The steel-frame, when there was an *affaire scandaleuse*, discreetly hushed it up if it could and shipped the offender home by the first boat. Where open punishment was unavoidable, it came like a bolt from the blue: the first intimation the public had was from the official gazette. We are opposed, and rightly, to hush-hush. But our democratic Government might, with profit to public morale, follow the old regime so far as to refuse to start, by indiscretions calculated or other, a whispering campaign against any public servant. The new fashion of trial by the mob began with the assassination of the Mahatma. Those sections of the press which sanctimoniously denounced yellow journalism made a Roman holiday by playing up that tragedy. When the sovereign legislature itself—the dispenser of immunities—sees nothing wrong in smearing a man how can you expect the patriotic press to practise a squeamish reticence?

VIGNESWARA.

# SIDELIGHTS : :

**S**RI Rajagopalachari delivered himself of this homily in the Legislative Assembly on Thursday: "When the Press did not get information they published wrong information, hoping to force a contradiction and get information it could not obtain before." The Press, like Government, is made up of a human element which is certainly not infallible, and nobody can say that it has not committed mistakes or gone wrong at times. But it has no more vested interest in perjury than Sri C. Rajagopalachari has. So sweeping a condemnation as he has indulged in, indicates an understanding out of balance. It is not true. It bears the stamp of manifest falseness. It raises the issue whether one capable of so perverse a judgment is fit to be entrusted with the Government of a democratic State.

This is not the first occasion when the Chief Minister spoke in an insolent fashion about newspapers as such. I can recollect times when he was not only not censorious but actually appreciative of the work of the Press. But then he was not saddled with administrative duties. In a broad sense his attitude to the Press has oscillated between approbation and denunciation, the former synchronising with his unofficial days and the latter with his periods of office. No Congress leader in the era of Non-cooperation prior to the assumption of office had so high a conception of the Press as a vehicle of national service as C. R., or cultivated reporters and other newspapermen more assiduously. But lately, since he became Chief Minister, he has been specialising in continual disparagements of the Press. When cornered with inconvenient questions, he would not, at times, deal with them in a straightforward way, but seek shelter in irrelevance, saying superciliously, "Oh these newspaper reports! I am not going to take any notice of them."

Perhaps it is not for nothing that C. R. is nowadays so chronically

exasperated with the Press. Having no administrative duties, the Press is not bound by the opportunist expedencies of administrators in their dubious bargains to gain votes to keep going. So when a particularly unprincipled alliance is made, the leader concerned, if he holds the reins of power, might get a public address for it when sycophants on the hunt for favours will laud him to the skies for his statesmanship, but there will be some section in the Press where the deal will be called by its true name. There is an age-old conflict between the Press which lives by disclosures and politicians turned members of Government whose operations for the most part are sly, secretive and out of tune with grand declarations of principle made by them earlier before official responsibility devolved on them.

Ministers come in for enormous adulation when they assume their offices. They cannot keep their heads if they take the encomiums showered on them at their face value. Such encomiums belong to the seats of power and are bestowed on all that happen to occupy them, and when they vacate, they are passed on to others that succeed them. Oblivion is the lot of ex-Ministers whose virtues nobody cares to make a song about. The Press too is drawn into the general current of interested homage in which Ministers move, but there will be generally at least some one section of it robust enough to stand out and watch the ebb and flow of power with detachment. Unpalatable truths which in their headlong course unwise Ministers are apt to ignore to their doom, come only from this section.

C. R. has already sunk into considerable inconsequence in the estimation of many who greeted his advent as Chief Minister with high hopes. If further swift lowering of his repute is to be checked, he should learn not to confound pleasant flatteries as truth and independent criticism as "wrong information."—SAKA.

## FATHER AND SON\*

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

**M**Y first knowledge of John Hampson the novelist was got through *Penguin New Writing*, a literary magazine founded and edited by John Lehmann (beginning with the *Battle of Britain* it suspended publication, after ten years, in September 1950), in which in a critical article entitled "Movements in the Underground" he had made a dispassionate, masterly examination of what present-day English writers were making of the seamy side of life and society. Again, before any of his imaginative works, it was his brilliant reviews of contemporary fiction in the pages of *The Spectator* that I happened on; and in one such occurred the words: "Among the habitual readers of fiction there must be many like myself who, long before they ever made a first timid venture abroad, fell under the spell of India. My own enchantment lies in remote nursery days when, heralding the return of a soldier relative, large heavily sealed and corded packages arrived at the house. The rich, spicy, unfamiliar smells crept everywhere, and when, at last, the treasures were spilt in prodigal splendour all over the floor and furniture of a staid English drawing room, my innocent rapture was complete and India a word of magic."

Readers of *Swatantra* will remember his short stories "Undoubtedly the Goddess" and "The Bad One" printed in its special Annual Supplements for 1950 and 1952—proof of his genuine love and understanding of the real India, not the slick, smart Anglo-India of the English competition-wallah, with its clubs and cliques and class snobberies.

Hampson came out to this country in February 1948, and he stayed for six months in Madras on the invitation of the Provincial Government in connection with the study of juvenile delinquency. On behalf of the British Broadcasting Corporation he had made an extensive survey of what England was doing for her problem

children; while in South India he observed the progress of reforms the Madras Government was instituting with regard to the wayward youth (a detailed survey of this is made by Lieut-Col. Ford Thomson in his book *Ask the Children*), and he gave his observations in a series of broadcasts from the All India Radio. It was during his stay in the City, four years ago now, that I met him and I have had the privilege of his friendship since. I have read all his novels and I admire him for his simplicity, sincerity, and seriousness.

Leading among a group of writers who in the 'thirties came out of the industrial Midlands—the late Edward J. O'Brien, connoisseur of the short story called them the "Birmingham Group"—which includes F. L. Green, Walter Allen, Leslie Halward, Peter Chamberlain—all of them realists "interested in rendering the life of the 'man in the street' as they see it, and not as wish-dreaming would like to make it"—John Hampson shot into reputation with his first novel *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* which was published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press during the spring of 1931. In 1932 they issued his second novel *O Providence*; this was followed in 1934 by *Strip Jack Naked*—a Heinemann book; in 1936 Chapman and Hall published *Family Curse*; in 1938 Hampson collaborated with L. A. Pavey in a novel called *The Larches* which Michael Joseph brought out; 1939 saw the publication of *Care of "The Grand"*, again by Chapman and Hall. In 1947 for Collins, for the Britain in Pictures Series, he wrote a non-fiction work, *The English at Table*,—a lively, informative, and interesting account of dishes and delicacy, of the fine art of English cuisine,—delightfully parergal to his main occupation as a novelist. Born in Birmingham,—William Plover, another distinguished novelist, writes of him: "He (Hampson) looked upon Birmingham as a legendary city

\* *A Bag of Stones*, A Novel. By John Hampson. Derek Verschoyle, 13 Park Place, St. James's, London, S. W. 1. 12s. 6d. net.

of fantastic wealth and glory, and settled, when he was twenty-four, in a village between Birmingham and Leamington, and there he has remained. To the Midlands, therefore, he belongs by heredity, experience, habit and preference; and it is a virtue of his writings that they are regional without being in any pejorative sense provincial."

*A Bag of Stones*, Hampson's latest novel, his first for thirteen years after *Care of "The Grand"*, will be warmly welcomed by his admirers who were beginning to feel that they have been waiting in vain for a new work from his pen. It is published by Derek Verschoyle, an Irishman in his early forties, who has recently set up as a publisher. In 1932 Verschoyle came to England from Trinity College, Dublin, and was literary editor of *The Spectator* until the outbreak of war in 1939 when he went into service as a Wing-Commander with the R. A. F., after which he was in the Rome Embassy as First Secretary for five years. The name Verschoyle reminded me strongly of the Rev. John Verschoyle, a brilliant Irishman, also of the Trinity College, Dublin, who was Assistant Editor of *The Fortnightly Review* when the notorious Frank Harris took over the editorship from Mr. (afterwards Lord) Morley. I wonder whether Derek is in any way related to the illustrious Reverend of the same family name. This, in parenthesis, for a new Hampson novel has a new publisher who has set the seal of distinction on his publication, excellent in every way—paper, printing, binding, and a taking dust-jacket which bears the powerfully drawn picture of the hero of the story.

If *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* was deservedly famous outside England, *A Bag of Stones* is bound to achieve even greater reputation. Slender is the story, but inexorable in its gradual unfolding of "one of the oldest conflicts in human relations—the conflict between father and son," it is told in six parts: The Thursday Stone; The Brown Stone; The Green Stone; The Magic Key; The Blue Stone; The Well: each title is like a glow in the facet of a gem of exceeding loveliness; each stone—it is a common pebble here—seems to be instinct with the belief often asso-

ciated with those of the precious variety, of doing good or harm, and to the boy who gathered them they symbolised beauty and rebellion, manhood and ultimate freedom. Joe—Joseph Hadden—is that boy, son of Elizabeth, a winsome but weak-willed servant from a patrician country-house, and Albert Hadden, a coarse, cross-grained market-gardener and smallholder. Joe is three and a half when his father goes to the war (1914-18), a very bright child in the village school, happy in the company of his loving, doting mother—the only company he knows. When Albert Hadden comes back from the war Joe hates him at first sight and Elizabeth is sharply told by her husband: "You waste too much time over that kid: that's what's the matter with you." But she—

Elizabeth gazed adoringly at her son. He really was a splendid baby, his flesh so firm and healthy. He was her treasure, her joy, and nothing in the world was too good for him. When he grew up he would become a great man, a prince or a poet—some position quite remote from the circumstances of his humble birth. When that happened, then his daddy would realise how right she had been to treasure and make much of him. He was adorable, beautiful as only the young can be, with that odd, fleeting quality which catches and squeezes the heart of the sensitive human beholder. To her the child on her lap was a miracle, she felt as though her love for him surged up from a hidden source, inexhaustible and benevolent.

Far, far from his mother's dream of becoming a prince or a poet! Joe is bullied by his brute of a father, taunted, tormented without a moment's respite, and the once bright lad at school is reduced to a blinking, blithering idiot. For a time he finds a little happiness during holidays spent with a schoolmate whose parents, he observes, are unlike his in every way. But his ill-natured father objects to their company, for those folks were putting fancies into his head, inimical to the health of a workingboy. Then Joe comes to hate his mother too, so tender and affectionate before but spinelessly sucking up to her hus-

band and trying to placate him even when he was callous to the uttermost. He is miserable, can't keep jobs in offices for two days running; falls to day-dreaming as an escape from his misery:

He clenched his eyes tightly. Great whorls of whirling, translucent, golden light appeared against the darkness. He was a magician with a magic stone, which, warmed by the palm of his hand, became a crystal key with which he unlocked a tall iron gate set between great posts in a rose-coloured wall of stone. The gate locked itself behind him, as, holding the key, he walked forward into a huge garden where only trees and flowers grew . . . Tonight he thought of a swimming-pool so large and deep that, as he leant from the low balcony to look, it appeared almost black. The water quivered and gurgled lazily, shimmering with ever-changing patterns of crystal light. He gazed with intense satisfaction at the glittering water, then, dropping off his clothes, he stepped on to the balcony, poised for a moment, then dived.

His mother dies, life at home with his father becomes intolerable, and reaching the age of twenty-one he takes the boldest step in his life: he marries an attractive girl, a school-mistress, who is sprightly and has the capacity for joy. It is failure again, failure to find a job that would support him and his wife—and the child coming; then with her, and at her insistence, he is back once more at the house of his father whose meanness, selfishness, and surliness, he finds, are as great as ever. Days pass; he grows listless, apathetic. An attempt at the suggestion of his wife—she discovers his hidden bag of stones—to enter the Voluntary-Patients' Ward of a mental hospital, for a cure of his neurosis, comes to nought. Earlier he has been very nastily provoked by his father:

"So your wife's in the family way, eh, Joseph?" There was a deadly quiet . . . "I suppose your wife knows who the father is, even if you don't eh?"

"You mind your own business father-in-law; it's nothing to do with you," Ruth told him.

"Hark at your wife, Joseph! Poor wench must be wishing by now she'd married a man—not a useless, no good apology for one, eh?" Still her husband did not speak. "A tart can't pick and choose, like decent girls can. It must have been you or nothing, boy; that's the answer, isn't it?"

His suppressed rage and hatred breaking out suddenly Joe smashes a chair on the head of the old man, who escapes death by a hair's breadth (but he is doomed already); this instead of calming him down only makes him more vicious:

"I suppose they wanted to keep him and he hadn't the guts to stay, that's about the ticket, isn't it?"

Ruth nodded. "He is to have a week in which to think things over," she lied lamely.

"Make up your mind to it, wench. Joe will have to be certified balmy. Him and his stones! He's dotty. And the sooner you come to it, the better!"

Madness and murder. It is inevitable that Albert Hadden should die at the hands of his son whose steps he had dogged with such unmitigated brutality. He had jeered at Fate too long and too sure of himself. He was foul-tongued. There was no limit to his cupidity. He had an unpleasant past. His part, when he was a youth, in the episode of Old Culpepper's Bastard, had changed the whole tenor of his life. He had been made a scapegoat of by the gay blades who went on an amorous spree. He bore a grudge against life. He hated his only son.

In *A Bag of Stones* Hampson has achieved a superb psychological study. The novel opens with a premonition of dread, for all the sunlit happiness of mother and son; slowly but surely, as night follows twilight, the tragic gloom deepens, wrapping the reader in its black pall, till, finally, pity purges him to a sound and pristine health. There is no sickly hangover; Hampson applies the catharsis with the tenderness of a healer of things. From the day Albert Hadden returns from the war till the hour of his gruesome death—how coolly do the two women Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Pascoe discuss it over a cup of coffee

and cream-filled biscuits!—the scenes build of themselves in tune with the tension created, through emotion and environment, emphasis and exaggeration which are veridical: Joe's schooldays, his fugitive happiness when he stayed with Archie, Aunt Susan, and Uncle Ted; Albert's worming himself into the secret of his wife's bank-book and his appropriation of the money she had fondly set apart for Joe; Elizabeth's death and funeral and the unashamed disposal of her clothes before she was hardly in her grave; Joe's marriage and the final struggle between Albert Hadden and his daughter-in-law whose spirit refuses to be crushed even in the most squalid of circumstances. Hampson regards his material with the detachment of a finished artist; whether in delineating character or depicting scene he writes clear, unadorned prose, bright, bonebare, whose lyrical rhythms haunt one's ears long after the passage has been read. Here is an instance: Elizabeth has died—and her death for its suddenness recalls the Forstersque technique—and Joe is seeing her for the last time:

He gazed at his mother. Her eyes were shut. There were wisps of white hair, which the sun touched, lending them life against the deadness of the white face, framed in what looked like paper lace such as was found in chocolate boxes. She looked tired, as though she had fallen asleep after a hard morning spent at the wash-tub. Someone had scattered a few cottage pinks on her breast. She would have liked this, the boy knew, as he sniffed the delicate, clove-like fragrance. But there was another smell in the room—a smell of darkness quite unlike any other he could remember. He didn't like it. Hastily he kissed the dead woman on the brow. It seemed unsubstantial under his lips. He touched the cold hands with his own warm ones, then quickly left the room. As he went into the parlour, he was conscious of shadow-like figures who moved purposely forward behind his back.

In *A Bag of Stones* Hampson has struck the deep, dark depths of the human mind and behaviour. The tragic ending is inevitable, although one sees for a moment poor Joe very near a triumph when Ruth tells him that she is expecting a child and all his misery lifts as if by magic. "That the question of insanity in a case of murder," says Hollander in his book *The Psychology of Misconduct*, "should be left for decision to the wisdom of a jury seems to me outrageous. No doubt the judge sees to it that justice is done but even the judge cannot be wiser than the experts and he often differs from them. Every murderer who is suspected of insanity or of malingering insanity should be sent to the proposed Observation Hospital whose expert staff would examine and watch the accused, and send a report of the facts observed to the judge before trial. Let the law then do the rest as it thinks fit." We know what the 'Verdict in Local Murder Trial' is as the voice of the news vendor falls on the ears of Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Pascoe who are enjoying their cup of coffee; can these women ever think with understanding and sympathy potential illness in a human being and the prophylaxis for crimes?

Extracts from two reviews of the novel in the English press by critics whose opinions are respected will be of interest to the Indian reader. Writes John Betjeman in *The Daily Telegraph*: "His book is out of the run of modern fiction . . . Sometimes I think that fiction is going to change wholly into autobiography or dressed-up history or thrillers. A book like *A Bag of Stones* reminds me that there is still such a thing as novel writing." And Fred Urquhart in *Time and Tide*: "It is the story of human beings whom we recognize and for whom we can feel sympathy, pity, or dislike. They are neither scientific abstractions nor existentialist puppets."

*A Bag of Stones* is inscribed to Ford and Virginia Thomson. Madras knows Col. Thomson and his splendid work in this province for the anti-social child.

## "BIBLIOMANIA"

By D. ANJANEYULU

IN his very interesting and eminently readable article on "Bibliophobia" in *Swatantra* 'Viswamitra' wrote: "Bibliophobia is the disease of books, not the ailment of the spectacled worm that crawls through print, but of the addict who buys and stores and revels in the possession of books." The definition must have set every bibliophile thinking and gladdened the hearts of all the bibliophobes. To a reader who can only claim 'little Latin and less Greek,' it appears as if the author was referring to the pathological phenomenon which is often described as 'bibliomania.' For, 'bibliophobia' suggests, on the model of Anglo-phobia and hydrophobia, a disease of the fear of books rather than an unreasoning craze for them.

Whatever be the more appropriate appellation for this peculiar malady, we, in India, can happily congratulate ourselves on our immunity to such diseases. Referring to that comparatively rare species of the respectable in society who want to build up a reputation for learning on the strength of owning a 'large library,' 'Viswamitra' remarks that they "show off their books as women show off their clothes, for the books are of several sizes and several colours." It is not clear whether the author has in mind the sovereign Republic of India and her *swadeshi* society or mid-victorian England and its leisured classes living in the lap of luxury and in an air of intellectual snobbery. For, seldom in this country do we come across private libraries worth the name. A Sivaswami Ayyar who built up an enviable library and guarded it with utmost care is indeed a rare phenomenon. Less common is the instance of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, who had to purchase a modest residence in Bombay to house all the precious volumes he had acquired secondhand during his student days in the U. S., the U. K. and Europe. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari is one of the few active politicians known to possess a well-equipped library. The generation of Mocherla Ramachandra Rao and Govindaraghava Ayyar, who had an insatiable appetite for blue

books and invested huge sums on their collections of authoritative books has almost disappeared.

These names are mentioned to show that just now, buying and collecting books is very much out of fashion. Even reading is not popular, because lecturers and professors, who are likely to have ample time and enough inclination for it, have also discovered that reading does not pay like private tuitions at home. It may be that they are not masters of themselves, and are drifting in the whirlpool of exasperating economics. More people are realizing with a ruthless sense of realism that reading in general and merely for knowledge and not for profit (job or examination), is a foolish and criminal waste of time and energy. Scholarship is sadly at a discount, as society in the plenitude of its worldly wisdom has come to know that reading bakes no bread. Literature, history and philosophy—all the humanities in fact—are looked at with a sense of pity, if not disdain by parents, who have an eye for good dividends on the money invested on the education of their children. When that is the position occupied by knowledge in its non-commercial aspect, a reputation, though genuine, for learning means next to nothing in a society where all credit is given only to cash. If a real reputation for solid scholarship is so little valued, a spurious one based on the ownership of a large library with which one is not familiar is less likely to be sought after at so much cost and not a little worry by way of accommodating the countless volumes of various sizes and taking constant care of them against the inroads of moths and insects of all kinds.

A leisurely stroll along the Mount Road (near Round Thana) or the Pycroft Road (near the Beach) or the Brodies Road (near the Luz) in the evening of any rainless day is enough to convince anyone that there are too few buyers for the many books that are unloaded at reduced prices from reputed book-sellers, who are obviously not able to dispose of their stocks at the original rates. There are not

too many book-shops in the city and the few that have survived the onslaughts of time and fortune are doing a flourishing trade. This would not be the case if 'bibliomania' is prevalent even in the pseudo-intellectual circles of our *swadeshi* society. Pure and unalloyed originality, free from the taint of familiarity with authoritative works, classical or modern, is fast becoming the hallmark of accomplishment. Classical phrases like *summum bonum*, *ipso facto*, and even *cacoethes scribendi*, far from being at a premium, may at the present age of 'made-easies' for anything and everything from Euclid to Eugenics, and the Theory of Relativity to the Principle of Gravity, sound like *reducto ad absurdum*. In an ultra-modern and thoroughly original society any trace of familiarity with accepted authors is rightly suspect and quotations from Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' or Gray's 'Elegy' are anathema. The Lord help the few who still harbour the pleasant illusion that they would rise in the estimation of their high-placed friends by a facile gift for quotable quotes.

Halbrook Jackson, a genuine and fervent bibliophile if ever there was one, discusses at great length in his monumental work on the *Anatomy of Biblio-mania* all the multifarious manifestations of this mental malady in its lovable forms and its laughable ways, ever recorded in the history of Europe. He speaks of starched dowagers of the early Victorian and pre-Victorian eras filling their capacious cupboards with counterfeit books carved in wood to attract the admiration of their literary visitors by playing a brazen fraud on their eyes. Others there were who had staked their wealth, health and all on filling their houses, including the bath and the kitchen, with books, all and sundry irrespective of their contents, which neither concerned nor enlightened them. But, they were merely the curiosities of nature, deserving more of our pity than of caustic criticism. The love of books, of the contents or the covers, is at its worst, a pleasant infirmity of the human mind and the least reprehensible of mortal failings (if a failing it be). Lord Macaulay, who could possibly have done better with less reading and a

feebler memory than was his share, had over 10,000 volumes in his old bachelor's reading room. Nobody can say for certain that he had read them through, in spite of his famous description of the school-boy. On the other hand, it would be untrue to state that he had not made good use of them. There are fast readers as there are quick writers like Hugh Walpole. He consumed books by the score as he produced novels by the dozen and he did not know how many volumes there were in his quiet and commodious country home. He thought he had 15,000 of them but his valet had to correct him, for there were 35,000 bulky volumes in his well-kept library. Lord Acton, who had no university degree to his credit had, in a life-time of ceaseless learning, collected possibly more. This rare and wonderful collection was left in charge of John Morley, no mean scholar and bibliophile himself, and he, after keeping a few thousands of select works for himself, had gifted it to his favourite university. It was not then considered *infra dig* for popular politicians to read books and collect them too.

The sting of one's attack is lost when the target happens to be an extinct species or a fast-disappearing one. Even the wild beasts are sought to be protected in sanctuaries, when it is feared that the gun has wrought enough havoc in the jungle. 'Bibliomaniacs' are definitely less harmful and like dead men, they do not bite. Nor do they bark, but bury themselves in their moth-eaten moroccos. If they do not read and cannot profit from them, they do no harm to others, unlike the well-known pests of society in various garbs, sacred and secular.

While it is inaccurate to speak of 'bibliophobia,' it is unreal to discuss the symptoms of 'bibliomania.' The malady hardly exists, if at all, in our healthy and vibrant nation. Milton, in his puritanic purblindness, may have described a good book as the "precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life." Another antiquated ignoramus like Carlyle may have observed that his idea of a university was a choice collection of books. But, we moderners, in this atomic (or is it 'hydrogenic') age cer-

tainly know better than having anything but scant regard for print. Let us remember in this connection that our Vedic tradition is oral. If the 'Mystery Girl of Coorg' can live and be merry on air, can we not, on the intellectual plane, live on airy nothing?

Luckily for a nascent nation, we are free from the dangers of scholarship or pedantry. 'Bibliomania' is, therefore, not viewed differently from the bubonic plague. The art of borrowing books and magazines (though

one can afford to buy them, but is wiser not to) is as much a common habit as public borrowing is with the governments. It is not uncommon for a gazetted officer to borrow the daily newspaper from his neighbour, who is fool enough to buy it. Gold-digging is the goal of life and 'produce or perish' are the alternatives. Real scholarship or mere pedantry, real love of books or just 'bibliomania' have equally no place in a set-up with progressive and purposeful philistinism in the saddle.

## SILVER JUBILEE OF A QUARTERLY

TRIVENI, of Masulipatam, S. I., completes twenty-five years of its existence on the 25th of this month. During this period it has had many ups and downs, especially financial, in its chequered career as a quarterly, bi-monthly, monthly and again a quarterly, which it is now. But it has throughout been unfalteringly faithful in its devotion to art, literature and history, and to its main function, "to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects." Besides, in its interpretation of the finer and formative currents of our nationalism it never forgot "to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the spirit." Thus, its patriotism has had always that "plus" quality which saves one's loyalty to one's country from running aground in the shoals of chauvinism.

In the course of the past quarter of the century *Triveni* has acted as an ideal interpreter through the medium of English (in the good company of *The Indian P. E. N.*, which followed it seven years later) of the best in the contemporary art and literature of India, as reflected in the efforts and achievements of artists and writers in the various provinces. The result is that it has served as an open window on the literary, artistic and cultural landscape of the country. Anyone even casually looking through an issue of *Triveni* will have at once a glimpse of the many-sided and mosaic beauty of Indian culture. In this way the best in the thought of modern India, presented in its pages with religious regularity, has caught the eye of representative thinkers in other English-speaking countries and

a broad bridge has been built between their minds, invisibly but effectively.

But what an uphill struggle it has been for its founder-editor, Shri K. Ramakotiswara Rau, to keep alive year after year the child of his spirit, dedicated from its very birth to the worship of the Trinity of Love, Wisdom, and Power represented in the symbol of the *Triveni* by the Lotus, the Flame and the Thunderbolt of Indra! Appreciation of his altruistic labours he received, no doubt, from far and near and it rejoiced his heart, too, and even made him feel at times that his votive offering had proved "acceptable to Him who is the source of the *Triveni*." But a magazine, like a man, cannot exist on mere appreciation, howsoever enthusiastic and abundant it may be. It requires material support in an uninterrupted stream from those who shower appreciation on it if it is not to be forced to resort to the tricks of the marketplace for its very existence. All credit, then, to the founder-editor, who has succeeded so far in preserving the pristine idealism and integrity of the ambassador of his sensitive spirit. If not out of any other consideration, at least out of sheer gratitude, therefore, it befits the subscribers and friends of *Triveni* to raise a special fund, on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee, for its support so that the founder-editor may in the evening of his life be set free from the financial aspect of his adventure of faith—which is also an inspiring example of fortitude.

May *Triveni* live long, so that Indian culture may continue to have an able exponent!—M. N. G. in *The Indian P. E. N.*

# FOOD MUDDLE AND THE WAY OUT

By SEEECHVEE

THE recent debate in the House of the People on the continuance or otherwise of the present food policy of the Government of India has again roused nationwide interest on a subject of intimate concern to everyone. From the point of view of economic planning to which we are all committed, whether we like it or not, the theme of food control passes out of the sphere of academic discussion and assumes an air of urgency. A well-defined and dynamic policy on the food front which will cut across the present cobwebs of official confusion can alone lead to the success of any planned economy. It is really unfortunate that ever since the attainment of independence, there has been no attempt on the part of the Government of India and its much-advertised statistical bureau to estimate correctly the food needs of our population, the available internal production and the quantity of imports necessary to tide over lean months. All along, however, the Government has succeeded in raising occasionally storms of ideological warfare which produced many degrees of controversial outburst from the ranks of veteran economists, parliamentarians, trade union leaders, kisan organisers and, above all, the ubiquitous food officials. The result is that the layman stands confused amidst all this chaos and does not know where his country stands with regard to food.

## Basic Facts

Any review of the Indian food situation has to acknowledge the basic fact of a small gap between supply and demand. Our country was never self-sufficient even before the war when she imported 1.5 million tons of grains annually from Burma, Thailand and other southeast Asian countries. Even today, in spite of the fact that 165 million people are engaged in agricultural operations and 170 million acres are under the plough, enough is not produced locally and the official estimate of a four-million ton deficit

may not err very much on the high side. Several factors account for this. The tiredness of the soil, the poverty of men and equipment, the absence of technique and all the string of useless words which describe but never break the vicious spell are still with us. The growth of population, together with the partition of the country under which the fertile grain producing region of the Indus basin became part of a foreign country underlined the debit side of the balance sheet considerably. Nature has also contributed her cruel share to this catalogue of misery. Over large tracts of the Indian Union rains failed successively for the last three or four years. Irrigation where it was available or rainfall in the years when it was adequate created oases of prosperity in the vast countryside, but over the far wider stretch of forsaken earth, the villager withered in hopeless want.

Whether the overall policy is one of control or decontrol, our policy must progressively lead to a state of self-sufficiency. To live on a ship-to-mouth basis is always a possible expedient but it is dangerous as it unsettles so many other things. A poor country like ours, depending on imports of capital and machinery for carrying out the plans of economic development, cannot afford to utilise more than hundred crores of much-needed foreign exchange for procuring wheat from hard currency areas. From the political and strategic point also, we must give up this dependence on others. If war unfortunately breaks out, it will be difficult for us to get supplies from abroad. The problem of attaining self-sufficiency is intimately linked with the bigger issue of agricultural reconstruction, irrigational development and evolving better methods of storage. As the deficit is only of the order of ten per cent, it should not be difficult for us to stop imports completely with a certain amount of national austerity, combined with a new drive in culti-

vated areas to intensify production.

The food portfolio in the Central Government has been the graveyard of several reputations. At first, it was entrusted to the brilliant and talented Rajen Babu, who despite his skill heaved a sigh of relief when he was relieved of the thankless job. Then came the turn of Mr. Jairamdas Doulatram, the amiable Gandhi-ite from Sind who wilted under the concentrated barrage opened up against him in Parliament. Finding the atmosphere of Delhi too hot, he migrated to a place where the Sidhwas ceased from troubling and the Kamaths were at rest. When Munshi, the strong, filled the vacuum with his eight-point agricultural plan, many hoped that he would cut the Gordian knot and ensure for us an era of prosperity. But he too shook the dust off his feet from Parliament and preferred the cosier comforts of a Governorship. The Prime Minister has at last entrusted the portfolio on Mr. Kidwai, the magician. Will he succeed where others have failed? His achievement will be measured by his capacity to evolve a uniform policy for the whole of the Indian Union. In this direction, there does not seem to be any hope, for the State Governments have complete autonomy in the sphere of food under the constitution. Taking a leaf from Gandhian economics and deriving his inspiration from Rajaji, Mr. Kidwai reversed the prevalent policy of control and undertook a propaganda tour of the State to popularise his ideal of complete de-rationing. It was not all smooth sailing for the new Food Minister. Some States like Bombay and Madhya Pradesh refused to toe the line.

Opposition to controls is the cardinal doctrine of the new food policy of the Centre. This, however, received a rebuff on the floor of Parliament where the astute and far-seeing Finance Minister quoted chapter and verse to prove that controls were necessary. He rightly pointed out that opposition to controls were basically psychological. The popular feeling of hostility is nothing but a product of many ingredients as oddly assorted as the contents of any witches' cauldron. War and post-war weariness, the irritation which an

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average man feels at the intrusion of Government departments and the agencies into the routine of his daily life, disgust with corruption among officials and his falling confidence in the good faith and ability of the Government to check it—these have led to a state of mass mind hostile to the continuance of controls. The popular attitude towards controls is in essence of a piece with the general human dislike of anything that tends to be too much with us and controls are not particularly pleasant things. Nothing has happened since June 1948 to justify a change in the policy. If, however, Mr. Kidwai succeeds in winning over converts to his creed, it can bring in its wake nothing but soaring prices and blackmarketing everywhere.

#### Madras Experiment

It is significant that vested interests, particularly kisans, are asking for decontrol on the ground that Government controlled prices are unremunerative and that a free market would secure more advantageous terms for the producer. In other words, in their opinion, if decontrol stimulates food production, it will do so because it will shoot up the level of food prices. This argument does not hold any water, for the rise in food prices may be permanent but its stimulating effect and catalytic action may not be so. The high food prices under decontrol will bring in consequential rises in the cost of living, wages, industrial cost and the general price level. A mere increase in food prices will not be an advantage to the peasant if the increase is to be offset by a further instalment of all round inflation. Six months of decontrol experiment in Madras amply proves this.

The officials must undertake an intense survey of the existing agricultural situation in India. In some States legislation is in force for compulsory utilisation of waste land. Possibly, this legislation is not being interpreted with sufficient earnestness. It is time for the State Gov-

ernments to see that no land which could be utilised in any way goes waste. We can profit by the example of pre-war Japan where even foot-paths in public roads were converted to growing rice. According to Munshi, there are 110 million acres of cultivable waste land in India. If large tracts are carved out of this waste land and given in suitable plots to graduates passing out of agricultural colleges, it should be an ideal way of putting their training to rationed use. Government will have to supply the finance for the experiment. But above all, what we need is a uniform food policy for the Indian Union. Intensification of procurement will yield good results. Imports must supplement this yield. The pooled foodgrains must be stored in what may be called food banks, established all over the country, from which licensed dealers can draw their needs. These banks must be under the control and supervision of the Central Government. We can enter into bilateral agreements with neighbouring countries for a period of five years to ensure that we obtain a minimum quantity of rice, which is in short supply.

It is a tragedy that the Government of India's food administration has been one of the most controversial aspects of its policy on which there has at no time been any all-round approval. Even the outlines of the problem have eluded the framers of policy at Delhi. The retreat from decontrol in 1944 was the outcome of premature decontrol effected earlier in the year. When controlled distribution brought the necessity to import food of three to four million tons, a policy of short-term self-sufficiency was proclaimed regardless of its implications. Even in 1950 we were forced to import. Thus the see-saw game is being continued while the man in the street stands puzzled and perplexed. The time has therefore come for the enunciation and carrying out of a policy which will stand the test of time and enrich our ever shrinking food bowl.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to tell it. But women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these whenever you can help it.—CHESTERFIELD.

## TOWARDS AN INTELLIGENT ETHIC OF SEX

(By A Special Correspondent)

AT least one reader of *Swatantra* who alternated between exasperation and laughter in reading Mr. Bharatan Kumarappa, on the "Indian way" of family planning, took wicked delight in the following, otherwise shocking, item of news from Nagpur: "Fifty-six mothers in Madhya Pradesh gave birth to 22 children or more each, according to information collected by the Census Department here. Mothers who gave birth to 20 or 21 children each numbered 530, and about 6,000 women had between 15 and 19 children each."

Madhya Pradesh is among the lesser populated Part 'A' States, with a total of 21,247,533 (according to the latest census of 1951.) Of these the female population is reckoned at 10,584,721. I am not qualified to work out the probable number of women of child-bearing age among these, but 6,586 mothers with over 15 children would seem a formidable figure, even perhaps to Mr. Kumarappa.

Census figures apart, bare experience and observation would suggest to anyone that the "Indian way" of family limitation, whatever its moral and spiritual merits, has been honoured more in the breach than in the observance. Self-restraint would be an excellent prescription for solving the problem of over-population, except that it does not seem to have been devised for mere mortals—even Indian mortals as distinguished by Mr. Kumarappa from the lust-ridden and degenerate Western species.

Mr. Kumarappa's views are not peculiar to him. They are shared by many educated Indians. And the origin of these views is hallowed. Out side of the traditional taboos on the rational discussion of sex problems, the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi is the greatest single influence now operating against the spread of birth control in India. Gandhiji was nothing if he was not intellectually courageous, and he did not shirk the problem presented by families of uneconomic size. He agreed that it was

immoral to bring into the world more children than the parents could afford to bring up in the minimum conditions of health and educational opportunity. But he was against the use of any form of contraceptives, and advocated sexual abstinence as the only morally permissible method for limiting the family.

Gandhiji himself did not practise abstinence in his early youth. His advice to young husbands was therefore not based on personally tested evidence. He records in his autobiography an incident which, according to his own reading and not that of some impertinent modern psychologist, influenced his thinking and all future behaviour powerfully. It was the fact that he was engaged in making love to his wife when the news of his father's death was brought to him. It is open to argument that Gandhiji's philosophy of sexual abstinence is nothing but a reaction to the horror experienced by him at the juxtaposition of his sexual enjoyment with deep tragedy. But few acquainted with the development of Gandhiji's ideas will affirm that his views on birth control would have been necessarily different if this particular incident had not occurred.

Most students will probably agree that it was not any particular incident which accounts for Gandhiji's preference for abstinence, but the whole bent of his personality. He was, in one word, religious. And religious in the traditional and accepted sense of the term, with its necessary contrasts of extreme sin and extreme virtue, feelings of guilt and spiritual exaltation. Another man than Gandhiji, without being an immoral or insensitive man, may have reacted to a similar incident differently. He may have been overwhelmed with a sense of the myriad aspects of life, of the co-existence of birth and death, bliss and tragedy, of the hopeless and sublime mingling of elements in the human drama. And the experience may have made him truly pious, in

the sense in which the term has nothing to do with any religion involving divinity.

It is the misfortune of great men that their followers feel obliged to adopt all parts of the leader's teaching, not discriminating between what stands the test of their own critical faculty and what does not. Congressmen as a class are therefore inhibited in their thinking about, let alone advocacy of, artificial birth control. The exceptions are very few, just as in the matter of Prohibition policy.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan rendered a signal service in breaking this prevailing tendency to stay silent on the problem of over-population. For a moral philosopher who is acknowledgedly in the true line of Indian thinkers to say the following is no small thing: "God has given us intelligence, which is a divine gift to man to adjust himself to environments. He should find out his physical and spiritual needs and adjust himself. . . . What is civilization? It is progressive control of nature, while in the animal world it is environment that decides who survives."

Dr. Radhakrishnan's presence at the third international conference on family planning at Bombay, lent it a much-needed 'respectability.' The subject of birth control has too long been with us a dirty, not-to-be-mentioned-in-public theme, which one may speak about with intimate friends in private but not discuss as a serious problem meriting action at State level.

The opinion of experts has not helped to mitigate the general inhibition. Most people welcome the Five-Year Plan, but few have paid serious attention to the recommendations of the Planning Commission on family planning. The Commission says: "There is insufficient awareness yet among the people of the need for family planning. On the whole, it is evident that unless steps are taken deliberately to reduce the birth rate, the upward trend of population will continue, since improvement in medical facilities, and better control of epidemics, together with the measures taken to provide a certain minimum of food for the poorer sections of the community should help to lower the death rates further. . . . The State

should provide facilities for sterilization or giving advice on contraception on medical grounds. Such help and advice should not be withheld from others who seek and need it on social and economic grounds. The State should also, through financial aid and otherwise, assist in the establishment of research and information centres for the following purposes: Collection, study and dissemination of information based on scientifically tested experience in our country and abroad in respect of all aspects of family limitation, and the countering of the ill effects of incorrect information; and research necessary for the development of inexpensive, safe and efficacious methods of birth control suitable for all classes of people, and methods of preparation of necessary appliances and materials based on raw materials available in the country."

So much for those who oppose birth control due to prejudice or moral scruples. There is another and contrasting school of critics of birth control. These are the sophisticated Leftists, who are afraid lest the "reactionaries" should make population control a substitute for economic reform and development. Even Mr. Nehru thought it necessary, in his message to the Bombay conference, to caution against thinking that birth control is any basic remedy for the country's economic problem. The *Times of India*, in the typical manner of suspicious Leftists, said: "It (the Bombay conference) demonstrates that an increasing number of scientists and statesmen seek in the popularisation of birth control an escapist solution. . . . Those who cry out loudest at the rate of population growth in under-developed countries are very often those who are unwilling to face the social and economic implications of the present wasteful policies in these areas."

This is puerile and altogether contrary to the facts. The "reactionaries" are wedded to the exploitation of religious superstition, and are against birth control. The problem is not that the reactionary has adopted the slogan of birth control, but that he impedes its popularisation. It is for the progressives to ensure a better deal for future generations by seeing to it that they come less fast.

## ANNE SHAKESPEARE AND THE AMERICANS

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

I visited Stratford the other day.

We were to have started at eight. We started promptly at nine. About thirty of us in a 'luxury' coach. I must first tell you about that. They say you can go all over England in a luxury coach and come back home feeling just as tired as when you started on the journey. Not any more tired, I mean. It moves on oiled wheels and has no engine. At least it isn't where you can keep an eye on it but deep down in what is called the bowels of the vehicle. When it needs oiling they just take the bus apart. But the lack of an awkward bonnet in front certainly gives it an air. You sit on a seat and you feel like a king. You can't stretch your legs—but, of course, that is a little matter—because there is no space to stretch them in, the whole thing being designed on the principle that an inch of space is to accommodate a pound of flesh. But you get a beautiful view through the window if you remember to wipe it from time to time to prevent it getting misted. You can't smoke, of course, because the windows are all tightly closed and—well, after all, where is the smoke to go? You can always read. Though I must say it would be difficult to turn the pages if you have your gloves on, as indeed you must in this weather. But you can take them off whenever you come to the end of a page, turn the darned thing—the page, I mean—and put on the gloves at once. It isn't annoying unless tantalizingly this activity interrupts an interesting situation. She rose quickly from the couch and ran to him. He held her close to his thumping heart. My darling, he whispered and held her tighter. She looked into his blazing eyes, her knees seemed to turn to water and—This is where you have to turn the page. The curiosity about how she held melting knees together would kill me. I once held my soul in patience, took my glove off, turned the page, put my glove on again, dropped my spectacles, took my glove off,

picked them up and put them on my nose, put on the glove and eagerly scanned the new page and read: *had had nine in all, though two had died in infancy. . .* Well really, I thought. But there is a moral in that, as you can see—never enter a room with a couch unless you can depend upon your knees absolutely. Remember to pass on the warning when you are teaching your young about bees and flowers. A young teen-ager with a pink and merry face who was reading the book from over my shoulder resolved the mystery, however. "You have turned over two pages," she said.

As I was saying, you can sit in it and—feel like a king. After all, it is a free country, isn't it?

I sat next to the driver, a tall, slim man with fair hair and twinkling blue eyes. Irish, I diagnosed. Donovan O'Flaherty, I christened.

"Are you Irish?" I asked him as soon as we were under way.

"Oh no," he said, "my Ma had no truck with those bastards."

"I beg your pardon," I said appalled. "I didn't mean to imply. . . ."

"Go on," he said. "I was only joking. Can't you Indians take a joke?"

"Not about our mothers," I said.

"Why? Are they sacred?"

"Yes."

"Like your cows?"

"Well, yes, in a way."

"We eat them here," he said.

"Mothers or cows?"

"Cows and their husbands. Mothers we put away."

The young Tamil student sitting on my left coughed my attention to himself.

"You must not let him be profane," he said. "Some of these low-class people think they can say anything."

"What are you going to see in Stratford?" asked O'Flaherty.

I laughed.

"What does one go to see in Stratford? Shakespeare's house, Anne Hathaway's Cottage."

"Anne Shakespeare" he corrected me.

"Yes, but she is always referred to as Anne Hathaway, isn't she?"

"But she married him."

"Oh yes, certainly."

"They didn't put up with any playing around those days."

"No, I suppose not."

"Not like today when a girl can do practically anything."

"Think so?"

"Yes, practically. It started during the war. You should have seen the things the Yankees gave our girls as presents—food, chocolates, cigarettes, bracelets. Nothing was too good for them. And what did a British tommy get? Not enough to buy his girl a bunch of violets."

"I see. . . . By the way, you must show me all the landmarks as we pass them. What is this place we are going through now?"

"Shepherds Bush. You know, there was a girl in Shepherds Bush I knew who married an American."

"Really? . . . Are you telling me we are not out of London yet?"

"No, but we will soon be passing the American Army Camp during the war. . . . She came home too."

"Who?"

"This girl I told you about from Shepherds Bush."

"Didn't she like America?"

"No, couldn't stick it. I don't wonder. That is one thing about English girls. They always come home."

"That is one way of looking at it. . . . I say, look at this road. It is like a shining black ribbon. It is beautifully kept, I must say."

"Yes, they are mechandamizing it with a new stuff here. It is an experiment."

"New stuff? You mean you English have discovered a substitute for tar and stone?"

"Not us," said O'Flaherty, "the Americans."

"I see. . . . Look at these woods. What is this countryside called?"

"The Cotswolds."

"Is it? Ah, I remember. Wasn't this where the highwaymen and bandits waylaid travellers and coaches and plundered them?"

"That's right. Ah, we had a wonderful history. It makes you sad to think of it."

"Why should it? You can always go on making history."

"Yes, we don't make British history any more. We make American history."

My left-hand neighbour again interrupted me.

"Everybody can hear you," he whispered. "They are all looking at you."

Well, one could always turn to the weather in England.

"It is a lovely day," I said to no one in particular.

"Could be worse," agreed O'Flaherty.

"Well, can't we stop somewhere for a cup of coffee or something?"

"Yes, we will be stopping at a cafeteria a little further on," he said and added, "just past Eisenhower's Headquarters."

"Eisenhower's headquarters?"

"Yes, on your left. See that house on the hill? That was Ike's headquarters during the war."

"What is it now?"

"Not a national monument, believe me."

We passed a little village with rough wooden houses and a lovely clear stream meandering through it.

"You see that stream?" asked O'Flaherty.

"I don't think I have ever seen such clear water. Why, from the bus I can see the bottom of the stream and even the pebbles."

"Well, during the war, the water pipe supplying this village was blown up and the village was left without any water. And all these hundreds of people came to this stream with buckets and pails and pots and took the water home. It went on for weeks. They say this stream never dries up. They can't find its spring but the level never goes down. You see, other countries might be God's own countries but He sometimes takes care of us too."

"And you know, what is more wonderful, he takes care sometimes of us pagans too. . . . Oh look, what is that wall for? Is it some private property or something?"

"The Duke of Marlborough's estate. On your right and on your left."

"Where does it end?"

"It never ends."

"It is peaceful here. I think I much

prefer the English countryside to London."

"Peace!" said O'Flaherty. "There is no peace for us any more."

"I don't think the outlook is so depressing."

"Oh yes, since Eisenhower became our President."

"He is not your President."

"That is what you think," said O'Flaherty darkly.

After coffee I stopped blowing on the windscreen to look. I just leaned back and munched an apple.

"That coffee was good," I said. "And it was a neat little place too. I suppose they make a lot of money serving tourists?"

"Oh yes, but there is tragedy there, poor souls."

"Why, what happened?"

"A bomber crashed in their back garden during the war. And now they can't grow anything on it. The ground has just been burnt up."

"Was anybody killed?"

"Only the American pilot."

"Oh. . . . And now you must tell me about Anne Hathaway's house. Have you ever been inside it?"

"Anne Shakespeare," said O'Flaherty.

"All right then, Anne Shakespeare."

"Not inside, like," he said. "But do you know that house has been standing there for three hundred years and more? Makes you think, eh? I always say discovering the hydrogen bomb isn't everything."

My Tamil friend permitted himself the boldness of tapping me on the shoulder.

"We are passing through Oxford," he pointed out.

"Did you listen to that Oxford debate the other day?" I asked.

"No," said O'Flaherty. "But my daughter told me all about it. She thinks the other side of the Atlantic is pure heaven."

"It was about Anglo-American relations, wasn't it? I thought some of the boys spoke extremely well."

"Do you remember what the American boy said?"

"Which one? And how do you know he was American?"

"His name. Have you ever heard of an English boy called Hank?"

"I suppose not. What did he say?"

"He said Britain would never be able to pay America back all that she has borrowed."

"Do you think she can?"

"And he said something else. He said the debt would still be unpaid long after Oxford had been merged with Harvard."

"That sounds funny."

"What does he want to come here for if he thinks Harvard is so doggone wonderful? Anyway, what is Harvard? It is not a college, it is a high school."

"Look," I said, "and now you must show me the colleges. What was the one we just passed?"

"That is Magdalen."

"Wasn't that where the Duke of Windsor studied?"

"Yes. Did you see the recent picture of him in *Life*?"

"No, was it good?"

"He looks seventy, if a day. What else do you expect careering around the States with all those rich play-boys!"

"Why don't they renovate some of these buildings? They look awfully old."

"That is the beauty of it. These have stood for hundreds of years. That is tradition."

"And dilapidation."

"They have been here," he went on unheeding, "since long before Harvard was even thought of."

"It is a quaint little town," I said.

But it had a picture house with *Streetcar Named Desire* running that week.

"That is what I mean," said O'Flaherty. "Why should Vivien Leigh have gone to America to do it? They could have produced it here. Money. That is what is at the root of it. But money isn't everything."

"Well, you can't deny life in Britain is becoming impossibly expensive, can you? Look at the prices."

"We can't help putting things up. It is not our fault. They have stepped up Japanese exports. And what happens? Our trade suffers. They want Europe to be self-sufficient. But who is going to pay for their prosperity? Britain."

"How do you mean?"

"They have taken away our markets

and ruined our trade. They want all the raw materials cheap but will they buy the finished goods if somebody else makes them? No, sir. They will make them at home without any help, thank you. Take the simple case of nylons. Do you think our girls can afford to have half a dozen at a time? No. My girl has only three. And every American girl has dozens. Oh yes, I have read all about them. I am not jealous. Don't get me wrong. If it comes to that, I think it is the Yankees who are jealous of us."

"Do you really imagine they are?"

"Yes, indeed. First, of our Royal Family. Think of King John."

"It was a little before my time, I think."

"The Family started then and it has been going on since. All they have got is a President, who is the son of a tinker this time and the son of a tailor next. No family background at all."

"Well, I don't think the Americans believe family is everything."

"They don't, don't they? Allright,

just watch them come for the Coronation next year. Do you know we are spending a few million pounds on it? Yes, ma'am, a few million pounds of my money. I think they should give it more publicity."

"Ah, yes, the Coronation is going to be quite an affair."

"That is not all. We have got something else."

"The English Channel?"

"No. Shakespeare. Born right here in Warwickshire. Do you know Stratford stands on an old Roman road? If you believed in ghosts you might say the ghost of Julius Caesar haunts this place. And it is mentioned in the Domesday Book."

We were at last there. In the middle of hedges and country lanes in a silence unbelievably peaceful stood the cottage. Were they in my mind or in the air, the intimations of immortality?

"It looks just like the pictures of it in the books," I said. "Anne Hathaway's Cottage."

"Anne Shakespeare," said O'Flaherty.

## BRITISH PRISONS ARE STILL INHUMAN

By FENNER BROCKWAY

**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago I spent nearly three years in five British prisons. Now I have been back to prison.

I have paced again the small cell. I have shrunk again from the hard voices of the "screws." I have done the hours of monotonous wasteful labour. I have been shut away from colour and beauty.

This time it has been in a woman's prison. I have been there not in person, but through reading Joan Henry's *Who Lie in Gaol* (Gollancz 12s. 6d). It took me back to prison so intensely that, when I left its pages for odd minutes it was this outside world which was unreal.

I read the book travelling to the Labour Party Conference from Euston to Morecambe. When the inspector asked for my ticket, when I went into the restaurant car for my tea, I was shy and bewildered just as I had been on the memorable journey from Lincoln to King's Cross which ended my imprisonment in 1919. Even when an old friend spotted me and began to discuss the Morecambe Conference agenda, I could only listen physically. My personality was in prison.

### Spiritual Torture

This is, perhaps, the greatest tribute to Joan Henry's book. You are in Holloway Gaol with her. I don't suppose the effect of her writing will be so profound on anyone who has not been in prison; but to all who are blessed with imagination and human understanding the spiritual torture which is done to those "who lie in gaol" will become real.

What is this torture? It is that one ceases to be a human being. One becomes a number, a physical form which moves and obeys, a robot without mind or emotions, without human approaches or responses.

When the police hand you over to the prison officials they are given a receipt for "one body." You exist as merely a body until you are discharg-

ed or, until, like Joan Henry, you begin to be born again by transference to a "prison without bars."

I know all about the humanities which have been introduced into prisons. There weren't many of them thirty years ago, and I think one can claim that the Prison System Enquiry, to which I served as joint secretary with Stephen Hobhouse when I came out, was largely responsible for inaugurating them—the modification of the "silence rule" (we were not allowed to speak except in formal enquiries or answers to officers), the meals in association and the games in the evening after a period has been served, the classes, the prison visitors.

But all these added together cannot change the dominant principle of the prison system. You remain a body, shut in a cell, marched periodically to deadening labour, to exercise, to chapel, shouted at, shoved around.

When you first go to prison this is almost unrelieved. Afterwards you find that the officers who have to administer this inhuman system—or many of them—are, after all, human. On the quiet, kindness will soften their voices, a smile glints in their eyes. But officially they must never unbend, never be familiar. You are one of six hundred bodies, "all correct."

How little the prison system has changed I did not realise until I read this book. It was my own experience all over again.

### Without Bitterness

*Who lie in Gaol* has been condemned by my colleague, George Benson M.P., chairman of the Howard League for Penal Reform, as unfair to Holloway and its Governor. About the book I would say that it is written with obvious sincerity and objectivity, without bitterness—indeed, with certain philosophical serenity. About the Governor I would say that she is one of the best. Her husband was a Labour M.P. from 1945 to 1950 and she shares his broad humanity. I know

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from my personal interest in one of her charges that she is concerned to do all that is possible to give any prisoner a chance.

But what can she do? What can she do with the unending stream of women who are sent to her, mostly for short periods, to be locked in rows of cells for eighteen hours in twenty-four, and who, when they go to work or to exercise or chapel, must be marshalled into discipline by female sergeant-majors? The severest condemnation of the prison system is that *Who Lie in Gaol* should be written of Holloway with its enlightened Governor.

Joan Henry has been condemned most severely for her reference to abnormal sexual practices in Holloway. When people of one sex are segregated, particularly in conditions which restrict physical activity and emotional expression, abnormalities are inevitable. Occasionally there will be an officer addicted to homo-sexuality or Lesbianism. The author of *Who Lie in Gaol* makes no general charge against the officers: indeed, she does not go out of her way to draw attention to the subject at all; it arises authentically out of her story. If anyone be shocked, it should be realised that the real outrage is the unnatural environment of prison existence.

#### Country House As Prison

It is significant that when Joan Henry went on to the "prison without bars" at Askham Grange she found no evidence of Lesbianism, although in its freer conditions the opportunities were greater. Here the prisoners lived in a country house without a lock on a door. There was a dining room, a workroom, a library, dormitories, bedrooms for two. They were physically occupied in hard work and they had an outlet for their mind and emotions in books, painting, a garden, a concert party, a dramatic society and even a class in literature with a male lecturer. They could actually go into York to visit the cinema. Joan Henry's appreciation of Askham Grange is as wholehearted as her condemnation of Holloway.

It is in the Askham Grange (alas, there is only one for women) that prison reformers find reward for their efforts. Let no one think that they mean sentimental coddling. Some of the women preferred Holloway, because there they did not have to work so hard.

The real deterrent is not harsh treatment but the absence of freedom. The doors of Askham Grange are always open; but the women know that if they attempt escape they will be caught and will lose the two months' remission in six which stand between them and discharge. For most prisoners that is enough. Detention is the supreme hardship.

The key to prison reform is to apply the fullest conditions of recreation within the limits of detention. That means pulling down our present prison buildings and ending the old prison system. It means a new system based on re-humanising rather than de-humanising.

Not that prisons without bars are always the solution; careful selection is necessary. Treatment should be suited to the individual. Sometimes a hospital, sometimes a mental institution, sometimes an institution for dipsomaniacs. There is now a class of prisoners described as corrective trainees, but we haven't yet found that correct treatment for them. Our Borstal system is not right yet; it is there that so many prospective prisoners get the anti-social grudge which is the mark of failure in any treatment.

The larger number of those in prison ought not to be there at all; but so far we have hardly begun to work out the alternatives.

We need a new commission of enquiry to plan constructively. Joan Henry should give evidence to it.

[The author was joint secretary of the Prison Systems Enquiry Committee in 1920-21 and joint author of its report "English Prisons Today". He is also author of *A New Way with Crime, 1929*. He is a member of the House of Commons.]

## THE KRISHNA VALLEY PROJECT

By T. V. G. PAL

THE question of utilisation of the Krishna waters has come to the fore consequent on the submission of an interim report on the matter by the Khosla Committee to the Planning Commission, and it is stated that a tripartite conference will be held in Delhi on December 8 between the Hyderabad, Madras, and the Union Governments to consider the issue in detail. There has been in the past few weeks a spate of resolutions emanating from conferences and associations in Andhra Desa urging the abandonment of the Krishna-Pennar project proposed by the Madras Government, and the inclusion of the Nandikonda scheme in the Five Year Plan. A number of petitions signed by thousands of persons were also sent to the authorities concerned threatening direct action in case the latter forged ahead the execution of the Krishna-Pennar scheme.

There appears to be a good deal of misunderstanding all round, and quite a lot of political heat has been injected into a purely technical and economic problem. Self-interested politicians who are always on the alert to exploit situations to further their parochial ends have lost no time in stirring up political prejudices and sentimental considerations among the people using the Krishna-Pennar issue as a stalking-horse. But the attitude of the State Government to this problem does not also seem to be above board, and this has largely been responsible for engendering all sorts of doubts and suspicions.

#### Questions In Assembly

Answering a barrage of questions on the Khosla Committee report in the Madras Legislative Assembly the other day, the Chief Minister, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, made a statement that he himself "has not seen the first page of the report, and that it is still under examination by technical people." While it places too great a strain on the power of credence

of the common man to swallow it, the statement bespeaks—especially when read with another statement made recently by another minister on the same subject—an undesirable state of affairs. Mr. S. B. P. Pattabirama Rao, Minister for Rural Welfare, speaking at a meeting at Mylapore, declared that "I have myself no information about the Khosla Committee report. All that I know is that a report of the Khosla Committee has been received by the Madras Government. I did not have the good fortune to look into it. We have not discussed its recommendations in the cabinet."

This is, indeed, a sad commentary on the system of cabinet administration involving joint responsibility and corporate unity. It is a fundamental tenet of democracy that matters of moment—be they technical, political, cultural, legal or military—should first be considered by the cabinet as a whole, and then only, technical or other assistance, according to the requirements of the case, should be enlisted. "The Ministers may not be experts, but they are the incarnation of responsibility. Their duty is one of stimulus and direction. They are there to tell the civil servant or the technical expert what the public want." Such being the case the reference of the Khosla Committee report by the Chief Minister to technical experts without either himself seeing it or showing it to his colleagues is tantamount to a dereliction of duty.

The essence of democracy lies in the Governments' willingness to take people as far as possible into its confidence. The Chief Minister by fencing with each and every question on the Khosla Committee report on the floor of the House showed scant courtesy to the members of the Legislature. He could have given information on such a minor matter as the date of the receipt of the report, with perfect impunity and without any breach of administrative propriety. The Chief Minister's refusal to divulge even such information on the specious

plea that it was "all confidential" was, to say the least, a purposeful prevarication not conducive to the growth of healthy traditions.

Not content with having burked the issue, the Chief Minister went a step further and had a fling at the press. When his attention was drawn by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. T. Viswanatham, to a press report stating that the Khosla Committee report had been forwarded by the Union Government to the State authorities in September itself, he came the reply, "We cannot go on newspaper reports." It was not only a most unwarranted insinuation, but was, apparently, an attempt on the part of the Chief Minister to shift the blame on to someone else. It was open to him—nay it was incumbent on him—to confirm or contradict the statement made by one of his compeers at the Centre, but to gibe, instead, at the press, which seeks to serve the public to the best of its ability, did not become a leader of his eminence and reputation. The press should not be maligned for reporting on the omissions and commissions of the politicians. Thus, on the whole, the interpellations in the Assembly on the Khosla Committee report and the answers thereof have only served to make confusion in the public mind worse confounded.

#### Economic Issue

River valley development is essentially an economic issue, and the authorities should approach the problem with an open mind so as to achieve the best results. Madras today is steeped in a food deficit and the main object of any multi-purpose project in the South should be to bring under the plough the largest possible area. As Sir S. V. Ramamurthy rightly points out, "the food problem of India is mainly a problem of South India, and this problem can ultimately be solved only by the construction of reservoirs across the Godavari and the Krishna."

The water resources of South Madras have largely been exploited, and "the Cauvery has a unique record of 95% of its waters being fully utilised." Attention should, therefore, be paid for the development of the

Krishna and Godavari deltas in order to effect a substantial increase in the food output of the State. It cannot be gainsaid that political considerations have marred progress in this connection hitherto. As a matter of fact, the Ramapadasagar Project, which was one of the few first projects conceived in India, was investigated to the bone by 1947, and it was testified by competent experts that it was the best method of exploiting the waters of the second biggest river in the country, the Godavari. The execution of the scheme could not, however, be taken up due to the objections raised by the then Madras Government, and it is a tragedy of the first water that today for all practical purposes it has been placed on the shelf.

#### Two Schemes

As for the Krishna, while it is agreed on all sides that the exploitation of the river waters is a dire necessity, there has been a keen controversy on how best to do it. At present there are two schemes in the limelight, the Krishna-Pennar and the Nandikonda.

The Krishna-Pennar scheme, sponsored by the Madras Government, envisages the construction of a large dam at Siddeswaram to a height of 130 ft., the laying of a canal passing through Rayalaseema and joining the Pennar river (by cutting a mountain range of over 12 miles), and the construction of another dam across the Pennar. From the Pennar reservoir a number of canals will be laid—the longest being 225 miles—to carry waters for Madras and some other Southern Districts. The benefits of the scheme are that it would irrigate 2,00,000 acres in Cuddapah and Kurnool, 6,00,000 acres in South of Pennar, and another 10,00,000 acres in Chingleput.

While opinion is divided on the technical soundness of the scheme, it is unfortunate that there should be a controversy over the issue of taking the Krishna waters for Madras and further South. It will be a sad day for India if there is a demand for the division of the country's water resources on a linguistic basis. On the other hand it will be an equally

short-sighted policy if one region tries to benefit at the expense of another. To rob Paul to pay Peter is not the object of the multi-purpose project. The main aim of the river valley projects should be the intensified and integrated development of river basins for the benefit of the community at large.

Viewed from this angle the Krishna-Pennar scheme has its own drawbacks. In the first place it does not cover certain arid areas in Rayalaseema and other neighbouring districts which are in dire need of water. Secondly, it submerges a vast area of fertile fields and flourishing orchards in the very districts which it seeks to serve. It is stated that by "the execution of the scheme, about 50,00,000 acres of fertile land in Gunjur District will be deprived of irrigation facilities permanently." This is too heavy a price for the dubious gains that are expected to accrue from the scheme, and amounts to laying at one end the foundations for causing famine while trying to eradicate it from the other end. Over and above this is the question of the seepage and evaporation losses which are bound to be considerable in view of the nature of the terrain and the long distance involved. "It has been said that the waters that will be lost through seepage and evaporation in the case of the Krishna-Pennar project will in itself be enough to fill another reservoir across the Krishna at another convenient place." On the whole it cannot be denied that it is a leap in the dark.

As against this is the Nandikonda scheme which was sponsored and investigated thoroughly by the Hyderabad Government. It is expected to bring under cultivation vast acres in Telengana and other famine-ridden areas. According to Dr. K. L. Rao, Director of designs, Central water, Navigation Commission, "the Nandikonda Project will be one of the best in the world and will irrigate 1,00,00,000 acres. No project in the world has so far irrigated 1,00,00,000 acres; even the Bhakra Nangal project is expected to cover only 60,00,000 acres."

The scheme envisages the construction of a dam at Nandikonda, and the laying of two canals, one to the South up to Pennar and the other to the north up to Hyderabad. It is claimed that the dam site is an ideal one with "sound-exposed rock in the river bed", and that it submerges only thinly populated stretches of land. This scheme, in view of its overall advantages, should be given serious consideration at the ensuing conference at Delhi.

Further, even though the details of the report of the Khosla Committee have not been published, it has been revealed by no less a person than the Hyderabad Chief Minister, Mr. B. Ramakrishna Rao, at a press conference on November 17, that "the committee has recommended the Nandikonda scheme." This is as it should be. The Union Government should heed the impartial opinion of the engineer in these matters in the interests of the country.

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# LABOUR RELATIONS

By PEMMARAJU VENKATRAO

**L**ABOUR relations in India are no longer a matter purely of maintenance of industrial peace. Sovereign Democratic Republic of India pledges itself to establish a welfare state. Its concern must, therefore, be to enforce schemes of social justice, to create a contented, productive and well-looked-after labour force. It must necessarily think in terms of a planned economy for the country and however much, as democrats, we cherish individual freedom, planned economy presupposes the restriction of that freedom to a large extent. The right to strike claimed by the workers and the right to lockout claimed by the employees, like the right of any other individual group, is limited. The country which had won its independence after a long period of subjugation cannot afford to have industrial unrest and loss of production and the Government of independent India had asked for an industrial truce and had it. A number of labour acts have since been passed. Prohibition of strikes and lockouts under certain circumstances and evolving a procedure for the settlement of industrial disputes by negotiation, conciliation and adjudication had been the purpose of the Industrial Disputes Act of 1947. Industrial tribunals were appointed. Industrial disputes have been discussed before the courts at great length in all their aspects and case law has developed. Abnormal delay, lack of enunciated principles, various other defects in the existing law gave cause for discontentment and while industrial peace has been maintained labour unrest continues.

## Giri's Attempts

Mr. V. V. Giri, Union Minister for Labour, is trying to give a new shape to labour relations by shifting the emphasis from compulsory adjudication to collective bargaining. In fact, collective bargaining and collective withdrawal of labour power to enforce their demands is the fundamental principle of trade unionism. The principle of collective bargaining as the basic norm of labour-management relations pre-

supposes strong and well organised trade unions, fully competent to speak on behalf of labour and get decisions accepted by them. Mutual settlement of disputes implies that there should be a substantial identity of views between labour and management on the various problems that confront them. In the absence of strong and well organised trade unions and in the absence of well enunciated basic principles of social justice, which should be followed by the parties in their efforts to compose their differences, the law of industrial relations could not solve the problem of maintaining industrial peace. The law of industrial relations remains on the statute now only as a matter largely of procedure. A procedure, however good it may be, will not mean contentment for labour as it does not ensure substantive justice, which alone guarantees industrial peace and a contented labour class. A proper adjustment of labour relations alone guarantees the success of any plans for economic reconstruction and social regeneration which the Government has committed itself to carry out in the interests of freedom, ordered progress and democracy.

Mr. Giri has rightly brought this subject of labour relations before the country at a crucial time and this question has been discussed by all those interested in it at various levels and also in the press and on the platform. The country's first Five Year Plan contemplates modernisation of rural economy and acceleration of agricultural output, as also promotion and development of industries under private initiative and effort. It also envisages a wide field of industrial and public works undertakings to be directly controlled and managed by the Government or Government sponsored autonomous bodies. Modernisation of village economy and agriculture would create a large surplus of labour in the country which should call for effective measures for their gainful absorption, as otherwise competition on the labour front would lead to deterioration in

workers' conditions of service and living and ultimately to serious labour unrest. Totalitarian planning or laissez faire economy no longer suits our new democratic outlook based on mixed economy and individual freedom and we have to blaze a new trail, evolving a code of labour relations somewhat without a precedent anywhere. The task is extremely delicate and must be tackled with a realistic approach.

## Works Committees

Joint consultation at various levels is being suggested to enforce the principle of collective bargaining which is supposed to guarantee good labour relations. Joint consultation is nothing new. In various forms, it has long been operating in individual works in Britain, America and elsewhere. Joint consultation is cooperation and not bargaining. If it is embarked upon in a spirit of purchasing or exacting or selling cooperation it is doomed to failure. Material benefits are the result and not the price of cooperation. And for cooperation to succeed out of joint consultation there must be sincerity and no mental reservations on either side. The formation and functioning of the works committees have been an eye-opener to those who can see. The managements fear that these committees formed for joint consultation would encroach on their managerial rights and functions. The workers entertain suspicion that the committees might come under managerial domination and undermine the trade unions. At best, the managements appear to regard the committees as something in the nature of a safety valve to enable the workers to blow off steam. On the other hand, the workers are suspicious that the committees are meant to bolster up the efficiency of the private industry at workers' expense and to put an end to strikes once for all without giving proper alternative remedies to get their grievances redressed. The scheme of joint consultation was designed to produce a new atmosphere in industry; it requires a new atmosphere for its adoption.

The conception of a partnership in industry is one which is often referred to but rarely defined. While it is true that the management is skilled

occupation not to be undertaken without training and experience, the worker, if he is to be a real partner in industry, must be taken into confidence and a sense of responsibility for the undertaking must be created in him when only he will contribute his mental as well as his physical quota. But the managements resent sharing by the workers of their knowledge of managing concerns, gained after long experience and cherished as private property. As such, the worker can never attain the position wherein he can make constructive criticism. The works committees formed so far to discuss industrial problems at factory level give ample evidence to show that an ineffective machinery for joint consultation will only breed suspicion and hostility.

## Paid Trade Unionists

The need of the hour is, therefore, well informed, well organised and strong trade unions. If joint consultation at factory level is to be a success a trade union must learn the technique of collective bargaining and must also have bargaining power. From my experience of 25 years in the trade union field, I find that more than 90 per cent of the unions have neither the bargaining power nor the qualified personnel on their side to conduct negotiations on an equal footing with the managements. Joint consultations between unequal parties will never succeed and more so when one is an employer who can bestow patronage on those of the other party. The trade unions must be economically strong enough to employ competent and well-trained staff in their unions, to conduct negotiations on their behalf on an equal footing with the representatives of the managements. It must be made obligatory for every trade union connected with an industry employing more than 500 workers as a step forward to engage a paid trade unionist, specially trained for the particular industry. It must also be made obligatory on the part of the management to collect the union subscriptions from the pay bills of the workers and pay the money to the trade union every month. The Government should start a diploma course in trade unionism for trade union workers and facilities for practical training after qualification should be given for a brief period to

candidates. Unless trade unionists are trained and are available to the unions and unless financial condition of the unions are strengthened to enable them to engage trade unionists on decent service conditions, it is idle to think that the workers will be able to conduct their unions by themselves, without being influenced by political parties for their own ends.

In a planned economy, it is the responsibility of the planning authorities to encourage and strengthen healthy trade unionism. We are going to spend nearly Rs. 2,000 crores under the Five Year Plan for increasing production. It would pay good dividends in the end, if we can spend a fraction of it to train an army of trade union organisers from amongst the workers, publish journals for labour at nominal cost, and propagate vigorously the fundamentals of sound trade unionism.

## THE PROFESSOR AT THE CREASE

By P. N. S.

ONE of the virtues of the game of cricket is its unpredictability. The critic, more than the layman, is time and again dumbfounded by the turns and twists that occur by the minute and the hour. How many of them, after the Bombay debacle, sniffed the air with upturned noses and vouchsafed a dire result for Pakistan at Madras! And how the game mocked at them and made them eat their words as they scribbled or typed away the progress of the fourth Test at Chepauk last week!

But the course of play and Pakistan's domination were no accidents. The fundamental point was that Pakistan was a team and not a mere group of individuals. Man for man, perhaps, the Indians were superior; as a team our guests were far better, and cricket, notwithstanding the maximum individuality it offers to a player, needs team-work more than all else.

### Leadership

Cricket is, therefore, a game which, to mould such a combination, calls for leadership of the highest quality. It is not enough that a captain pulls his weight in the team, though that

Instead of breaking our heads formulating the permutations and combinations of the four words—conciliation, arbitration, voluntary and compulsory—the Trade Union Act can be so amended to eliminate all outsiders on the executive, to make it obligatory on the part of managements to deduct trade union subscriptions from the pay bills of the workers and to pay the money to the union, and on the part of the trade unions with not less than 500 members to employ a diploma holder in trade unionism on their staff to assist them at joint consultations and organisational work and to compel an employer to recognise a union immediately it is registered.

If such a new approach is brought to bear on the trade union movement by the Government, labour relations will take care of themselves and Governmental interference will rarely be found to be necessary.

is fundamental; he must have stature or personality; when he walks the field his bearing and poise must mark him out from the others.

C. K. Nayudu was a typical captain; he was a champion with the bat, while he stood out as a giant among champions; from the moment he walked briskly into the field he drew the attention of the vast crowd to himself; no movement of his could escape them.

Amarnath, the present Indian captain, is the only Indian skipper after C. K. Nayudu and Pataudi to possess this stature. Even a Vinoo Mankad in all the blaze of his glory cannot prevent the crowd from riveting their eyes on Amarnath. He is certainly one of those born to the task of leading a cricket eleven. But Amarnath today is weighted with age; and it is pathetic to see tiny men tying him up as if he were a novice. A few years ago he would never duck to a bumper, he had crashed the flying ones from Clark time and again to the boundary. But at Chepauk the other day he ducked to Mahmood Hussain, and Hussain is only half as fast as Clark. There were days when even the most

tantalising flight of a spinner could not pin him to the crease. He would dance down the pitch and crack the ball like thunder and no fieldsman dare put his hands in an effort to stop it on its way to the boundary. But we saw a different Amarnath. He groped forward and backward to tossed up balls from Kardar, finally tickling one for a catch behind. It was evident that a great player was on the decline and was going about his job with a lack of self-confidence; and with this doubt in his own ability it was evident too that he was shy of asserting his leadership and whipping up the spirit of his players.

### Kardar's Skill

The exact reverse was the case with Pakistan. A group of players, most of them fresh to the gruelling of Test cricket, were led by inspired leadership. A. H. Kardar possesses all the attributes of a skipper. He is in full possession of his cricketing skill and has experience here and in England. He knows the subtleties of captaincy and he has a brave heart.

Six years ago Kardar came to Madras as a member of the Indian team against the Australian Services XI as simple Abdul Hafeez, a young left-hander of promise. The only thing that one remembered about him was the quick walk with head tilted a little to one side, and his drive through extra-cover. During those six years the youthful player has flowered into a man of daring stroke-play with the drive through extra-cover still as his best stroke. He walks with the same tilt of the head but with more assurance and briskness. He has preferred to make himself known as Kardar; and Kardar, indeed, sounds more like the name of a leader than Hafeez.

The Chepauk Test brought into full play the propensities of Kardar as player and as leader. He filled the field on the first day with batsmanship at once courageous and brilliant. When he walked in to bat with that quick arresting gait of his he was fully aware that he was the last of the recognised batsmen in the team. But this burden did not bend his shoulders; he stood erect and smote the bowlers fiercely. Once, even as burly Divecha was gathering momentum in his run to the crease, he left his own and met the ball yards out

and crashed it with such force and brilliance that it seared the grass on its way to the ropes. Another time he pulled Hazare for a grand six hitting the ball not exactly at its pitch but a moment after it had left it. Both the strokes were not of the book; but Kardar showed that if occasion demanded he would not stick to the rules but risk and brave his way rather than meekly succumb. It was his courage and determination that pulled Pakistan from decline to respectability that day.

The second day revealed Kardar's capabilities of leadership. It did not take much time to realize that he commanded the respect of his team. In fact, he reminded one of that other great leader in cricket, Douglas Jardine. In build he was akin to him, and he seemed to dictate to his men with the minimum movement. Like Jardine he set the field like a master and never allowed quarter to his opponents; and throughout the day he exploited to the full the apathy of the Indian batsmen. And when he bowled, which he did for the most part of the Indian innings, he performed his task with brain and brawn. Every ball was a poser which the batsman could answer only with the utmost care. Every minute of the time he was on the field, Kardar gave the impression that he carried his team on his shoulders and the way the players responded to his signs, visible or invisible, revealed their dependence on his leadership.

Much as Kardar resembles Jardine—one would not say that today he is as great as the Englishman—he differs from him in one important respect. While he moves like a man of culture and poise he does so with a sense of ease and without a sense of aloofness. Every movement of Jardine bespoke that he was born to a better world than his team-mates; Jardine seemed to lead his men in the mien of a 'noble lord.' Kardar guided his boys like a professor guides his class. In fact, when Kardar walks out with his team he looks like a professor leading his boys on a tour teaching them the know-how of cricket; a closer look confirms this impression, for his is the thoughtful face of a teacher. When he does not play cricket Kardar is a professor and teaches political science.

# THE MAN WHO DECLINED TO BE PRESIDENT

By R. RAMAMURTHI

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."  
—EMERSON.

JUST as the world was recovering from the ballyhoo of the American presidential elections, a man was offered on a gold platter as it were the presidentship of another country. He replied he was deeply moved by the singular honour they proposed to do him but he begged to be excused if he thought he could serve humanity better through science. The man was Albert Einstein and the state was Israel which had made the offer only to be declined with thanks.

Einstein is a theoretical physicist who rocketed to world fame during the beginning of the twentieth century with his Theory of Relativity, hailed as the greatest single stride science has ever made. But few of his millions of admirers understand his theory and fewer still have the faintest notion of how it will benefit mankind. Mrs. Einstein was once asked whether she understood her husband's Theory of Relativity. She hesitated a moment, then replied with a slow smile: "No, I don't understand it. But what is more important to me, I understand my husband."

## Theory Of Relativity

Like the discoveries of Copernicus, developed to explain experimental truth, Einstein's Relativity Theory modified the geometry of Euclid and the physics of Newton. The famous Michaelson-Morley experiments (1887) revealed that the speed of light from a given celestial source is the same between two points on earth whether the earth is moving towards or away from the source. This experimental truth ran counter to the theories of mechanics then accepted,—the speed of light should have diminished or increased by the speed at which the earth travelled towards or away from the source of light. Einstein said the

dimensions of any phenomenon depend upon its time relationship to the observer. The effect of this time relationship, in the case of the Michaelson-Morley experiments was, in substance, to alter the relative size of the measuring instruments so that changes in the observer's velocity toward and away from the light source were cancelled out. The components of measurement are not only up-and-down, right-and-left, backwards-and-forwards but also sooner-and-later.

Einstein declared then: "If my Theory of Relativity is proven successful, Germany will claim me as a German and France will declare that I am a citizen of the world. Should my theory prove wrong, France will say that I am a German and Germany will declare that I am a Jew." As is well-known, Einstein was thoroughly correct in his calculations and the whole world has taken him to its bosom and claimed him as its own. With his Theory of Relativity, "the physical scientists of the world entered an era of unprecedented discovery, seemingly so remote and contradictory to the world as man perceives it, and yet so important to a more accurate understanding of the universe."

Einstein's theory gives a geometrical structure to the world. If we imagine a rubber sheet with parallel lines drawn on it being pulled so that the lines are no longer parallel the rubber sheet will stand for the four-dimensional world of the Relativity Theory. The pull which changes the shape of the sheet shows what happens when moving material bodies influence each other. The relationship between time and space is thus influenced by matter and its motion. Einstein used Riemannian geometries (which have postulates which disagree with those of Euclid) to the description of what goes on in the physical world.

It is not correct to say that the physics of Newton is all wrong. New-

tonian physics holds true if the velocities of the objects studied are small compared with the velocity of light. Only such objects are found every day in our own experience and therefore classical physics can still be applied to our daily problems. But the Relativity Theory limits the field to which Newtonian physics can successfully be applied.

Bertrand Russell, discussing the philosophical consequences of Relativity, complains that philosophers and different systems of philosophy have tried to find support in it for their own ideas instead of analysing it dispassionately and in an unbiassed way. But the most important single practical deduction from the theory was the discovery of atomic energy. This was dramatically demonstrated to the world when the atom bomb was produced in 1945.

Relativity is not his only work though it stands like a colossus amidst his other contributions to science. One of Einstein's earliest publications gave the complete theory and formulae of the phenomenon known as Brownian motion, which had puzzled physicists for nearly 80 years. Another was the Law of the Photoelectric Effect developed from the Quantum Theory. One outgrowth from it was the photo-electric cell or "the electric eye" which made possible television, sound motion pictures and other modern inventions.

Einstein was born of Jewish parents at Ulm, Wurttemberg, Germany on March 14, 1879. He was educated in Switzerland and took his Ph. D. from the University of Zurich. Work on the Theory of Relativity was begun in 1905 with the publication of the restricted principle and its consequences. By 1912, it had generally come to be accepted in Germany and in 1913, he became Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Physics in Berlin. The restricted theory was followed by the generalized theory in 1915. He was awarded the 1921 Nobel Prize in Physics and in 1929, on his fiftieth birthday, Germany overwhelmed him with honours. But the Nazi Germany deprived him of his nationality, professorship and property in 1933 when he was in England on a lecture tour.

Einstein went to America in the same year where he became Professor of Mathematics for life in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. He became an American citizen in 1940.

## Spartan Existence

For all his world fame, Einstein leads a Spartan existence with a supreme disregard for riches and luxury. He has never owned a car, goes about in clothes that need pressing and stops only at cheap hotels when he travels. It is told that he shaves while sitting in the bath-tub and shaves with the same soap that he uses for his bath. "This man who is trying to solve the vexing riddles of the universe says that using two kinds of soap makes life entirely too complicated."

Apart from science, playing on his violin, sailing in his boat and Zionism are his chief interests. His soft-hearted, vast and simple humanity is well-known. He had once given an order to instal an elevator in his two-storey house at Princeton and when asked what he would do with it, explained: "I don't know, but the man who came to interest me in it,—I liked him so much that I could not say no."

Einstein's head is the delight of photographers, painters, and sculptors. Says his son-in-law, Marianoff in his book, *Einstein,—An Intimate Study of a Great Man*, "Einstein's face is one of the great, unforgettable faces of the world... That startlingly arresting head... It is a head that speaks of legends, of sagas, something of the grandiose and the primitive."

At home, Einstein is gentle, even-tempered, impersonal. He is a lordly dweller in the remote, cool, abstract world of mathematics. He often falls into long mathematical reveries and his family is careful not to disturb him.

Einstein is 73 and he proposes to spend the rest of his life in searching for a "Unified Field Theory" which will bridge Relativity and Quantum Mechanics (the mechanics of the atom and its parts) and thus embrace all phenomena from the electron to the universe.

# MUSIC AUDIENCES

By V. C. SRIKUMAR

THERE is a general impression that the standards of Karnatic music have fallen and that we are far from the golden age when giants strode the stage. Though there may not be enough justification in attributing criticism to the standard or proficiency of the artists themselves, yet one of the reasons for such a fall may be the tendency of artists today to cater to all sections of the listening folk. Democratization in music at any rate has not progressed simultaneously with the maintenance and preservation of the excellence and standard of the art.

A music audience such as is met with nowadays in performances consists broadly of four groups: (i) the experts who have made a study of the science in its various aspects; (ii) the professionals of the junior class who benefit by attending the concerts of the veterans; (iii) the amateur students and (iv) the mere enthusiasts. It may be generally said that many of the present-day *rasikas* belong to the last or fourth category and are persons who do not know much of the intricacies of the theory of music, but are interested in the preservation of the art in its pristine purity as any professional or expert. They know little more than the broad classifications of the important *ragas* and possibly their *melakarthis*, without any *swaragnyana* or the knowledge of the *swaras* and the *arohana-avarohana* of the *ragas* and of the *laya*. Thus one may easily be able to understand and appreciate that a particular *raga alapana* is *kiravani* and not *simhendramadhyamam*, *subhapantuvarali* and not *varali* or *nadanamakriya* and not *mayamalavagoula*, though one does not really know the arrangement of the *swaras* that characterise the respective *ragas*. Persons of this class form about sixty per cent of the audience drawn mostly from the middle class whose enthusiasm is mainly responsible for the popularity and preservation of the Karnatic music. About twenty-five per cent of the listeners may be said to consist of student-amateurs, and about five

per cent the professionals. The remaining ten percent represents the adepts who have made a study of the several schools of the art and are well known as authorities on the subject. A classification of this kind is based on the knowledge of the theory among the audience. Nevertheless it does not follow that it has any relation to the taste and aptitude of the listeners, for, a knowledge of the science is not essential for the appreciation of classical music and in fact people who are much devoted to it are often but little acquainted with its science. Indeed the greatness of our system of music lies in this that it appeals more to the heart than to the head.

As the bulk of the audience generally consists of people who are progressively less interested in the theory on account of their limited knowledge therein, the endeavour of all artists, including the top-ranking ones, has been, especially in recent years, to pander to their tastes. And the various *sabhas* and organizations which have sprung up in our generation have only this type of audience to reckon with. It is, therefore, not unnatural that they as a rule have the entertainment aspect of the concerts solely before their eyes. They do not, and perhaps, cannot strive towards the spreading of the theoretical knowledge of music amongst the people. As for the artists themselves they are mostly anxious to create a mass appeal and large-scale appreciation if not cheap popularity, though a good deal could be done by them to keep the level of the art high without bringing themselves down to the level of the listeners.

A serious handicap to the artist of these days in his efforts to gain the appreciation of the audience and yet stick to the strict orthodox style of music is the shortening of duration of the concerts. It is said that in the previous generation a concert used to extend to at least four hours or more at a stretch; and this only did full justice to the artist. It is a matter of common knowledge that an artist strikes form and gets into the groove of free flow of sweet music

only after about two hours of the commencement of a performance. And when a concert itself is scheduled to run just for three hours or even less than that, not only is the artist often disappointed at the close of the concert but also the audience, with the result that the concert benefits nobody. This is doubly so in the case of junior artists who cannot utilise in the rare opportunities they get to give off their very best.

Soon we will be in the midst of a number of music festivals in the City. Efforts undertaken to educate the audience in the outlines and subtleties of the theory of music will be a real service for the cause of Karnatic music. The educative possibilities of the audience may be explored, and especially in the case of institutions established for the advancement and spread of music the programme of concerts and demonstrations must have as their sole object the instructive possibilities, besides the entertainment intended to be provided. Merely fixing up a series of concerts consisting of a galaxy of top-ranking artists and arranging for discussions amongst the experts do not go a long way in educating the vast section of the music-minded public. Ways and means must be devised to increase

the theoretical knowledge of music among the listeners; and to that end demonstrations with detailed explanations of the essential features of the art in a manner which could be understood by one and all should be arranged as part of the programme.

The remarks of a leading artist during a recent broadcast about the nature of the music audience today may be usefully repeated here. Persons attending a performance must go with an open mind and with a spirit of readiness and willingness to appreciate the merits of the artist giving the concert. Prejudices and preconceived notions often spoil even the entertainment aspect of the concert and indulgence in criticism even while the performance is going on most often based on one's own likes and dislikes ought to be avoided. A rather tolerant attitude amongst the audience with a feeling of sympathy towards the artist born out of appreciation of his merits and condonation of his faults will be much valuable and conducive to the success of a performance. After all it must be remembered that the audience plays as much part as the artist in bringing out the best in the art and though a first rate artist may quite well make a good concert a second rate hypercritical audience definitely mars it.

## CONSULTATION AND CO-OPERATION IN THE COMMONWEALTH

By Dr. NICHOLAS MANSERGH

WITH the addition of the three Asian countries of India, Pakistan and Ceylon in 1947 and 1948 the number of the self-governing members of the Commonwealth, including the United Kingdom, was increased to eight. Individually each member is responsible for its defence and foreign policies. The Commonwealth itself has no policy of its own and no body or organisation competent to frame or execute such a policy. It is, therefore, not right to speak of a Commonwealth foreign policy.

Policy is the exclusive responsibility of the individual member nations. They have many and varied interests, determined by history, by geography, by the composition and culture of

their peoples, and it is inevitable that their varied interests and backgrounds should be reflected in differences of attitude to world affairs. At the same time their policies, though individually determined, are framed with due regard for the interests and welfare of their partners and of the group as a whole.

It might be supposed that in so scattered a community of nations in such circumstances reliance would be placed upon carefully formulated agreements. But this is very far from being the case. Members of the Commonwealth dislike formal, rigid intra-Commonwealth agreements. The reason is not far to seek. Such agreements or obligations conflict

with their inner sense of community. No one put this point better than the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, who stated that while Canada was unalterably opposed to specific commitments, none the less the Commonwealth, despite the looseness and flexibility of its methods, was, and had recently proved itself to be "stronger than any alliance in history." It is the conviction of the Commonwealth countries that only in such free association can the fullest intimacy be developed.

#### Close Contacts

The free association of the members of the Commonwealth is not something that can produce practical results spontaneously. If there are not to be formal obligations, at least there must be some well-proved and established means by which the Commonwealth countries can confer together. The counterpart to the lack of formal obligations is, therefore, the existence of an elaborate machinery for consultation which enables matters of common interest to be discussed literally day by day among Commonwealth governments. This is done in written communications, in cables, at very frequent meetings between Ministers and Commonwealth High Commissioners in London or other Commonwealth capitals, and, as an apex to the whole system, at meetings either of Ministers concerned with special departments of government, such as foreign affairs or defence, or by meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers themselves.

The intention is to produce, in the words of the late Mr. Mackenzie King, "a continuing conference of cabinets is a reality. The constant flow of communications between the capitals of the member nations and the personal discussions that take place create an atmosphere in which it becomes natural to consider any problem that arises in its Commonwealth context. Field-Marshal Smuts, indeed, once complained that the scale of the outward communications from London about foreign affairs was so great that it was almost impossible to digest them in Pretoria! With the practice of constant consultation there has grown up a habit, not necessarily of agreement, but at least of

understanding about almost all major issues of foreign policy.

The system of consultation provides an admirable means, too, whereby differences between members can be resolved in friendly discussion, though by a wise and necessary convention of agreements concerning the domestic policies and politics of Commonwealth countries are nowadays not examined at least not at plenary meetings of Commonwealth statesmen. It is not for the Commonwealth as a whole to sit in judgment on any such dispute between two of its members, though the other partners are only too willing to offer their services to try to bring about agreement.

Thus in the case of the dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir the opportunity was taken of meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in January 1951 to discuss informally ways and means by which the deadlock might be ended. But beyond that the Prime Ministers felt they neither could nor should go, and the dispute is now before the Security Council of the United Nations as a matter concerning the peace of the world. The Commonwealth does not sit in judgment as its members are sovereign, independent states.

The Commonwealth is not a highly organized system. Perhaps because of its very nature and because of the outlook of its peoples, it perhaps benefits, if anything, from too little organization. With this lack of organization more emphasis is placed than would otherwise be the case upon the ideals which help to unify it.

There is no doubt that peace is the supreme aim of the Commonwealth countries. The Commonwealth believes, as its Prime Ministers said in a notable declaration issued after their meeting in January 1951, that it is singularly well-placed because of its geographical distribution and its varied membership to study and to comprehend the vexed questions that beset the world, and to make a notable contribution to the cause of peace. And it is not a matter of controversy but a matter of history that in the past the Commonwealth has always been most firmly united in the pursuit of aims which transcend exclusively Commonwealth interests.



By V. P. SATHE

**I**F the bill to amend the Cinematograph Act, moved by Dr. Keskar, is passed and there is no doubt it will be passed—the Ministry of Information will have the absolute right to ban any picture without even giving a fortnight's notice. The notice period delays the ban, but it gives a fair chance to the producer to explain his case. Or is it to be presumed that the Ministry will give notice only after it had decided to ban a picture and that the call for an explanation is just a formality. If this is what Dr. Keskar wants to imply then he has some justification in moving the amendment.

But in fairness to producers who run the risk of losing several lakhs of rupees when their films are banned, a new clause should be introduced enabling the producer to appeal to a court of law against the Ministry's ban or getting the picture re-censored with certain modifications. As it is, the Ministry of Information is going to play the double role of prosecutor and judge without allowing the poor accused any opportunity to fight for justice.

No wonder, the entire film industry is perturbed over the issue. The South Indian Film Chamber has passed a resolution resenting the proposed amendment of Dr. Keskar. It has decided to terminate its agreement with A. I. R. In Bombay, no concrete measures have been yet evolved though there seems to be a general realization that strong and united action should be taken to prevent the Ministry of Information from exercising its absolute rights in an absolute manner.

Let us hope that in this battle

between morality and democracy, democracy will triumph.

#### Picture Of The Week

Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar was one of the pioneer social reformists in the nineteenth century. Those were the days when Bengal and Maharashtra vied with each in claiming the honours of social as well as political leadership. And among the reformists who devoted all his life to the cause of women in general and widows in particular Vidyasagar's name in Bengal and Dr. Karve's name in Maharashtra ranks very high.

It was apt that Dr. Karve, the 87-year-old founder of the Women's University and Widow's Home, should have been called upon to inaugurate the film-biography of Vidyasagar in Bombay. But the attendance for the premiere show was very poor and it maybe that most of the present generation has perhaps never heard of Vidyasagar's name.

Moreover for those picturegoers who seek glamour, romance and music in films, this picture has nothing to offer. Nor is it likely to satisfy the mystic spiritualists who went into raptures over *Yatrik* or *Ratnadeep*. The heroines of both the picture are widows. Instead of facing life boldly and marrying the men they love, both of them and their lovers find solace in frustration which is glorified to its heights by its creators.

Contrast this with the climax of *Vidyasagar*. Vidyasagar first studies the Hindu Shastras and finds out a proof that, according to Shastras, widows can marry. He mobilizes public opinion, gets the law of widow marriage passed and prevails upon a

young fellow to marry a widow. When the orthodox people come to know of this, they seek the 'hero' out and belabour him with lathis; and the poor hero finds refuge in the house of Vidyasagar. Beaten physically, he is about to lose moral courage when Vidyasagar inspires him and he becomes ready again to marry. *Vidyasagar* is full of such situations. Right from the beginning, it is a portrait of an idealist and the portrait is presented without any compromise to usual filmic formula. That in itself is a great achievement. The child Ishwar who learns the English numbers from the milestones and studies by the street lamp, grows up into a pandit and earns the title "Vidyasagar." Since childhood, he is generous and feels keenly for the distress of the poor, especially women. In his own way he helps them; and though later he becomes Principal of Sanskrit College, he lives in his simple way. Apparently he has no time for domestic life. He keeps his wife with his mother to whom he is so much devoted that he swims across a river on a very stormy night to keep up his appointment with her. It is from her that he gets inspiration for social work and for women's emancipation. When he finds that the Shastras do allow widow marriage, he first seeks his mother's and father's blessing before rousing public opinion. The scene in which he outwits the orthodox pundits is one of the highlights of the picture.

The Hindi version is dubbed from Bengalee and as such it is far from perfect. Moreover, dialogue dominates the film which appears to be nothing but a lengthy discourse. Cinematically, that is the gravest shortcoming of the picture. Though there is not a single irrelevant scene, how one wishes the scenarist had employed means other than dialogue to impart the purport of the scene. Technically, the picture is very ordinary; though it must be said that the atmosphere of the old era has been captured. Another fault common with all our writings is that Vidyasagar has been shown as a super-man who can do no wrong. This hero worship is understandable but it does ruin, to some extent the human character of the picture.

Pahari Sanyal gives a very sincere

and convincing portrayal in the title role. And the aforementioned failings in no way detract from the greatness of the picture itself.

Incidentally, since Dr. Keskar is taking the extreme step of even banning pictures like *Shinshinaki* in the hope of improving the standard of films, will he take cognizance of a good educative picture like *Vidyasagar* and see that it is shown in every school and college so that students may cultivate the right taste for films and receive inspiration from the life of great Vidyasagar.

#### Personality Of The Week

Leela Chitnis was reported to have won over Geeta Bali completely while enacting a scene from *Naya Ghar* last week, so much so that Geeta asked for her autograph.

That Leela Chitnis is a great artiste is a fact acknowledged by all critics. From the shy housewife of an intelligent Marxist-Royist Dr. Chitnis, she has grown up into a first-rate artiste.

Born in a Jewish family she married the doctor over twenty-five years ago. Later, thanks to her husband, she made her debut on the stage in the original play on which Rajkamal's *Andhon-ki-Duniya* was based.

Significantly she made her screen debut in *Dhuvan Dhar*, the story of which was written by Seth Govind Das, and the dialogue by Mr. Dwarka Prasad Misra, Ex-Home Minister of Madhya Pradesh. It was in the days when Mr. K. M. Munshi, who now calls films vulgar entertainment, was writing for films. The picture however turned a flop. It was in *Chhaya*, a picture directed by Winayak that she earned stardom. For years she worked in all kinds of pictures including *Gentleman Daku* in which she played the role of a woman who always moves about in the guise of man. This picture was directed by Daryani.

Later she was called by Bombay Talkies and as the heroine of *Kangan* she became a leading star. The Ashok Kumar-Leela Chitnis team was the rage of the day.

Meanwhile, there was a domestic crisis in her life. She divorced Dr. Chitnis and later married producer G. R. Gwalani and became a producer. She produced two or three pictures like *Kanchan* and *Kist-se-Na-*

*Kahana*. Her efforts were flops and once again she was relegated into background. She divorced Gwalani.

Her superb performance as mother in *Shaheed* brought her back to the limelight. Since then she has been playing elderly roles with conviction as is evident in *Awara*, *Maa* and other notable pictures. Her eldest son now chaperons her. She is still fond of writing screenplays; and according to those who have heard her stories she is a good writer. And who knows some day she will make a success as a screen writer!

That apart, Leela Chitnis will always be remembered as a great artiste.

#### News Of The Week

—The direction of Filmistan's production No. 23 which was in charge of R. D. Paranjee has been entrusted to Hamid Bhutt. Paranjee has left Filmistan. Rehana and Ajit play the main roles.

—Raj Kapoor was the only film star to attend the sacred ceremony at Sanchi. The object of his visit was to meet the leading Buddhists and consult them about his undertaking *Ajanta*.

—Manmohan Films have almost completed *Akash* and announced *Khooon* and *Do Kinare* as their next two productions.

—The rumours that *Jhansi-ki-Rani* is likely to be detained by British authorities as the picture is anti-British are said to be entirely baseless.

#### "Life Of Mahatma Gandhi"

Mr. P. G. Krishnayya writes from New York:

Gabriel Pascal the Hungarian producer-director who finally broke down a life-long aversion of Bernard Shaw to have his plays made into films is in New York arranging the premiere of his latest Shaw movie "Androcles and the Lion." Busy as Pascal is in connection with this project, the one thing that seems to take his mind off the gruelling programme he has in the Metropolis is his next film "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi." Already papers all over the world have carried stories about this project.

Interviewed at Hotel Plaza, Gabriel Pascal said the following:—

(1) Gandhi's life will entirely be produced in India. He will do some technical work on it in his Italian

studios. The film that will be released in the U. S. A. will be cut, edited and prepared in Hollywood. The film to be distributed in India will run over three hours but everywhere else it will not exceed two hours.

(2) Though the technicians on the film may be international, Indians will be predominant in every field especially in preparation of the story, the scenerio, the art direction, and the music.

(3) Though Mr. Pascal had the story of Gandhi to his satisfaction, he sent it back to Meera Ben and put her under contract to give finishing touches to it and add new material.

(4) About the cast, one thing Mr. Pascal is determined is that the part of Gandhi will be played by an Indian. His preference over everybody for this part is Manilal Gandhi, though Manilal when approached told the producer "I like to follow my father but not act him." Mr. Pascal thinks pressure from every quarter high and low should be brought on Manilal to play the role of his father in the interest of the memory of Gandhiji. When on his way to India next spring to produce the film, Mr. Pascal hopes to stop in South Africa and personally plead with Manilal.

Definitely Charles Boyer will portray Nehru in the film. Robert Newton who is starred in "Androcles and the Lion" will portray Abdul Ghaffar Khan. Rex Harrison has consented to play the role of Lord Mountbatten provided he has no commitments next spring. Raj Kapoor for whom Mr. Pascal has the highest praise and considers him the leading artist of the Orient will also be in the film.

There is no doubt that Mr. Pascal is approaching the filming of Gandhi's life not only with all the dexterity and efficiency of which he is renowned, but also with veneration for the Mahatma, his life and philosophy. Bernard Shaw it seems had told him, "Remember the filming of 'Androcles and the Lion' is only a prelude to your picturization of Gandhi's life." There is hardly any doubt that the determined Mr. Pascal will leave any stone unturned to realize his ambition to make the picture of Gandhi a worthy one for the memory of the Mahatma and for India itself.

# FIRST SIX WEEKS OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

**NEW YORK:** Although the 1952 session of the General Assembly has now been under way for six weeks, only two things can be said about it with certainty. It has accomplished virtually nothing, and it would have been much better if the Assembly had been postponed until after the inauguration of President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Assembly did recognize the facts of life by opening four weeks later than usual, but this was still three weeks before the American elections. And the announcement that John Foster Dulles, who is well known to Assembly delegates, will be Gen. Eisenhower's Secretary of State has provided only a partial clue to the foreign policy of the new Administration.

Mr. Dulles had already been in contact with some leading delegates, notably Anthony Eden and Robert Schuman, the British and French Foreign Ministers, and it is to be expected that he will now get in touch with others. But, with the exception of Gen. Eisenhower's endorsement of the basic American position on Korean prisoners of war, it is clear that the new Administration does not intend to assume responsibility now for Assembly decisions on other basic issues.

But the difficulties arising from the change of Administration in the United States are only one of the reasons for the prevailing pessimism. Korea, of course, is the one issue that matters, and there is widespread skepticism.

The Korean issue, both because of its complexity and the fact that the Assembly has not yet debated any other outstanding issue, is of vital importance in determining the roles that the U. S. and the Soviet Union will play at this session.

But the anti-colonial question, in both its political and economic aspects, also is of great importance. The U. S. has already sided with Africa and the colonial powers

regarding India's racial-discrimination complaint against the Malan Government, but the Tunisian and Moroccan questions are still to come.

These issues offer clear sailing for Soviet delegates; they do not have to take the initiative, and have only to recall, "as is well known", the Soviet Union's longstanding position of "colonial oppressors" before voting with the Arab and Asiatic delegates.

For the United States however, the attempt to follow a middle-of-the-road course offers the gravest difficulties; we cannot afford to alienate irrevocably the French and the other colonial powers, who are the mainstay of the North Atlantic Alliance, but at the same time we want to retain our influence with the Arab and Asian countries.

Whether the U. S. will be able to avoid serious difficulties on the Tunisian and Moroccan questions with one side or the other is doubtful. Unfortunately there is no question of the fact that the attempt by Congressional committees to drive alleged American Communists out of the United Nations secretariat has lowered the morale of the secretariat and produced an impression of American intransigence.

It is now accepted that proved American Communists must be dropped from the U. N. pay roll even though both Communist and anti-Communist Russian and Polish employees will remain. But responsible members of the secretariat believe that what Mr. Trygve Lie called "smears" have actually delayed this process of getting rid of the American Communists.

Leaving Korea and other questions apart, the Communist-employee issue alone will give Gen. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles plenty of work in the years ahead.

**SOUTH AFRICA:** The Union of South Africa suffered a resounding defeat and, by implication, a stern rebuke at the hands of the Assembly's Special Political Committee on its policy of racial segregation. The com-

mittee by a vote of 35 to two, adopted a resolution calling for a three-member U. N. commission to study the "race question" there. Sponsors of the resolution were a group of eighteen nations, led by India and Pakistan. The U. S. and other major powers, except the Soviet Union, were among twenty-two nations which abstained from voting. Only Peru joined South Africa in voting "no". Gerhardus P. Jooste, head of the South African delegation, will carry the fight against the measure to the floor of the General Assembly, which must ratify the committee action.

**INVESTIGATIONS—**Inquiries by a Senate Internal Security sub-committee and a Federal grand jury into the loyalty of some American employees in the U. N. Secretariat have caused some friction between Secretary-General Trygve Lie and the investigators, but it appeared the matter was being ironed out last week. The grand jury invited him to appear before it to explain his statement of November 13 that the suicide of Abraham H. Feller, U. N. legal counsel, was due to the strain of defending Americans against "indiscriminate smears and exaggerated charges" arising out of the investigations. Mr. Lie turned down the invitation on the ground that the U. N. Charter prohibits him from appearing before governmental bodies of U. N. nations to explain his official acts. Three days later, however, Mr. Lie met—in his office and at his request—for two and half hours with American delegation and Federal officials. In a joint statement after the meeting, the conferees said Mr. Lie will meet with the Senate sub-committee and the Attorney General at "the earliest possible date," and that all were agreed that disloyal Americans have no place in the U. N.

## The Hydrogen Bomb

Here are some of the views of top American scientists behind the official announcement of hydrogen bomb experiments.

1. We know now that the H bomb can be made. Prior to this, we simply did not know. It was a most uncertain experiment. But we also know that before long Russia is bound to have an H bomb too.

2. For psychological reasons it was imperative that the free world beat

the Russians in developing the first H bomb. If the Russians had announced its perfection before we did, it might have thrown the free world, especially Western Europe, into panic.

3. The H bomb will have only a limited number of targets when used by us, whereas for Russia it would have many more targets. In other words, the number of Russian industrial cities of any size is limited. And to the cold view of the military strategist, there is no use wasting an H bomb on a medium sized industrial city. On the other hand, our great industrial cities—Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia—fully invite use of H bombs by an enemy.

4. The scientists still do not know what might happen to the world's atmosphere if a large number of hydrogen bombs were to be exploded almost simultaneously. If, for instance, 100 H bombs were to be exploded in a short interval, the atmosphere of the earth might become so saturated with radio-active material that all life on this planet would be destroyed.

Scientists still do not know how much radio-active matter the atmosphere can stand, and some fear the final answer may come when it is too late. Since the U. S. is such an attractive H bomb target, the scientists felt it was imperative that we know as much as possible about the new bomb so that we can at least partly defend ourselves against it.

We needed to know, for instance, how big an airplane was needed to carry the new bomb, how much damage it will do; what kind of air-raid shelters are necessary to protect the civilian population; how fast must an airplane travel away from an H bomb explosion after the bomb is dropped, to avoid damage; how much material must be diverted from making atomic bombs in order to make hydrogen bombs. All these things made it necessary to stage the Eniwetok test, as a result of which many of these questions were answered. Theoretically there is no limit to the size of an H bomb. The chief limit is the necessity of making the bomb small enough to be carried by plane and not so big as to be wasted on small-sized targets. From now on, scientists will concentrate on making it smaller and lighter.

# TWO JOHN BULLS

By ANDREW ROTH

When Aneurin Bevan bends forward in the House of Commons to whiplash the Tories with his bitter-sharp tongue, or Winston Churchill leans forward with his incongruously cherubic smile and taunts the Labour opposition, one is frequently struck by the resemblance. Each seems a personal incarnation of the traditional cartoon depiction of John Bull: powerful, shrewd, tenacious. Both feel they are the only *real* incarnation of embattled Britain.

The easiest error, in reporting Britain today, is to be diverted from the long-range, fundamental and confused struggle for a way out of a continuing crisis to this colourful clash of personalities. It is particularly easy when one has such talented and idiosyncratic individuals to deal with as Aneurin Bevan and Winston Churchill.

It is a particularly easy error to fall into, since the efforts of the 'Bevanites' are vulgarized by the overwhelming bulk of the British press as a naked struggle for personal power. This distortion is true of even such a Liberal journal as the *Manchester Guardian* which, although broad-minded on most subjects, comes close to vituperation when it speaks of Bevanism. If one were of a suspicious temperament one might surmise that the *Guardian* hopes to encourage a split in the Labour Party in the hope of adding its Attlee-Morrison-Gaitskell rightwing to the moribund Liberal party.

In actual fact Bevan's struggle for the leadership of the Labour Party is precisely as indivisibly *both* a political and a personal struggle as was Churchill's struggle to take over the leadership of the Conservatives from Chamberlain in the late '30s, when most Conservatives considered him "irresponsible" and "unfit for leadership." Certainly Churchill felt he was more capable of leading a threatened Britain than Chamberlain. Similarly, Bevan undoubtedly feels he is infinitely better suited to solve Britain's many ills, because of his superior policies, than either Churchill or

Attlee. He certainly knows that his appeal to Labour militants is not as a 'pin up boy' but as one attempting to pin down the 'socialist answer' to Britain's problems. There is, of course, disagreement within the Labour Party over whether Bevan's answers are the correct ones. But this does not explain the depth of bitterness displayed against him. One reason he is feared by his opponents, in the Tory and Labour parties both, is that his solutions imply far-reaching changes in Britain's economy, social structure and international relations which will not be reversed as readily as Labour's limited nationalization programme of the immediate past. Another is that, as a man with the intelligence, dynamism, and internal fire that makes the 'leader,' he is mistrusted by the ordinary run of mediocre Labour bureaucrats whom he clearly despises.

## Tiger By The Tail

"I don't know which is worse," mused the voluptuously attractive young 'Bevanite,' secretary of one of 'Nye's principle lieutenants and herself a prospective parliamentary candidate. She was wondering whether it was worse to have Aneurin Bevan elected to the 'Shadow Cabinet' without his lieutenants or not to have any 'Bevanite' elected at all.

Mr. Bevan demonstrated clearly that he would have preferred to avoid the 'captivity' of being a member of the 'Shadow Cabinet' and therefore somewhat obliged to support the policies of a group in which he is outnumbered 14-to-1. But once elected, despite his last-minute attempt to withdraw from the voting, he has decided to become one of the most difficult 'prisoners' in 'captivity.' By pushing persuasively for his policies in committee and by subtly giving parliamentary discussions a 'Bevanite' emphasis, he has made many Labourites feel that they grasped a tiger by the tail in electing him to the 'Shadow Cabinet.'

The 'Shadow Cabinet' is the Parliamentary Labour Committee which leads the Parliamentary Labour Party

and is so called because it is composed largely of Labour's ex-Cabinet Ministers and is expected to provide the bulk of the Cabinet if Labour again becomes the Government. This year the election of its members aroused tremendous interest because it represented the first considerable effort of the Labour Party's rightwing to stem the leftward tide after the Bevanites had scored such significant advances at the annual Labour Party conference at Morecambe. The 'moderate' or rightwing of the Labour Party is infinitely stronger in Parliament than it is in the constituency Labour parties. The bulk of the Labour M.P.s are in parliament not for today's militance but for conformity or yesterday's militance. Over 80 have been elected with the aid of trade union funds as a reward for services performed for the union or cooperative bureaucracy. Another moderating factor is the fact that once a Labour M. P. has been elected it is very difficult to replace him, even if he loses much of his initial fervor. It is symptomatic of the deep feeling among the constituency parties that several rightwing Labour M.P.s, including the once-militant Bessie Braddock of the Liverpool dock area, have been warned by their constituency Labour parties that they will not be candidates again if they continue to flout the desires of the constituency parties which nominated them.

This stiffening of constituency feeling is due largely to the fact that at and after the Morecambe conference in September, rightwing trade union leaders such as Arthur Deakin (Transport) and Sir Will Lawther (Miners) decided on policies to "contain" Bevanism whatever its support among rank-and-file laborites. They originally planned to send rightwing Labour people into the constituency Labour parties, but this failed completely. More success has been realized in instructing the union-sponsored M.P.s to vote with the moderate leadership against Bevan and his supporters.

In October Clement Attlee responded to rightwing demands for a showdown by refusing to stand for Chairman unless the Bevanite M.P.s disbanded their factional group in which

they concerted their strategy. Attlee's demand was accepted by the bulk of Labour M.P.s, who voted 188 to 51 on October 23 that the Bevanites disband and that personal abuse within the party be brought to an end. The rightwing failed in their effort to secure control of *Tribune*, the Bevanite weekly. The next test of strength came on November 11 when Bevan challenged Herbert Morrison for the Deputy Leadership of the 'Shadow Cabinet.' He secured the surprisingly high total of 82 votes to Morrison's 194, indicating that the 'Keep Calm' group of middle-of-the-road Labourites (John Strachey, George Strauss, Kenneth Younger) decided that the viewpoint of the constituencies should be better reflected in the leadership of the parliamentary party.

Mr. Attlee and those pressing him from the right clearly were frightened that in the balloting for the 12 ordinary members of "Shadow Cabinet," the 'Bevanites' might secure a much stronger representation than their one-fifth of the Labour M.P.s warranted. By concentrating their votes on eight Bevanites and four 'Keep Calm'ers out of the 50-odd candidates the 'Bevanites' might secure an exaggerated representation, as they undoubtedly did in the Morecambe voting for constituency representatives. Mr. Attlee had a new form of balloting enacted, which was just as sure to over-represent the dominant rightwing. Only those who secured more than 50% of the votes could be elected, although this would mean two successive elections. In this way the majority supporting the Attlee-Morrison leadership could, by organized voting, bar all those they did not want on the committee. The result was that Aneurin Bevan, alone of the 'Bevanites' was returned, with the rest of the 'Shadow Cabinet' completely composed of rightwingers. Not one of the 'Keep Calm' group who emphasize party unity came close to being elected.

Had Mr. Attlee been interested in getting a proportional representation of party sentiment and not merely in keeping the 'Bevanites' from being over-represented, the election could have been carried out by the transferrable ballot. This would have given a 'Shadow Cabinet' in which

the rightwing would still have a majority but on which there would probably be three 'Bevanites' and one or two representatives of center feeling.

#### Shadow Boxing

Bevan was able to capitalize on Mr. Attlee's "fiddle" of the elections in his speech at the packed *Tribune* meeting at the Princes Theatre on November 23. He recalled from his youth a comedy turn he had "loved": two boxers, one aggressive and loquacious, the other silent and reticent. The former would say, "Start" and give the latter "a hell of a clout" and then say, "Stop!" Bevan paused then and the audience, seeing the analogy, burst into storms of laughter. Bevan added: this had convinced him early of the advantage of changing the rules as you went on, although it had never occurred to him that he would have to play the silent part.

Bevan anticipated at that meeting that he would be made a 'captive' member of the 'Shadow Cabinet.' He was talking of the necessity—apart from making "concessions to comradeship"—of talking frankly to the U. S. He cited an American diplomat who had told him that Washington does not pay much attention to London because Britain "can be counted on to tag along in the end." He insisted it is necessary to say out loud that Britain will not go along on any extension of the Korean war, a war which, he claimed, was kept going largely by American refusal to accept the Chinese communist revolution. Then he added: "Now someone has to say this, and it is just as well that I should say it, before the door is finally bolted on me."

To those schooled to following Bevan's subtle suggestions he made it clear that he will exploit his 'captivity' by fighting the rightwing on the ground where they are weakest policies for the future. He deplored "squalid" squabbles over personalities which should not "distract us from

the main job." He emphasized that the great danger to world peace and Britain's economic survival lay in insufficient adjustment to the revolution in Asia. Labour must have a socialist alternative to Churchill's policy of lowering living standards. Britain's whole economy must be made over to provide more of its own food and to supply efficiently and at competitive prices the manufactured goods needed by underdeveloped areas. "Our present standards of life for the next quarter of a century are in the utmost jeopardy unless we pay civilized attention" to this problem.

He disclosed, speaking as an individual, that he believed a new Labour government would have to take over land ownership, and the production of fertilizers and chemicals, including the great I. C. I. monopoly. He was to put these before the National Executive Committee's meeting on policy on December 13-14. The 'Bevanite' economist, Harold Wilson, M. P. (who resigned with Bevan from the Labour government) has confirmed that this is the new Bevanite position. Speaking also as an individual, he proposed on November 29 that serious attention should be given to taking over as well other industries which can make a considerable contribution to national recovery: heavy engineering, shipbuilding and aviation.

The 'Bevanites' thus have put themselves in an excellent position to exploit the economic crisis which is emerging despite Mr. Churchill's success in balancing Britain's external payments by cutting imports. For the first time since the war Britain's industrial production fell in 1952 as a result of losses of external markets, and leading car manufacturers are again cutting their production staffs. Whether or not the 'Bevanites' actually have the *medicine* for Britain's economic illnesses, they are convincing rank-and-file Labourites that they are almost the only ones seriously studying doctoring.

For man to be part of a larger unity would help to explain many things, telepathy, for example. An idea communicated by thought-transference might as easily be regarded as an idea possessed in common as a "communicated" idea. As a matter of fact, how many of our thoughts are uniquely our own, and how many rise from the collective unconscious as more or less common property?—MANAS.

## MUSINGS ON MADRAS CITY

By R. SUBBAYYA NAIDU

**F**INANCIAL discourses are generally tedious and tiresome and rarely interesting. And yet finance is the life-spring from which flow all the activities of any organisation, State or private. No citizen can afford to ignore the City's finances which affect directly his own living conditions. It was, therefore, with feelings of anxiety and hesitancy not unmixed with curiosity that I attended the meeting of the Young Men's Crescent Society which lately discussed the City's financial position.

As expected, the meeting was well attended. It was presided over by the Finance Minister of the State; and the lecturer was Mr. Satyamurti, the Chief Accounts Officer of the Corporation. This was probably his maiden appearance on a public platform. His disquisition was somewhat over-elaborate and went into minute details about the assets, the liabilities and responsibilities of the City Corporation. Years ago, I was in a measure responsible to draft him into Corporation service when he was yet raw and young; and I was particularly glad that he had a thorough mastery over this dry and unpleasant subject and tried to make his exposition as clear and interesting as possible. I was glad he came up to my expectations. The president was shrewd and cautious in his statements and was just what a Minister trying to do justice to the finance of the State would try to be.

As one who was for some time closely connected with the administration of the Corporation, I listened to the speech of Mr. Satyamurti with considerable avidity and the first impression formed by me was that the financial position of the Corporation was particularly good and that its credit stood at a high level. The City has considerably increased in size and stature and so have its assets and expenditure. The City's needs are multiplying and the attempts to secure greater revenues either by means of additional taxation or by grants and loans from the State have not been favourably res-

ponded to. This seems to be the gist of the disquisition.

These grievances are as old as the Corporation itself. But the State's resources are also limited and the demands on its purse are vast and varied. The State cannot under the circumstances be expected to be over-liberal in its grants, donations and subsidies. But the demand for the levy of a terminal tax on goods imported into the City has been a long standing one and the reasons for withholding its levy in Madras while it is permitted in other places like Bombay and Delhi are not known. Nor is it clear why permission is not given to the Corporation to raise loans in the open market, since its credit is high and the response is bound to be good.

I however doubt the wisdom of levy of a passenger tax in Madras. It is bound to be irksome and harassing. The demand for taking charge of public utility services is an old demand; but the wisdom of entrusting the business of running the electric tramways to the Municipal Corporation, which involves interference from diverse quarters, is open to question. In my opinion such a wide and extensive business cannot be successfully conducted by the Corporation. Nor can I view with equanimity any venture by the Corporation to waste its resources and time on trying to get something out of lotteries, crossword puzzle, share markets.

The proposal to further increase property or professional taxes will only end in killing the goose that lays the golden egg. People here are already taxed to the bone. During the last 10 or 15 years, taxes have been increased too frequently and of late many properties are coming up for public auction on account of mounting taxation and the abnormal increase in maintenance charges.

The lecturer had pointed out some of the needs of the Corporation: (1) slum clearance Rs. 10 lakhs; (2) tenements for workers Rs. 10 lakhs; and (3) improvements to lanes and by-lanes Rs. 10 lakhs. He said that these

must be executed by means of loans. But, are loans really necessary in all these cases and cannot improvements to lanes and bye-lanes be made from the usual budget provision?

Of much greater importance are some other needs also referred to by the lecturer. One is the problem of beggary in the City. This is a growing menace and must needs be tackled in an effective manner. But it is a difficult problem. Our society has taken upon itself the burden of maintaining the classes who had taken to beggary as a profession. Charity has been enjoined on all and sundry as a heavenly quality, as an act of "*pun-niam*" and charitable acts to the needy were once held to lead to heavenly bliss. In fact, beggary in ancient days was never considered dishonourable. This led to the abnormal phenomenon of several castes and communities giving up useful labour and taking to beggary as a profession. Further lazy persons belonging to all castes and communities preferred beggary to work. What a colossal waste of man-power! Can any country afford to lose so much productive power? While house to house beggary is still prevalent in rural and mofussil areas, bazaars, markets and places of public resort in the metropolitan City have become a rendezvous of all sorts of vagrants, able-bodied and sick and unhealthy men, women and children; so much so that decent people cannot visit any of these places without molestation. People come in large numbers from the surrounding places and easily take to beggary. Municipal authorities have been trying for some time, rather ineffectively, to tackle this problem but the results are disappointing. Levy of beggar cess and the construction of more beggar homes are likely to improve the situation, but may not gain the desired end. Its origin as a religiously ordained institution and its culmination in the huge wastage of human productive capacity and national loss have made the problem one of national urgency, and it is time that the State took it up. In these days of planned national economy, the problem of conserving and rationally utilising human resources should and can only be solved effectively as a

national problem and not as a local and municipal problem.

Finally there is the question of what has been described by the lecturer as "extended areas." These are large surrounding rural areas, which have been included within the City limits in recent years not apparently with much fore-thought and consideration. For long, it has been a favourite explanation that the neighbouring rural environment is responsible for the deterioration of the City's health and that urbanisation of these rural areas is the remedy for this evil. But was this diagnosis correct? Can it not be argued with greater force that the City with its overcrowding and congestion has been the breeding ground of epidemics, which would eventually spread to the neighbouring rural areas? Even if the rural areas are so insanitary and unhealthy was this the only or the better way to put an end to the menace? The City Corporation Act contains provisions for special enforcement of sanitary measures in suburban and surrounding rural areas, whenever such areas are found to be a menace to the City.

The hasty and ill-advised step to add a very large rural area of Chingleput District to the City Corporation without due consideration of its financial implications, can only be attributed to an innate desire on the part of the Corporation authorities to create and rule over a big domain. The assets and revenue from these rural areas are totally inadequate to meet the requirements even to a limited extent. The ambition is to provide all amenities to the new areas as are found in the old areas. Good concrete roads, electric lights, adequate water supply, drainage and other amenities are bound to cost more and this new wedding of a second wife (as has been aptly described during the discussion) is likely to crush and kill the old first wife. Is it fair, is it reasonable to expect the residents of the old George Town area, mostly of the middle class, to bear the burden of adorning and decorating the new wife? Suburban areas like Saidapet and Sembiam had their own organisations and were developing in their own way. Were the residents of these areas eager to

merge with Madras, or were the people of old Madras anxious to get hold of these areas? Further, Madras has been unable to provide adequate water supply and other amenities to the old areas. Instead of allowing these people to develop in their own way, the Corporation assumed the additional responsibility to urbanise a large rural area. And while the growing revenues of the Corporation are paraded to the public with a feeling of pardonable pride, the cry for further taxation is raised to meet the newly assumed responsibilities. Old Madras itself is not without its problems. Its congestion, its slum areas, its sanitation and its requirements are yet to be solved satisfactorily. Why then was this additional and unasked for responsibility assumed? Any attempt to fleece money from the old residents who are already paying heavy taxes in many ways will only end in disaster. The better course will be for the Corporation to get out of the muddle as soon as possible. The new areas will gladly go back to their old status and will in no way be worse off. And Madras can devote itself to providing amenities which it has not yet been able to fulfil.

The lecturer had stated that the revenue has mounted up to over Rs. 2.35 crores and that all this is spent away and more money is required. It was also stated that there was no scope for economising the expenditure. About this I have my own doubts. The staff has been increased enormously in recent years and I am not sure whether all the revenue is carefully utilised on works wisely selected and

whether allotments are carefully made. Cannot some of the roads selected for redoing from annual grants be postponed for a year or two? An expert commission or committee may usefully investigate and retrench the mounting expenditure.

The abnormal increase of population has brought many difficult problems in its wake. This increase is not all due to increasing birth-rate nor to the newly added areas. It is an aftermath of the war conditions that prevailed for a number of years and the large influx has come to stay. More water, more roads, more houses more slum clearance, and more drainage are called for to meet the needs of the additional population. Decentralisation of a large number of public and private offices and industrial concerns is an urgent necessity. A large City like Madras cannot be kept indefinitely on rationed water and rationed food. Drastic remedies are called for to get rid of the unbearable burden of extended areas, of slums and the 'Cooum' nuisance. These can be easily attended to with the existing resources on a planned and economic basis. The Corporation is not a business organisation intended to make money and declare dividends. It is an administrative organisation, pure and simple, neither more nor less. The powers vested in the body are expected to be used with sagacity, care and consideration to the fullest benefit of the citizens who have been bearing the growing burden without demur. Such a good lot deserves better consideration and must not be driven to the bitter end.

Those who watched the Lord Mayor's Banquet the other night on a television screen must have thought how dangerous television is to all but the best speakers and the best actors. The Lord Mayor, who I think twice mentioned that he was speaking "from the bottom of my heart," ran the gamut of the emotions, as Miss Dorothy Parker put it, from A to B and at great length. Behind his chair the faces of the toastmaster and the servitors seemed drawn with the weariness of their vigil. Mr. Churchill sat with glum and monolithic patience under the erosion of words. It was fascinating and rather horrible. When Mr. Churchill at last came to speak one realised how much we lose of his oratory even over the radio by not seeing him. It was not one of his best speeches, though it contained the magnificent phrase "glacial decorum" for the Soviet elections.

—Graham Greene in the New Statesman and Nation.

# 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.

## Czech Trials

The trial of communist leaders in Czechoslovakia reminds one of similar trials in Soviet Russia. The identity is unmistakable. In fact, one has the impression that the manipulators behind the two stage-shows are the same. In other courts, the accused neither confess to their crimes nor admit that their crimes were monstrous. In a Soviet court, the accused confesses to crimes and say that the nature of their crimes was most heinous. Consequently, they demand the highest punishment for themselves! In a way, this is not new. In olden times the Holy Inquisition obtained similar confessions. The accused described in detail their conversation with the devil and named people who conspired against them. What is new about the present trials is their extent, efficiency and frequency.

The conscience of civilised people must revolt everywhere against this spectacle of persons having to witness against themselves. People in countries where they have not been reduced to this helplessness must raise their voice and mobilise public opinion against this legal and human enormity.

I hope that the so-called 'friends of the Soviet Union' and the 'Partisans of Peace' and other fellow travellers who are busy selling the cult of dictatorship will come forward and speak against this state-organised crime. I also hope that Government and political parties which swear by peace will also raise their voice in defence of human freedom.

Delhi. RAM GOPAL DAVESHAR.

S. S. L. C. Selection Examination  
The latest G. O. which provides for an

external oral test for the selection of S. S. L. C. pupils is not so really harmful to school discipline as is sought to be made out in some quarters. It is not to be taken as overriding the discretion of the headmasters and his colleagues but as a helpful corrective and further assistance to the school authorities in arriving at the best possible list of selections. Do we not have committees for the selection of candidates for college admissions? It is not as if people other than educationists are made to constitute the new body of examiners.

Stopping pupils' appearances for a public examination is an important matter which must affect many a career and it will be good to prevent possible errors of judgment, or certain prejudices which might have been shown even unwittingly. Especially at this transition period, from a no-selection-examination state to back again to the old system, the new proposal for external oral examination is likely to be helpful. Instead of condemning straightaway any innovation, the experiment must be tried, for all does not depend on these external tests alone. These are only intended by way of a supplementary. Surely we cannot start with an assumption that these external bodies will not play their part honourably and well enough.

I could also visualise a beneficial result from this system, in that the teachers of different institutions will be mutually able to meet oftener and thus develop a better esprit de corps among their fraternity which will be to the advantage of education's progress in the country.

Coimbatore. C. V. NARAHARI RAO.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. VII. NO. 45.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1952.

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ON THE COVER: Srimathi Rukmani Devi being greeted by one of her pupils on her return from foreign tour.

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# SWATANTRA

VOL. VII  
No. 45

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1952

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## LINES TO AN ELDER-STATESMAN

**O**LD Wise One! When next you pray for a little rain,  
The cloud's store of water, a few kindly showers,  
Remember this: Pray not too much. For, it is plain  
That the gods above, those hidden unseen powers,  
Have of you and your great worth such  
A thumping good opinion,  
That of all that is within their dominion,  
They give you so prodigally and much,  
All you e'er wished or prayed for, and what is  
Surely carrying things a little too far,  
Along with the gift of water, give us gratis,  
Storm and thunder, cyclone, death by water,  
Winds that rage and make our boroughs totter,  
And a feel of each armament in Nature's war.

—R.

## PROVOCATION FOR DIVISION

**C**ERTAIN restraints in behaviour are indispensable for the proper working of democracy. At election time party warfare is at its fiercest, but once the poll is taken tempers subside. The victorious party called to form the Government has to act in the interest of the whole people and not merely of that section with whose support it triumphed over its rivals. This gift of consideration for parties other than one's own proved weaker by numerical standards, is a test of competence to govern in the competitive party set-up of democracy, since, otherwise, there is bound to be eternal civil war with internal party strife.

To qualify to govern democratically Ministers should rise over their narrow sectional loyalties and identify themselves with the whole people. In a multi-lingual State like Madras, any Minister who cannot rise out of his linguistic consciousness must be deemed unfit for his office. He tends to fill with destructive operations a post of responsibility of which the main significance lies in the pursuit of constructive purposes. Often we find in the legislature members speaking in a language not intelligible to all, exhibiting thereby a miserable lack of consideration for others. The initial effort of commonsense in a legislative assembly ought to be devoted to the task of being understood. If a legislator deliberately sets out to curtail the scope of his intelligibility, he puts a curb on his usefulness and ill serves those who put trust in him and elected him. The right place for him is not the

legislature but some sort of Bedlam where it is the natural thing for the inmates to indulge in incomprehensible babblings without bothering whether they are understood by their listeners or not. Articulation, not intelligibility, is the urge of the lunatic. It must be said that a worse than lunatic condition is revealed when people impose on themselves voluntarily the disability of a disease for which the friends of the afflicted seek cures everywhere with great anxiety and enormous pains.

If language consciousness in an improper forum has brought some of the legislators of the Opposition to this pathetic pass, what is one to say of Ministers, pledged to governmental responsibilities, exhibiting similar infantile antics? The worst example in this respect has been set by the Chief Minister of the State. As head of the Government he should have identified himself with the whole people, rising superior to sectional animosities. But more and more frequently we find him donning the mantle of Tamil championship for engaging in hostilities with the Andhras in particular, subject to his administrative sway. This sort of identification with one region to the exclusion of others is destructive of the influence of the Chief Minister over the whole State. He is not now regarded as representative of all the various linguistic sections comprised in the State. The Andhras have come to distrust him, and to expect him to strike at them with every means in his power. The violence of the demand for the Andhra

State has been given a tremendous fillip in Sri Rajagopalachari's regime. Had he shown himself capable of national instead of a parochial mentality, the demand for division might have subsided, and the people of the State speaking different languages who, for so long, have got on together under one administration, might have got over the secessionist impulses of the linguistic division formula. The fast unto death of Potti Sriramulu is essentially a form of Andhra revolt against the anti-Andhra spirit of Sri Rajagopalachari's leadership as head of the Government.

*Swatantra* views the division of the country on linguistic lines as supreme folly. National unity is alone the cohesive force that can keep our independence alive. National unity is not impaired when the territory of the nation is divided on grounds of administrative convenience. But when States are split for cultural reasons, minor cultural loyalties will prevail over national consciousness, and each State will develop as though it were a separate country. A nation split up thus cannot resist the foreign invader, and within its own body it will be decimated by the internal feuds of the exclusive spirit. The requirements of national development lie in the direction of Andhras, Tamils, Malayalees and Kannadigas dwelling together in amity in common association under a single administration rather than in each of these breaking away from the other in a spirit of isolation. Friendship and understanding between people of different languages is not difficult. But it requires the right type of leadership in administration, which unfortunately is not now provided with Sri Rajagopalachari as Chief Minister.

The provocations of narrow-minded politicians in high offices have gone too far exacerbating inter-linguistic relations, and we have little hope that the voice of reason will triumph in the present atmosphere.

The imminence of the Andhra State may therefore be taken as axiomatic. What sort of a State will it be? Pandit Nehru has been emphasising the need for agreement over disputed points, but he apparently is not very well versed in South Indian politics, and he seems not to have realised that with C. R. at the helm playing to the gallery and making a bid for popularity in the Tamil area as the anti-Andhra guardian of Tamil interests, no sort of equity is possible in any settlement to be reached between the two sections of the population. In South India, at any rate, linguistic homogeneity is unattainable in any State in whatever manner the territory may be divided. Multilinguality is a patent historical fact of the region not to be exorcised by any amount of casuistry. When a State is formed on a linguistic basis, it does not follow that all its inhabitants will have a common mother-tongue or that minorities of other than the major language will be eliminated. There is bound to be a Tamil minority in the Andhra State just as there will be an even larger Andhra minority in the residual region of the Madras State. This inextricable interdependence may be turned to valuable advantage to balance the exclusiveness of the linguistic State idea, and impart to the rulers of the States concerned the discipline of a proper regard for the needs of minorities and the political education of necessary adjustments to the unavoidable multi-linguality of the country itself as such. When a new State is formed, its primary needs and requisites of viability will have to be taken into full account, and for the sake of administrative convenience or necessity, the pure principle of linguistic homogeneity which exists only in theory, will have to be waived and brought up to the level of practical realism.

As for Madras city, the most sensible comment we have seen so far comes from *The Mail*. In an editorial on "The Future of Madras" *The Mail*

asks: "Would the city of Madras benefit if, after the constitution of an Andhra State (on the lines of the J. V. P. report subject to abandonment by the Andhras of their claim to Madras city) the natural desire of Andhras to possess their own capital, and direct their State's trade through that capital, led to a diversion of a large part of the city's present trade?" Madras city and harbour, deprived of a substantial portion of their present trade, would, in the opinion of *The Mail*, inevitably suffer, and few unprejudiced observers can demur to its conclusion. The paper goes on to say that the only body to give the matter serious consideration was the Dhar Committee, and the Dhar Committee recommended that the "city of Madras should be treated as multi-lingual and cosmopolitan like Bombay." Of Bombay the Committee said, "The best fortune that we can see for the city of Bombay is that it should continue as it is today, the meeting place of all communities, their source of pride and affection, and a convenient centre for their joint labour and enterprise." C. R. was right when he said that by making noise difficulties were not removed, but in disregard of his own prescription for others, he has done little to resolve the difficulties of the Andhra issue beyond making noise in an increasingly aggressive manner. We endorse fully the contention of *The Mail* that the future of Madras city should be decided "solely with regard to its citizens' own economic and administrative interests."

## Israel

THE election of a new President marks a new epoch in the history of the young State of Israel. The international reputation of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the predecessor of Mr. Ben-Zvi, was a source of considerable support to the nation when it

took its rise in the turmoil of terrorism and war, but there can be little doubt that the indomitableness of spirit which has maintained Israel in its darkest hour will sustain it in the years to come. Only the exaltation generated by the successful fruition of an age-long dream could have sustained the infant State. Israel was born in blood, and its subsequent career has been turbulent. Its mere establishment involved it in deadly feud with the neighbouring Arab States. Despite the efforts of a U. N. Commission, the quarrel is yet to be pacified, if at all a compromise can be reached in an atmosphere of envenomed religious hatred and historic jealousy. The dispute has been aggravated by the expulsion of millions of Jews from the new State. Their miserable plight has been described as an affront to the conscience of humanity, and not a little odium attaches to Israel on this account. There can be no consolidation of the State until the disputes with the neighbours are settled, but these are bitter and pertinacious. Egypt is still smarting under its defeat in the war (it is worth remembering that the reverse had not a little to do with the subsequent deposition of King Farouk), but perhaps Syria is the most determined enemy. The quarrel with the latter over the Huleh area illustrates Israel's difficult position in the Middle East, for it can make progress only at the risk of accentuating still further its disputes with its neighbours. The status of Jerusalem is a perennial source of discord with Jordan. In the face of these tribulations, however, Israel has been maintaining itself and faces the future with confidence. No statesman has contributed more to the nation's well being than the present Premier, Mr. David Ben Gurion. World opinion is entitled to look forward to an era of development under the new President.

# Sotto Voce

## MEDITATION AMONG THE RUINS



AFTER the man-made storm the cyclone. While the author of the Tanjore Tenants' Bill lifted up his heart and rejoiced that Providence had once again vouchsafed us its special blessings, Nature in one of her most ferociously pleasant moods was unloosing a thousand devils on prostrate Tanjore. The Ministers, serenely unaware of what was happening hardly a hundred miles away, were busy putting the coping stone on the good work. When news of the disaster came in at last, they showed commendable fortitude. Instead of wasting their precious time in visiting the stricken areas, they have with a faith which might have shamed the old bureaucracy, left it to the man on the spot to do whatever was necessary.

In doing this they showed prudence as well as wisdom. Most of them are untainted by the slightest personal knowledge of a district whose destiny they have been so confidently settling. If any of them had by an unthinking impulse gone there as soon as the first reports were received, he might have had to stretch his legs a bit, since the roads were impassable for motor cars. And if he had screwed up his courage to do this he might have been appalled by the measureless magnitude of the catastrophe. "The Collector, poor man, has to do it any way. Why not sit at home and spare our delicate hearts, or better still, issue an appeal, full of fine sentiments, to the generosity of others?"

Alas, for me that kind of anodyne is unavailable. Cold statistics take

on the aspect of a nightmare terror. A press report says that two hundred and fifty trees have fallen on the four miles' stretch of road from Sakkottai to Nachiarkoil. That gives one tree to every thirty yards; which must mean practically every hoary giant on that fair way which winds into the smiling country-side as it wound into my heart in deepest infancy. For me it was both *via delectissima* and *via dolorosa*. It took me to my village home for the holidays; and, the too short vacation over, it brought me back to school, my heart creaking and groaning even more than our manorial bullockbandy.

I hear that most of the cocoanut trees on the village road from Ayyampettai that goes to Mangudi and beyond have fallen. Two magnificent rows stretched without a break for three miles, the tall and graceful palms keeping watch over the nestling betel-vine and the green rice fields where the corn-crakes were busy. Many a time I have, resting under one of these, blessed the great-hearted man who planted them. Who has not heard of Rajangam Anna Iyer who won legendary fame and dissipated a princely inheritance by indulging his passion for feeding the hungry?

The story goes that a European Collector of the district, who tested in his own person the measureless bounty of the man, gave him the right to plant and enjoy in perpetuity cocoanut trees on that stretch of road. Where shall we find another

of that breed in the days to come? Our humane democracy has no use for landlords, humane or other. The Chief Minister has prescribed euthanasia for them. He ostentatiously objected to putting the owner "on the shelf"—to use his own elegant phrase—for more than five years at a stretch; but he assured the tenants in the same breath that if they behaved they could have the land for themselves long before that term expired.

He tickled the groundlings by pleading that the poor mirasidar should be allowed to have a handful of black gram for the *iddlis* he could not do without. And his admiring *chela*, the Revenue Minister, thought the joke so good that he dished it up for the benefit of the Council of Elders. Unfortunately for the self-complacency of the Front Bench, there were one or two men in that House who knew something of the economics of agriculture. One of them asked why, if the landlord were to be extinguished as a parasite, the scrip owner—that purest example of the *rentier*—should be not only tolerated but pampered.

Thereupon a 'comrade' brightly asked, "Will your landlords be content with the six per cent that the mills dispense as dividend?" When quite a few promptly replied, "They will take four per cent or even three," the ideological enemy of property lapsed into silence. Not so our Chief Minister, who is never abashed by the spectre of his own inconsistencies. Surveying his handiwork Marcus Aurelius tranquilly philosophises, "In spite of this Bill life in the district will go on much as usual, landlords will cultivate and tenants sow and reap." If they do, it will be small thanks to him. Nature's whip-lash, which has fallen impartially on the backs of owner and worker alike, may sting them yet into a realisation of their community of interest. It should warn the trustful dupes of carpetbaggers against "the Greek bearing gifts."

VIGNESWARA.



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CENTURY-

## **SIDELIGHTS : :**

[HERE has been a lot of secretive-  
ness vigilantly and laboriously  
organised by the Chief Minister of  
Madras in regard to the contents of  
the Khosla Committee Report. Pandit  
Nehru is never tired of saying that  
he looks to public support for the  
success of the activities of the Plan-  
ning Commission. Srimati Durga-  
bai, in every meeting she addressed  
in her visit to the south sometime  
ago, made special mention of a mes-  
sage from the Prime Minister which  
she invited the public to note particu-  
larly. The message was that no pro-  
gramme under the Five Year Plan  
was an exclusive concern of the Gov-  
ernment. They were all intended for  
public benefit. They belonged to the  
public. They could not succeed if  
the public failed to co-operate in  
their working enthusiastically.

Sri Rajagopalachari's answers to  
questions in the legislature on the  
Khosla Committee Report were con-  
ceived in a spirit diametrically  
opposed to that of the Prime Minis-  
ter. C. R. spoke as though the  
Report, dealing with the disposal of  
the waters of the Krishna and the  
Pennar, and the development of the  
two river valleys, was no concern of  
the representatives of the people. It  
was a confidential matter. Not only  
was the Report confidential, "the  
date, signature, name, title, para-  
graphs, marginal notes, etc.", were all  
included in the Chief Minister's con-  
ception of confidential. He literally  
oozed with the spirit of a defiant  
resolve to disclose nothing, as an  
indication of his consciousness of  
confidential status. C. R. is not nor-  
mally so uncommunicative. He has in  
fact inclined to garrulity lately. The  
mantle of secrecy he has thrown over  
the Khosla Committee Report has  
only stimulated intense public curi-  
osity as to its contents. And along  
with curiosity, the belief that there  
is something in the Report which  
C. R. is most anxious to hide, for as  
long as he can.

The Committee would seem to have

reached decisions which C. R., like  
Sri Bhaktavatsalam before him, has  
been endeavouring, with all his  
might, to prevent. The northern dis-  
tricts of Tamil Nadu have no source  
of river water to irrigate their lands.  
Sri Bhaktavatsalam while Public  
Works Minister worked on the idea  
of bringing down the Krishna waters  
to Chingleput and South Arcot, and  
the Krishna Pennar Project spon-  
sored by him was taken up by C. R.  
when he became Chief Minister. The  
Andhras of the Krishna and Pennar  
valleys got wind of the project and  
looked upon it as a conspiracy  
hatched at their expense. They agi-  
tated vigorously for scrutiny of the  
whole plan by a competent authority  
not involved in regional political  
intrigues. The appointment of the  
Khosla Committee was the result.

The Khosla Committee has, I am  
told, recommended that the Krishna  
Pennar Project *should not be pro-  
ceeded with*. One of the questions  
which the Committee was called  
upon to answer was whether there  
would be sufficient water left for  
the needs of the Godavari and  
Krishna deltas after the utilisation  
proposed under the Krishna Pen-  
nar Project. The Committee's  
answer, it would appear, is to the  
effect that the Krishna Pennar Pro-  
ject does not affect the Godavari  
delta; but on completion of the full  
plan under the Project there will  
only be enough water to irrigate 1.5  
lakhs of acres in the Krishna delta  
and a large area of about 40 lakhs  
of acres lying on the right bank of  
the Krishna in Guntur and Nellore  
districts will permanently remain  
without irrigation.

In place of the Krishna Pennar  
Project the Committee has made  
proposals of its own to be imple-  
mented in three stages. The main  
features under the first stage are  
the construction of a dam at Nandi-  
konda with right and left side  
canals, a barrage across the Pennar  
and a canal up to Madras. Under

the second stage the water for the Madras Canal is to be switched on to Siddeswaram reservoir and the Krishna Pennar Canal is to be constructed with a tunnel through Mitta Kondal. The Committee suggests that the first stage of its Plan should be immediately implemented, and then surveys should be made for determining the excess over requirements in Godavari to be spilt on to Krishna so as to make extension of irrigation possible to areas south of Madras. In the third stage the Committee proposes the construction of a dam at Pulichintala affording power-generation and second crop irrigation in Krishna delta, a barrage across the Godavari at Polavaram, a reservoir at Inchampalli or Indravati, a right bank canal from the barrage to Krishna river and a left bank canal from the barrage towards Vizag side.

The objections to the Krishna Pennar Project are listed in the Committee's Report as follows:

It assumes that the inflow at Siddeswaram will be the same as at Vijayawada. Actually it will be 15 per cent less as 15 per cent of the discharge at Vijayawada comes into the Krishna from the catchment below Siddeswaram.

Siddeswaram dam would submerge an area of 174,080 acres of which 113,892 is already under cultivation. It would also submerge 98 villages and displace 50,000 people. The cost in lieu of compensation has been worked out as 7.36 crores.

Likewise Someswaram dam would submerge 126,000 acres including 68,400 acres of cultivated area and valuable garden, displace about 100,000 persons and cost 7.7 crores by way of compensation.

The Krishna Pennar Project will thus mean submergence of 3 lakhs of acres and displacement of 1.5 lakhs of people.

The benefit of the Project will largely go to areas already served by canals or tanks while vast tracts lying close to Krishna and having no alternative means of irrigation supplies will be permanently denied such supplies.

The costs of the Project have been under-estimated and canal capacities over-estimated. The cost of works and working expenses is likely to be higher,

and revenue returns lower than anticipated.

The proposals of the Khosla Committee are designed to rectify these defects and are based on certain definite principles. These are:

That irrigation to first crop should be provided in as large an area as possible.

In allocating water for second crop, preference should be given to deltaic areas.

Areas liable to frequent famine and distress should receive special attention.

Relief to Madras City in the matter of drinking water supply should be provided urgently.

If the area north of Madras is taken into consideration, the Khosla scheme has provided all the benefit envisaged under the Krishna Pennar Project plus additional irrigation for 40 lakhs of acres in Guntur and Nellore districts that would have been permanently deprived of river water irrigation under that Project. The Khosla scheme, if published, would have rallied enthusiastically in its support the whole of Andhra Desa including the people of Nellore and Rayalaseema, and it would have been wholly impossible to set one region against another to wangle support for the Krishna Pennar Project. Was this, I wonder, the reason why C. R. was so bent on covering up the contents of the Khosla Report, so disinclined even to read it, in spite of the 200 crores' worth of development involved in it?

There have been conferences under the auspices of the Madras Government to consider the Khosla Committee Report. They have been followed up this week by an inter-State conference at Delhi. To none of these conferences, it is reported, was the new Chief Engineer, Sri Venkatakrishna Aiyar, invited. The administration was content with technical opinion lower down, after having dragged a retired engineer of ten years' duration back to service to fill the top post of the department. Has C. R. entered into any competition

with Providence as to the inscrutability of his ways? Another mystifying factor in the situation is the lofty disdain of the Madras Ministry in the matter of having any truck with Hyderabad. In the pre-police action era the Hyderabad Government were no doubt difficult customers. But since then they have been subject to the influence of the Centre no less than the Madras Government, and

have shown themselves to be no more intractable. It is worthy of note that Sri Tirumale Iyengar who did a splendid job of work at Tungabhadra got on excellently well with the Hyderabad engineers and there was scarcely a dispute in the last five years that required to be referred to Government level for settlement. —SAKA.

## BIBLIOPHILIA

By "VISWAMITRA"

I have just read the article "Bibliomania" by Sri D. Anjaneyulu, in which he has referred to one of my own articles entitled "Bibliophobia" in seemingly flattering terms but containing also a legitimate interrogation, to wit, why I had captioned the essay "Bibliophobia" which means a fear of books when perhaps I had meant to convey a love rather than a hatred of books. Let me say here and now that I did not write "Bibliophobia." I wrote "Bibliophilia" which the printing department, urged by the devil that inhabits their basement, translated, bottomwise, as "Bibliophobia"; an error which was no doubt facilitated by forty or so editorial winks during which recess it must have got past him. I am stifling a rebellious thought that perhaps the editor who has the printed word for breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and for between meals felt that Bibliophobia was both an intimate and appropriate description of a malaise that had for years been buttering his bread but poisoning his mind. When I confronted him with the mistake he brushed it aside as of no significance, with the callousness born of the perpetration of much more serious mistakes in the past.

While on the subject of printer's devil, let me refer to another experience I had recently. It is one thing for the printer to let a wrong letter slip in through haste or ignorance. It is quite another thing for the editor to decipher the unintelligible scrawl of the writer and, by way of clearer transcription, write in pencil, for the

benefit of the compositor, the nearest word to what the scrawl seems to represent. I had quoted from Tennyson "broadening down from precedent to precedent." The editor and his near-literary assistant pondered over the word italicised. One said it was "thundering"; the other said it was "blundering." The latter won. There it is, to this day, an unconscious commentary on the British way to success, the principle of the telescope in the wrong eye, the timely Blucher to a harassed Wellington, God blowing for the enemies to scatter, and the hundred other blunders that laid the foundations of the greatness of Britain. Such a mistake, one may say, is not an unhappy one. It is the mistake that gives the opposite meaning that is dangerous; the introduction or omission of the all-important negative; or the substitution of just that one letter that means white where one meant black. I had once occasion to write "This masks the meaning". It came out as "This marks the meaning." The significance of an entire paragraph was ruined thereby.

Indeed, printer's devils and school boy howlers are vast reservoirs of humour. The following is a mixed bag. "Egyptian tumummies" for "Egyptian mummies"; a "low rate of morality and a high birth rate" for "a low rate of mortality and a high birth rate"; "several pints to clear up" for "several points to clear up"; "flend for "friend"; "kine" for "kin" (one touch of nature makes the whole world kine). It is said that the pun,

Sunday

is

Paludrine

day

Take a tablet  
after a meal.



Paludrine  
DEFEATS MALARIA

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the printer's devil and the howler form a low brow trio in the ranks of wit and humour. One may perhaps add Mrs. Malaprop to the trio. From the point of view of the author, however, the printer's devil satisfied the highest criterion of humour, namely, that combination of the tragic and the ridiculous that evokes a smile and a tear at the same time.

In the face of such slips it is not a matter for surprise that careful reading has gone out of vogue. At one time a scientific distinction used to be made between the apprehension of ideas through the intellect and the experience of an emotion through the feelings. One need not discuss the possibilities of the two being simultaneously combined as in the reading of sensuous poetry, for the sensualist will reply that words are not women, but one is concerned because of the emergence of a new psychological phenomenon which the scientist ought to get at, to wit, the transformation or the degradation of the intellect to the level of a feeling or a taste. People read in a general way so as to experience a totality of pleasure during the process, the intellect, like the body, relaxed, but acting like a sponge or a blotting paper, functioning by an inescapable nature rather than by awareness and sentience. Reviewers and the like have schooled their brain into this procedure. This is partly due to the distinction sought to be made between useful and useless knowledge and the positing of an objective for knowledge outside of itself. So text books are read carefully. Others are read to the extent and in the manner that gives pleasure, by experience and not argument. Shall we say that the expression "book-worm" has acquired a novel significance as denoting the person who worms his way through a book not with the distinctive and plodding persistence of the worm, but with the unintellectual awareness of that lovely being?

In the midst of so much "sea-change" it is refreshing to find an earnest reader, even of journalesse, who dislikes the incorrect word, and says so. It shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

## ANDHRA STATE: BABEL AND BLUSTER

By D. ANJANEYULU

THE all-party Andhra convention which ended in confusion on Sunday has served every purpose except the one for which it was called. The ostensible aim it had in view was to iron out the differences among the various political parties on the issue of a separate Andhra State and present an agreed formula (as was insisted upon by the Prime Minister) to save the life of Mr. Potti Sriramulu. Mr. Sriramulu's ordeal does not seem to have served its purpose and the differences that looked like being nearly composed, have become more accentuated, especially between Mr. Prakasam on the one side and the Communists on the other. Mr. Prakasam declared the resolution (moved by Mr. T. Viswanatham, urging the formation of an Andhra State with Madras City as the capital and, demanding the carving out of the City as a Part C State like Delhi, carried amidst confusing cries of 'yes' and 'no'. The Communists, who took the platform later, passed a separate resolution, which was sought to be moved as an amendment earlier. The resolution wanted the new State to be formed of the undisputed areas, the future of the City being decided by a plebiscite. The K. L. P. suggested arbitration over the City. The Andhra Mahasabha was not so particular about any specific solution of the City problem, provided other parties arrived at a satisfactory settlement. The A. P. C. C., correcting what it considers an earlier lapse, now takes a firm stand on the Andhra claim to the City. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari dangles the carrot of an Andhra State in a trice, only he wants the claim to the City to be completely given up. What was once, or should be, a meeting ground has become the bone of contention.

Prime Minister Nehru paid more than a formal compliment to Madras when he hailed it as a city of culture. During his recent visit to the City, he

must have really breathed a refreshing atmosphere that is composite in its elements and cosmopolitan in its character. He would surely have sensed a feeling of tolerance and understanding on the soil of this southern capital. There is something in the City that transcends the barriers of language, caste, customs and manners, food habits and modes of dress. If cities, like men, have souls of their own, Madras must have one that is not hidebound by regional fetters that go to divide and destroy all that is worth living in a truly civilised world.

What is bound to disturb the soul of the City and the peace of mind of any citizen who has no political axe to grind is the frequent exchange of compliments between leaders of linguistic groups about the future of the City. Not to go into the distant past, the ball was set rolling at the Tamil Festival some months ago by Mr. Bhaktavatsalam. With a newly acquired zeal for research on historical and literary subjects he delved deep into archaeology and epigraphy to prove to his own and his listeners' (who were all his co-linguals) satisfaction that Tamil kings ruled over Madras in days of yore as their modern counterparts do at present. It is an accepted practice with unseated Ministers, who have fallen into disgrace, to try to stage a comeback by exuberant appeals to linguistic vanities and regional patriotisms. The Chief Minister who is a firm believer in the one world ideal pushed a tinder or two into the fire of linguism in his best *Thirukkural* manner. He, in effect, told the Andhras point-blank that they must behave if they wanted to stay in the City, which is a joint family, but must, without any shadow of doubt, bid good-bye to it if they were anxious to set up a separate kitchen. The town crier is expected to be louder, if not more eloquent, than the Lord Mayor and C. R.'s under-study,

Mr. C. Subramaniam, thereafter, began to echo and re-echo his master's voice in season and out of season, wherever he went and wherever he did not go. The simple burden of his sweet song is familiar, only too familiar, that the Andhras are virtual aliens and must learn to live by sufferance in a city whose title-deeds are locked up in the Tamilians' iron safe.

#### Statistics Galore

The veteran and witty Chief Minister, who used to produce plans, formulae and offers as the conjurer does rabbits from his hat, cannot be so easily overtaken in his own race. He had, therefore, to come out at Karaikudi with sentiments and statistics that were a long step in advance of his previous stand. He believes in proving his case with facts and figures and in the present context there are 68 Tamilians (if not more) to a mere 16 Telugus in the City. All the other language groups like Malayalees, Kannadigas, Gujaratis, Anglo-Indians, Punjabis, Sindhis, Bengalis, etc., form another 16 per cent. It is, however, left unsaid whether people who speak Telugu in their homes, like, say, the Minister for Religious Endowments and many others are included in the 16 per cent or not. If not, it is very necessary to exclude them and make the statistics perfect like a C. R. syllogism. A wit is said to have observed that there are white lies, black lies and statistics. There are, too, statistics and statistics and C. R., it is pointed out, has forgotten his having fixed the Andhra percentage at 40 or thereabouts not so long ago. The pace of progress is bound to be rather fast under his aegis and it need cause little surprise that statistics are not beyond the ken of his transforming touch. The audacious Andhra claim to the City is, we are told in the Valmiki-cum-Kamban style, like Ravana's infatuation for Sita. (By the way, what is the Dravidian or Dravidasthan view of Ravana's *bona fides*?) Now that Hanuman's presence is there in the shape of the septuagenarian *Chiranjivi*, the chastity of Sita is safe, against all evil-doers. The commentator of the *Bhagavadgita* has said: "Let the evil be destroyed and good be re-established," and it will be done.

Mr. Prakasam, the hero of many battles, lost and won, took up his linguistic opposite number's statistical challenge. He affirmed with equal emphasis and called Clio to his aid in establishing that every inch of the City was Andhra in its origin. The foundation-stone of the Fort St. George was laid by Karnam Bathu, he mentioned with antiquarian accuracy. He might have been told that we were living in the present far from the days of Karnam Bathu but that would not deter him from his determination to give the lie direct to his redoubtable opponent. The verdict of the Harbour voters has not dampened his boyish enthusiasm or broken his unbending spirit. Like the village school-master, though vanquished, he will argue still. Supported by his loyal lieutenant, Mr. Viswanatham, he is not afraid, he seems to say, of being right with two or three. Historical considerations apart, some are frankly sceptical of his statistical strategy. The problem has become more political than strictly linguistic.

#### The Red Herring

For the Communists nationalism is too narrow and patriotism too parochial, for they live and have their being in an ampler ether and a diviner air. But, they are fond of fishing in troubled waters, though their facile solutions and pet nostrums are usually neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring. When they find themselves in a tight corner, they draw a red herring across the track as they are now doing with reference to the linguistic controversy. Since when have they become stout champions of the Andhra State? When the Congress was crying hoarse for a separate province, the Communist sun-flowers had their faces turned towards Moscow and Berlin. Linguistic considerations and regional thinking were, to them, once counter-revolutionary and characteristic only of the *petit bourgeoisie*. After the Telengana movement and the growth of trouble spots in the Krishna and Guntur districts, like so many red rashes on a fair face, linguistic separatism has assumed the dignified garb of national self-determination and Visalandhra has become not merely an

imposing ideal but an inspiring war-cry. Their innate sense of justice and an ever-expansive outlook have not deserted them for a moment even now. For, the Andhra Reds are not so greedy or selfish as to lay any claim to Madras City, which belongs wholly to the Tamils. The City should not even be a separate unit, if that were possible by agreement, for that might offend the Tamil Communists, who are, so to speak, the brains trust of the party. Anyway, party directives are party directives and the fate of the City is a minor matter where *generosity* should be laid on with a trowel. It does not matter much, so long as Telengana and the Krishna and Guntur strongholds are brought together by hook or by crook and the Red flag flies high over them. The future of the City can be decided by the very democratic and fashionable method of plebiscite, whatever be the terms and alternatives provided in the plebiscite.

#### Rationale Of Fasting

Adversity makes strange bed-fellows and the super-secular Communists find themselves in the spiritual and soul-stirring company of Swami Sitaram. The Swami has practised fasting as a fine art and even Gandhiji would willingly have given him the palm for his dexterity in dietics. While fasting for self-purification or for digestive reasons is highly commendable, as a political weapon, it is yet to carry conviction with rational beings. Especially when X wants Y to do something which cannot be done without the consent of Z, a fasting X is no better than a feasting one in getting his demand conceded. Against this background, the Andhra Congress leaders do not seem to know their own mind or minds. The A. P. C. C. chief has said at Masulipatam and elsewhere that as the Andhra State is not realisable within the next five years, for want of the condition of minimum agreement among the parties concerned, as desired by Mr. Nehru, there is no need for Andhras to give up their claim to the City. Inversely, he probably infers that if a separate State is coming here and now, they can very well give up the claim. Why should an old claim

be given up for a hypothetical and distant prospect?

This sort of raising and lowering the minimum demand and the shouting in different voices naturally has a corresponding reaction on the other side. As long as the protagonists of the Andhra State were firm and patient, the Tamils were respectful, if a little nervous about the demand. As the campaigners grew impatient and incoherent, the others became stern and unbending. When the Andhra members of the Partition Committee seemed ready to eat the humble pie and pathetically requested for a tiny piece of land to pitch the tent and a little time to quit, the bellicose brethren said: "Nothing doing, you must quit bag and baggage, here and now." Later events are too well-known to require recapitulation, but one curious feature is apt to strike the onlooker. While the Andhra leaders chose to remain comparatively calm while in office, they began to wax eloquent about the glories of a separate state, soon after quitting or being made to quit their cushions. The burning problem over which they could very well sleep while in Government, brooks no delay as soon as they are thrown overboard.

#### Counsel Of Caution

In this rather confused state of affairs the still small voice of reason is likely to be hushed. The people of Rayalaseema (in spite of Mr. T. Nagi Reddy) and Nellore (in spite of Mr. Raghavayya) have a vital and very real attachment to the City. They are not over-anxious about a separate State without their favourite and familiar City. They are not sure if their position, as junior partners, would be far better in the new State than it is now. They prefer to "wait and see." On the other hand the wholehoggers of the Circars seem to say: "If you come, with you, if not without you." City or no city, they want a state; and whether it will prove economically solvent and otherwise viable is not their concern. They do not hesitate to throw away the educational, medical, cultural and other advantages of a beautiful and well-developed common capital for the dubious luxury and cynical satisfaction of being "left alone." An expe-

rienced administrator and seasoned businessman like Mr. V. Ramakrishna pleads for patience and counsels caution, after having studied the economic, financial and administrative aspects of this ticklish and complicated problem. There is no reason why his idea of administrative adjustment under a common cabinet should not satisfy the needs of the situation, if the politicians really wanted to do some honest work and not merely indulge in kite-flying on the political landscape.

Sanity and sobriety are the first casualties in controversies of this kind and the atmosphere is in danger of being fouled (if it is not, already) by mutual bickerings and animosities. Mr. Rajagopalachari, who invokes the Almighty at regular intervals and wants to fight the Red peril on a lofty ideological plane, has only added fuel to the fire of linguistic controversy. A seasoned Chief Minister who has a duty to every linguistic region in the State and not merely to one region has shown his cloven feet in his parochial utterances. Not all the peurile parables can soothe the ruffled tempers of those whom he is driving to fear and suspicion by his ill-concealed prejudices. He has chosen to answer the blundering babel of busybodies with blatant bluster, which might make the confusion worse confounded. Is it enough to hold the *Gita* and the *Thirukkural* in either hand and play hide and seek behind the imposing array of Marcus Aurelius and Mahatma Gandhi? Can he rise to the occasion and prevent before it is too late, the further poisoning of the healthy atmosphere that pervades the City of cosmopolitan and composite culture?

#### The Pound Of Flesh

Mr. Rajagopalachari's reply to questions in the Council on Tuesday on Mr. Sriramulu's fast, clear and emphatic as it is, exudes the same partisanship that has ever characterized his pronouncements on the Andhra State issue with special reference to the City. He has again demanded his

pound of flesh. The same soul-filling statistics (68:16) are repeated with redoubled vigour, but no inkling is given of the esoteric origin of the magic figures. By a curious clairvoyance, about the same hour Mr. Nehru expressed closely similar sentiments in the Council of States and indicated willingness to implement the J. V. P. Report.

#### Seed Of Suspicion

If any progress is desired by those interested in the smooth and orderly solution of this intriguing puzzle, Andhra politicians should learn to be patient and persevering and cease to be merely frantic, petulant and propagandist. This, of course, does not imply that the powers that be should do nothing but sit on their seats of power, elected or nominated. To impose the condition of absolute unanimity on the demand smacks very much of a ruling third party like the British. While Mr. Nehru has not succeeded in re-assuring the Andhra agitators, C. R. has attained a high degree of success in sharpening the suspicions of the Andhra masses by his step-motherly attitude and his sarcastic speeches and statements. He has further alienated their sympathies by plumping for the Krishna-Pennar project against the recommendation of the Khosla Committee, which favoured the Nandikonda project, like the Andhras in general. Distrust breeds distrust and mountains can be made of molehills. Whether it be a superannuated Chief Engineer or a septuagenarian Legislature Secretary that is chosen for special favours, the situation is sure to cause heart-burning and help fan the fires of suspicion and strengthen the forces of scepticism. Unfortunately for a man of his political standing and intellectual eminence, C. R. has not shown himself capable of an emotional stature that is necessary to beget trust in a people other than his co-linguals. Can he, before he lays down office, replace partisanship by fairplay and pettiness by breadth of vision to soothe ruffled tempers?

## SOCIAL FORCES BEHIND IRANIAN OIL NATIONALISATION

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE enduring quality of the Iranian Government's oil nationalisation policy and its continued battle with England has surprised many people, even some comparatively close observers of the Iranian scene and there is reason to believe that it will continue to endure even under another leadership and the guidance of any one who is likely to follow much the same policies as Dr. Mossadeq. One may attribute most of the responsibility for this to the personality of Dr. Mossadeq himself. Perhaps it is partly true. The other element is patriotism which no doubt works up a great deal of strong emotion. But is that the whole of it? Do these provide the answer to this puzzle? It is worth probing further into the complex texture that makes up the scene and try to unravel the strands to study their composition and nature. For, surely behind what seems to the outside world a simple emotional wave, one should be able to discern the changing social forces that go into forming the matrix of the individuals as well as the corporate groups which comprise a society. It is only through such an analysis of the moving currents that can one grasp the nature of the forces behind these spectacular events.

Let us first review the background of this modern scene. For long centuries Iranian society, with the rest of the Middle East, has consisted of the broad base of the masses of peasants and tribal people who mainly constituted the productive elements, and the small group of aristocrats that formed the ruling elite. This structure rested mainly on the traditional loyalty of the people to that upper layer enjoying the gains of political positions and economic privileges. The many toiled in docility and paid their dues obediently to the powers that be.

The 20th century saw rapid changes in this set-up in the Middle East and particularly in Iran. The old social

outline of an aristocratically organised dichotomous society began fading out. The old alignments went into a flux and out of this crucible started emerging a third social group that was definitely to alter the balance of power and in particular challenge the hegemony of the old traditional ruling class or group.

#### Left Ideology

The causes for this are many and diverse but probably the most important was the impact of Western liberal thought and in recent years, of the radical left ideology. Some of this came through academic education which an increasing number of Iranians imbibed directly abroad or through schools established in Iran and which came to conform more and more to the Western pattern. For the West symbolised power. It dominated the world. Even for sheer survival it seemed necessary to acquire Western knowledge and technique.

The impact of the West came in two totally contrary streams. On the one hand it destroyed the individual owner-producer and began to concentrate the power and privilege centering in the ownership of the means of production into a monopoly of the few. On the other hand it also led to a wider distribution of knowledge. The latter did not come so much out of schools for there was not any spectacular rise in the literary figures of Iran. But more through mass media such as newspapers, radio, films, public meetings. Even though the programmes of mass communications may reach out to comparatively a smaller number, the content got carried to vaster numbers.

Both the currents flowing in from the West served to put greater premium on modern knowledge. For it also tunnelled the pathway to higher social status. This was one weapon for breaking through the traditional social ring. Thus arose the new middle class of professional and tech-

nical personnel an indispensable feature of modern society.

Of equal importance as a contributory cause of this social realignment was the inevitable drawing of Iran into the world economy with its global interdependence. By growing intimacy through contacts, observation and experience, extension of trade and expansion of industrialisation and in particular watching the activities of the Westerners in Iran, especially during the last war, deep changes in the socio-economic thought and structure took place. A significant contributory factor in this category that needs special mention is the existence of oil and its development. Its growth and the advent of new industries meant the emergence of an urban proletariat which was greatly benefitted by the introduction of communications and transport in the war years. Last but not least was the propaganda on the objectives of war by both the foreign occupation powers—competitive yet combined stressing the rights of all to an abundant life such as some had already attained and which others also equally could. It opened up worlds of new possibilities for the Iranians. And the repetition of this emphasis from two totally divergent sources must undoubtedly have made a terrific impression on all sections of the local people towards whom the barrage of propaganda was directed.

The broad-based general nature of the oil movement is nationalistic, primarily concerned with securing freedom from foreign domination and influence for this precious commodity. But it has now a positive side to it, translating that independence into a substantial content in terms of political prestige and economic prosperity.

#### Leadership Of Movement

The significant thing in this is the shaping of the leadership of this movement. True, there is enough common ground among the diverse social elements on this focal point—oil. In fact the unusual coherence has lent a novel toughness to this entire struggle. But the one sector of society that has furnished the present support and strategic guidance is the intellectual i.e., the intelligentsia. The spread of modern education greatly increased their

numbers to proportions of relative significance. It should be borne in mind that the cultivation of the mind has always been encouraged and honoured in Iran where the mind has even been distinguished for its native intelligence and curiosity, flexibility and abstract speculation. Thus one may say that intellectual activities have in a way been rooted in the genius of the country, and the masses even though illiterate, have continued to uphold and take pride in the intellectuals and their creations. The heightened role of intellectuals in every revolutionary movement is common. This is equally true of Iran and it is not surprising to watch this extension of the intellectual ranks in the current nationalist revival and the relatively influential role played by them in the present scene, particularly in the formation of public opinion. But modern intellectuals as we have noted, are less pre-occupied with abstruse philosophy and tilting verses than with modern dynamic sciences and economic developments. Not that the traditional vocations of literary and religious pursuits are abandoned, but there is a keener concentration on scientific knowledge and programmes, more so because of their powerful role in modern affairs.

#### Power Of The Press

Amongst these the most alert and expressive are the journalists. Their number is out of proportion to the general literacy of the country. As in all countries, they are a mixture of the facile and the superficial, the substantial and the serious. But they are influential beyond expectation. For the power of their pen goes quite beyond what literacy statistics might lead one to expect since newspapers are read in public places, in cafes, in groups and at street corners, and their contents passed on to the illiterates. The outside world is rather prone to under-estimate the power and influence of the fourth estate in Iran.

The youth, the future career men, naturally form a vital part of this support to oil nationalisation. They find themselves in the trapping of a rigidly set social and political make-up in which they can hope for little scope for advancement or fulfilment

of their ambitions on merit. And they see that this structure is supported and maintained by foreign powers like the British for their own ends. Restless and impatient they naturally turn to politics and to such leaders as give promise of breaking through this old ring. The same is true of students in schools and colleges—a generation more socially aware and keenly attuned to world events than its predecessor and who, dissatisfied to avoid the frustration which they anticipate awaits them beyond their scholastic portals, turn into pressure groups, not merely in theory but actually in practice, striving for change—big change, any change, some change.

The impact of all this weight resulted in breaking up the top layer, the old dichotomous society which split or splintered, with many of its segments and members getting absorbed in the newly emergent middle class. Perhaps sections of them had already possessed other affinities and predilection and had found lodgement in their own social environment difficult. Now, provided with a more congenial setting by the social shift which threw up currents that could draw sufficient numbers to coalesce together with other marginal groups, they went into the formation of the middle force, linked up with the aristocracy on the one hand and the masses on the other hand.

#### Support From Industrialists

It is perhaps not so surprising to find the business community and the small group of industrialists amongst the supporters of oil nationalisation. In fact, there has been a great increase in their ranks in recent years with the rapid growth of internal and external trade. During the austere discipline of self-denial aimed at economic self-sufficiency obtaining during the Reza Shah regime, this increase was most marked within the country whereas in the post-war period the expansion has extended beyond the national frontiers to export and import trade, a substantial part of which is based undoubtedly on oil itself. This perhaps partly at least explains the rapidly developing interest of this community in the battle of the oil and its support to the nationalisation policy.

Industrialisation as the key to a country's prosperity has fired their imagination and riveted their allegiance to the nationalist policy even where other very powerful pressures were exerted on them.

Lower down the economic ladder backing oil nationalisation are the small property owners and next the petty traders. These have their social and political alignments either with the middle class, forming a slightly lower rung, or as in the case of small artisans, with the working class. Then comes the labour class which covers all types of workers including the unskilled. Some at least of the educating of this group was done by the communist-aligned Tudeh Party. Even otherwise labour being generally more politically stirred, is bound to be emotionally intensely nationalistic.

In the background vague and nebulous, but powerful nevertheless, stands the Iranians peasantry, consisting of different degrees of self-consciousness and understanding but solidly backing the nationalisation of oil.

Last but not the least in this category, the traditional aristocracy and ruling oligarchy finds a place. Still grounded in its monopolistic and restrictive ownership of land, it figures nevertheless as part of that hard core of support for the oil nationalisation movement. Then there is still one more group to be covered and it is not a negligible one though of small size—the zealots who reject everything that is Western. So far we have dealt with those who were frank in their acceptance of the West to a lesser or greater degree, partly because they were overwhelmed by the present superiority of the West in world affairs, especially in its ability to provide material comforts and benefits, and partly because of their genuine appreciation of Western thought and culture. But side by side are also those who choose to turn their faces away from these new techniques and ways. More, they believe that all the ills of their present existence are to be blamed on the West. They rather idealise the past and seek to re-establish the lost past—the Islamic way as they term it, however vague and amorphous that concept may

seem. They, therefore, naturally become keen on driving the foreigners out so as to rid the country of their evil influence. It is these that have been responsible for the political assassinations in the recent years. In the heat of the present struggle, it is natural that such a group should become politically militant and be able to dramatise the issues in a form calculated to rally the masses and exert sufficient pressure on the ruling group by persuasion or intimidation.

At the other end, equally rabid and bitterly opposed to the British is the communist-controlled Tudeh Party, allegedly national, leftist and primarily interested in Iranian regeneration and prosperity. It seems natural for it to follow a rabid and violent line to discredit and eliminate the Western powers, of course, as distinct from the Soviet Union.

There remains just one more factor in this to complete the picture, the Shah—Mohammad Reza Pahlavi. From the first he seems to have chosen to rule as a constitutional sovereign, given evidence of a desire

for an understanding of the necessity of political and economic reform. He is credited with having personally exerted himself to make free elections possible by restraining and supervising the court and the army to prevent their interference with the normal electoral procedures. Very natural it is, therefore, that he should have thrown his weight on the side of a popularly backed nationalisation programme.

Thus it will be seen that the social forces behind the broad nationalist facade are many, complex and even heterogeneous but all coalesced into a single integrated purposefulness: the oil is Iran's property and it shall be treated as such.

The triumphant return of Mossadeq to power is a dramatic proof of this coalescence. It is much more than the power of a personality. It is the demonstration of the spirit of the times, of the assertion of the children of the earth, that to them belongs its rugged surface, and all that goes with it, the stones, the moss and the oil—and they shall inherit it.—RPS(I).

## OUTLAWING PERJURY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THERE can be no two opinions on the need to stamp out perjury in India, which has rightly been sized up as a grave menace to the administration of justice by two learned judges of the Madras High Court. Perjury is one of the deadliest crimes in Hindu jurisprudence, and our law-makers would be untrue to their heritage were they to treat it lightheartedly, or as the judges have complained, embroil its punishment by cumbersome procedure.

Perjury is rampant everywhere, in every country, and at every time. It is not a racial attribute in the sense that it is characteristic of particular races or peoples; rather it is a psychological trait, and comes into play whenever human beings are motivated by self-interest or cupidity. Some years ago, two judges of the Allahabad High Court declared it as a feature of Indian witnesses, which drew forth a very spirited and stunning rejoinder from the Mahatma. The truth, however, is that untruth transcends the barriers of race or caste. In fact even in a country like England with a supremely efficient judicial system, judges and lawyers have time and again alluded to the evil, which is specially manifest in bastardy cases; and their dicta would make one believe that what Dickens had portrayed in fiction was not far removed from reality. But the agency to punish it is not effective, and as one famous lawyer said, it is more easily exposed than punished. It eludes detection too.

A writer has drawn a vivid picture of the over-zealous witness replying flippantly and evasively, vowing before God and protesting his honesty, but speaking the most transparent falsehood. The sting of perjury was destroyed by its breeziness. A trial judge of great eminence and experience, Mr. Justice Darling, observed that much truth was spoken so that more might be concealed, and has alluded to a professedly religious witness who took credit for so many virtues that he allowed himself much license in dealing with truth! Mr.

Cecil Chapman in his memoirs of 25 years of metropolitan magistrateship, has recorded that perjury is often bold and open and that even the taking of an oath conveys no terrors. The difficulty is greater when different groups of men like the police and the navymen, depose to a fact, when their ties of loyalty and comradeship help to obscure the truth.

### Difficulty Of Detection

A story related by Mr. Justice Stephen sounds apocryphal, but nevertheless illustrates the difficulty of detection. Every witness seemed to speak so solemnly that it was impossible to doubt him. He watched them with great care, not omitting to note their blushes, shivers and swaying of the body, but could get no clue. He then looked at the feet and observed that the big toes of certain witnesses twitched decidedly whilst those of others remained still. He repeated his observations and he concluded that toe-twitchers were liars! Perjury has affected even affidavits in England. It was an English judge, quoted in a House of Lords case in 1931, who had said that truth might leak out even in an affidavit; which is of course not far different from the Hindustani saying "Speak the truth: this is not a Court of Law." These circumstances notwithstanding, perjury in England is dealt with comparatively leniently.

Until 1613, perjury entailed only a pecuniary liability recoverable by a civil action. The star chamber provided for its punishment, but after a good deal of vacillation a Perjury Act was enacted in 1911 providing for the punishment of three classes of false statements.—(1) "forensic" perjury in judicial proceedings punishable with seven years' prison, false statutory declaration with two years and (3) false certificates for practising as doctor or dentist with one year. One important omission is "murder by perjury" (which is punishable by death in India). A bill was introduced in 1892, but was not pushed through. It was contended that witnesses ought not to be debarred from

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giving evidence in capital cases if it must be at the peril of their lives. Secondly, a great deal depends on factors other than evidence tendered for a conviction or a capital charge.

#### Manu's Views

Ancient Hindu law-givers had always taken a very serious view of perjury. Manu alone deals with it in as many as 53 sections. A perjurer is placed in the same category of loathing as murderers of women and children; banishment is the punishment for Brahmins. Yagnavalkya prescribes separate punishment which is double the penalty suffered by the victim. Vasishtha conjures up for him a fate by no means enviable—naked and shaven, sightless tormented with hunger and begging for food at the hands of his adversary. Manu invalidates all the proceedings where false evidence is tendered.

The Indian Penal Code differentiates the various types of perjury by the punishments prescribed. Giving false evidence in judicial proceedings is punishable with prison for seven years, and in other proceedings with three years. Perjury with intent to procure conviction in a capital case is punishable with transportation, and if an innocent man is convicted and executed thereby, with death. But in respect of certain proceedings, the procedural laws condone false statements. The accused when interrogated by the court can refuse to answer questions or even give false answers. And before the investigating police officer, the witness need not give true answers. These provisions are necessitated by certain privileges secured to the accused in this country, but they have no juristic or even ethical basis.

The existing procedure for charge-sheeting perjurers is much too cumbersome, and really shields them from punishment. When false evidence is

given, in a judicial proceeding, the offender is not punished then and there. After the main part of the proceedings is finished, the court has to apply its mind as to whether it is in the interests of justice to proceed against the offender and then arrive at a finding. Afterwards the case has to go before a magistrate, and in serious cases to a sessions judge thereafter. Action is taken not automatically but according to the discretion of the court. In proceedings where the deposition is not taken verbatim, nothing can be done. This is certainly a very unsatisfactory state of affairs and Mr. Justice Mack was perfectly justified in pleading for summary powers to deal with the offender swiftly and surely. But in actual working, it may result in certain hardships. Nevertheless, the procedure employed to punish approvers who give false evidence and forfeit the pardon, may be adopted with slight modifications. The court before which perjury is committed, may issue a certificate and the offender may thereupon be put up for trial after obtaining the sanction of the High Court.

#### Form Of Oath

As for the form of the oath the judges would require members of the various religious denominations to affirm on their sacred texts. This to some extent obtains in Northern India where very often a decisive oath is made up on the Ganges water. But since independence, interest in and respect for the scriptures, especially amongst the Hindus, are waning and there is at least one section in South India which believes in burning them outright. This however does not underrate the value of the suggestion which very nearly corresponds to Manu's requirement that each class must swear on what it holds dearest—the Brahmin has to swear by his birth, the Kshatriya by his weapons and the Vaisya by his cattle and merchandise.

It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane, to show which way the wind blows, even when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger, when all above is calm.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

## THE CYCLE

By M. KRISHNAMURTHI

SHE had powerful lungs, undoubtedly, the latest born of his brood. She gave him no peace at night, howling, howling, howling; and, what was much worse, setting off her mother, a champion nagger if ever there was one. What little peace he had in this miserable world was to be had, of all things, at his office. As quickly as possible—and as early as his wife's apology for cooking allowed him to—he fled to his office and came home as late as he could. The crowded transport system was a good excuse for him; he always told his unbelieving wife that he would, certainly come home earlier, to help her in her apparently unending domestic chores, if only the wretched buses and trams would take him in. This they most perversely refused to do. And by brooding over this injustice he soon came so much to believe in his own excuses to his wife that, with all the determination his meek soul was capable of, he decided to buy himself a bicycle.

That bicycle became the ideal of his life. With his pencil doodling away on the files in front of him at the office, with the wild shrieks of his innumerable children ringing in his ears, with his wife blaming him all the time for being a good-for-nothing, he still thought only of the bike. How to manage the finances for that purchase was now the thought that occupied most of his waking hours—and some of his sleep, too. A loan on his insurance policy! That was it! Eureka!

And he managed the loan as secretly as lovers meeting at a forbidden assignation. He then button-holed Jagat: he was the office expert on all matters, especially in that of buying good things cheap.

"I say, Jagat," said he, "I want to buy a bike."

"That's easy: Chapekar's is a good shop. Have you the money ready?"

"Yes."

"Hum! Let me see: twenty six inches or twenty four? I don't know. I think even a twenty inches should do for you."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"The frame, the frame: I was just thinking what size would suit you. 'I think we'll compromise on a twenty-two inches frame. By the way, can you bike?"

Nimbkar hesitated: "Well, I don't know," said he, at last "when I was a boy I used to gad about a lot on hired bikes. In those days it was quite easy and cheap to get bikes on hire...."

"That's O. K. then," replied Jagat, "Even you can't forget how to ride a cycle once you learnt it."

"But that was years ago," he protested.

"That doesn't matter. You'll find yourself on a bike like a fish in water. When shall we go to the shop?"

"This evening, after office."

"All right."

Then was a pause: "I say" began Nimbkar.

"What now?"

"You know those small horns they have on bikes?"

"Yes."

"I want one for my new bike."

"My God," said Jagat, placing his palms with mock despair on his head, "Anything else? What depraved taste you have!"

"Well, if you don't mind, I would like a mirror on the handle-bar."

Jagat groaned. "Anything more?"

"Not at the moment," said Nimbkar, seriously, "Would you mind if I had gaily coloured brushes on the two hubs of the two wheels?"

Jagat shouted: "Why should I? It's your money, your bike, your funeral. But what dark and secret ambitions have you been hugging to your apparently timid soul all these years. Tell me, are all these ambitions a desire on your part to get even with the frustrations of your blighted youth? You are bound to look a sight on your bike. When one buys a bike one wants to buy a good seat, an oil-bath gear case, a good set of tools and so on; but you—you, you, idiot!—you want trumpery fripperies."

Nimbkar smiled, patted his friend

gently on the shoulder and went back to his seat: and his dreams of his coming bicycle.

That very evening the purchase was made. It looked beautiful, gleaming, smooth, fascinating—"like a really young and beautiful film star," thought Nimbkar to himself. Undeterred by the sneers of Jagat, and even the look of surprise in the shop-keeper's face when he made those demands, Nimbkar asked for and got brushes, horn and mirror and had them fitted up to his satisfaction.

"Come on, we'll give you a leg-up," shouted Jagat, "Let's see you ride your new bike."

And they put him on it despite his half-hearted protests and, after an initial few yards of almost drunken progress Nimbkar was overjoyed to find that his old skill had not deserted him and, if he had been younger and less afraid of public opinion, he might have whooped with joy "Look: no hands" and careered madly down the road. But that could not be; and he turned back to the shop, thanked Jagat for his assistance and turned homewards.

Suddenly the thought came to him: "Poor Leela! What a jolt is in store for her when she sees what I have done with hard-earned money! I must take home something for her and the children, to assuage her wrath and to please the youngsters." And he turned his bike towards the General Stores he used to patronise and, leaving the bike outside along with several others, he went in and made a few purchases. It was only when he got back home that he remembered with a shock that he had automatically come home by bus, thanks to the much bespoken force of habit and, dropping his purchases incontinently before his surprised wife, he ran out into the road, with a hoarse, half-uttered cry in his throat. He never waited for a bus but ran on and on and on till, with bursting lungs, he reached the stores again. Thank God! his bike was there, safe, where he had left it, gleaming temptingly. He snatched it off the stand and wheeled it on to the road. He waited some time, to get

his breath back and finally mounted on it.

And then it was that the thought came to him. He must offer his thanks to God for His kindness. A new bike would have been enough to set Leela off for days; but a new, bike lost.....he shuddered at the very thought of the disaster he had escaped so narrowly. Cycle-thefts were quite common in his town and surely it was the hand of God that had prevented the theft of his brand-new machine. A feeling of gratitude quite overwhelmed him.

The little temple, dedicated to Hanuman, stood in a lovely grove, just off the busy road. In front of it was a well from which the numerous devotees drew out water in a small bucket and washed their hands, feet and face before going in to offer worship. Flower vendors and those that sold the sweets, peculiar to Marathi temples in Upper India, squatted in front. Nimbkar saw the many other cycles that stood leaning against the trees in the grove and he placed his carefully on top of one of those groups; curiously enough, he had never felt it necessary to equip his new cycle with a proper stand.

He washed himself and made his purchases from the vendors. He smiled to himself as he bought plenty of sweets. The surprised wife and children at home surely deserved them! Before the image of Hanuman he poured out his thanks in a stream of unspoken words. He was filled with gratitude.

He came out of the sanctum, resumed his *chappals* and made his way towards the tree on which he had leaned his new machine.

It was not there!

He searched frantically, looking into all sorts of places within the compound. He could not find it. He rushed into the street and looked about him wildly. Broken-hearted he knew there was nothing for him to do but complain to the police. That would, he knew, be little better than a futile gesture.

Surely the ways of God are mysterious, he thought, as he dragged his reluctant feet homewards.

## COSMIC RAY RESEARCH IN THE HIMALAYAS

By ALFRED J. EDWIN

**A**WAY up in the high mountains of Kashmir—at times in the region of eternal snows—a group of Indian research workers is trying to unravel the mysteries of a natural phenomenon that has baffled scientists to this day. Led by the world-famous physicist Dr. P. S. Gill, they are carrying out intricate experiments in an effort to trace the exact origin of cosmic rays, comprising high energy sub-atomic particles that keep falling on earth constantly from interstellar space.

More, the scientists are confident that once the origin of cosmic rays is established, it will lead to more knowledge about other parts of the universe.

The project that led to the establishment of a high-altitude cosmic ray research laboratory in Kashmir has been organised by Aligarh University (U. P.) Aligarh became a centre of cosmic ray research in 1949 following the appointment of Dr. P. S. Gill as Professor of Physics. A scientist of world repute, Dr. Gill had spent a number of years in India and in the U. S. A. experimenting on various aspects of cosmic rays. This branch of physics requires specialised equipment and during the last two years attempts have been made to construct most of such equipment at Aligarh.

Though cosmic ray research had been in progress in various parts of India, and under such eminent scientists as Professors Homi J. Bhabha, F.R.S., M. N. Saha, F.R.S., D. M. Bose and R. C. Majumdar, the possibility of high altitude experiments had not been fully explored. Data obtained during high altitude flights were, not surprisingly, sketchy and not very reliable.

Having decided to organise high altitude cosmic ray research, Dr. Gill looked to the Kashmir Himalayas as the possible site. (Way back in 1926 the noted American scientist and Nobel Laureate A. H. Compton had

undertaken studies of cosmic rays on the snow-clad peaks of Kashmir, and as a research worker in the U. S. A. Gill had studied under Compton).

Prof. Gill's expedition, financed by Aligarh University and aided locally by the Jammu and Kashmir Government, reached Kashmir in the middle of last May. Besides him the team included Messrs. Rais Ahmad, M. A., Basir Khan, Taussiful Hasan Naqvi, Mohd. Yassin, H. K. Kaushik and Suraj Prakash, most of whom had already worked at Aligarh and helped in the collection of valuable data. Dr. L. F. Curtiss of the National Bureau of Standards, Washington, came out to India on a Fulbright award to work in collaboration with Dr. Gill's team. Dr. Curtiss brought with him some equipment for the measurement of cosmic ray neutrons. Before reaching Kashmir, data similar to those obtained later in Kashmir but collected at a much lower altitude were carefully computed at Aligarh and, en route, at Jullunder (Punjab). In scientific parlance, the main aim of the expedition was to study the "latitude effect" and the "altitude effect."

During the stay of the expedition in Kashmir, heights of up to 14,000 feet were reached. At times progress was extremely slow, especially the transport of very heavy equipment, but the rigours of the journey were amply compensated by the idyllic yet majestic panorama of the Kashmir Valley. Having reached Srinagar, the Kashmir capital, by way of Banihal, the expedition moved on to its destination through mountainous country famous for its unsurpassed beauty.

The first halt was at Tangmarg (7,000 ft.), marking the end of the motor journey. Readings with the help of complicated equipment were recorded at Srinagar as well as Tangmarg. Ponies were hired to cover the journey beyond across pine-covered slopes and some 80 porters employ-

ed for the transport of equipment which included two generators and several tons of lead used in cosmic ray absorption experiments.

The next stop was at Gulmarg (9,000 ft.) where the expedition spent nine days for their experiments. Talking to a member of the expedition, I got the impression that many a time the scientists preferred to meditate on the beauties of nature than on the complexities of their elusive pursuit. Gulmarg, meaning Meadow of Roses, is one of the loveliest of Kashmir's valleys, and apart from its scenic attractions is noted for its famous golf links.

Khellian Marg (Meadow of Blooms) was reached in June. Two thousand feet higher than Gulmarg, this meadow is the site of the Ski Club of India Hut which was used by the expedition as its "observatory." Khellian Marg commands some of the most gorgeous views, including one of the eternal snows dominated by 26,000-foot high Nanga Parbat.

The expedition moved on to 14,000-foot high Apharwat but could not set up its equipment there. An absolute peak, Apharwat is exposed to high velocity winds making it impossible for tents to be pitched. An alternative site on the shore of Aliapator Lake was found. Believed to be the mythical home of the snake-god of the Hindu Pantheon, the Aliapator is characterised by its turquoise-blue waters and floating snow-bergs.

Steeped in local superstition, the

lake is the source of many a strange story. The hill folk believe that anybody spending the night by the lake will succumb to the wrath of the gods. In fact, the expedition spent several days and nights there continuing their mysterious experiments!

The data obtained at Aliapator Lake marked the end of the first phase of the cosmic ray expedition. The second phase comprised the recording of observations on another route passing through sites situated at about same altitudes and latitudes as covered in the first stage. This series of experiments began at Pahalgam (7,200 ft., 60 miles from Srinagar) and were conducted, stage by stage, up to heights of nearly 14,000 feet.

The expedition returned to Aligarh at the end of July and thereafter Drs. Gill and Curtiss extended their experiments to the Equator taking readings along the same longitude at Nagpur and Madras. The chief aim once again was to record the altitude and latitude effects in the study of cosmic rays.

A permanent observatory has been established at Gulmarg in Kashmir and next summer the scientists will return there to continue their experiments. The observatory—the first of its kind in Asia—has already attracted the attention of physicists in a number of countries, especially Japan and the U. S. A. and the organisers expect that in years to come it will become a foremost centre of scientific research.—NNF.



By V. P. SATHE

TWO important foreign film magnates recently visited India. They were Mr. Spyros P. Skoures, President of 20th Century Fox, and Mr. Joe McConville, President of Columbia Pictures International Corporation. The object of their visit was apparently to have a first-hand knowledge of the Indian market for foreign pictures in general and their pictures in particular. During their stay they were feted lavishly by the Indian film magnates and speeches were made stressing the importance of mutual co-operation and goodwill.

So far, while India has generally patronized Hollywood films, Hollywood has shown little or no interest in Indian films. Even now but for vague promises for the future there is no concrete evidence to show that Indian pictures will get easy release facilities in America. As a matter of fact, the efforts of a producer like Mehboob who went all the way to New York and Washington with *Aan*, a picture which ran for 12 weeks in London and is assured of release in several other countries, have so far not been crowned with success. Mehboob is not still fully assured whether *Aan* will have a general release in the U. S. A. Hence but for the vague assurances that the members of the goodwill mission have brought from Hollywood there is no proof of America's genuine interest in the release of Indian films.

Hollywood films are, of course, still very much in demand in India and some of them like *Samson and Delilah* are doing roaring business. And with the embargo on import of Indian films, the Hollywood product must be in great demand in Pakistan as well. Moreover, Malaya is reported to be a

great potential market for Hollywood films. And as the revenue from Asia is considerable, it is hardly surprising that the Hollywood magnates should visit India and other Asian countries to find ways and means to augment their revenues, especially since in Asia Hollywood has no fear of the competition of television at least for some years to come.

To cater to the Asia markets, perhaps, more and more pictures with Asian background are being made in Hollywood. Pictures like *Untouchable*, *Thunder In The East*, *Taj Mahal* and *Keddah* are all being planned to exploit the Indian background for world market. Incidentally, Hollywood producers do not seem to be pleased with the new censor policy of India and in fact they have been positively dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to some of their pictures like *Quo Vadis*.

#### Picture Of The Week

With the creation of N. V. M.'s *Lalkunwar* are associated such celebrities as music director S. D. Burman, director Ravindra, scenarist R. S. Chowdhary, stars Suraiya, Nasir, Jairaj, Durga Khote, Usha Kiran, Agha. All these names can be mentioned along with some of the most engaging and successful pictures in the past. And together they could be expected to give a really entertaining picture at least. Since, he achieved success in *Nagina* Ravindra has specialized in mystery thrillers. But with each picture, instead of improving his style, he seems to be deteriorating. Perhaps the censors who ordered several cuts in the picture have ruined it beyond redemption.

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But even making an allowance for the censors' cruel scissors one is constrained to observe that *Lalkunwar* does not fulfil the elementary requirements of a suspense picture. The story has no base, no logic; it just ambles along from one situation to another inspired by one foreign picture or the other, without proper coherence and continuity so essential to build up suspense. When the story itself does not succeed in making the audience feel interested, it is too much to expect that the film will keep the audience glued to the seats in suspense. The basic idea is apparently taken from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; but it is padded with so many sub-plots and it is so distorted to suit the Indian screen formula that but for the make-up of Jairaj, there is nothing in common between the original classic and *Lalkunwar*.

Indeed, here is a picture without any redeeming feature. It has no saving grace worth mentioning except that Suraiya looks lovely and sings delightfully. Even S. D. Burman's music is indifferent and all the artists vie with each other in giving poor performances. In fact, *Lalkunwar* is a model which should be avoided at all costs. It is pictures like these that bring depression and slump to the industry. When our producers stop making such insipid pictures only then can they hope for some salvation.

#### Personality Of The Week

There was a time when Anglo-Indian girls dominated the starry skies. During the silent days and even for the first few years of the talkie film, non-Indian girls were the most popular stars on our film horizon. Sulochana, Madhuri, Sabita Devi, Seeta Devi, Nadia, Rose, Patience Cooper ruled the Indian film world. It was only when the audiences became exacting about the accent of our stars and when the educated Indian girls took to acting as careers that the Anglo-Indian stars had to make way.

Hence it is interesting to note that it is in completely changed surroundings that Kate Sathy, the English wife of an Indian army officer, is taking to film acting. Kate has a good grasp over histrionics. She has appeared on the London stage and had

she not fallen in love with an Indian whom she met while working in India House, she would have, perhaps, become a famous actress in London.

But the love of an Indian proved stronger than all other ties. And so she left home when she learnt that her lover was not keeping good health and eventually married him.

She is, however, very much excited about acting in films. That is what I felt when I met her the other day at her flat at Worli with producer-director K. A. Abbas who wants her to play the role of an English girl in *Rahi*. She was particularly excited as this picture is to be made in English and is likely to be shown in England where many of her friends would come and see her on the screen.

Her first experience of film acting was in *Anand Bhawan* which is being made by S. M. Yusuf. In this picture she plays the vamp *a la* Kuldip, a bad modern Indian girl brought up in England. She did not speak her dialogue which was dubbed on the spot. A rather unusual method was adopted. While her scene was shot, Miss Kapur, who has lent her voice, spoke the dialogue on the microphone while Kate only mumbled her lines. This method was trying.

After *Anand Bhawan* her second appearance will be in *Rahi* in which she will speak Hindustani in her own way. But she has already started taking lessons and hopes to speak the language correctly soon. This is yet another proof that Kate is serious about her new profession and as she herself said she wants to stick to it. She feels that she will have good opportunities. True, there is a demand now for purely Indian pictures; but that means that the foreign characters in Indian pictures will be pronouncedly foreign and as such an artiste like her would have good scope. Besides, as a number of pictures are likely to be made in English for the international market, she is hopeful about her future.

Incidentally, at the moment she is excited not so much about the money she might earn but about how she would act. As she told Abbas, she was more keen on having proper costumes, and proper roles rather than on making a fortune. If she keeps up

this spirit and keeps herself free from the airs that most of our stars assume, Kate has undoubtedly a bright future.

#### News Of The Week

—*Shamsheer* which was refused certificate on the first censor trial, has been seen by the full board and granted 'U' certificate with a few minor cuts. This news brought cheer and hope to the producers who have been unnerved by the recent policy of the censors and the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting.

—Shantaram has decided to make a technicolour picture. He will take a mythological subject mostly inspired by Kalidasa's "*Kumarasambhavam*."

—An exact replica of Jalianwala Bagh has been erected at Prabhat Studios, Poona, for *Jalianwala Bagh*. The set has attracted attention of all those who have seen Jalianwala Bagh in Amritsar.

#### TV And Hollywood

Mr. P. G. Krishnayya writes from New York:

Something has been added to the Hollywood scene. It is the \$12,000,000 CBS Television Centre, opened the other day with a typical dedicatory flurry.

Illuminated at night, this strictly functional building looks like a great gleaming block of ice. But it is not its modern architecture that has jarred the community. As the sign of a swiftly expanding revolution in the entertainment industry, the CBS Centre, along with NBC's new television studios here, has brought home the full force of what is happening across the country.

An extraordinary new medium of communication has potentialities that are as yet only dimly foreseen. The new building can be quickly expanded, with plans calling for construction up to \$50,000,000.

Small wonder, then, that the film industry is nervous about this young giant. The trend of revenue for most of the big movie companies is downward. Some movie theatres are closing and the shadow over the movie industry's huge investment in real estate inevitably deepens.

The princely gamble involved in making a film that costs several million dollars is today a greater gam-

ble than ever before. The biggest gamble of all is the industry's dependence for its existence on revenue from foreign sales. On the average 41 per cent of sales are in foreign countries. For hundreds of millions around the globe the bright, skillful illusions created by Hollywood are an escape from the drab and often harsh realities of existence. But these foreign sales are possible only in a world in which the flow of free trade is relatively unimpeded, with foreign countries able to earn dollars by selling their goods in America. Economic dislocation and political upheaval can quickly pare down the 41 per cent that represents the difference between solvency and bankruptcy. Realistic executives such as Frank Freeman of Paramount are thoroughly aware of this relationship.

With the growth of television the movies have been casting about for a way to get into the new field. Paramount is shortly to try in one small community and experiment in metered television, with householders paying a fee in order to receive a first-rate film on their TV sets.

The television companies are making films. CBS is, in large measure, underwriting the company that produces the *Lucy* films. The old-timer and the lusty infant are carefully testing each other out.

Apart from the economics of this revolution to one side, it raises at the same time searching questions in politics, education, religion and almost every field of human endeavour. As the movies outgrew the custard-pie phase, so is TV showing signs of at least adolescence.

The Ford Foundation on the interests of better programmes is underwriting a series called *Omnibus*. Among many other things, it is presenting five dramatizations from the life of Lincoln, thereby demonstrating what this new medium can do in renewing the greatness of the American past.

Robert Sherwood, one of America's most distinguished playwrights, has just signed a six-figure contract to write plays for television.

Out here anything can happen, and it usually does. But just now a great many people are wishing nervously that they could know a little more about the shape of things to come.

## THE LAMA'S YAK

By PAUL ROCHE

THERE lived a lama of Tibet, holy of deed and instant in prayer, who possessed as beast of burden a good but simple-minded yak. One evening after returning from the valley, he felt the soft chin of the yak upon his shoulder, and there was the animal begging for company.

"Sir," it said, as the lama pulled affectionately at its little beard, "I have been your beast of burden for three years, and I have always been very happy but you have never taught me the truths of religion. At three and a half I am an irreligious beast and do not know a thing about the Almighty."

"Well," said the lama, "and do you suppose that knowing the truths of religion will make any difference to you?"

"Surely, sir?"

"All right, I am willing to teach you, but remember—no one can make you truly religious except yourself."

The next morning, when the yak had finished carrying pine logs to the cave, he trotted to his master's side, his face twitching with eagerness to begin the lessons.

"We shall start with the Supreme One," said the lama, "and I shall teach you how to catch a glimpse of where He dwells. Even in things sad and difficult you will learn to see His passing shadow."

"We may even see the Almighty Himself," said the Yak with bulging eyes.

"No, my friend. Not here. How could we gaze upon perfect beauty when the very refuse of His glory, which is this world, dazzles many to intoxication? It is safer for us to believe and love."

And so the lessons began. Every morning when he had done his chores the yak would hurry into the cave and stand before the lama, his eyes dancing with anticipation. Hour after hour would pass as he listened to his master's gentle voice. There

were few interruptions and then only when his yak heart was bursting, and aspirations and ambitions had to be bleated out.

The lessons progressed as the weeks went by. Winter gave place to spring. The snow melted, the alders broke into catkin, and along the flowing torrents the rushes were flecked with pink and white.

Of all animals the yak was the most contented. There was a self-assurance about his trot and an expression upon his long face that amounted almost to smugness. He began to make interruptions during the lessons, grunting such remarks as:

"You said that before," or "That is self-evident."

There were also signs that the yak's behaviour towards the other animals was changing. He began to call the aged goat (whose milk once saved his calf life) an "old nit-wit," and he referred to the hens, after the lama's dissertations upon the sacredness of matrimony, as "a bunch of trollops." He declared also that it was against his conscience to carry fodder for the rabbits, who were living in sin.

These signs and others were evident to the lama, making him admit that the more the yak listened to holy things the more disagreeable he became. At first wilfulness, then rudeness, and finally rank disobedience became the order of the day.

One hot morning in May, when the lama, seated on the yak, was hurrying down the mountain-side to attend a woman in child-birth, the animal suddenly halted and made for a clump of bamboo brake.

"Your Reverence must dismount," it announced, "the hour has come for the noonday prayer! Let us meditate today on the shortness of life and the corruptibility of all created things."

"My dear animal," retorted the lama, "we cannot stop now—for a life

will be made even shorter. Pray as you go along."

"What! Pray as I pick my way down this stony path! It is all very well for you sitting up there like the Dalai Lama himself. What about me, slipping and stumbling at every step? Get off I say!"

The lama was the mildest of men, but he had not been so near to losing his temper since the days of his youth.

"Yak," he fumed, "proceed; we are late already."

"You leave me no choice!" replied the yak.

He went down on both knees and pitched his master into the bamboos.

Let us not waste time here describing the temporary confusion. The lama, unhurt except in feelings, gathered himself out of the bushes and hurried on to the village. He arrived just in time to save the poor woman's life and deliver her of a fine child.

The yak, for his part, made himself comfortable on the spot, and spent a delightful hour praying, filled with feelings of excellence and devotion.

When next morning the yak came trotting up for his lessons, he noticed a curious gleam in his master's eyes.

"My son," said the lama, "when we began these lessons it was winter. Now it is spring. The kidney-beans in the valley are showing green tops and the walnut trees have put out their leaves. It is time for us to take stock of ourselves."

"Of course, sir," interrupted the yak, "Know thyself," sayeth the Book."

The lama ignored this profound observation.

"I have long been watching your progress in religion," he said, "and at last I can tell you that your lessons are finished, you are now wholly religious."

"Indeed!" snorted the yak, puffing out his woolly hide with pride, "And am I sufficiently advanced to enter a monastery stable, for my soul pants after the religious life?"

"You are quite sufficiently advanced, my friend," said the lama smiling secretly. "Not all the monks of Tibet could outdo you in zeal for the

things of God. There remains but one little thing."

"Sir?"

"A trifle, a mere trifle. It is this—er—but will you understand?"

"Master, my ears are open wide and my brain is clearer than a running stream."

"Good! Listen closely, I am going to tell you a story."

The yak settled himself comfortably on the floor and cocked his shaggy head.

"Once upon a time there was a young farmer betrothed to a beautiful maiden, and a few days before his wedding he went to the village to buy jewellery. Finding nothing there to match her beauty he went to the town. But there was nothing there either, and he journeyed on to the Great City. Alas, in the Great City he found that the Emperor had just purchased all the finest jewellery for his daughter. So, crestfallen and emptyhanded, the young farmer after a week away set off for home. When he was but a stone's throw from his house, he met his uncle, a very old man.

"My boy, said he, "why are you so forlorn?"

The young farmer told him his tale of frustration.

"Come," said the old man, and he led him into his house. Then he took a casket from under the bed and unlocked it.

When the lid was opened the young farmer gasped, for the casket bulged with jewellery and precious stones. The old man poured them in a pulsating heap upon the cow-dung floor; rings of gold and silver, bangles and ear-rings studded with pearl, necklaces of amber and jet.

"My son," said the old man, "these were the adornments of my mother in her youth. They should have been for my bride, but I am old now and I never married. Choose from among them what you will. I regret only that you should have come so far to find what was near at hand!"

"And that is the end of my story," said the lama, and he walked over to a table and poured himself a cup of goat's milk.

"A most irrelevant story!" grunted

the yak shaking himself. "What is the moral?"

"The moral! Why, you calf-minded creature, you are the moral! You are the one I am talking of!"

"I do not see," said the yak.

"No, I told you it was too subtle for you. I shall explain. There was a time when you did your duty, were respectful and regarded yourself as the servant and friend of others. Without knowing it you were at the heart of true religion for you looked upon the whole world as a wonderful expression of God's will. Then came a change. You took to the study of religion. You went in for long meditation, you were filled with exalted ideas, you became what you now are—a paragon of religiosity. Yes, the most religious animal in these parts!"

The lama paused—"And also the most unspiritual."

The poor beast fell to his knees with stupefaction.

"What, sir? What did you say?"

"I said," repeated the lama, "that you are the most unspiritual animal in these parts. Oh, yes, you think that life as my beast of burden is not good enough for you. You fool! Did

you not guess that religion without spirituality is nothing?"

"But—but," stammered the beast, with tears starting to his eyes, "is not every spiritual person religious?"

"Yes, indeed, yak, but not every religious person is spiritual."

The yak pondered this, and when he spoke again there was a hint of modesty in his voice.

"What then, sir, is it to be spiritual?"

"Ah, it is to cherish the right values."

"What values, my master?"

"The everlasting values of Beauty, Goodness and Truth."

"And where do I find them?"

"You find them everywhere, but first of all in your neighbour, and most of all in God—I told you the story of the young farmer because you, like him, have travelled far to look for what was near at hand. Come back now and look a little closer."

"I will, master," said the yak, with the old gentleness dawning in his eyes.

"Do my son, for already you have a treasure in your heart."—Copyright —NNF.

## THE ARCHITECT OF INDIAN UNITY

By S. RAMANATHAN

**S**ARDAR PATEL has his place in the history of India as the iron man of action who built up a parallel administrative machinery to take the place of the crumbling edifice of British imperialism, the strong silent man of the Congress more feared than loved, the Bismarck of modern India who fashioned a unified and integrated structure out of a chaos of 560 native states, the executive spearhead of the Indian national struggle through whom Gandhi moved and acted, the master-player on the chess board of Indian politics planning every move and directing the game, with the eternal vigilance of a hundred eyes.

From a plough boy of Gujarat to the Deputy Prime Ministership of independent India, that sums up the story of Sardar Patel. This elevation of a son of the soil to the

ministerial gadi is one of the romances of Indian history, as romantic as the rise of Lincoln from the log cabin to the White House, of Hitler from a house painter to the dictatorship of Germany, or of Stalin from a cobbler's corner to the Kremlin at Moscow. Patel had none of the magnetic attraction of Subash Bose, none of the culture and dynamic mass appeal of Nehru, none of the vision and political idealism of Mahatma Gandhi, none of the intellectual subtlety of C. R. He was no political thinker or prophet like Karl Marx shaping the thoughts of his generation to dream of a new mould of society yet unborn, no idealist like Gandhi planning the dawn of a spiritual Rama Rajya on earth, no crude dictator of the type of Mussolini bent on fashioning a unified state by a policy of blood and iron.

What was then the secret of his greatness? In sheer power, or organization, in his fierce determination to assert Indian independence by the liquidation of foreign rule, in the careful construction of a parallel Government to replace the British administration, in the building of a modern India by removing the contradictions of autonomous states, he had few equals. He was not a man of many words. He spoke to the point and his words came down with the weight of a bomb-shell. Not for him the balanced periods of Pandit Malavya, the sonorous perorations of Surendranath Banerjee, the literary fireworks of Motilal, the luminous discourses of Jawaharlal. In a country where centuries of alien rule had established inferiority complex he created wherever he moved an atmosphere of self-dependent strength. More than all these things he must be considered as the chief architect of Indian unity, who hammered out a consolidated nation by ironing out the political angularities of the maharajas who stood in the way of the country's unity.

Patel towered over his colleagues as a Colossus. Many times in the onward march of the struggle for freedom, often in the dark days of lathi-charge and ordinance rule, had his compatriots looked up to Patel for guidance and counsel. Never did he waver in following the footprints of Mahatma Gandhi, never did he falter in obeying the call of the captain, even at the time of the vivisection of India when some of his closest Gandhites began to doubt and question the sanity of Gandhi's leadership. His clear-cut features suggested strength, the strength of a

rude and primeval type. Cast in a rugged mould, there was something stubborn and implacable about him. His firm mouth, his strong jaws, and his heavy lidded eye-brows, everything about him indicated force of character of an elemental nature. If Gandhi was flexible in his methods and plastic like tempered steel, Patel was rude and rugged like crude iron. In his character there was no room for shades, half-tones and subtleties. There was no half-way house, no via media for him. A stern disciplinarian unbending in the discharge of his duties, a hard task master without the spirit of tolerance, a vigilant commander never allowing his subordinates to relax or waver, he had stood adamant like the rock of Gibraltar obeying the general and at the same time directing his colleagues, cheering his fellow sufferers in the hour of crisis and political persecution and beckoning as a lighthouse the ship-wrecked mariners in the seas of political agitation. No rival ever dared to cross swords with him for his fists were strong and his strokes were hammer blows. Dr. N. B. Khare defied him and everyone knows what has happened to him. Nari-man crossed his path and he had to disappear from the political arena. Then came the clash with Netaji and he had to go out of India.

It is difficult to believe that the great Sardar is dead. The stream of time cannot wash away this indissoluble fabric of nature. And it is fascinating to think of him and of what he would have done if he had been alive especially at a time like this when the cry of linguistic states is in the air and Kashmir has not ceased to be a problem.

To encourage an interest in Commonwealth affairs, the Over Seas League, through its Delhi branch, is offering prizes of Rs. 500, Rs. 100 and Rs. 50 for the best essays written by students in India on the subject "India's Contribution to the Ideals of the Commonwealth of Nations."

Boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 19 years who are attending school or college in India, and who are nationals of India or some other Commonwealth country, are eligible to compete. Essays of between 2,000 and 5,000 words in length, written in English, should reach the League's Delhi branch not later than March 15, 1953.

School principals and others interested can write for further details to Mr. B. Sen, chairman of the Committee, Over Seas League, Delhi branch, 107 Imperial Hotel, New Delhi.

# ARE WE LOYAL TO THE U. N.?

By A Special Correspondent

*(Following is the first of two articles discussing the record of the United Nations during the last seven years as an organisation designed to maintain peace, and ways of making it a more effective and acceptable instrument. The writer leads off with a frank assessment of India's own loyalty to the U. N. as at present constituted, and proceeds to the problem of making the world organisation more deserving of universal loyalty and capable of enforcing it.)*

THE Kashmir issue has come up again for discussion at the United Nations, and our thoughts naturally return to the vexed problem of India's duty in face of a solution commended by a U. N. majority but unacceptable to her. The situation seems very likely to arise. Most foreign observers cannot see that any unfairness is done to India in asking her to agree to a plebiscite in the State under conditions of military security which are obviously weighted in favour of India. The armed forces proposed to be allowed in the 'Azad', or Pakistan-controlled, area are much smaller in number than the Indian forces to be retained in the State under the joint Anglo-American resolution now being considered. It concedes the principle of India's responsibility for the security of the State against any renewed threat from outside.

Yet the Government of India has made it plain that it will not accept the resolution. New Delhi will stick to its own figure of armed strength representing the minimum required to ensure the security of Kashmir. Secondly, it will not concede to 'Azad' Kashmir the right to maintain any military forces, however small their size, since "local authorities" (as distinct from a sovereign government) can be allowed to maintain only civil armed police for internal order. Finally, India insists that the State Militia in Kashmir must not be included in the figure of armed forces to be stationed in Kashmir after demilitarisation is completed.

Will India ignore the final U. N. resolution in this matter if it does not conform to the above conditions? If she does, it will not be the first time that India has disregarded the U. N.'s

will. When it was proposed that the Plebiscite Administrator should arbitrate on any issues on which agreement between the parties proved impossible, Mr. Nehru flatly declared that he would not agree to the destinies of millions of people to be left to arbitration by a third party. Indeed the Prime Minister has said more than once that though India has taken the Kashmir issue to the U. N. for solution, the solution in order to be accepted by India should not violate the obligations to which we have pledged ourselves. Whether a particular solution violates these obligations is obviously a matter of interpretation, and the Nehru Government will decide according to its own.

The leader of India's delegation at the U. N. has repeatedly accused South Africa of disregarding the will of the world organisation in its treatment of people of Indian origin and of the non-whites generally. Will it be unreasonable if South African spokesmen retorted that India's record is no better in the matter of loyalty and obedience to the U. N.? The merits of the Indian and South African cases are not in question here. Most fair-minded observers will agree that there can be no two opinions about the Malan Government's treatment of its non-white subjects. Even the British delegate at the U. N., who took the lead in opposing discussion of the issue by the world organisation, was careful to emphasise that he was not approving the Malan Government's record but only supporting the South African contention that the matter was one for the Union's domestic jurisdiction. The Kashmir issue, on the other hand, is acknowledged by everyone to be a complex problem

about which there can be many opinions. India's legal rights in going to the defence of Kashmir and staying there are not disputed. Foreign students of the Kashmir problem are only sceptical about the claim that the people of an overwhelmingly Muslim-majority State desire to affiliate with India rather than Pakistan.

The merits of the respective questions apart, it cannot be denied that India has been as stubborn and zealous of her rights as a sovereign nation on the question of Kashmir as South Africa's Government has been on the question of its treatment of non-whites. In relation to the U. N. and in the matter of obeying its directives, India's record is not notably better than that of South Africa.

Why is this so? Is it that India's leaders are no greater internationalists and idealists than the white rulers of South Africa? Or is it that there is something wrong with the U. N. which makes it undeserving of the loyalty of even genuine internationalists?

The first explanation is obviously not true. There can be no doubting the sincerity of Mr. Nehru's advocacy of a world order, today as during the last two decades of his activity on the international political scene. India's Prime Minister was among the first advocates of collective security and of a world authority to control armaments and prevent war. There can be no comparison of Mr. Nehru's attitude to the U. N. with that of Dr. Malan in the motivations and philosophy of the two men.

If a man of Mr. Nehru's stature and idealism insists on national rights as against the U. N., it may be wiser to look for some defect in the U. N. which makes its authority unacceptable to him. Mr. Nehru has himself not hesitated to point out some of the shortcomings of the U. N. He has repeatedly spoken of the 'unreality' of discussions at a world forum where the representatives of China's 400 and more millions, representing about a quarter of the world's population, are not present.

Equally unreal is the enjoyment by tiny South American States of equal voting rights with countries of the

size and importance of India or Canada.

The veto right granted to the Big Five Powers is no answer to the problem of equal representation for nations which are obviously unequal in size and importance. It is on the contrary a vicious principle which strikes at the root of genuine world government.

The non-admission of Red China, the undue voting strength of the Latin American bloc and the Big Power veto do not, however, exhaust the points of weakness of the U. N. It does not have a ready force to curb aggression so that it lacks physical as well as moral sanctions to secure the enforcement of its decisions.

"Violation of the Charter" is a phrase so frequently flung at each other by indignant U. N. delegates that many of us have come to regard it as sacrosanct and unalterable. It is forgotten that the founders of the U. N. specifically provided for Charter revision at the end of ten years. It will thus be possible in 1955 to amend and improve the constitution of the U. N. And a few devoted seekers of peace have been applying their mind to the drawing up of a new, improved U. N. Charter which can command the support of all men of goodwill.

Among them is Mr. Grenville Clark, one of the most distinguished and influential citizens of America. He has helped his country to win two wars, but would now rather win peace for his own country and the world. As America's involvement in World War I became likely, Clark became a prime mover for the "Plattsburgh Idea," which provided for the recruitment of 60,000 officers in the period 1915-17. Again in 1940, when Norway fell to Hitler, it was he who largely conceived and wrote the Selective Service Bill, whose passage enabled a practically unarmed U. S., months before it was actually at war, to create the essential nucleus of an army.

With this practical experience of war, and as no idealist living remote from realities, he has prepared a plan for disarmament, peace and reform of the U. N. which deserves wide and careful study. The plan will be discussed in the next article.

## THE HIGH COST OF NEHRU'S "NEUTRALITY"

**W**HATEVER be the virtues of Mr. Nehru's 'neutral' foreign policy, education of the Indian public on the facts and significance of the world situation is not one of them. On the contrary Mr. Nehru's own utterances, the out-put (or deliberate silence) of the Government of India's Press Information Bureau, and the unenterprising character of the Indian Press have all contributed to the spread of half-truths and misconceptions about the forces at work in the world we live in.

The biggest of these misconceptions is that the present international tension is to be blamed equally on the Communist and the anti-Communist Western blocs, that they share guilt and virtue equally, and are equally prone to resort to aggression for the spread of their ideology. It is a natural temptation for a would-be mediator to apportion blame equally between the belligerents, so that he may be acceptable to both. If he sees more justice on one of the two sides involved in conflict, the other side is liable to reject his services and doubt his motives. That a mediator should yield to the temptation is natural. But it does no credit to his power of understanding; and the morality of apportioning 50% of the blame to one party, merely in order to remain on talking terms with the other, is open to question.

Diplomatic representatives of the West in New Delhi were certainly astounded by Mr. Nehru's statement at Gwalior, on December 1, that India's proposal for Korean peace had been "rejected first by the United States and later by Russia and China." The accuracy of this statement by our Prime Minister was tested on December 4, when America voted for the Indian proposal in the General Assembly of the U. N., along with every non-Communist nation except Formosa. The only countries to vote

against the proposal were the Soviet Union and the four other Communist countries represented in the U. N.

It is true that U. S. spokesmen were critical of the Indian proposal in its original form, since it left the fate of prisoners unwilling to be repatriated to be settled by a Far Eastern political conference which might remain indefinitely deadlocked on the issue. Mr. Nehru consented to amendment of the proposal so as to set a time-limit for the turning over of non-repatriates to the care of the U. N. The plan as amended proved acceptable to the U. S. There are only two ways of understanding Mr. Nehru's Gwalior statement. One is that he was feeling upset at having consented to the amendment under U. S. 'pressure,' and regarded only the original proposal as India's own, and thus described the failure of the original plan to secure U. S. approval as "rejection" by America. In this case Mr. Nehru cannot but incur very serious blame for showing weakness in face of pressure, while talking all the time of his foreign policy as one based on independent judgment; for presenting as India's resolution something which he did not really approve. He should not have permitted Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon to amend the proposal, and should have accepted failure of the peace move at quite an early stage.

The other, and more credible, explanation for Mr. Nehru's statement at Gwalior is that he was deliberately making a compromise in the interest of peace. Sardar Panikkar, India's envoy at Peking during the crucial opening years of the new Communist regime, led Mr. Nehru to believe that the Communist Government was genuinely friendly towards India and was not committed to blind obedience to Moscow in foreign policy. Believing this flattering account, Mr. Nehru carefully avoided doing or saying anything that might make the rulers

at Peking stiffen up. Only this explains the careful avoidance by Mr. Nehru, Mr. Krishna Menon and all other spokesmen of the Indian Government of any discussion of the principle of non-forcible repatriation of prisoners which is the crux of the Indian plan overwhelmingly approved by the U. N. and rejected by Russia and China. The Gwalior statement, in this view, becomes readily understandable as a sop to Chinese Communist sentiment, intended to keep the door open for further efforts at peace-making.

Whether such a thing as sentiment prevails among the Communist rulers of China is debatable. Whether Mr. Nehru is right to adopt the "plague on both your houses" attitude, irrespective of the facts of a case, is another question that is open to debate. But there is no doubt whatever that the effect of Mr. Nehru's attitude on Indian public opinion has been harmful. Throughout the many weeks that the Indian proposal was under discussion at the U. N. and world capitals, the Government of India made no attempt to explain to the people of this country what they were trying to do. It was plain to everyone that the Indian peace plan rejected the Communist demand for compulsory repatriation of prisoners, and accepted the Western principle of voluntary repatriation. The plan merely sought to postpone the date of freedom for non-repatriates, not to deny freedom to them indefinitely. Yet no attempt was made by the Press Information Bureau, which can release a flood of material when it wants, to justify the Indian proposal against Communist criticism. The reason for this was simple. It was the fear that any argument in favour of free choice by prisoners might exacerbate Communist opposition. And the Press enlightened the public as little as Government did. It is a remarkable fact that no leader or news correspondent in India has bothered to examine the question of prisoners of war, though they all joined in the chorus of praise for Mr. Nehru's peace effort which revolved precisely round this issue.

If anyone had bothered, he would have found out at least some of the following interesting facts concern-

ing the Communist charge that the principle of voluntary repatriation is an unheard-of imperialist device to perpetuate the war in Korea. They were listed by Mr. Dean Acheson, U. S. Secretary of State, in his speech before the U. N. Political Committee on October 24, and make instructive reading. It is part of the price that the Indian public pays for Mr. Nehru's conception of neutrality that it is denied information, such as the following, which is essential for evaluating Mr. Nehru's own peace efforts and world affairs generally.

Mr. Acheson said:

I will not take up the time of the Committee by going over all the instances in which this principle has been applied, but it is rather interesting to direct our minds to a few instances, and I have chosen for the purpose some treaties entered into by the Soviet Union, because they are the loudest in screaming that this is quite illegal, wholly wrong and has never been engaged in before, and that it is an imperialist war-monger's idea dreamed up by the Americans. Let us look at the record, which is always a good thing to do.

I should like to draw your attention to certain treaties entered into by the Soviet Union Government over quite a period of time. The treaties, perhaps, are not spread over a long period, but the practice is. The first one is a treaty with Germany signed by the Soviet Union Government on 3rd March, 1918 at Brest Litovsk. Chapter 5, section 17, reads:

"Prisoners of war of both parties will be released into their homeland insofar as they do not, with consent of the capturing state, desire to remain within the latter's territory or betake themselves into another country."

Pretty good doctrine, very early in the life of the Soviet Union Government. The next treaty was signed on the same day, 3 March 1918, with Austro-Hungary. Section 6 reads:

"Prisoners of war on each side are, provided they do not elect to remain in the country of their present sojourn or to betake themselves to another country, to be returned to their own country with all possible dispatch."

That is, they were to be returned with all possible dispatch if they did not elect to remain in the country of their present sojourn. Next, on 18 December 1919 the Soviet Union Government and Denmark signed an agreement relating to the mutual repatriation of nationals. It was signed at Copenhagen. Part of it reads:

"As soon as the Soviet Government notifies the Danish Government that the former Russian prisoners of war now found in Denmark who desire to return to Soviet Russia may enter within Soviet Russia's frontiers, and as soon as the vessels necessary for this movement are available, the said prisoners of war shall be dispatched to the place indicated by the Soviet Government."

"The Soviet Government shall give the Danes remaining in Soviet Russia who desire to return to Denmark the opportunity to do so as the conditions of war permit."

Next, the Treaty of Peace with annexes signed with Estonia at Tartu on 2 February 1920; paragraph 1 of the annexes to article 9 reads:

"Prisoners of war of both Contracting Parties shall be repatriated unless they prefer to remain in the country in which they are with the consent of the Government of that country) or to go to some other country."

A treaty was signed by the Soviet Government with France; an agreement relating to the mutual repatriation of nationals with a note, supplementary agreement and a declaration signed at Copenhagen 20 April 1920. It reads in part:

"1. The French Government shall repatriate to Soviet Russia and the Soviet Ukraine all the Russian military personnel who so desire as well as those who form part of the Russian expeditionary force in France and in Macedonia and those who have become prisoners of war now present in France, Algiers, Salonika or in any other territory subject to French authority where they might have been sent by the French Government. According to the conditions mentioned below, the People's Commissars shall notify the representative commissioned for this purpose by the French Government of all French nationals, civilians as well as military, found in localities subject to the authority of Soviet Russia and the Ukraine who do not refuse repatriation by written announcement."

Next is a treaty between the Soviet Government and the United Kingdom, signed at Copenhagen on 12 February 1920, containing an agreement regarding the exchange of prisoners of war, with annexes. Article 4 reads:

"The British Government undertakes, subject to the provisions of article 8, to secure the delivery to the Soviet Government of the Russian combatant prisoners and civilian officials who are in the custody of the Archangel Government and who have been captured

at any time since the landing of the British forces in North Russia. This undertaking will apply to all those whose release is desired by the Soviet Government and who themselves desire to leave the territory under the control of the Archangel Government."

Article 7 says, and I might as well read it all:

"The Soviet Government will repatriate all British combatants including those who may subsequently fall into the hands of the Soviet armies within one month from the signing of this agreement and all civilian prisoners except those committed for grave offences and all British nationals at present in Soviet Russia as far as they can be identified who may wish to return to any portion of the British Empire."

Then comes a treaty between the Soviet Government and Germany, signed in Berlin on 19 April 1920—an agreement regarding the mutual repatriation of prisoners of war and interned civilians.

"Prisoners of war and interned civilians of both sides are to be repatriated in all cases where they themselves desire it. The repatriation shall begin without delay and shall be carried out with the utmost dispatch."

Next is a treaty between the Soviet Government and Italy, signed at Copenhagen on 27 April 1920, an agreement regarding prisoners of war and interned civilians:

"The Royal Italian Government shall undertake to transport under the best possible conditions all the Russian prisoners who have expressed the desire to return to Soviet Russia, to Odessa or to another Black Sea Port of the Soviet Republics (which will be indicated by the Soviet Government), while supplying in that respect all the necessary means for transporting said prisoners. With respect to the natives of those provinces which constitute a part of the Soviet States but have detached themselves from Russia, the Soviet Government shall not admit such natives to its territory unless they signed a declaration expressing the desire to return to the territory of the Soviet Republics."

There is a treaty with Australia concerning the return of prisoners of war, signed at Copenhagen on 5 July 1920. According to Article 1:

"Both Contracting Parties declare their acceptance of the principle that such prisoners as wish to remain in the country shall not be prevented from doing so."

A treaty with Latvia, signed by the Soviet Government at Riga on 11 August 1920, states in the Annex to Article 7:

"Prisoners of the two Contracting Parties shall be repatriated unless, with the consent of the Government on whose territory they are, they express the desire to remain in the country in which they are or to proceed to any other country."

Another treaty with Latvia: Agreement regarding the repatriation of prisoners of war, signed at Riga on 16 November 1920:

"Those who express a desire to remain in the country of their imprisonment shall file the proper application with the competent authorities of the State wherein they reside. Upon the satisfaction of such application, said persons shall have the right to remain on the basis of the conditions set forth by these authorities."

A treaty with Poland, Convention regarding Repatriation, with additional protocols, signed at Riga on 24th February 1921:

"The two contracting parties undertake, immediately after the signature of this present agreement, to proceed with the speedy repatriation of all hostages, civilian prisoners, interned persons, prisoners of war, exiles, refugees and migrants who are at present within the boundaries of their respective territories."

Article 2 defines these categories which I have mentioned. According to Article 3, "The above-mentioned persons are free to return to their native countries; they cannot be directly or indirectly compelled to do so."

A treaty with Turkey: Convention regarding Repatriation, signed by the Soviet Union Government at Moscow on 28 March 1921:

"Article 2: The mutual repatriation of prisoners shall be effected with their consent. Forced repatriation shall in no way be admissible."

That is very vigorous.

These are treaties signed by the Soviet Union Government. As Mr. Casey, the Foreign Minister of Australia, told us the other day, in World War II the Soviet Union, in an ultimatum to the commander of the German troops of Stalingrad on 8 January 1943, guaranteed to all who surrendered that, after the end of the war, they would be allowed to return to Germany, or to any country where war prisoners might desire to go.

Later, in the Budapest area, a similar offer was made to German troops. And this is very interesting: a Soviet Union publication refers to these episodes as expressing the highest act of humanitarianism. And I agree with that.—S. R.

## THE MISSING HYDERABAD DETENU

By P. N. SAMPATH

THOSE who have been hoping that the confounding mystery of the missing Hyderabad detenu, Mr. Thaduri Janardhanachari, would be unravelled as a result of the probings of the Supreme Court, have been sorely disappointed at the tame ending of the habeas corpus petition in outright dismissal. When the petition came up before the Supreme Court on September 22, 1952, writs were issued for the production of Janardhanachari by either the Madras or the Hyderabad Government, after fuller inquiries were made to trace the detenu. During the preliminary stages of the hearing, when the two Governments were unable to throw any light as to how the detenu came to be missing, grave doubts were openly expressed by one of the pre-

siding judges as to the possible fate of Janardhanachari, doubts which called into question the concerned Governments' very competence to be considered as the natural guarantors of the individual lives and liberty of the citizens. As reflected in the ultimate outcome of the petition, for no plausible reason, the aforesaid earlier impression was given up by the judges of the Supreme Court but-tressed only by surmise.

The Government of Hyderabad stated in its return to the Supreme Court that as the principal police officers concerned in the affair have since been repatriated to the Madras State Police Service, it could state nothing beyond the fact that Janardhanachari, who was illegally detained by the Khammameth police, was

subsequently handed over to the Madras Police at Munagala in August, 1950. The Madras Government, in its turn, appointed an ad hoc committee to hold a judicial enquiry into the matter and came to the unhelpful conclusion that while the detenu was being escorted to Madras border, "the escort party could well have connived at his escape, and going underground."

The Chief Justice however observed that "even after these enquiries, the mystery still remains unravelled." The bench of five judges finally arrived at the following conclusion: "We are inclined to think that the surmise of the Madras ad hoc committee is probably well-founded." (Italics mine). The Supreme Court went on to observe, "In any case, we are satisfied that Janardhanachari is no longer in the custody, control or power of either of the respondents, and that is sufficient to dispose of this petition." The petition has been dismissed with costs to the petitioner, and the petitioner, who is the brother of Janardhanachari, is left to chew the bitter cud of disappointment, without any inkling regarding the whereabouts or fate of his brother. The police officers who are involved in this ignoble affair have apparently

escaped unscathed and scot-free. The Governments who have bartered with the detenu's person have been exonerated legally, if not morally.

The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is one of the great bulwarks of liberty. The infructuous nature of the judicial proceedings in the present case will tend to disappoint every lover of civil liberties.

Quite obviously, the Hyderabad and Madras Governments have not made, or to be precise, could not make a clean breast of their part in the whole tangled skein of the mystery.

The petitioner solicited the good offices of the Supreme Court to help trace his missing brother, and the Supreme Court has not adequately answered his prayer, but has tried to solace him with the assumption that the detenu might have wended his way underground with the connivance of his police escort. It passes one's comprehension how, if the detenu had really gone underground, he has not yet communicated with his blood brother, even after the lapse of upwards of two years. If the petitioner knew Janardhanachari's whereabouts, he would not have filed the petition for the mere thrill and mental satisfaction he can get out of the incidental discomfiture caused to the State Governments.

## UNPARDONABLE OMISSION

By P. N. S.

THE selection of the Indian cricket team to tour the West Indies calls for criticism on two grounds. One is the dropping of Amarnath from leadership; the other is the non-selection of R. V. Divecha. Does Amarnath deserve the treatment that has been meted out to him after he had shown what aggressive captaincy can achieve? There is only one answer and that answer is not complimentary to our cricket administrators.

Long before any of us saw Divecha in India we came to hear about him. Romesh Divecha, as the English papers put it, was a name frequently found among the successful bowlers of the last two or three English sea-

sons. For Oxford University particularly he did well. The Englishman recognised his merit. He got his chance to prove his worth when he was chosen to play in 1951 for the Gentlemen in their time-honoured encounter with the Players. We, in India, wondered why our selectors took no notice of Divecha. It was well known that, in spite of the keenness of the player to take part in the matches against the Second Commonwealth team, he was not given a chance. And not until the third Test match against England last season at Calcutta did the selectors choose him. And his performances in that Test brought him to Madras also. It was then that we had our

first sight of this paceman. And the first sight was not inspiring. Divecha's build is too rotund for quick movements of any sort, and his movements are uncouth. Anyone seeing him off the field would find it difficult to believe Divecha to be a sportsman.

But Divecha the cricketer is entirely different. In typical fast bowler's style he takes a long run and works his way up to the crease, his left arm pistoning across, up and down. The seriousness with which he takes his job becomes evident by the immobility and sternness with which he clothes his child-like face. All this ends in an excellent delivery with the left shoulder well up and with the whole weight of his massive body thrown in in the final effort.

Divecha's bowling reveals that he has his skill mounted on the fundamental of length. Unlike most of the Indian bowlers of his pace he does not pitch just short of a length but drags the batsman forward to play at him. Allied to this, he keeps up a commendable direction and bowls to his field.

Because of the lack of the dramatic in his art, Divecha's skill fails to capture the imagination at once. It requires long watching to find out where his merit lies. It was evident in the recent Indo-Pakistan Test at Madras that Divecha was the best of the whole lot of seam bowlers—and all of India's best were there. While Phadkar was not able to disturb the batsmen even a little, Divecha's nagging length forced them to keep their eyes open all the time. Once in the early overs a ball swung out very late and Hanif Mohammed was forced to hurry across and use

all his powers of concentration to put the ball away; and the next one was a beauty which beat Hanif neck and crop and rapped his pads. It was a 'near thing.' Among the wickets Divecha took that day were those of Hanif Mohammed, the Pakistan boy prodigy, and Imtiaz Ahmed, both of them results of persistent good bowling.

With his skill so well known, and his worth on English wickets undoubted, it was a surprise that he was given chances only late in the English tour; it was a further surprise that after he had proved his worth in England he was dropped in all but one of the Tests against Pakistan, and that too when Phadkar was not available for the first three. And now comes his omission from the team to visit the West Indies particularly after what he had done in Madras. The surprise is all the more pronounced because as a fielder, too, Divecha had put up a fine performance. He may not chase the ball like a hare—that is a physical impossibility—but he is quick on his feet and has taken many excellent catches low down at short positions. Divecha needs to be put in a position where he will do well, and once that is done he is as good a field as any one else. While his bowling alone entitles him to a place in our Test teams, Divecha is capable of putting the bat before the ball with a sense of certainty and is capable of good strokes. But that is beside the point. Divecha should have been given his berth to the West Indies as a bowler alone. But things cannot happen as they should, for Indian cricket will not then be condemned to eternal nonage.

I called on one liberal-minded settler whose farm, it seemed to me, was an enchanted garden out of the Arabian Nights. His land was watered as well as it would be in England. There was always sunshine; not the hard cruel sun of Southern India.... He pointed to two piles of coffee which had been crowded off the long lines of drying trays. "I must look after these," he said, "they are worth £1,600 each." "In that case," I said, "whatever does your coffee crop amount to this year?" "£60,000," he said, and when I asked what he would do if there was a slump in this price, he said he would not care very much. Even allowing for income tax, a very few such good years would pay off the £1,00,000 which his farm had cost him.—KINGSLEY MARTIN in the New Statesman and Nation in a Report on Kenya.

# DULLES: THE DIPLOMATIC ENIGMA

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: The first public act of John Foster Dulles when he was designated Eisenhower's Secretary of State was to telephone J. Edgar Hoover, requesting him to make a complete check on his life and report the results to Eisenhower. This was viewed by some as proof the new administration would continue to truckle to the McCarthy wing of the Republican Party. Others saw it, however, as an astute move to safeguard Dulles' flanks from Congressional harassments of the sort that have bedevilled Sec. Acheson's tenure.

This kind of conflict over what Dulles is up to symbolizes the central enigma about him that every world capital is trying to fathom as he prepares to assume direction over our foreign policy. There is wide agreement that Dulles is superbly equipped not only by heritage, training and experience but by insight and perceptivity to be a great secretary of State; but also by common agreement no one is quite sure what policies Dulles will pursue in office or the extent to which he will permit political expediency to override what he knows to be right.

"Dulles was trained for diplomacy as Nijinsky was for the ballet," one of his biographers has written. The grandson of John W. Foster, Secretary of State in the Harrison administration, Dulles' training in diplomacy began in 1907 when, as a sophomore at Princeton—from which he was graduated—he went to the Hague Peace Conference to serve as private secretary to his grand-father. The latter had been retained by the Chinese Government to lead its delegation.

Grandfather Foster was perhaps the chief influence in Dulles' life: Dulles is called "Foster" by his associates and his grandfather's two-volume "Diplomatic Memoirs" are among his favourite reading matter. Another relative, Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State, Robert Lansing,

gave Dulles his second big shove into diplomacy, with odd diplomatic jobs during the war which culminated in his designation as one of the counselors of the American delegation at the Paris Peace Conference.

Even his work as a lawyer carried Dulles toward his present destiny. Associated with and, at 39, head of the distinguished law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, Dulles handled its international business. While this has occasioned attacks on him as a "cartel man" it has also given him unique training for an era when the stuff of diplomacy is as much "Payments Unions", "Steel communities" and the like, as it is NATO and international assemblies. Dulles' real immersion in foreign affairs came in 1944, when he was sent down to Washington by his friend Governor Dewey to keep the embryo U. N. project out of the presidential campaign. Subsequently Dulles became a familiar figure at UN assemblies and his devotion to the organization is indisputable. Shortly after he was designated Secretary of State he brought Gen. Eisenhower over to the UN for a much-photographed visit to demonstrate the new administration's support of the organization. With Senator Vandenberg, Dulles became a major symbol of our bipartisan post-war foreign policy, participating in Big Four Foreign Ministers' meetings and finally serving the Truman administration as chief negotiator of the Japanese peace treaty. As a result Dulles enters his new duties completely informed on the problems of policy confronting this country, having a first-hand knowledge of such complicated mechanisms as NATO, the UN and the State Department, a first-name familiarity with the world's leading statesmen, and with incomparable talents as a negotiator. (Some diplomats complain he drives too hard a bargain because they say he is a lawyer rather than a diplomat.)

The son of a Presbyterian minister, Dulles at 64 has the sober look of a

church elder and is prominent in the lay affairs of the Protestant Church. One of his sons, a convert to Catholicism, is a Jesuit seminarian, as the public learned during Dulles' unsuccessful senatorial campaign against Herbert Lehman in 1949.

A tall man, gray-haired and blue-eyed Dulles speaks and acts with great deliberation and care. The only restless element in his public personality is an authentic blinking of the right eye. Dulles has many avocations including ornithology and duckhunting, fishing and yachting, most of which he pursues on his island retreat on Lake Ontario. Dulles' career, while a steady progression toward his present post, has also been marked by dazzling shifts of outlook. A Wilsonian internationalist at the end of World War I, in the '30s he became an isolationist and, as late as 1939, could deprecate fears that "Germany, Italy or Japan contemplates war against us."

A major participant in the shaping of America's post-war foreign policy, nevertheless he fathered the 1952 Republican foreign policy plank which was a major retreat from the collective security platform piloted through the 1948 convention by Sen. Vandenberg.

Although a few men have been so closely identified with our Korean policy—Dulles steered the U. S.-initiated resolution for withdrawal of troops from Korea through the 1949 Assembly—Dulles played along with Republican efforts in the recent campaign to gain the political advantage out of the public's growing discouragement with the stalemate in Korea.

During the 1950 Assembly Dulles indicated considerable misgiving about MacArthur's push beyond the 38th Parallel and the tendency it reflected on the part of the military to pre-empt decisions essentially political. But of this there was nothing in the Republican platform or Dulles' campaign speeches.

All this casts into mystery not only what Dulles really believes, but raises grave questions concerning his ability to thread his way between political compromises that advance fundamental objectives and those that undermine them.

The major question asked at the

U.N. as the Eisenhower-Dulles team takes over is: does it see the situation of strength it is inheriting from the Truman administration as the precondition for negotiation or for exacting a surrender from the Russians?

Ambiguity on this point is why foreign offices all over the world were so exercised by the Eisenhower-Dulles doctrine of "liberation." Both men attacked the Truman administration for being content with a policy of "containment." We should, they said, seek to wrest the initiative from the Kremlin by actively pursuing a policy of liberating the satellite areas with the aim of pushing Moscow's influence back to its 1939 frontiers.

There must be no "deal" with the Kremlin, they insisted, which would leave it dominant beyond those frontiers, and when Stevenson spoke of negotiation with the Russians, he was attacked for hinting at appeasement.

However, when cornered during the campaign by reporters who wanted Dulles to spell out how the doctrine of liberation would work, he cited the experience with Yugoslavia. But the moral of Yugoslavia, as it is assessed at the UN, is that its break with Moscow was encouraged by not western inducements or pressures, but by the encroachments of the Kremlin on its independence, and the confidence of its leaders that if they broke with Stalin, they would be protected from open Soviet attack by the UN's collective security system.

The moral one draws from Yugoslavia has great importance with respect to Red China. The West still hopes to split China from the USSR. Most of our allies, led by the British, believe the best way of fostering such a split is to bring China into the UN and allay Communist fears of Chiang Kai-shek. The U. S. believes, however, a more forceful policy of unremitting pressure is more likely to bring results.

Those who have worked with Dulles believe that at one time at least he had real insight into this problem. But they are uncertain whether he has the stamina to stand up to the China lobbyists, the preventive warriors and the Chiefs of Staff in carrying through a policy that will encourage Titolsm in Peiping.

# OUTWARD AND INWARD RELIGION

LAST August, speaking before the sessions of the First International Congress on Humanism and Ethical Culture, Julian Huxley declared that what the world needs is a new religion. This statement may be regarded as something of an event, although it will surprise no one familiar with the direction of the eminent biologist's thinking during recent years. Dr. Huxley seems to be the sort of man who helps to make cultural progress possible, for he represents a spirit of inquiry which is free from allegiance to doctrinaire positions. He has been in the past an effective critic of orthodox religion, but always, we think, a just one. Today, with the exhaustion of the world's moral resources, he recognizes the hunger for fresh inspiration:

The world is undoubtedly in need of a new religion.... The prerequisite today is that any such religion shall appeal potentially to all mankind; and that its intellectual and rational side shall not be incompatible with scientific knowledge but, on the contrary, be based on it....

There is at the moment a well-marked revival of Christianity; but this, with its supernatural theology, cannot satisfy the humanist, while its claims to the possession of absolute truth and the special features of its theology are bound to put it into conflict with other traditional religions, and to invalidate its claims to be a universal system.

Apparently, Dr. Huxley regards Communism as a competitor along with supernaturalist faiths, for he continues:

Communism, on the other hand.... is dogmatic; it is totalitarian and subordinates the individual to the state; in its present form, at least, it cannot do without the idea of an enemy—the bourgeoisie, capitalism, idealism, and now internationalism—and so vitiates its own potential universality....

If we take a comprehensive view, the developed individual human personality emerges as the highest product of evolution.... Only in promoting the development and dignity of individuals shall we find a criterion of further advance, or be accomplishing our destiny in a satisfactory way.

Here, at any rate, are important criteria for a new religion. But why, let us ask, must we have any religion, and why must it be "new"?

Much depends, of course, on how religion is defined. If it be regarded as man's attempt to interpret to himself the meaning of his relationship to nature and his fellow humans, and his effort to establish certain ideals for his life and to live by them, then manifestly man will always have religion of some sort. And if this be taken as a working account of the meaning of religion, the need for a "new" one is equally manifest. Current religious doctrines on the relationship between man and nature, or between man and a "higher power" are far too easily accepted without being understood; and, not being understood, they are far too easily perverted. What ought to be "new" in whatever religion we devise is the complete absence of any sort of religious "authority." Further, since almost the entire vocabulary of Western religion is authoritarian in origin and implication, a new religious vocabulary is also needed.

The one thing that ought to be regarded as the supreme blasphemy in religion is the religious cliché, yet, for the vast body of believers, orthodox religion is made up of very little else. The experimental, scientific spirit is more important in religion than anywhere else in life, for a man's ultimate convictions determine what his life shall become. Is it not strange, then, that there is less insistence upon the empirical in religion than in other pursuits, and less critical concern for the convictions which are inherited or adopted? It would be strange, if religious beliefs really deserved the name of convictions. For the most part, they do not. Passive assent is the typical response of most church members to their creed, with little or no attention to the violent contradictions between proclaimed belief and habitual conduct.

If authority in religion can be abandoned, then the clichés, the formularies, and the rituals can also

be set aside, and with this accomplished, the way will be open for individual religious discovery. In a search of this sort, however, there is no need to ignore the counsel of philosophers and great religious teachers, so long as the philosophers and teachers we hearken to are those who, at the outset, have warned that ultimate truth—supposing it may be possessed—is verbally incommunicable.

If there is any great lesson to be learned from history—religious history—it is this one. Doctrines we may have in abundance; metaphysics to stretch the mind, disciplines to clear the emotions, and principles for practical guidance: all these may be welcomed, so long as they are recognized to be no more than means preparatory to self-discovery.

What might self-discovery in religion amount to? Here we embark on a more or less uncharted sea, for a culture which has depended largely upon supernatural revelation for its religious ideas has little familiarity with and, no training at all in the processes of self-discovery. "Mysticism" covers the technical aspect of this "department" of religion, yet mysticism, like the various orthodoxies with which it has been connected, is itself afflicted by clichés and conventional references to the substitute symbols of religion. Among contemporaries, or near-contemporaries, Walt Whitman would be, we think, a better instructor in self-discovery for Western man—and possibly for Eastern man, too—than any of the traditional figures of mystical investigation. For it is *discovery*, not piety, that we are after.

The reminiscent mood, the vagrant intuition, a strange moral uneasiness—these are some of the aspects of inner experience that will bear watching. The self-discoverer becomes a master of constructive introspection. The human mind is a veritable theatre whose stage is never without a performance. Poets and artists, we suspect, are closer by far than any priest who ever lived to the methods, if not the content, of self-discovery. The difference, perhaps, is that the artist explores the inner wealth of imagery, while the seeker for ethical or religious truth has to penetrate more deeply into the roots of consciousness. To be

attentive to one's inner being, as the artist is attentive to the harmonies of sound, color, or word—this is a habit which requires extraordinary cultivation. The man who wants first-hand experience in religion cannot afford to be casual toward his own psychic life. He will avoid intoxicants, not because they are "immoral," but because they have a deadening or silencing effect upon the subtle communications of the spirit. He will be distrustful of the grosser emotions, not for any abstract pursuit of an ascetic ideal of someone else's definition, but because emotional tempests have a way of swallowing up the subtleties of feeling. Above all, he will seek his own way.

Where shall we go, to whom shall we apply, for instruction in the art of self-discovery? The world is not rich in instructions of this sort, and those we do possess have been too often covered over with deadly commentary and misinterpretation. For refreshing suggestion, however, we would turn to Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, to renew acquaintance with the account of the enlightenment of Gautama Buddha. Then, if the Buddha looms as too heroic a figure, we would read Tolstoy's *My Confession*, and Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. We should avoid all sectarian versions of this enterprise, and distrust all cultist approaches, at least until we felt wholly secure against the blandishments of any sort of "conversion." Finally, we would read again the passages in Richard Byrd's *Alone* concerned with his sense of participating in the universal rhythm of nature, and perhaps review Edward Bellamy's "Religion of Solidarity," included as a chapter in Arthur Morgan's paper-covered treatise, *The Philosophy of Edward Bellamy* (King's Crown Press, 1945). All these inquirers so far as we can see, have trod independent paths of religious self-discovery. If, later, they sought alliances that may be termed "sectarian," we need not follow them this far—nor, for that matter, follow them at all, save for our effort to gain some impression of what the impact of discovery may mean to a fellow human being.

Then there are the explorations of the mind. If we undertake to trace

the steps of discoverers in this realm, we need, perhaps, to visit their reflections in an unprejudiced spirit. For if, for example, we read Herder's *God: Some Conversations* (New York: Veritas Press), or turn the pages of Macneile Dixon's *Human Situation* with a view to determining how close these thinkers come to our truth, we commit a minor profanation of the spirit of self-discovery. To say about such men, "Well, if he could only see what we see and know," is to reveal the petty stature of our minds and betray an ignorance of what it means to know a thing for oneself. For these men, whatever their limitations, wear no borrowed garb. They are inheritors of a great philosophical tradition, it is true, but with them it is a living tradition, to which they have contributed a portion of their lives. Can we claim as much?

How do such men come by their discoveries? This is the substance of our inquiry. We cannot all go to the South Pole with Richard Byrd, nor climb a Himalaya with Francis Younghusband. Bellamy's vision of human equality and fraternity was a transcendental gift vouchsafed to very few. How shall we conjure such intensity of feeling, such depth of perception, as may blaze a port-hole through the coarse rind of our lives to gain a comparable light? We speak of these men as philosophers—lovers of truth. The philosopher never wishes to convert, but only to disclose what light he can. Socrates never oppresses his opponent with claims of private information concerning the ways of the deity, or the inner workings of the universe. Socrates may annoy his opponent with inexorables of reason—or with sheer nimbleness of mind—but he has no interest except in assisting in the birth—he called himself a midwife—of ideas in the minds of other men. The greatness of Socrates lies in his wisdom concerning the nature of man, not in extensive information concerning the nature of the universe. He understands as well as any, and better than most, the way in which human beings grow into inward knowledge and security. He as much as says that the universe must be the sort of universe which

is consistent with the high dignity of man, and, except for the myths, he lets it go at that. But supposing Socrates—or Plato—*really knew* something about the nature of the universe: even then, according to our theory, he would still have contained his knowledge in the obscurity of the myths, realizing that a well-constructed myth incites the mind to discoveries of its own, while declarations of doctrine are usually transformed into dogmas.

Aristotle declared man to be a rational animal, while Socrates intimated that he is an immortal soul. Both, perhaps, are right, yet each truth, if it is a truth, needs the support of the other. And Socrates was as wise in only intimating the idea of immortality as Aristotle was correct in declaring man's rational nature. Conceivably, there is a sense in which the truth about the soul becomes true only by self-discovery. Too much forthrightness, then, on the part of a self-discovered man—the ancient Indians spoke of such as "twice-born"—concerning the nature of his findings would in itself constitute a kind of delusion at the outset, and almost certainly be stretched into dark shadows of belief by eager enthusiasts who mistake doctrines—even quite "logical" doctrines—for knowledge. Here, perhaps, we have an explanation for the fact that most of those who have been accounted great saviours, teachers, and founders of religion, left no written record of their teachings. The scriptures of most of the world's religions are the work of followers and disciples.

Yet religious or philosophic reality is surely more complex than this silence indicates. If the body has an anatomy, the world a geology, and the planets and stars an order that may be precisely defined in mathematics, then the soul can hardly be without some sort of natural history of its own. Logically, we are brought up hard against the dilemma of religious discovery: to *know* is something more than to be struck by a species of divine lightning; it must involve an immediate experience of the laws, forces, and processes in the life of the soul. And then, having gained this understanding, shall the sage live a life withdrawn from his fellows, never attempting to break out of the

secrecy imposed by the hard conditions of his achievement?

This problem may supply a clue to the role of symbols in the establishment of culture. The symbol is happily equivocal, incapable of insisting upon a single interpretation. A symbol is a cornucopia of meaning, a provocative to inventive minds. For those of us who try to be naturalists in religion, it seems a reasonable possibility that symbols are to consciousness what the fulcrum is to physics—the turning point of movement. If, as Karl Jung claims to have discovered, certain symbols have been characteristic of the inner, psychic life of human beings for many centuries, then why not conclude that such symbols are part of the very fabric of inner existence—actual elements of psychic substance? That they are adopted by the "twice-born" to make a language for communication with the intuitive aspect of other men?

Years ago, a scholar who interested himself in the phenomena of extra-sensory perception proposed that we may have been shaping our questions about them in reverse. Let us stop wondering, he said, why such things as telepathy occur at all, and wonder, rather, why they do not occur all

the time? Is there some impervious psychic shell which surrounds the average man, cutting him off from the subtle waves of thought transference? By a parity of reasoning, may there not be a heavy curtain of blindness which bars to our sight the realities behind religious ideas—a curtain erected more by the pretensions of religious orthodoxy than by anything else? If we could tear away that curtain—each man tear away his own—we might discover a riot of significances. Those momentary impressions which come before the mind's eye, and depart, unwelcomed, like saddened troupes of rejected performers; those still-born impulses to say what is in our hearts; our timid withdrawals from what seem extravagances of the imagination; the flutter of the mind beyond the limits of contemporary notions of the possible: perhaps, in shunning all such intimations, we cast ourselves as bowed and shackled inhabitants of Plato's cave, who take the flickering shadows on the wall as the whole of reality.

We need commit ourselves to nothing but a wealth of possibilities in order to undertake the voyage of self-discovery. We can have rigours

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and disciplines to our heart's content, so long as all negative finalities are left behind, and all exclusive absolutes marked for rejection. The habit of denial is a habit born of centuries of frustration of the spirit of discovery. Abandon the cause of the frustrations, and the denials are no longer necessary to protect our freedom.

The age of outward, explicit religion has been marked by the most hideous of crimes, the most unspeakable betrayals of human dignity. Brother has been set against brother,

race against race, and man against nature. The most terrible lie of all is the sacerdotal lie, the most lethal poison the consecrated poison which attacks man's self-respect, but lets him live as a moral weakling, the game of every demagogue, whether of Church, State, or Market. The ominous breakdown of our civilization may be, in reality, no more than the collapse of external religion, and the painful birth-throes of a new order of moral conviction—the conviction based upon self-discovery. —*Manas*.

## SALES TAX ON EXPORTS

**T**HE Supreme Court's judgment in the Travancore-Cochin Government appeal is now available. It will be seen from it clearly that not only the last of the chain of transactions in the course of export is exempted from Sales tax levy, but also all anterior stages which form an integrated series.

The judgment says:

"The words 'in the course of' make the scope of this clause (Article 286-1 (b)) very wide. It is not restricted to the point of time at which goods are imported into or exported from India. The series of transactions which necessarily precede export or import of goods will come within the purview of this clause. Therefore, while in the course of that series of transactions the sale has taken place, such sale is exempted from the levy of sales tax. The sale may have taken place within the boundaries of the State. Even then sales tax cannot be levied if the sale had taken place while the goods were in the course of import into or in the course of export out of India....

"...local purchases 'made for the purposes of export' are 'integral parts of the process of exporting'....

"We are clearly of opinion that the sales here in question, which occasioned the export in each case, fall within the scope of the exemption under Article 286-1 (b). Such sales must of necessity be put through by transporting the goods by rail or ship or both out of the territory of India, that is to say, by employing the machinery of export. A sale by export thus involves a series of inte-

grated activities commencing from the agreement of sale with a foreign buyer and ending with the delivery of goods to a common carrier for transport out of the country by land or sea. Such a sale cannot be dissociated from the export without which it cannot be effectuated, and the sale and resultant export form parts of a single transaction. Of these two integrated activities, which together constitute an export sale, whichever first occurs can well be regarded as taking place in the course of the other. Assuming without deciding that the property in the goods in the present cases passed to the foreign buyers and the sales were thus completed within the State before the goods commenced their journey as found by the Sales Tax Authorities, the sales must nevertheless, be regarded as having taken place in the course of the export and are, therefore, exempt under Article 286-1 (b). That clause, indeed, assumes that the sale has taken place within the limits of the State and exempts it if it takes place in the course of the export of the goods concerned.

"We accordingly hold that whatever else may or may not fall within Article 286-1 (b), sales and purchases which themselves occasion the export or the import of the goods, as the case may be, out of or into the territory of India come within the exemption and that is enough to dispose of these appeals."

Will the Madras Government issue directions to the commercial tax authorities accordingly?—*C. V. NARAHARI RAO*.

# Amrutanjani

**T**HE magic breath of the God of cure  
Has passed upon this medicine pure;  
Whatever your pain, it drives, be sure.  
O, have an eye, lest other things lure.

If you want a proof or certificate,  
Its highest honor to vindicate,  
Harken what the mouths relate  
And all the boards and walls narrate.

From North to South and East to West  
You can wander Sir, without a rest,  
But have this bottle in your chest  
Lest any pain your bones infest.

It is but a little that you invest  
Upon this famous medicine best,  
All coming dangers it will arrest;  
To have it is your caution's test.

So cheap, so bottled, so potent,  
So nice-looking, with such nice scent,  
It is in every home present  
As the most honourable guest pleasant.

It is the doctor of our poor peasant  
As it cures most for the least that is spent.  
The richer too did not invent  
A medicine of a more portent.

("The Heart of India"—by S. N. Garimella)

# SWATANTRA

VOL. VII NO. 46.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1952.

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ON THE COVER: Women in various Indian costumes at a display at the sixth International Conference of Social Work held in Madras.—Photo by R. Krishnan

# SWATANTRA

VOL. VII  
No. 46

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1952

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## THE FAST AND THE SEQUEL

THE fast unto death of Sri Potti Sriramulu has extorted admiration for the sacrifice and sincerity of the man even from those who disbelieved in the efficacy of his method for realising the purpose he had in view. Through his death he has achieved the success of a cause for which many laboured in vain with less powerful means of agitation. Pandit Nehru who thought at first that parliamentary sovereignty might be violated by official action in response to the fast, subsequently changed his mind, but his response came too late to save Sriramulu's life. The fast has intensified the demand for linguistic States, and it is not unlikely that the Andhra State now pledged to be formed without delay, will presently be followed by other linguistic States like Gujarat, Maharashtra, Kerala and Karnataka. The Andhra Satyagrahi's fast has been precipitated by the provocative actions of the Chief Minister of Madras State who has been excelling of late in perversions of political power to the disadvantage of the Andhras. C. R. has intensified the incentives to dissension by too aggressive an identification of the power and resources of the Government with the interests of the linguistic section only in the State, to the exclusion of others. The prospects of a non-linguistic distribution of territory mainly on administrative grounds have been ruined by this, and the era of language States has commenced, with a momentum which will go on gathering force, and will become before long too overwhelming to be resisted.

There are some limitations to the formation of linguistic States which the Prime Minister will do well to recognise before they are forced on his attention by further sacrifices by determined souls bent on extracting justice and fairplay. Cities like Madras and Bombay are multi-lingual, they have been enriched with contributions in wealth and service drawn from all the linguistic regions, and they belong to no section in particular, whatever may be the arithmetical strength of each. These oases of cosmopolitanism cannot be coerced into one-language pattern without causing hardship and illwill to minorities, and they should be preserved in a form where all can exercise equal rights of citizenship. The solution must come from the Centre uninfluenced by the group passions of sectional leaders of the calibre of C. R. who already have proved themselves partisans in outlook and disruptive in administration, without capacity to win the confidence of the people of all the linguistic regions.

## "Harnessing The Krishna"

IN an editorial under the title "Harnessing the Krishna" *The Hindu* holds that "it would be better to start work on the substantial parts of the Krishna Pennar Project which have met with the approval of the Khosla Committee." It argues that it is natural that the Hyderabad Government should attach more importance to Nandikonda because a reservoir there will help them to improve irrigation in Telengana, but

the Madras Government must regard the problem of irrigation for the Ceded Districts as of the utmost urgency. This sort of envisagement of a conflict between the interests of Telengana and those of Rayalaseema for bolstering up the Krishna Pennar Project sponsored by the Madras Government, misses the whole reality behind the drive of that Government to sabotage the Khosla proposals. If the area north of Madras is taken into consideration, there is nothing by way of benefit contemplated under the Krishna Pennar Project which is not also included in the Khosla Committee's proposals. Under the Khosla Committee plan, provision is made for the whole of the quantum of improvement comprised in the Krishna Pennar Project; in addition, the Khosla Committee has planned irrigational facilities for some 40 lakhs of acres in Guntur and Nellore districts that would have been permanently denied irrigation under the Krishna Pennar Project. It is a wrong picture of the situation to present a conflict between Telengana and Rayalaseema as the cause of the Madras Government's insistence on the Krishna Pennar Project. The real conflict is between the Andhra areas in the neighbourhood of Krishna and Pennar and the Tamil districts of Chingleput and South Arcot lying to the south of Madras. The Madras Government want to bring water from the northern rivers to provide irrigation facilities for Chingleput and South Arcot. The Khosla Committee is of the opinion that the waters of the Krishna and Pennar do not suffice for irrigation of the Tamil districts without injury to the Telugu region lying nearer. If the Tamil districts are to be irrigated from the north, the Khosla Committee has very definitely expressed the opinion that the waters of the Godavari, after meeting the requirements of the Godavari valley, will have to be split into the Krishna and carried on thence to the Pennar.

Except for the suggestion that a survey should be made for determining the excess over requirements of Godavari water, there is nothing tentative or interim in the Khosla Committee Report, which is noteworthy for the finality of its recommendations. In the light of the Report now published these adjectives employed earlier by the Chief Minister to indicate its character, produce a very unhappy impression. They do not redound to his credit, and they amount to positive misrepresentation and misleading of the legislature, for which it is the right and duty of the Speaker and members to call him to account. Nor is there much substance in the plea of the Madras Government that "the question of how the available Krishna waters might be utilised is predominantly one for technical men." Who is the technical stalwart in the employ of the Madras Government pledged to the Krishna Pennar Project, that can claim superior expert status over the illustrious engineers of national renown that were invited by the Government of India to advise them as members of the Khosla Committee? The plain truth of the matter is that Sri C. Rajagopalachari has shrunk in moral stature to the proportions of a sectional slogan-monger and the Andhras have now no confidence in his bona fides. There will be trouble if he proceeds highhandedly with the Krishna Pennar Project which public opinion in the Andhra districts has condemned unequivocally as far inferior to the Khosla Committee proposals. Now that the Andhra State is imminent, the problem of the right manner in which the Krishna waters are to be harnessed for agricultural and industrial purposes, is better left to the future Government of the Andhra State whose sole concern it will presently become.

# Sotto Voce

## SPIRITUAL THUMB-SCREWS



MACAULAY, speaking of the unflinching calm with which Nanda Kumar faced his end, contrasted it with the abject dread which made even the most valiant Europeans, heroes of a hundred fights, shiver in the shadow of the gallows. But it was not, as he supposed, the mere stoicism of the unbeliever for whom death ends all things. What sustained Nanda Kumar and hundreds of others in that predicament was the certitude that death was but an interlude in the awful adventure whose goal was the Self. We may well believe that Mr. Potti Sriramulu who laid down his life for the cause in which he believed was upborne by the same exalted faith.

He came of a warm-hearted race with whom to think is to act. It is not perhaps an accident that the three men who, in the history of our times, offered up their lives as a political sacrifice, were an Irishman, Macswiny, a Bengali, Jatin Das, and an Andhra, Sriramulu. "Fasting against" somebody who had refused a lawful request, with a view to compelling him to change his mind, was an old Celtic custom. I suppose this type of fast and the Italian vendetta are the obverse and reverse of the same instinctive anarchism that has marked the Ishmaelite of every age. But this coercive fast is repugnant to the Indian tradition.

I am not forgetting the practice of *prayopavesa*. But it was open, as a sanction for compelling justice, to only one class, the Brahmans, whose *dharma* precluded resort to arms for redress, and at the same time cast

upon them the onus of vindicating the law which an unrighteous Ruler trespassed. Sri Rama, who rebuked Bharata for sitting *dharna*, recognised the justice of the protest when a Brahman, agonised by the untimely death of his son, employed it against himself. But the old law and mores of this country never permitted any class or individual to exercise moral coercion for securing ends over which men might honestly differ.

It is a trite saying that wars settle nothing. And we must remember that in a war millions give up their lives from the highest and most altruistic motives. Because a political fast is comparatively rare and is conducted in circumstances that spotlight the person who immolates himself, it comes home more poignantly to the man in the street, whose imagination is dulled by the ponderous impact of a million sacrifices. But the suffering and the patriotism are no guarantee, in the one case any more than in the other, of the essential justice of the cause which calls them forth. Political fasts, so far as I know, have nowhere and at no time changed the course of events. Even if they did, that would not establish their righteousness.

It was the Mahatma who conferred an immense prestige on fasting as a mode of protest. His was a mind of infinite complexity. Self-purification, for which fasting has been prescribed by every religion, was with him always a conscious and avowed purpose. More pervasive in its influence on his conduct if more implicit in his decisions was the view of life as

essentially evil, which was part of the Jaina (but of no other Indian religious) tradition. This came to him from his early environment. And at the back of it all was a sublime self-assurance, which in another man, who was not so cruelly unsparing of his own human frailties, might have looked perilously like egotism.

He claimed to obey the promptings of the Inner Voice. But the readiness with which he confessed his 'Himalayan' blunders redeemed him from the charge of charlatanism. That, in spite of the repeated shocks with which his unpredictable career impinged upon the even tenor of people's lives, he continued to retain their confidence and their loyalty was due partly to historical accidents, partly to the measureless magnificence of the man, whose very warts seemed beauty. But it must be confessed that his example in many fields has had a very unsettling effect on immature minds. Even worse, it

has lessened the common man's resistance to ignoble imposture.

The late Mr. Sriramulu's courage and selflessness are beyond question. But imagine a man calmly resolving to die if a promise were not given that Madras City shall be made a Chief Commissioner's Province. It was said that he was born in Madras and had a deep affection for it. So had the millions of Punjabis, born on the banks of the Sindhu, for the land from which they had been cast forth. And yet the Mahatma, with whom Mr. Sriramulu has been compared, did not prescribe satyagraha for them, though he hated Partition. While the Hindu in West Punjab is an unwanted alien in the home of his fathers, nobody has proposed that the Andhras shall evacuate Madras City. Let us preserve a sense of proportion. And let us not forget that the one unforgivable sin in Arya Dharma is *deergha vaishamya*.

VIGHNESWARA



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## SIDELIGHTS :

WHEN Sri Rajagopalachari became Chief Minister, I for one expected substantial improvement in the administration. The early symptoms were propitious. His advent was immediately followed by cessation of legislators' interference with district and secretariat officials. This could not have been accomplished by orders. It was the result of a wholesome fear on the part of all concerned that the new Chief Minister would tolerate the exercise of no undue influence on the initiative and discretion of officials. He had a high reputation for rectitude, and it worked to some extent to stay the hands of meddlers who in the two previous regimes had brought the Congress into disrepute with wangling of special favour for the benefit of their nominees.

The Chief Minister has no longer the high reputation for integrity with which he began his rule. Some of his appointments to high posts of responsibility have been atrocious. He seems to have abandoned serious concentration on large schemes devoted to improvement of the living conditions of the people, and gone in instead for dramatic stunts to make himself the centre of attention. His decontrol was viewed with extreme indulgence even by those who felt that goods in short supply will not go round to all if left to traders' mercy. But for some time now it has become clear that the benefits anticipated by the Chief Minister from his decontrol policy have failed to materialise. In Nellore district, in particular, the price of rice has shot up after decontrol to double the price previously. But the Chief Minister will not learn by experience. The distress of the people is of less account to him than his own dogged resolve to stick to his own point of view and advertise his infallibility.

It is in his attitude to the Andhras that C. R. has shown his worst side. There was no cleavage between

Andhra and Tamil in the Congress Legislature Party of the State when he was voted to the leadership. All Congressmen rallied round him. But in a short time he ruined the universal goodwill that greeted his return to office with a parochial and narrow-minded clannishness not worthy of the head of a multi-lingual State. Let it be remembered that he was always a little nervous of facing an election. He came by the backdoor through nomination to the Legislative Council. There was no point in preferring nomination to election with all the constitutional odium involved, unless in his own mind he had been apprehensive of the result of facing the poll. He seems to have pitched upon the Jinnah type of tactics to consolidate for himself a regional leadership by creating bad blood between Andhras and Tamils who for so long have been living together in perfect amity and friendship.

The Chief Minister's handling of the Krishna Pennar Project in the legislature has roused the whole of Andhra into distrust of the man. He has made it appear that profound concern for the backward tracts of Rayalaseema has been at the root of his advocacy of the Krishna Pennar Project in opposition to the Khosla Committee proposals. This has been proved untrue after the attempt to cover up the Khosla Committee Report with secrecy, failed. It is now clear that no conflict of interests between Rayalaseema and any other Telugu area is involved in the Madras Government's objection to the Khosla Committee Report. The real conflict is between the Andhra area and the Tamil districts of Chingleput and South Arcot; and to cloud this reality, the legislature has been treated to a lot of prevarication. It is not suggested that there should be any linguistic limit to the utilisation of the waters of any river. But if a wide use is to be made of the waters of rivers and other natural resources, the approach

should not be secretive, nor is the application of political power in a hole-and-corner way the right method. The Chief Minister has signally failed to create the proper atmosphere for being left in trust to dispose of the waters of the Andhra rivers to the best advantage of the largest number of people in the State.

He has been even more provocative in his utterances on the future of Madras City. Nobody denies that the majority of the present population of the city speak the Tamil language. But population has to be balanced against other factors for arriving at a fair estimate of the rights of parties. The Andhra contribution to the public and political life and influence of Madras City in the most difficult periods of the independence movement was certainly unsurpassed, and their contribution to its material prosperity cannot be rated as inferior to that of any other linguistic section. Sri Rajagopalachari's churlish disparagement of the Andhras as an insignificant minority of no more than 16 per cent with no tenable claim to the city, convicts him of a petty spirit not suited to the needs of the present. We require now statesmanly leadership capable of promoting friendship and understanding between different sections of people, and reasonable adjustment of differences in a spirit of fairplay without resort to tactical lies and the intrigues of power politics. Sri Rajagopalachari is not the man for the occasion. He is the only one of the country's outstanding leaders who has not been moved to utter one word of appreciation for Sri Potti Sriramulu's act of magnificent self-sacrifice. Even the Tamils whom he is now wooing with provocative anti-Andhra exhibitions of temper that have all the features of a cheap playing to the gallery, must be a little ashamed of the cold-blooded statement, wholly in contrast with the Governor's generous and kind-hearted sympathy, issued by him after the Andhra satyagrahi's

tragic end. The spontaneous spurts of violence in the Andhra area this week indicate, not defective response to the purity of the non-violence appeal of the martyred Sriramulu, they reflect the uncontrolled misery of a population that has found existence intolerable under the present Chief Minister. The Andhras will no more put up with C. R. as the head of a Government to which they will be prepared to concede loyalty. There will be no settlement of the future of the Andhra State and Madras City while C. R. continues at the helm.

The sixth International Conference of Social Workers met in a beautiful shamiana in the grounds of the Government House Estate, Mount Road, this week. Among the speeches delivered on the opening day, the Governor's and the American Ambassador's impressed me greatly. The Governor has not made a name for tact and some of his first acts roused keen controversy. But he has lived down his initial blunders. There is in him the milk of human kindness, and that makes him lovable, and carries him through all turmoils. Even lack of calculation becomes a likeable trait for which people are drawn to a man when his general disposition is one of human sympathy for his fellow beings. And this is now the attitude of the public to the Governor. As for Chester Bowles, there was no diplomatic stuff in what he said. He impressed all as a humanitarian with a flair for practical planning through technological drives. The arrangements for the Conference were magnificent. Their excellence revealed the high organisational competence of Mrs. Clubwala. She left nothing to chance. Every little detail was attended to with diligent vigilance, and with her industry, sincerity and social qualities she was able to collect an army of young men and women of the most attractive manners and address to do the honours of the City's hospitality for the delegates drawn from all parts of the world.—SAKA.

## ANDHRA STATE: FRIENDS OR FOES?

By D. ANJANEYULU

THE death of Sri Potti Sriramulu on Monday night marks the tragic but not unexpected end of an ordeal, that was self-imposed. While the sad news is bound to shock every Andhra and plunge him in gloom, the need for restraint cannot be over-emphasised, in view of the fact that the departed soul was a *satyagrahi* first and last, with an implicit faith in the Gandhian methods of non-violence and truth for achieving any objective, political, social or economic. Though we cannot be sure that the fast unto death had achieved its aim of effecting unity over the issue in Andhra leadership, it is only too clear that it has highlighted the Andhra problem as no other incident or individual could or did in the past. While it is true that all controversy must cease in the presence of death, we owe it to the dedicated spirit that there should be no false propaganda or deliberate confusion about the ideas and ideals for which he laid down his precious and purposeful life.

### Issues At Stake

Whether one agrees with the idea of adopting fast as a political method, following the example of Gandhiji or not, there is not likely to be a single Andhra who does not admire the spirit that inspired Mr. Sriramulu in demonstrating that there is something like dying for a people's cherished dream. When homage is paid to this martyr to a sacred cause, no praise will be considered too high, but a personal tribute is less important than a proper understanding of the purpose for which he lived and died. While veneration is offered in eloquent hyperboles, there is in some quarters a virtual repudiation of the objectives he set before himself. It is, for instance, said in one breath, with all show of sincerity that Mr. Sriramulu's life was worth more than a hundred Madras cities, while in the other it is fiercely urged that a separate Andhra State should be carved out, caring a brass farthing for the future of the City, which, by

the way, was a vital and fundamental issue of the protracted and fatal fast. It is stated with a facile felicity so characteristic of confidence-tricksters that Mr. Sriramulu was not so much worried about the trifling matter of the city as about the immediate formation of a separate state somehow or other and at any cost. It is, of course, well-known that he wanted an immediate Andhra State, but most emphatically, not at any cost with any conditions. A report published in *the Hindu* (Oct. 21, 1952) on the beginning of his fast is bound to throw some light on the matter:

"Mr. Potti Sriramulu, a Congressman from Nellore, has commenced a fast for an 'indefinite period' yesterday morning at the residence of Mr. Bulusu Sambamurthi in Mylapore, for the purpose of the early formation of an Andhra State with Madras City as capital. (Italics mine)

"Mr. Sriramulu said that he would 'fast unto death', if his purpose was not achieved. Referring to the formation of an Andhra State, Mr. Potti Sriramulu said that an attempt would have to be made to bring about an agreed settlement over the future of Madras City. He believed that this agreement could be brought about by making Madras City common to both Andhras and Tamils."

### Heart In The City

Mr. Bulusu Sambamurthi himself has made it clear—and he should know more about Mr. Sriramulu's views than any interested and impatient outsider—that "his (Sriramulu's) affection for the city of Madras, his birthplace, made him deeply attached to it. He was emphasising throughout that Andhras, Tamils, Malayalees and all the citizens of Madras should enjoy a city state which might be known as a Chief Commissioner's State." (*Indian Express*, December 16, 1952).

Any unbiased reader of the appeals made by and on behalf of Sriramulu at the early and even later stages of

his fast cannot but understand four main points: (1) Mr. Sriramulu was very particular that Andhra interests in general, including those in the City in particular, should not be jeopardised for political expediency; (2) Andhra interests would be best served and their legitimate rights duly safeguarded by having Madras as their common capital (without prejudice to the interests and rights of the Tamils, Malayalees and others); (3) whatever be the historical data about the Andhras' superior claim to the City, in the present conditions, their minimum demand (which does no harm to other linguistic groups) is to make it a Part C State like Delhi where all sections could have an equal place and enjoy a fair share of the advantages; and (4) all parties and leaders in Andhra should come to an agreement on this issue and after negotiations with other language groups, work for the speedy formation of an Andhra State.

#### The Nehru Offer

If Mr. Sriramulu was ready to sacrifice the permanent residents of the City, the long-standing interests of the Andhra districts in the City and the close association of the Rayalaseema, in particular, with the City for some sort of separate State here and now, there was no reason why he should not have been satisfied with Mr. Nehru's statement in the Council of States last week. When the report of the Prime Minister's speech was read to him, he saw no reason to be deterred from his original resolve. Otherwise, he would willingly have broken his fast and promptly saved his life. Sheer elementary justice and fairness demand that we recognise his unambiguous stand, whether we are one with him or not on the subject.

Another popular tendency in this connection is to point out the Socialists, the K. L. P., the Communists and two K. M. P. P. members who have favoured an Andhra State without Madras City and with only the undisputed areas welcoming Mr. Nehru's 'offer' in the Council of States. To this is coupled a condemnation of Mr. Prakasam, Swami Sitaran and Mr. Sambamurti as the three obstructionist villains of the hour, who are standing in the way

of an Andhra State and against the wishes of three million Andhras. It is rather easy to dish out sentimental sob-stuff over the sweet waters of the Krishna and nectar-like fluid of Godavari and shed metaphorical tears over a promised land that is said to be slipping through our fingers owing to the three "unimaginative" old men, who cannot see beyond their noses. But, political expediency and compromises of convenience must have their limits if they are not to deteriorate into unscrupulous opportunism. If an Andhra State is intended to safeguard Andhra interests, only the most callous and unthinking adventurers would jump at an 'offer' that is a noose in disguise. It is not surprising that the leaders mentioned are all smiles at the Prime Minister's latest statement. Shorn of the note of urgency and the imaginary aura, Mr. Nehru's declaration is but a reiteration of the India Government's stand, which he had, on an earlier occasion, clarified in the House of the People. Mr. Nehru's sincerity and earnestness are beyond question, but his latest position was not a step in advance of the previous one. He has always been saying that Andhras should agree in their demand, that they should lay no claim to the City and that the State would consist only of undisputed Telugu areas, excluding Madras City.

#### Old Wine In Old Bottle

With no disrespect to Mr. Nehru, his offer, if it could be so called, is like old wine in an old bottle. To make matters worse—for the Andhras, at any rate—the ingenious Chief Minister Mr. Rajagopalachari, with his aptitude for clever commentaries, has pronounced, like a Daniel come to judgment, the verdict that the Andhras should, once for all, give up their 'untenable' claim to the City, which should form an integral part of Tamil Nad (not the residuary Madras State, let it be noted). The 'general' agreement mentioned by Mr. Nehru was in C. R.'s eyes an agreement with Rayalaseema, for which area he seems to profess a tender concern. By a strange irony of fate, perhaps, C. R. and the Communists find themselves in agreement over the City controversy. The Andhra Communists have earned the praise of their erstwhile enemies by

accepting Mr. Nehru's stand wholly and unreservedly. They have given ample proof of their sweet reasonableness and infinite spirit of accommodation. But, we seem to have seen it before. For a man without a stake in the object in question can afford to be very generous with it. It is not the first time that they have shown themselves at their best. Not long ago, they had their eyes on a world state of communism and a classless and casteless society that cuts across all geographical boundaries and petty borders of language and culture. Next, they gave a small concession to patriotism, though, here again, they understood Muslim nationalism more readily than Indian patriotism. Later, they began to think in terms of regional cultures and the ideal of *Vishalandhra* about which Mr. P. Sundarayya had produced a learned treatise. Subsequently, it was a complete Andhra province, with all the neighbouring Telugu-speaking areas in Hyderabad, Madras, Mysore and Orissa. Coming further down in the bargain is just an Andhra State with undisputed areas, excluding Madras City altogether. They do not mind anything for that matter, provided they are able to get a foothold somewhere, be it the 12 Andhra districts, or merely the six Circars districts, or even the two strongholds of Krishna and Guntur with the Telengana pockets in Hyderabad State.

#### Weathercock Politics

The others in the motley crowd also deserve some attention. Mr. N. G. Ranga, who has earned a well-deserved reputation for weathercock policies, has welcomed the Nehru offer with open hands. Was it not under his august and inspiring auspices that the Andhra Political Conference was held in Madras with all the fanfare and paraphernalia that the City Andhras could provide for his pleasure? The conference, presided over by his then *chela* Mr. D. Balaramakrishnayya was convened to demonstrate and press forward the Andhras' legitimate claims over, and interest in, the city's future. It is needless to say anything more about it than merely to mention that Mr. Ranga's volunteers paraded the streets proclaiming that "Chennapatnam is ours". (This in turn provoked the Tamils to aggression, but that is ano-

ther story). What has come over him in the meantime to make him so ostentatiously humble? But, then, one has to remember that he had to pocket two major reverses, one in the APCC and another in the parliamentary elections, which have knocked the bottom out of his leadership. The handful of Socialists have ever been agreeable to Mr. Nehru's solutions; only they are ineffective and do not count for much in Andhra. Mr. Harisarovvattama Rao, still clinging to the moribund Andhra Mahasabha, appears anxious to please every one and in the desperate process, succeeds in pleasing none, like his colleague Mr. G. V. Punnalah Sastri.

#### Sanjiva Reddy's Appeal

If we are anxious to brush aside the views of the three old men as the quixotic obstinacy of second childhood, can we find another convenient and facile explanation for the silence of the A.P.C.C. Chief? Or, shall we dismiss the whole A.P.C.C. itself as of little consequence against the two K.M.P.P. members, and others, who are the accredited representatives of the Andhra masses? Apparently, Mr. Sanjiva Reddy refuses to be carried away by the passions of the hour, for he has appealed to the Andhra public "not to become restive and not to be misled into unworthy acts by disruptive elements." Regretting that his silence was being "misconstrued and deliberately misinterpreted by some interested parties," he points out that "a section of the people belonging to some political parties are exploiting the situation to their advantage" and in conclusion pleads for the "requisite atmosphere for creating the Andhra State." None can quarrel with his observation: "Our problems will not be solved by inspired statements and display of emotions. What we need, at present, is an effort on our part to achieve concrete results."

The APCC chief, had, in recent months taken a 'middle' path on the burning question, and coming as he does from Rayalaseema, is likely to echo the fears and hopes of the Ceded Districts. Speaking at Masulipatnam on October 20 (the day on which Mr. Sriramulu began his fast), he said that at the Partition Committee meeting (in 1949), the Andhra

representatives, including himself, in their anxiety to get the Andhra State immediately, conceded to the Tamils more than what they were legitimately entitled to. The time had now come for Andhras to reconsider the whole question of the representative claims of both parties. *Andhras in general, and the people of Rayalaseema, in particular, he said, would not rest content till Madras City, with a suitable belt, was made a Chief Commissioner's Province.* (Italics mine) At the A.P.C.C. meeting which met under his presidency on November 6, he explained the Andhra State problem *vis-a-vis* the Madras City question, commending a *via media* between ambitious total claim and abject denial. He made it clear that he had never agreed to the proposition that Madras City belonged to the Tamils.

#### A. P. C. C. Clarifies Stand

The committee then adopted the following resolution by an overwhelming majority:

"The committee regrets that, at this stage, the Chief Minister of Madras, Rajaji, has categorically stated that the City of Madras belongs to the Tamils and that the Andhras in the City are only 16 per cent of the total population. The committee feels that the statistics of Rajaji are fallacious and hereby strongly repudiates both the claims set forth by Rajaji.

"The committee is further of the opinion that Rajaji's statements have agitated the Andhra public and public opinion and has caused the necessity for this committee to re-state the position.

"While the committee stands by its previous resolutions on the subject, it recognises that much water has flown meanwhile, and hereby declares that the question of the City of Madras should be examined afresh. This committee, therefore, claims that the City should at least be created as a separate province and the Andhra State formed without delay."

If, by passing this moderate and reasonable resolution, the A.P.C.C. has clarified its stand and its President has corrected an unwitting mistake, the Andhras in general and those of Rayalaseema and the City in particular have reason to feel re-

assured that their interests are not ignored and their rights bartered away for next to nothing.

#### The Big Three

Now, about the three old men, Mr. Prakasam, Swami Sitaram and Mr. Sambamurthi. If old age is an offence and a long record of service a matter for shame, they have to plead guilty. It is an open secret that the Andhra Kesari has stopped at nothing in his struggle for India's freedom and striving for Andhras' self-respect. There was nothing he did not, and would not, give up for his country and for his people. It does not lie in the mouth of those who know only self-seeking to accuse him of jeopardising Andhra interests. To Swami Sitaram (whether one agrees with him or not) must go the credit of bringing the nearly forgotten Andhra issue back to life. It was his *yagna* in Guntur, which paved the way for Mr. Sriramulu's high endeavour and awesome ordeal that has roused the Andhra public and the authorities, not to speak of the outside world. Mr. Sambamurthi has dedicated his life to a cause, with an equal disregard of physical safety, personal comfort and of family welfare. Some, at least, must remember that he refused to leave the Congress pandal at the Kakinada session, of which he was Chairman of the Reception Committee, though he was told that his only son had passed away. It may be thought fit to retort whether past achievements are enough. One can only reply that if there are three men in Andhra, after Mr. Potti Sriramulu, who are ready to die for Andhra with a smile on their lips, it is these three doyens. It is possible to disagree with their stand, but unfair to cast reflections on their *bona fides*. Mr. Prakasam has never shifted his stand on the Andhra State question *vis-a-vis* the Madras City through fair weather and foul, though all the while, most of the 'popular' politicians and 'modern' mentors had been shifting their stand faster than a man in the merry-go-round.

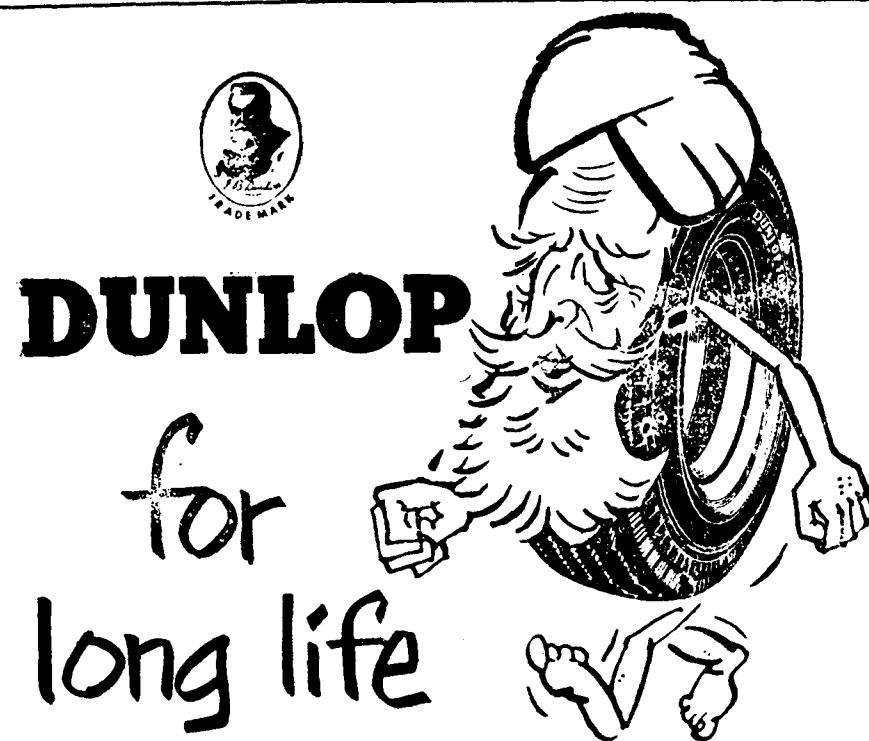
#### Centre And Soul

From personalities to the problem at hand why lose a whole state for the sake of the small city, is the glib-tongued question. The City is not merely a network of tarred roads,

but has been the nerve centre of trade and business, the seat of administration and the soul of educational advancement and the forum of political and cultural activity for at least two centuries. About a third of the State revenue is contributed by the City. The people of Nellore, Chittoor and Rayalaseema come to the City of Madras for education or on business or for other reasons more than they go to Vijayawada or Vizag. If it comes to the formation of the State with the undisputed areas only, Mr. Ramaswami Reddiar could say that Nellore is Tamil because *Nel* is a Tamil word and that Tirupati must be in Tamil Nad for a similar reason. Is it to safeguard the legitimate interests of Andhra and the just rights of its people that a province is demanded or to barter away their rights and betray their trust that the power-mad politicians and popular scribes, who are adepts at playing to the gallery raise a hue and cry? Who are the real friends of Andhra? Those who insist that no injustice should be done to the Andhras? Or, those who do not mind sacrificing

anything at the altar of their ambitions and for whom even a district or two will do?

Moreover, it is difficult to understand how a suggestion for living together as common partners is so outrageous to the democratic demigods. The godly Chief Minister is never tired of preaching tolerance and good neighbourliness to others. He was the very embodiment of breadth of outlook and the spirit of give-and-take when he was the tenant of the Viceregal House. Now, at his old Secretariat in Madras, he is all 'take' and no 'give.' Here, it is unnecessary for Andhras and Tamils to live on equal terms. One must, in fact, ride roughshod over the other, for the process of Tamilizing people in the city schools, etc., had gone far enough under Mr. Avinashilingam. To C. R., the apostle of concord, a common capital or a commissioner's province are both anathema for obvious reasons. In this situation, it is but mental myopia that makes hucksters cry for the supreme sacrifice to secure a truncated and moth-eaten Andhra State. It is bad principle and worse strategy.



DCX-6

# STORY OF A TRIBE\*

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

**D**R. U. R. EHRENFELS, the Anthropologist, is the son of the distinguished Austrian philosopher, Christian Ehrenfels, the founder of



Dr. U. R. Ehrenfels, Head of the Department of Anthropology, University of Madras.

*Gestalt*-psychology. He is now the Head of the Department of Anthropology, University of Madras, and comes from the Viennese School of culture-historic studies. An admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, he has been in India for more than a decade now, interesting himself in the lives of the aborigines in this country. His *Mother-Right in India* published in 1941 established the fact that matrilineal civilizations existed in India before the arrival of the purely patriarchal groups.

*Kadar of Cochin*, his recent monograph, reveals Dr. Ehrenfels the perfect ethnographer and precise scientist. "Unlike most other aborigines in the south-western Ghats," he writes, "the Kadar are both: few in number

and confined to a small territory. They roam in the hilly tracts of the Eastern Division of Chittur Taluq in Cochin State and the forests immediately adjacent on its western borders, where the South Malabar and Coimbatore Districts meet the border of Cochin." (p. 13)

In house building both the Kadar man and woman co-operate. Mostly the houses are "built on a mud-platform, raised a hand's breadth or more above the surrounding ground." (pp. 18-19). The house is not the private property of any single individual, and to the Kadar it has no great importance. To these who are food-gatherers life in the home is the same as life in the forest. They are now affected by the civilization of the plainspeople. Although their economic condition seems satisfactory, Dr. Ehrenfels thinks that it is not sound and unless sufficient care is taken to preserve the forests from decay and prevent the Kadar from being corrupted by the vulgar representatives of modern civilization, their own culture and life will disintegrate.

Chapter V is an interesting part of this book in which the author has given significance to the individual lives of the Kadar whom he knew personally; and the life of each person presented here illustrates the psychological approach he has made with sympathy and understanding. His study of Vazhavan, the Last Kadan, is a little factual tale,—an exciting full-length biography packed in a nutshell. Vazhavan lived alone in the forests. He married thrice only to lose all three wives in succession. He expressed in his character none of those modern influences which touched the Kadar life. "He seemed determined not to return to the society of others, but to stay on alone in the forest." (p. 123).

In the social sphere family organisation is bilateral. The maternal uncle is not neglected, though his importance in the family is not the same as in a matrilineal society. In

discussing the practice of tooth-deformation as observed by the Kadar in the past, Dr. Ehrenfels draws our attention to their aesthetic sense and initiation rites.

It is in the religious sphere that one finds the Kadan's firm belief in a creation myth. Who made the first Kadan man and woman? Here the legend comes. "Malavay and Malankuratti were two gods. They were the first beings in this world and had come from below the surface of the earth. It was through the two holes Karazhi Purapara, near the northern slopes of the dominant and picturesque double-pronged Karimalai Hill, that they appeared. They were stark naked and hence the name of the holes which, in Kadan dialect, means: 'Without-clothes-(born)-Rock'. They were the creators of the first Kadan man and woman." (p. 161). So continues the legend. But Malavay and Malankuratti have neither temples nor pujaris. In hours of trial and joy the Kadar pray to them. Dr. Ehrenfels analyses the religious beliefs and ideas of these aborigines with deep imaginative integrity.

Wearing heaps of stinking clothes, especially at the sight of an alien, has become a passion with these once unsophisticated food-collectors. Civilization has affected the position of women too in this tribe. Concluding his Chapter IX this reflective anthro-

pologist writes: "The creative re-birth of a genuinely Indian pattern of outward appearance, well adjusted to climate and racial qualities of beauty and strength, are necessary conditions for a rehabilitation of the former good position of women in the tribe. And this alone could also reverse the steady decay and disintegration of the tribe into one of building up new economic and artistic values, which form the necessary basis for cultural activity." (p. 226).

Acculturation has endangered to a large extent the simplicity and the purity of the Kadar life. The suggestions put forward by Dr. Ehrenfels, now an Indian citizen, for the preservation of the integrity and cultural uniqueness of this tribe in south-western India are invaluable.

*Kadar of Cochin* is evidence to the immense pains taken by the author in presenting facts based on personal contacts, psychological insight, revision of preconceived views, and verification of the sources. It mirrors a sensitive mind.

The monograph contains exquisite illustrations and plates. The University of Madras is to be congratulated for bringing out a first book on Anthropology which should lead the reader to the other works of Dr. Ehrenfels who has shown possibilities for further researches in anthropology in India.

## SISTER KENNY: PIONEER IN POLIO TREATMENT

**S**ISTER Kenny, perhaps the most famous and distinguished in her line after Florence Nightingale, is no more. She passed away recently full of years and full of honours. But her name will live for ever in the Kenny method of treatment of infantile paralysis which she elaborated and propagated with great zeal and vigour during her lifetime. The remarkable thing about her was that she was just a nurse and not a physician or a specialist with an impressive string of academical qualifications attached to her name. But then discoveries do not depend on university degrees.

Miss Elizabeth Kenny was born in

Warrialdra, New South Wales, of Scotch-Irish parents on September 20, 1886. She was educated privately and at the age of sixteen thought of becoming a missionary in India but later took to nursing and decided that nursing at home was more important than missionary work abroad. She served as a nurse in the Frontier Bush country of Australia from 1911 to 1914 and it was here that during an epidemic of infantile paralysis, finding no efficient medical aid forthcoming, she evolved her own method of treatment of the condition, which mission she was to carry on during the remaining forty years of her existence.

\**Kadar of Cochin*. By U. R. Ehrenfels, Ph.D. (Vienna), University of Madras. Rs. 10.

The Kenny method of treatment essentially consists in the application of hot packs to the affected parts to relieve muscle spasms and pain together with gentle massage and exercise which prevented the paralysis of the affected limb or part. Before her method was introduced, splinting of the affected limbs in their optimum position was the routine method to prevent deformities and future disability. But Kenny pointed out that muscle spasms and the consequent fear and disinclination of the patient to use the affected limb should be combated in the early cases. The application of hot packs, gentle massage and exercise stopped the spasms and relieved the patient of pain and fear.

In the 1914-'18 war, she was a nurse in the Australian Army. She published her first work "Infantile Paralysis and Cerebral Diplegia," in 1927. In 1933, she set up her own clinic for polio in Townsville, Queensland, and in 1939, her method was introduced in the Australian hospitals. The next year, she visited the U. S. A. and demonstrated her method in hospitals there and in 1941, the American National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis endorsed her method of treatment. The same year saw the publication of "Treatment of Infantile Paralysis in Acute Stage, and in 1942, "The Kenny Concept of Infantile Paralysis and its Treatment." She published her autobiography "And They Shall Walk," in 1943. Seven years later, in 1950, the U. S. A. conferred on her a singular honour by an Act of Congress which granted her the right to enter or leave the country at will without passport or visa.

It was not all smooth sailing, and bitter controversy raged for years round her method, aggravated by the fact that she was, after all, a nurse and not a physician or a specialist. But her tireless energy, her zeal and enthusiasm, and above all, her evangelistic personality won for her the support of the common people who helped her to set up the Elizabeth Kenny Institute in Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A. A motion picture

dramatization of her life and work was also prepared by one of the leading American film producers. There are now clinics in many countries all over the world which treat polio cases on the lines advocated by Sister Kenny.

Poliomyelitis is an acute specific fever caused by a neurotropic virus usually affecting children from the ages of two to five years, though strictly speaking no age is really exempt. Different methods of treatment have been advocated and practised at different times and it is difficult to get at a correct assessment of the efficacy of these methods since the disease itself is self-limiting in character and may be sub-clinical, non-paralytic or paralytic, with many of the affected muscles recovering rapidly and completely, some making a gradual and partial recovery and finally a few which remain permanently paralysed in spite of all treatment. Progressive improvement can be expected to go on over a period of two to three years under efficient care and treatment after which no further improvement is to be expected. The disease is prevalent in epidemic form in the U. S. A., Canada, England, and Scandinavia. Sporadic cases occur here and there in our country. Droplet infection and infected faces have been blamed for the spread of the disease and the roles of water, milk and flies have not been fully understood. Epidemics usually occur during the summer and autumn and a single attack gives permanent, life-long immunity to the individual.

There is as yet no specific cure for the disease. The discoverer of a specific drug for poliomyelitis will become rich and famous overnight like Fleming or Waksman and bag a Nobel Prize in the bargain as well. Meanwhile let us salute the memory of a lady who once thought of becoming a missionary in our country but later devoted her lifetime in ameliorating the tender, young victims of polio in the thought that of such little children is the Kingdom of God. —R. Ramamurthi.

## Letter From London :

# I CAME TO A CITY

ON my way here on board the ship I remember the quiet, middle-aged nurse in the playroom asking me if I was going to live in London all the time. Yes, I replied without any evident enthusiasm, *I suppose so.* The sweltering heat of the Red Sea, the sudden chill of the Mediterranean and the sickening roll of the Bay of Biscay had all dampened my initial enthusiasm for the whole project somewhat. *Oh, you will love it,* she said, *there is no place like London.* And then as if her eulogy required explanation. *It leaves you alone,* she said. *It doesn't pry into your life. You live where you like and do what you like. That is what I call freedom.* It must be wonderful, I agreed. I didn't know anything about London except little things like Dick Whittington being summoned back by church bells to be thrice Mayor of London and Oliver Twist being beaten for asking for more. But one felt one knew London without knowing much about it. One had read about it, looked at the little smudge on the Atlas, and knew it was the centre of the world with New York on one side and Paris on the other.

A friend had said: *You will fall in love with it. You will never want to leave it. Wait and see.*

I have waited. He was right. I belong to London now. And this "dear, damned, distracting" town belongs to me.

It can belong to you too. And you. And you. That is the depraved, promiscuous charm of this overwhelming, consuming forest of stone and ghosts. It can be everybody's friend, mistress, wife, lover. But a mistress takes your body, your heart perhaps. London takes your soul. It is a strange and terrifying barter that it drives. Insidiously, little by little, it sucks your soul into its stone and you are bound by chains beyond your strength and will to break. So many who come to see, they want to stay. So many wrench themselves away but return one day.

The dreadful thing is that you begin by hating it. That was what happened to me. I took one look at its grey sky, its dull, still houses, its unsmiling people, the monstrous size of it, its incessant rain and its cold, its noise and its crowds and grew dizzy with revulsion. I hate this, I thought, more than I ever imagined it is possible to hate a place. Where were its golden pavements? Where was the colour, the gaiety, the charm and wonder that one had associated with its name? London was dead, killed on the bomb sites perhaps. Killed by German bombs. The heyday of England was over. It had stood on the pinnacle and surveyed its empire with a steely, speculative eye. Those days were over. Now it was the descent. And London, its capital, was mourning, bowed, ashamed, dying ingloriously like this.

I had no pity for it. Let it die. You would feel the same.

One cold day after another. Letters would come from home and be opened in tears. You would weep in loneliness sick for home.....amid the alien corn. Days pass. One colder day after another. The leaves drop from the trees and a golden yellow carpet lies on the pavements... The trees stand bare and sharp and naked against the sky. The colour scheme is revolting. Grey and brown houses and black, bare stumps of a past green glory. And then the fog comes, thick, stifling, frightening, a weight on your chest a wetness in your nostrils, a suffocation in your throat. I would rather die than go out, you say to yourself, and huddle closer to the fire. A day passes. Two. You look out of the window. Bored, you go out. The children are playing in the streets, their cheeks pink with health and their eyes shining. And babies warmly wrapped up in their perambulators gurgle at you over their mittened hands. You feel cold. You walk. You keep on walking. Faster. A warm glow starts at the tips of your toes and ascends slowly up to

your cheeks. You take a deep breath. You are glad you come out. You come more often. You stand at the shop windows, gaily dressed and decorated for Christmas. You have never seen such things before. You want a golden glass bubble with an absurd little dog perched on it. You go in feeling ridiculous and self-conscious. What will they think of you? No one cares. The salesgirl smiles an impersonal smile.

And so life begins again, in the middle of winter. It is cold, you write home, but rather exhilarating and when you are busy doing something you do not even notice it. You get used slowly, rather reluctantly to wearing ankle boots, gloves and heavy overcoat. The theatres spring to life. You talk of Tennessee Williams and Terence Rattigan with friends beside a cosy coal-fire. You feel warm and at peace while the snow piles up on the window ledges and a dazzling, white mantle covers the entire city. It is so beautiful, you think God must be responsible for it.

God in London! Perhaps it is not dead after all, then. Not even dying. But alive. This realisation comes along with a sickening awareness that you like the city. You feel a traitor to yourself. You try to hate it. But it is no use now. You cannot. And so winter passes. Or very nearly. Lulled by a warm wind at the beginning of March, you shed thankfully your coat, your woollens, your socks. And suddenly the full blast of winter is again upon you. Caught unawares in the last snowfall of March you go down ignominiously with your first cough. You rush to your doctor. You don't have to pay him and so you are a little alert and suspicious. But he opens the door himself. He starts with a reassuring pat on your back. And when the questions are over you feel you are already better. And then, *how is St. Thomas' Mount these days*, he asks suddenly. He had been there during the war. Your heart soars.

The girl who lives in the opposite flat and goes to work every morning wrapped in a thick, grey coat, smiles at you. Old ladies beaming like children stop you in the street and fumble in their handbags for a sweet

which they give your little child. You spend a quarter of an hour trying to cope with a garrulous, drunken old hag you had helped across the street.

Spring comes. You have seen so many pictures of London in the spring it is nothing new to you. You fill your house with flowers. You spend an afternoon at Kew Gardens. You throw a birthday party for your baby. The children, brown and white, come with presents clutched in their hot, moist hands and in two hours your home is a wreck and a ruin. Then thoroughly exhausted but still licking some more ice cream they cluster round and beg you to tell them about India. Is that where the Red Indians live? Have I ever seen a snake charmer? Who kills all the snakes? You listen to all the questions and wonder where to begin....

Summer is hot. You let the children paddle in the pond in Hampstead Heath. You eat salads and cold dinners and ice cream. The children go about in cotton dresses and bathe every day. The evening is still bright and warm at nine o'clock. The rugs are folded and put away and taken out again at the unexpected chill one night. You growl you don't know where you are with this weather. You go on a holiday, you visit friends who have been here for six years and more. Six years! You begin to wonder.....

And thus slowly London takes you to its heart. It has known your loneliness, it has borne your hatred—and waited. It has always waited—and reaped.

I once missed the last bus from a cinema and walked home on a foggy night. It was eerie. All around me were disembodied voices, the street lights flickered dimly, drivers of cars led their vehicles by the hand like milk carts drawn by horses. I turned a corner. There was utter silence. No voices. Somebody could kill me, I thought frightened, and nobody can help. It would be hours before they even discovered my body.... I walked faster, the rat-tat of my heels on the stony pavement seemed to echo on the frothy air. I tried desperately to think of something. The houses on either side of the road seemed to lurch towards me and pen me in. I stood still for a moment. I am in

London, I said to myself. These pavements have been trodden a million times before me. And London has had its fogs since Time began. I walked on. Perhaps the night was just like this when Dr. Johnson and Savage walked round St. James' Square for hours and hours because they could not find lodgings. St. James' coffee houses, part of literary legend, are still there and men and women still sit sipping coffee and talking about drama and politics. Somewhere near there lived Byron. Swift also and Steele. Dr. Johnson himself rests now in Southwark Cathedral with Bunyan and Goldsmith. Was it Goldsmith who said: *Ill fares the land to hastening ill a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay?* No, the English never decay. The Frenchman may disintegrate, the American drive himself into an asylum but an Englishman will still be here a thousand years hence selling tinned sardines across a counter. Dull, decent people. They love to be called dull, decent people. The simple, stupid people and the clever, captivating people are everywhere. But where else would dull, and decent people be found except in England?

I crossed a road.

And London would still be there. Fires have destroyed it, the plague had emptied its houses into its cemeteries, bombs have all but razed it to the ground and here it is still stretching like an *everlasting animal* from here to everywhere, from a day forgotten to a day you and I will never see. People would still eat the same Sunday dinners. Covent Garden would still sell its music and cabbages at equal prices and the fishwives in Billingsgate would still utter a foul, unspeakable language. And Camden Town would grow more colourful. And the fair people with the black hair and brilliant teeth and the brown people with the yellow hair and the lovely cheekbones would laugh more. They are not all English, you see. No Englishman laughs except at a football game. Oh no, it wouldn't do to laugh loud in England. Or to talk loud. In fact, sometimes to talk at all. They go to offices in the morning in underground railway carriages with their faces hidden behind the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the

*Express* and the *Mail* and come back in the evening in the same carriages hiding behind the *Evening News*, the *Star* or the *Standard*.

A late newspaper seller sat near his stack of newspapers. I threw a coin on the pile of coins beside him, took the paper I wanted and walked on again.

Was he asleep? Did his attitude prove he was honest or did he take it for granted I was? They never talk of money, the English, except in the newspapers at strike time. It is bad taste to talk of it. It is just one of those things not done. They will tell you money is the yardstick of American judgment. Don't be deceived. They are as money-conscious as the rest of us. They have their class distinctions, their middle-class snobberies. Park Lane on one side and Ealing on another. Ermine, fur, and cloth-coats in descending gradation. And, of course, there are only two sets of circumstances under which a working girl gets a fur coat. When she marries a rich man or when she doesn't marry him. Like the rest of the world. Nor more honest. Except the poor.....

Did I say poor? The maid who comes to clean my house twice a week once referred to herself as "us poor people." And she never has to starve, goes for a holiday every year, wears good warm clothes, buys herself a pair of boots every Christmas and goes to pictures twice a week.

I opened the gate. I was home.

The next morning I read of trains having been held up for hours because of the fog, bus services stopped, the gas supply of a whole district much reduced for two hours, and four attacks on people by cash gangs and a suicide from Waterloo Bridge. There, but for the grace of God!

London is full of people. The trains, the buses, the taxis disgorge them into the roads from God knows where and at night gather them in again and return them to God knows where. And still the crowds remain. For life in London never stops. It goes incoherently on and on through the night into another day. It can fit your every mood. If you want quietness you go for a walk. If you want

a crowd, you go to Piccadilly Circus or the Strand. If you are a high-brow there is the Theatre. And if you are a low the music-hall or the Folies. If you want a drink and talk the corner pub is the ideal place. If you want wine with every course and a waiter in a dinner jacket you take a taxi to the Dorchester or the Savoy. If you want a snack which you don't mind eating standing the Lyons is there on every street. To while away an hour in the sun you lean on the bridge over the Serpentine and watch the boats. If you want to make love to a girl, all London is your bed. They make love on the streets here in London, in doorways, in the bus and under the trees in the park while ten yards from them an old man dozes in the sun under a newspaper. Nowhere than in London is it easier to escape from yourself. Nowhere can you escape from London. It shares your deepest thoughts and is the backcloth to your most trivial experiences. It has been there always, changing yet constant; Norman, Tudor, Georgian, it has remained in essence exactly the same as when Voltaire wrote, Turner painted, Shakespeare rehearsed and Milton prayed.

Everything within human experience has happened here. But you would find no sign anywhere of the laughter and tears that have been, of the tragedy and the blood. The London stones have sucked them up. New York, somebody has said, mocks man and challenges God. London with its gloomy Sundays, its red pillar boxes, grey skies, suet puddings, tinned goods, barley sugar, football pools, racial unity meetings, boarding houses smelling of bacon and cabbage, labour saving devices, bad cooking, worse teeth, unexciting

woman, uninspiring men, class differences, colour consciousness, its smoky towns, its drab houses and exquisite drawing rooms—London waits patiently for Judgment Day secure in the knowledge that her stones will speak for her. It has produced in one age George Orwell, Bertrand Russell, Noel Coward and Jimmy Edwards. Greece has its classic traditions, Italy has its ruins, Spain has its romance and bullrings, France has its Eiffel Tower, Germany has its Krupp, and England has—London.

You either hate it or you love it but you end by being enslaved by it by a hungry, unsatisfying passion. You either stay or go but you come back to live a restless, peaceless, exhausting life in it. You stay for years and yet it is never home. You are either in or out and always you are hurrying and you never catch up. There is for ever something to do. With a radio, a telephone, a refrigerator, you still feel cheated.

You never get familiar even with its distances. Here it is the foreigner who says he knows London like the palm of his hand. The Londoner says: *Marble Arch? Wait a moment. I know roughly where it is, but I haven't the vaguest notion how to get there from here.* A well-known writer who has lived in London most of his life when asked where he lived, replied: *You keep walking along Cromwell Road until you faint. I live just opposite.*

Was it Dr. Johnson who wrote: *When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.*

And we may add, all that even death cannot take away.—**SANTHA RUNGACHARY.**

When a man's neighbour at the dinner-table, fixing her lustrous orbs upon him, inquires the nature of his career, to reply, with however becoming a modesty, "I am an ichthyologist" may wreck the foundations of what might have been a beautiful friendship; for the lady, embarrassed by doubts as to whether he plays a musical instrument, belonging to an obscure religious sect or has something to do with edible fungi, will often seek an early opportunity of turning her attention to the nice, safe master of foxhounds on her other flank. But it is only fair that the -ists should have their occasional setbacks, for on the whole they get away with more than they deserve.—**THE TIMES.**

## COMMUNISM AND SCIENCE

By C. D. DARLINGTON

THE theories and policies of Marx and Engels from which the communism of today has arisen are based on an explicit respect for natural science. Indeed Marx and Engels looked upon their own work as an attempt to put into political practice the methods and conclusions of science.

Of these the outstanding achievement in their time was Darwin's theory of evolution. Darwin had shown that material changes in living organisms could account for the historical transformations of life. Marx and Engels thought that purely material changes in the conditions of society could likewise account for its historical transformations. And not merely account for the changes of the past but demand the changes of the future, enabling the well-informed philosopher to predict and guide them.

This parallelism led Marx to offer to dedicate his work *Das Kapital* to the author of *The Origin of Species*. It is to-day a parallelism of principle which all scientists would accept. This does not mean that all scientists would accept the details of Marx's scheme for the future of society. Nor does it mean that all scientists still accept the details of Darwin's scheme. We now know a great deal more than we knew one hundred years ago. Since the deaths of Darwin and Marx in the early 1880's there has been indeed an evolutionary divergence between Marxism and science. For, while Marxism has been stabilised in writings which have come to be accepted as gospel by the Communist Party and the Soviet Government, the opinions of scientists on the other hand, have continued to follow no master and to recognise no gospel. They have therefore gradually changed with the increase in our knowledge, and in our capacity for observation.

Up to the time of the Russian Revolution—only thirty-four years after the death of Marx—Lenin had had no difficulty in keeping this divergence in check by political if

not by philosophical leadership. But now, after another thirty-four years, the results of another great revolution (which was taking place in the world of science at the same time) have become apparent. It has been discovered beyond doubt that the external conditions of life do not directly determine the course of evolution. So that the analogy between Darwinism and Marxism is by no means so simple as Marx imagined. The differences in character between different human beings have a material basis inside, as well as outside, the body. The inside or inborn material basis is what we call heredity. Differences in respect of this material basis, this heredity, distinguish not only individuals but also races and classes of people. All these differences arise from changes in visible particles—particles which are resistant to modification by any outside agency, short of destroying life itself. They cannot be broken down by agents outside the living organism. Heredity cannot be modified or improved by any nutrition, by any education, or by the action of any government, however benevolent or however brutal.

If Marx had known these things, the political consequences of materialism, as he understood it, would have been different. But he did not know them and they do not therefore appear in any Marxist authority. Indeed they are in conflict with the Marxist theory of society.

These discoveries—which are now known under the name of Genetics—and their significance for the Communist theory of government, escaped notice among Western philosophers but were at once clear to the perspicacious minds of the early Communist leaders in Russia. They had been convinced of the truth of Marxism by its success in explaining the past. If it was not to explain the future with equal success its intellectual appeal and missionary strength would be sapped. Nor could public doubts on interpretation and explanation of the doctrine be officially

countenanced. Science might hesitate. Scientists might debate. But if the trumpet of Marxism were to give an uncertain sound who should prepare himself for the battle!

It was as into a battle that Lunacharsky, the first Soviet Commissar for Education, entered the fray. Already in 1927, if not earlier, this very determined man was attempting, by propaganda with the public, and by pressure within the party, and through it in the universities, to discredit the teachings of genetics. At first this movement made little progress. The body of Russian science still moved in step with that in Western countries, both giving and receiving ideas without obstruction. The common currency of observation experiment, and respect for the evidence was still legal tender throughout the world of science.

All this was true until 1929. But in that year, Stalin having taken over complete control of affairs, several changes began to take place in the management of scientific research. Scientists were no longer allowed to enter or to leave Russia except for political purposes and under political restraint.

Political newspapers, began to take a hand in the direction of scientific thought. Conferences were arranged for scientific discussions in which political pressure could be publicly brought to bear on scientists. At these conferences political orthodoxy began to be demanded. Since (as the Soviet Encyclopaedia says in 1938) science can develop further only on a basis of Marxism, any scientific discovery which conflicts with Marxism (or with the Communist Party's interpretation of it) must be a mistake, must therefore be a betrayal of the people.

With the grim background of the purges and the quiet disappearance from time to time of professors and directors of Research Stations—astronomers and mathematicians, soil scientists and psychologists—who had ventured not to agree with official political opinions on scientific matters, a notable change in the intellectual climate of Russian science could be observed.

It was most easily seen at international conferences outside Russia.

In place of the scholarly and polite individuals who used to attend such conferences—men capable of taking part in serious scientific discussion often in two or three foreign languages—there appeared a new type of scientist. Orderly groups of closely-marching men, men who would speak nothing but Russian, men who would read extracts in Russian from the writings of J. V. Stalin or of some other Marxist authority, men who would not answer questions on scientific matters without twenty-four hours' notice, men who would not part company with the rest of the group without the permission of—shall we say?—a non-scientific chaperone.

What did this change mean? What was actually happening in Russia? Naturally, of the physical sciences, related as they are to warfare, we cannot expect to know much. The reports of their conferences are not published: nor are they referred to in the Russian press. But of the biological sciences we know everything we want to know.

While Marx was interested in biology for its materialistic teaching and evolutionary conclusions, Lenin recognised its supreme importance for agriculture which was as it remains the foundation of Russian national life. He accordingly established in 1921 the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences. At its head he put Nikolai Vavilov, then thirty-five years of age, a man with imagination and leadership so balanced as to leave his mark on history.

Vavilov was provided with unlimited resources of men and land and, although equipment and education were lacking, in twelve years he achieved wonders. He built a chain of research stations all over the Soviet Union. He explored the principal regions of the world for new plants of use for food or industry. And his published results made him chiefly responsible for our modern notions of the origin and of the improvement of cultivated plants.

Vavilov's immense organisation for the improvement of Russian agriculture became, in the eyes of Western science, the symbol of the progress and enlightenment of the Soviet Government—a progress and enlightenment which stood in such striking

contrast to British and American achievements in this field.

But Vavilov was not a Communist. On the contrary he was a student of genetics and a member of the pre-revolutionary cultured class. He was attacked by the opponents of genetics and of Western science. The attack by 1933 became coherent and articulate under the direction of Trofim Lysenko, a worker in one of Vavilov's Ukrainian agricultural stations who was also a Communist Party member. This man was scientifically illiterate but obsessed with a Hitlerian belief in his own intuitions. By long intrigue and agitation he finally, in 1940, secured the dismissal of Vavilov to whose vacant offices he was at once appointed. In a few months Vavilov was arrested and in 1942 died, apparently in the Mogadan concentration camp.

Lysenko has now controlled the whole of Russian agricultural research for ten years. The results we can judge from his own statements.

He has published two full accounts of his views of heredity development, and life in general. These are based not on experimental evidence of what happens in nature, as it is understood in Western and bourgeois countries, but on oracular statements of what ought to happen in view of the well-known fact that nature works on the principles discovered by Marx

and Engels and later elaborated by Lenin and Stalin.

The first of these revelations of Lysenko appeared as a booklet in 1943. The second was incorporated in an address to a conference of the Lenin Academy in 1948. It ended with a note that his views had been approved by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

This second and politically binding statement was followed by a decree of the governing body of the Soviet Academy of Sciences abolishing the teaching of genetics in Russia and dismissing its own secretary and half-a-dozen Directors of Research Institutes. They had pandered, it was said, to the claims of genetics and of Western Science.

All criticism of the official government view on the scientific principles governing life was thus abolished. There could be no further divergence of opinion between Science and Marxism because they were both to be expounded by the same authority. The situation was just the same as that which arose between Science and the Catholic Church in the time from Roger Bacon to Galileo. In Moscow, as formerly in Rome, the scientists were confuted by quotation from the scriptures, they were denounced for their errors with moral fervour, they confessed that they had

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been wrong, they recanted their heretical opinions, and they were punished with removal from public life or, if they were fortunate, with remedial exercises.

It might be thought that under such a system scientific discovery would cease. It has not however been as simple as that. From time to time Lysenko and his friends continue to announce discoveries. They are indeed far more remarkable than those of former times. It is the business of scientists, Marx has said, not merely to understand nature but to change it. And change it they do.

In a lecture in 1948, Lysenko showed the Medical Academy how to do it. In 1949 viruses and bacteria had been created by a lady in Moscow, Lepeshinskaya, from white of egg. Life thus came into being from the non-living, a worthy achievement of Marxist science leaving behind the outmoded experiments of the bourgeois reactionary Pasteur, who claimed one hundred years ago to have disproved spontaneous generation.

The following year (not to be outdone) Lysenko announced his own victory over nature: rye had been produced from wheat. Not once but—according to Pravda (3rd November, 1950)—two hundred times were rye grains found growing on wheat ears.

Thus, freed from the trammels of bourgeois idealism, Soviet scientists working for socialist progress were able to observe the origin of new species by means hitherto deemed impossible.

These processes of thought and methods of deception would astound us were they not so closely paralleled by the arguments we see advanced from day to day by Soviet statesmen and diplomats in the wider field of world affairs. They involve the practice of what the late George Orwell called 'double-think,' a practice whose success as a means of deluding simple people is continually repeated and continually surpasses our expectation.

The success however is political. As a means of destroying the liberties of nations, no weapon can equal it. But, in the long run, man cannot live by politics alone. Bread is needed. Lysenko's hallucinations, the bogus scientific discoveries which are pub-

lished in Pravda, do not increase the yield of grain. And the yield of grain in Soviet Russia per head of the population has not increased since the Russian Revolution. Indeed after thirty-four years of agitation, education, mechanisation, collectivisation and ruthlessly regimented progress in all directions, the evidence indicates that that vital quantity has diminished.

The fact is that the method of bludgeoning the Russian people into following the way of life laid down for them by Stalin since 1928 has proved disappointing in many directions. But in one direction it will prove disastrous. So far as scientific discovery is concerned it has had the one permanent effect of exterminating or expelling the best scientists in Russia and thereby stamping out the traditions of scientific method in the country. In consequence the Soviet Government has been left dependent for scientific discovery on applying the hand-to-mouth expedient of finding out, by hook or by crook, what the bourgeois scientist has done, after he has done it.

The Soviet Government's facilities for these operations are unrivalled and their results are a constant threat to the peace of the world. But they do not provide the means of sustaining indefinitely the life and power of a great empire.

Thus Communism began on the basis of a doctrine invented agreeably to science and to the scientists. But in order to enjoy the absolute power he had seized, the Communist dictator felt he had to make science and scientists agreeable to Communism; to make it and them (like everything else in his country) obedient weapons in his own hands. In doing so he has destroyed the virtue of science itself and the poor thing he has left is no longer an instrument he can use for dominating the world.

(Dr. Cyril Darlington is the director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, Hertfordshire, and a leading world authority on the science of genetics. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society and in 1948 was awarded the Society's Royal Medal. His published works include 'The Evolution of Genetic Systems' and 'The Conflict of Science and Society.' He is the editor of 'Heredity'.)

## MY REACTION TO INDIAN FILMS

By C. L. R. SASTRI

JUST for once I should like to do a spot of cinematic criticism. It is not that I have seen all the films, or even a very large number of them. I am aware that there are lots of film-fans who make a point of never missing a single premiere. I envy their singular fortune: but emulation is out of the question. The vast majority of us can indulge in that luxury only occasionally. Then there are some films that one will not go to see if one is left to one's own devices. Thus I am not attracted by historical and spectacular films: wild horses cannot drag me to them. It does not matter what superb actors and actresses are being screened: they cannot alter my rooted antipathy to the genre itself. I cannot persuade myself to enthuse over antique dresses and speeches and gestures; nor am I unduly enamoured of gorgeous spectacle. That partially explains my prejudice. Similarly, those films in which the "stars" are very young boys and girls are non-starters so far as I am concerned.

There was a time when I liked only western films, giving the elbow, as it were, to the indigenous variety. Instead of, like Brer Rabbit, "lying low and saying nuffin," I used to go out of my way to pass strictures upon them. Those strictures, as it happened, were mostly just. Anyhow, it was true that I was not inclined to cross myself, or to fall into a trance, every time the name of an Indian picture was announced. Then, all of a sudden, like Paul of Tarsus, I was smitten by a dazzling light. "The stream of tendency not ourselves" that guides our footsteps in this life took me to the Krishna Cinema in Bombay on a certain evening to see the New Theatres' *President*, the beauties of which were just then being extolled to the skies by everyone that mattered. That journey of mine to Charni Road opened my eyes, so to speak: it was the starting-point of my fervent admiration for the Indian cinematic industry, and, in particular, for the products coming from the leading Indian Studio, the New Theatres, of Calcutta.

convinced that the *President* was an out-and-out triumph for the Indian cinema: and that the late K. L. Saigal, the hero of that film, was not only, as he has been claimed to be by persons qualified to judge in these matters, the greatest of Indian actors, but that he was an actor worthy to be included in the world's First Eleven of male film stars: and I was bewitched by the virtuosity of Leela Desai also. The acting of Kamlesh Kumari (the *President*) improved as the show progressed, reaching its crescendo of excellence in its concluding stages.

### Saigal's Singing

A word must here be said about Saigal's singing. It was superb. His voice was enchanting, and all his songs had an incomparable lilt. One factor in their favour was that they were never cacophonous, and that they never rose an octave higher than was imperative. But they were too short, and they were too few. Leela Desai's remark to him, "*Prakash Babu, apka gana log bahut phasand karthe hain*," was perfectly just. Another remarkable feature of Saigal's acting was that it was the last word in naturalness and spontaneity. I do not think that there is any western actor who can score over him in this respect. Even if he had only stood there doing nothing one could easily have discerned in him a born actor. He could be very witty, too. Saigal, in short, was in the great tradition; and with this I am content to leave him for the present.

What shall be said of Leela Desai, who acted the role of the *President*'s sister, the mischievous school-girl, and who always took the active part in the love-making between her and Prakash Babu (Saigal)? I cannot find a single fault with her acting. She played up to Saigal splendidly. Even her eyes were most expressive. What naughtiness was in them? As a shameless hussy she could give points to any of your Hollywood actresses—and win. In the love-duet between her and Saigal it was she

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who always led. She was the personification of Mr. Bernard Shaw's pet notion that, in this eternal amorous game, it is the woman who leads the man on and not, as is commonly supposed, the other way about. From the moment she jumped down her school garden-wall and almost fell plump into the arms of Prakash Babu, who was sitting below chewing the cud of his reflections anent his dismissal from his job, she never, in a manner of speaking, left him to himself. She would bring down the house with her: *Uske bad kya hua, Prakash Babu?* The poor man had to dance to her measure ever afterwards. When she found herself with him alone she gave us the impression of having fed on honey-dew and on the milk of paradise. Then in addition to her sparkling dialogue and supremely "alive" acting, she was gorgeous in her dancing performance. Her whole face was a mirror in which her thoughts were reflected. She was an imp of mischief from commencement to conclusion.

An honourable mention must be made of the acting of Mahomed Nawab (the jobber, Dinubhai, and friend of Prakash Babu in the picture). Next to Saigal he was the most delightful actor in the show. He could set the house in a roar by the least of gestures; and his countenance could assume any expression it chose and squeeze the last drop of meaning out of it.

Ever since that visit of mine to the Krishna Cinema the heaven has been working in me, and I am now as crazy about Indian films as any man alive. This is not, however, to suggest that I fail to discriminate among them, or that I am not overcome by a feeling of the most acute nausea at my "recollection in tranquillity" of by far the vast majority of them. And so I come back to that unquestionably best film studio in the country, the New Theatres' of Calcutta: whose *President* it was, that opened the flood-gates of my fancy for this type of swadeshi article.

#### "Vidyapathi"

I have no manner of doubt that with the advent of the same Theatres' *Vidyapathi* on the silver screen an entirely new standard has been

set in the Indian cinematic industry. Having seen that film no less than eleven times, owing mainly to Kananbala's versatile performance (indeed, in acting, singing, walking, running, leaping, lying, talking, sense her little finger was mightier far than the loins of everyone else, barring Saigal, not only in this film, but in all the films of which I have experience), I hid myself in all haste to *Mukti*, where also she happened to be starring. I was stupefied by the amazing contrast. The maker of *Devadas*, save and except in person, was not visible in *Mukti*; and it was then proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Devaki Bose is head and shoulders above the late Mr. Barua as a director, as also that, in the sphere of music, R. C. Boral is far superior to Pankaj Mullick. Boral, indeed, is unrivalled in his chosen field. Timir Baran, excellent as his work was in *Devadas*, was responsible only for one film and, therefore, cannot be bracketed with Boral, who has been associated with the musical side of the New Theatres' films since *auld lang syne*.

I repeat, *Vidyapathi* is India's number one picture, and Kananbala India's number one actress. I am prepared to argue, till the cows come home, that even to behold Kananbala standing perfectly still is a liberal education in itself. With an ideal actor, or actress, and a director to match, you have a film that is worth paying a visit to: and the supreme merit of *Vidyapathi* is that there you find this rare combination. One, however, encounters a flaw in *Vidyapathi*, and it is to be found in the theme itself. That theme is that we can reach the god-head even through the love which man bears to woman or woman to man. Bating this controversial issue the film is "the Pillars of Hercules of mortal achievement," in a phrase immortalised by the late Mr. Maurice Baring. Both the hero (played by Pahari Sanyal, India's number two actor) and the heroine (acted by Kananbala) acquit themselves beyond reproach. The jester of *Devadas* and the washerman of *Chandidas* and the hare-brained student of the *Millionaire* and the absent-minded hero of *Dhoop-Chaaon* presents a front of dignity here that is only to

be seen to be believed. That blind singer, K. C. Dey, also "puts over" the best performance of his career in this picture. But it is the unprecedented success that it is because of Kananbala. I had, before, admired Leela Desai in the *President*, Umashashi in *Chandidas* and in *Dhoop-Chaaon*, Molina in the *Millionaire*, Ratan Bai in *Yahoodi-ki-Larki*, and Shanta Apte in three or four films; but all these pale before the radiant performance and personality of the one and only Kanan. As Sir Henry Wotton wrote of Elizabeth of Bohemia:

Tell me, if she were not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

I am certain that what Saigal did not know of acting is hardly worth knowing. He appeared to have the knowledge of the whole science of acting at the tips of his fingers. I suspect that he could act with his eyes shut, and even then contrive to give us a brilliant performance. As a singer he was Apollo himself—on a brief sojourn on this planet. What a marvellous voice he had, indeed! More, he could modulate it to every emergency. He could, I verily believe, play on all the notes—and then some. He was so compact of melody that I could almost "go bail," in Stevenson's phrase, on the statement that he could infuse harmony even into a laundry bill. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among men. Substitute "Saigal" for "Socrates" and "music" for "philosophy," and that dictum will stand equally true. When Saigal began to sing I shut out everything else from my mind for the time being. I went to the picture, *Devadas*, half-a-dozen times—chiefly to hear his *Dunkhe* song. Then there is that other song of his, in the *Millionaire*, where, standing before a microphone, he pours out his heart to his "be-all and end-all," Leela (played superbly by Molina), who had been "listening-in"—without let us hope, an overplus of displeasure. In *Puranbhakt* he has a very tiny role as a Sanyasi, but he makes even that memorable by his one and only song.

To me he represents the finest acting in the country. Like the

Apostle, he could be all things to all men—on the silver screen. He could be the last word in exuberance—as in the *Millionaire*; a model of seriousness, as in *Chandidas*; a mixture of both, as in the *President*; and a most inimitable tragic hero, as in *Devadas*. Talking of Indian film-acting I can say that he "flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

Next to him comes Pahari Sanyal. Mahomed Nawab is our ablest comedian—though he can act a serious role well enough, for is not his portrayal of the Jew in *Yahoodi-ki-Larki* his masterpiece? His representation of the snake-charmer in *Sapera* is also not to be sneezed at. As for Prithviraj, he came into his heritage with the release of *Vidyapathi*. He is the handsomest of our screen actors. No one can walk as majestically as he does: besides, he has a way of patting one on the back that is all his own. He bears a close resemblance to Basil Rathbone and has a figure that ought to be the envy of every man.

Have I forgotten Jamuna, of *Devadas* fame? She shone resplendently in the earlier half of that play; and she was at her best in the very opening scene itself, in which she had a very pleasing coquettish way of her own. She gave an ideal performance by the overwhelming sincerity of her acting. Hazlitt said of Cavanagh's playing that "his service was tremendous." So was Jamuna's whole-hearted identification of herself with her part.

A word must be written about Bharati Devi. She made her debut in the New Theatres' *Doctor*. She was even better in *Saugand* and in *Kashinath*, nor is she below her form in her role in *Wapas*. Her singing is as good as Kananbala's and the same holds good as regards her acting in general. The future of Indian films is safe in such hands as hers. Why I have harped so much on the products of the New Theatres' Studio is that, taking them by and large, as the saying is, they are decidedly the finest pictures that our indigenous industry has so far produced: they are the "very sea-mark of its utmost sail"; and not least in naturalistic acting, which is the *alpha* and *omega* of acting in general.

# BHU-DAN-YAGNA AND THE COMMUNISTS

By SURESH RAMABHAI

IT was on April 18, 1951, that Acharya Vinoba Bhave launched upon his movement on the *bhu-dan-yagna*. Since then he has covered several districts of Hyderabad State, Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Vindhya Pradesh and almost every district of Uttar Pradesh. On September 14 he left U. P. for Bihar where he is carrying on his mission these days. By now he has obtained on behalf of the dumb millions of India several lakhs of acres of land for distribution among the landless. The last eighteen months have shown the efficacy and potentialities of the non-violent way to solve economic problems. Springing from the depths of the country's soul, Vinoba's technique has appealed to the masses. It has also attracted the attention of the intelligentsia of the country. Nay, of late serious students of economics, beyond the shores of India, have begun to view it with sympathetic concern.

As is well-known Vinoba commenced his campaign in the Telugu-speaking eastern parts of Hyderabad State—known as Telangana where the Communists, by sheer dint of selfless service and sacrifice stretching over a number of years, had richly earned the trust of the peasantry. But Vinoba had thought of the movement much earlier. During his campaign he has come in contact with all kinds of people and types of political groups or parties, not excluding Communists and the Communist Party. He has also had the honour of receiving welcome addresses from the Communists who, at places, helped him in his movement as well. But recently they have begun to give the *bhu-dan-yagna* movement bad names, calling it a "farce" to perpetuate exploitation and to distract the attention of the people from finding a correct solution of the land problem.

I have carefully gone through the Communist criticism of the *yagna*. The impression left in me is that, perhaps, they neither try to keep in

touch with the progress of Vinoba's movement nor care to go through any literature in this connection. Whatever may be said against the Communists or their activities, everybody recognises their urge for learning and their earnestness to keep up-to-date in matters political and economic. Yet I must confess that their recent writings have set me thinking and I wonder whether New Delhi's Rashtrapati Bhawan style has warped the tenor of their life as well. If true, it is a very sad development indeed.

A writer in one of the articles, prominently displayed in the Communist Press, says that "in his very first speech in Bihar, Vinobaji had a full go at the Communists", meaning thereby that Vinoba is either an enemy of Communists or is afraid of them. He is neither. If they could rip open his heart they would find, as he said in a post-prayer speech on September 24:

My 'yagna' did begin in Telangana, but not because of Communists. I want to assure my Communist friends that I bear no ill-feeling towards them. On the other hand, my feelings are good. God made a mistake in not equipping the breast with a window to know the inside of one's heart. Had there been one you would find that I am full of love towards the Communists.

Again, in May 1951 he declared at Warangal:

The rich man has been done away with without a pistol, for every adult has now the right to vote. In future the Government would belong to every individual. I beg of the Communists to come out into the open and work. If they work in the open I would give them my complete co-operation.

No friend of the Communists can go farther.

The second serious objection raised against the *yagna* is that the 'vast majority of donors are middle and even poor kisans' who themselves come 'within the category of the ex-

ploited and who are themselves producers'. The Communists are at a loss to follow 'how taking land from these people can be termed ending of exploitation'. Also it is alleged that the land given by big landlords is sometimes of the worthless and uncultivable variety, and the donation is more in the nature of a face-saving attempt than that of really helping the down-trodden. Both of these objections are true. But they are as old as the movement itself.

Vinoba accepts the gift of the poor because his movement is a *yagna* in which everybody must offer what he or she can. What counts is not the 'poverty' of the possessions of the donor but the 'richness' of his heart. And who does not know that those called poor have a richer heart? For did not Jesus say: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God"? If the rich do not easily part with their land it is no ground to reject the offer of the poor. It simply shows that the haves have not yet so much grasped the substance of Vinoba's movement as the have-nots have done.

No doubt the rich landlord donates quite often to gain something—official favours, name or what not. Sometimes he parts with disputed portion of his property to kill, as he would fondly imagine, two birds with one stone. Vinoba is deeply aware of these, call them tricks or intrigues. But this does not disturb him and his confident reply is:

I am an ocean in which come rivers with all types of waters—dirty, hard, soft or fine. I accept them with full grace.

And to the query that the rich give only a very small portion his fearless answer is:

Let them give today what they can. More they will give tomorrow and the balance the day after. For, all land is mine, not theirs. (All land belongs to God.)

Thus it is Vinoba's irrevocable belief in the gradual conversion of the heart that he swallows every pill, sweet or sour. Conversion there shall be. The Communists cannot cast off this faith in conversion. After all nobody is a Communist by

birth. He or she gets converted to it at a certain stage in one's life. And frequently this conversion comes about in a very non-violent manner!

Conversion is intimately connected with the idea of Sarvodaya, that is, the greatest good of one and all. Again, here is a very great misunderstanding—some of our Communist and leftist friends regard the Sarvodaya principle as the 'maintaining of the status quo.' This is no more true than any American propagandist's assertion that 'India's community projects are a part of the Gandhian constructive programme'. They are not. In fact, launching them on Bapu's birthday was an attempt, as Mirabeau says, to tear Bapu's heart asunder. So also Sarvodaya unequivocally stands for a change in the established order. Had it meant maintenance of *status quo* India would not have produced Gandhi nor Vinoba would have begged from door to door. The Sarvodaya aims, as communism does, at a classless and castless society. The ends of the two are the same. But the means are different and that accounts for all the difference between the two.

This brings us to another objection against the *bhu-dan-yagna*—that it has not 'brought even an iota of change in the social structure'. Surely Vinoba never imagined that his walking down twelve miles every morning would change the social structure in that area. No reformer, thinker or leader ever did or could do so. Even the morning sun which can melt the hardest snow of the tallest cliff fails to awake one and all. It brings about a change in the life of only those who are prepared to leave their bed. It is helpless against those who have no inclination to get up. We are to judge the success of the *bhu-dan-yagna* not by what it has not achieved but by what it has done, small though it be. And it can hardly be denied that it has changed the heart of some persons to some extent. And to that extent it has changed the mental structure of the society. Mark, I do not say social structure. For the land problem alone will not solve or build up the whole structure. It will only help changing it. Also Vinoba makes no claim:

I am not trying to solve the big land problem. I do want it to be

solved peacefully, but nobody could settle all the world's affairs. Rama had been there and Krishna had been there. They had done what they could do for the world, but there is no end to problems. One can only do one's work.

All that he proposes to do is to change the atmosphere just to create the right consciousness among the people.

It is, therefore, very regrettable that the Communist friends have, deliberately or otherwise, fallen foul of the *bhu-dan-yagna*. Had they gone deeper they would have easily realised the full implications of it. This is, perhaps, why that Dr. J. C. Kuma-rappa often says, "I have gone round the world. I have been to China and to Russia. But I found Communists nowhere except in India."

What, after all, is the reason of this antipathy towards the *bhu-dan-yagna*? Perhaps it lies in the association of the Congress and the Praja-Socialist Party with it. Hence on grounds of blind party politics, what the non-Communists do must be condemned by the Communists and vice-versa. I am afraid this is a very wrong conception of public service. Following regulated party lines reduces us to mere sepoys for whom the spinal chord was more than enough. In the long run this attitude harms the country as also the party and the individual. In this connection I cannot help reproducing the beautiful words of New China's maker, Mao Tse-tung, to Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit—"Let us unite for construction; let us unite for peace." India's misfortune is that Congressmen or Communists, Praja-Socialists or Jan-Sanghites, cannot unite for construction or peace or for anything else. And the country is reduced to the unenviable position of the pro-

verbial patient whose malady gets deeper with every treatment.

To call *bhu-dan-yagna* 'farce' or means to perpetuate exploitation is adding insult to injury. For who is Vinoba and what is his *bhu-dan-yagna*? Vinoba is a satyagrahi and his *bhu-dan-yagna* is his invisible satyagraha to win India's economic and moral and social liberty. He is not a street beggar to amass lands. He is a revolutionary who has begun his satyagraha march. As he said at the last Sarvodaya conference at Sevapuri (Banaras):

I want to tell you that if I command any honour it is as a satyagrahi. I know no other honour. Therefore, if satyagraha is required I shall invariably offer it. . . . Believe me when I say that I have never harboured any thought that did not bear fruit.

Both the Congressmen and Communists would do well to grasp the real significance of the *bhu-dan-yagna* movement. If the former imagine that their co-operation in the *yagna* will help them to implement their present policy so that they can go on holding the reins of power for all time they are sadly mistaken. If the latter imagine that the *yagna* will not touch the existing state of affairs they are equally misled. Both of them should know that the same Vinoba who was asking for only land yesterday has already made a call for income. And rest assured that tomorrow he is going to demand everything else for Daridra Narain—a *sarv-dan-yagna*, a call for total donation. Doubtless, he will also call those in power to part with it for the powerless. His is a battle on behalf of the poor, the havenots, the non-possessioned, the powerless, the lowly and the lost. One would do well to decide and take sides accordingly before it is too late.

You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on; nothing so great but it will forget it in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's passions are just, measured, and continuous.

—RUSKIN.

## THE CORPSE— AND THE COLLECTION

By M. KRISHNAMURTHI

THEY called it the Millionaires ship and its arrival in port was greeted with enthusiasm by the members of the staff of the government-run tourist agency. It carried a cargo of really rich men whose good fortune in being able to run round the world as they pleased, with their families in tow, roused the envy of many an Indian newspaper reader who read the write-ups about it in his favourite paper. But what they failed to realise was that it was mostly sheer hard work and a well cultivated shrewdness that had made the passengers of the luxury liner what they were. The bustle of disembarkation filled the ship and it was quite a quarter of an hour before Phyllis could finally cross the gangway. At her elbow was an obsequious tout, a species which flourishes in spite of all governmental efforts at eradicating it.

"Madam," he whined, "I show you all the sights in this town. Very cheap, Madam. Much better than any guide book or any tourist agency man."

She tried to shoo him off; and her father pushed him away a bit. Her mother gazed at him as if he were some strange specimen out of the local zoo.

"Go on, scram," her father said, curtly; and replaced his cigar in his mouth. He felt his coat pocket carefully for his flask of rum; the damned policy of prohibition—he had read about it all—and had come prepared.

"Look, Dad," gasped Phyllis suddenly, and her face took on an ashen hue.

He looked where she pointed; and heard, too, the piteous whine of the beggar woman, who had crept up to the passengers despite the policemen on duty. In her arms she carried a dead infant, its eyes closed and its whole tiny body bloated dreadfully with disease. He understood not a word of what the woman

was saying but realised that she was asking for aims. He put his hand into his pocket and threw her the first note that came to hand. The woman took one incredulous look at the ten rupee note she now held in her hand and, to the shocked surprise of all the onlookers, she threw the infant's body near the edge of the road; and fled incontinently. Too shocked to do anything, not even the policemen thought of giving her chase. She disappeared round the corner in a moment.

Then it was that Phyllis turned her face away and became sick. This was too strange and callous a sight for her.

Muthamma was growing tired of the ceaseless chatter of the men in her *Cheri*. They sat down most of the time and talked of the elections. They neglected their work and he with whom she was living had for a fortnight ceased to earn anything. He went about with a red shirt on, carrying some sort of notice, gathering urchins together and teaching them to shout slogans. During the night jeeps, installed with blaring loud speakers, poured out propaganda, depriving the tired people of their sleep. There was even some furtive money changing hands. Meetings were frequent and she had grown fed up with the promises the fellows made; her problem was more immediate. Her meagre stock of food was fast disappearing and her children were as hungry as ever. She expostulated shrilly with her man asking him how on earth he expected her to feed their brats unless he took out his rickshaw and earned a few annas. Money would not come in of its own accord, she screamed, and there he was, gadding about with the good-for-nothings who talked so much of what the future had in store for the *Cheri* if only its denizens exercised their franchise in the proper manner; but could not give them their square meal for that night. But her man

was in no mood to listen to her. He cut short her cries and ran away. He who was absorbed in planning the whole future of the nation could not be bothered with earning enough to support his family. As for himself he seemed to be doing all right; from time to time he disappeared and came back looking well fed and pleased with life. At last she could stand it no longer and that morning she sallied forth from the squalour of her slum, determined to make some money by fair means or foul.

But scarcely had she reached the road near her *Cheri* when her man and a companion of his greeted her and called on her to stop. "Where are you running away?" he asked. All her anger came out in a tumble of words and oaths and she upbraided him for his callous neglect of her and their children.

"Stop, stop", he cried, "All that can be attended to. Don't you know that today you ought to go and vote?"

"Vote," she snarled, "Why should I vote? What good will come of it?" And at those words her husband's companion started off and told her for nearly fifteen minutes what she stood to gain by casting her vote. He was himself a fanatic, conscious of the injustices in the world, and a sincere demagogue, too. He spoke convincingly, and Muthamma, hardly comprehending what he said, still came to feel that after all she had better go to the booth and vote. But her angry protest found one final vent.

"But who is to feed my children?" she wailed.

"Here," said that man, "Heaven knows I cannot afford it, nor can the Party; but take these four annas. It may help." It certainly would, and she tied it up carefully in one corner of her ragged saree. She could buy at least enough for a half-meal and, the elections once over, her man might ply his rickshaw regularly as he used to.

"Show me the way," she said. They gave her detailed instructions and told her to look for the man there, who would be carrying a red flag in his hand and who would tell her how exactly to vote and into what box, carrying the Party's symbol on it, she should cast her marked ballot paper.

They told her, too, how she should mark the paper; and then went into the *Cheri* to round up other prospective voters.

With her mind full with ideas of how she should make the four annas go a long way, gnawed by the conviction that it could hardly procure sufficient food for her three children even for a single meal, Muthamma made her way towards the booth. She saw that there were two orderly, long lines of people standing in front of it, and this orderliness was itself surprising. She was accustomed rather to the congested confusion of the ration shops, and cloth shops when on very rare occasions they had cloth enough for poor people either to buy and use themselves or sell to the richer at a profit. She saw also a few beggars making the best use of the occasion by briskly canvassing the lines up and down. She suddenly wished she could join them; in the past she had had to resort to beggary for eking out her living and all she wanted now was some sort of prop. Generally she would take one of her children along and its ribs, showing clean through its stretched skin, were enough to enlist what little sympathy there might be in other people. She decided she would come back later and vote; meantime she would fetch one of her children and make a few pice.

It was on her way back to the *Cheri* that she saw the tiny corpse lying in a tiny field adjoining the road. She knew instinctively what must have happened. There were people poorer than herself, who did not have even a wretched hut to call their own. They lived, loved, slept and died on the pavements of the town, working till their bodies could no longer work and collapsed of fatigue and the various diseases that revelled in a famished body. When any of them died, the rest of his group tried to make some money out of his corpse, leaving it partially uncovered on the road side and begging passers-by for money with which to burn the body. Generally the money was used for other purposes, the bodies being removed by the civic authorities either to the crematories or to the medical colleges for purposes of dissection. If a child died it was more convenient to its elders who carried

it in their arms, making piteous—often utterly unfelt—moan and wailing for alms from the charitable. In a city like Madras you can see this sight for yourself on occasions. The little body is then cast on the road side and no one seems to care what becomes of it.

In a trice she picked the body up and rushed back to the booth, somehow forcing a tear into her eyes and almost automatically producing the necessary wailing. For nearly one hour she walked up and down, much to the annoyance of the people, and collected a few annas. And then she felt she should work another pitch. The harbour was near her *Cheri* and

by practice she knew that she could get some more money there.

Thus it was that Phyllis saw her and thus did Muthamma make a small fortune of ten rupees. When she fled from the spot, afraid that the charitable foreigner might change his mind and ask for the note back, there was, curiously enough, one thought racing through her mind. She must not fail to go back to the booth and cast her vote!

Nor can I omit to mention the fact that Phyllis's mother wrote a book about India on her reaching her home again and that this incident gave her the title for the book. She called it the "Corpse—And the Collection."

## FALLING STANDARDS IN ENGLISH

By J. B. KRIPALANI

IN the issue of November 29 of *Swatantra* there is a learned rejoinder by Shri Anjaneyulu to my article about the "falling standards in English." With all his learning the writer has not advanced a single argument against my thesis that the standard in English cannot be improved in India. If anything, it must progressively deteriorate. The fact is that the position that the English language occupied in India and its educational system was unnatural and artificial. It was brought about by the patronage of a foreign imperial government. It does not require any "dialectical skill" on my part to prove this. There was no "sardonic" or any other kind of 'fury' in my contribution. I have the bad habit, acquired through years of training as a teacher, of arguing logically. As for any dialectics, these are, after Marx, the monopoly of the Communists.

Instead of demolishing my arguments the writer has run off at a tangent to praise the undoubted superiority of the English language and literature over the Indian languages and literatures. He has also emphasised the need of higher standards of English in our educational system as necessary for the progress of our knowledge in Arts and Sciences. All this is beside the point.

In my article under review I clearly stated: "For my present argument I take it that all the conditions that made for tolerable standards of English in India were not only necessary but also desirable. They widened the scope of education and enhanced its efficiency. I would also not raise the controversy whether whatever knowledge is acquired through the medium of a foreign tongue can, to any appreciable degree, filter down to the masses, raising the general standard of their knowledge and efficiency. These and many other educational and social questions connected with the use of a foreign language for educational purposes I do not propose to raise here." (It is well known that there is very great controversy about these points among educationists and politicians).

It is precisely these questions which I avoided in my argument that are raised by my critic. The only criticism that would have been relevant would be to indicate ways and means by which the standards in English could be raised in India that is free of the imperial domination of England. Instead of doing this my critic has fallen foul of politicians. He says that politicians seem to ask with an admirable self-assurance "Why should any one drop a tear over the dying language of a

foreigner instead of rejoicing over the inevitable currents of history?" Our friend does not know that it is not usual for the politician to shed tears for a person or a cause, however dear, except what are called in the English language crocodile tears. As a matter of fact I have neither shed any tears nor rejoiced over the deteriorating standards of English in India. I have discussed only the possibility of improving them and I have given historical reasons for the unavoidable deterioration. I wrote neither as an educationist nor as a politician, though I am credited to be good at one and bad at the other. I merely wrote as a common man and a student of current history.

So far as politicians are concerned, the writer himself admits that the shrewdest of them all and the most popular and successful, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, said that English should remain "the basic language of India". Though I do not understand the phrase 'basic language of India' as applied to English, supposed to have been used by Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, I am prepared to accept the truth of the statement made by my critic. Then Sri Munshi who is supposed to be a keen student of Bharatiya culture and a keen politician, as admitted by my critic, is against giving "a short shrift to the English language." The same was the attitude of the late Dr. C. R. Reddi. I may also tell my critic that the present Education Minister in the Centre, though himself more a scholar of Arabic and Persian than English, is not for giving "a short shrift" to English. But the very

fact that the Government has prescribed a 15-year period for the shift from English to Hindi will, I believe, be the major cause that will adversely affect the already deteriorating standards of English which had begun deteriorating even before the disappearance of British rule from India, as I have pointed out in my article.

So far as I am personally concerned, it is well known that the only language in which I can even inadequately express my ideas is the English tongue. I know no other language. My mother tongue is Sindhi. Whatever its value as a developed language, it is as good as dead in Free India. It is also sure to die in Pakistan. It was mostly sustained by Hindu scholars. I have not adequately learnt the Hindi language. As for the controversy between the North and the South about the use or abuse of the English language, I may tell my critic that I am as much at home in the South as in the North. I have as many dear friends beyond the Vindhyas as north of that range of mountains. If anything, I appreciate better the keen intellect, the Sanskrit scholarship and the art forms of the South. In all these things the South today represents India better than the North. I also like the simplicity of the South which is in keeping with our ancient ideals.

The critic therefore has unnecessarily introduced passion and heat in a purely academic, factual and historical discussion.

## MYLAPORE

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

"And this is good old Boston,  
The home of the bean and the cod,  
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots,  
And the Cabots talk only to God."

A traveller has written that as one approaches Madras from the north it is difficult to realise that he is nearing a great and magnificent city. This difficulty of realisation is not shared by the Mylaporean who is convinced that there is no finer city than Madras. But his even stronger conviction is that Mylapore is the quintessence of Madras in its intelligence. It is an unwritten axiom, at least among South Indians, that of all the peoples of India the Madrassi is the most cultured. For his part the Mylaporean is assured that his division, a poor administrative term to express the wealth of learning and high thinking which is the essential prerogative of every one of its inhabitants, is the Bloomsbury of the world.

The Mylaporean lives within the area bounded by the Marina on the east, Cowbray's Road on the west, Edward Elliotts Road on the north and Mandavalli on the south. This is inevitably an unworthy topographical expression of the mighty intellect which throbs and pulsates there. It is no exaggeration to say that Mylapore is the brain of Madras. Of this obvious fact Mylapore has long been aware. If truth is to be told, it is rather aggressively aware of this truism of life in Madras. Detractors (to be found mainly in the unregenerate areas outside the sacred and sanctified area, but mainly in Triplicane) are not wanting who point the finger of scorn at what they deem its shallow learning, its false love of scholarship. But, correctly enough, nobody in Mylapore takes the slightest notice of these manifestly ridiculous objections.

The characteristic Mylaporean pervades an air of profound scholarship, derived, many scoffers would assert, from a laborious perusal of Penguin books. He always carries with him a

book, the sign manual of his great dignity as a Mylaporean. His talk revolves around, if not foreknowledge, will and fate, then of the estimable Dr. Freud, the latest theories of the venerable Mr. T. S. Eliot, the culture of the Aztecs, and the latest developments in Senegambia and Martinique. On these subjects he lays down the law with a sort of desperate finality, as if defying the Bodleian itself to controvert his statements. He is, in short, a book in breeches.

His chief temple of learning is the Ranade Hall, where with gratifying frequency knowledge on every conceivable subject under the sun is dispensed copiously and energetically by scholars. Such is his passion for knowledge that a discourse on even such an obscure theme as bimetalism fills the hall to the door. There he sits in an ecstasy of delight drinking in the learned words. This is a solemn moment, which the Philistine will not and cannot comprehend. Naturally his standards are high. He does not bestow his approbation lightly. However famous a man may be, Mylapore will not accept him until he appears in the Ranade Hall on probation before them and is approved by the multitudinous councils which are convoked on the sands of the seashore, the steps of the temple tank and on the *pials* of the houses.

It is a melancholy fact that the claims of Mylapore have not always been recognised. There are detractors and what is even more painful there are rivals. Chief among these is Triplicane. There is no true Mylaporean who does not feel a detestation of that area; he is convinced that its pretensions are worthless. Is it to be imagined that there is congregated in that rather dingy tract (in contrast, the Mylaporean points with pride, to the orderly and attractive garden division) an equal to the mighty intellect that resides there? The very thought is base.

As is proper to such a civilised being, he takes a passionate, if muddled,

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interest in cricket. The annual League match between the Mylapore Recreation Club and the Triplicane Cricket Club is at once his hour of joy and his hour of trial. He has recognised that in this encounter there has been put to hazard his division's supremacy, at least in the current year. The atmosphere of passion which overhangs the ground on such rather terrible occasions is painful. His greatest hour of joy is the moment of his hated rival's overthrow.

Denigrators, ever jealous of Mylapore's fair name and reputation, have in recent times often been heard to assert that the sceptre of learning has passed from Mylapore's hands to the upstart colony in Adyar, Gandhinagar. This statement is plausible, but the Mylaporean is quick to point out that the essence of his greatness (which he is not mock modest to disclaim) lies not so much in beautiful

villas as in beautiful brains. There is no evidence that these have passed to Gandhinagar; very far from that, in fact.

There are moments when the Mylaporean's claims do not appear extravagant. Let a man of sensibility walk through the *mada* streets at the hour of twilight. Then is it that Mylapore is at its most beautiful. A sort of benediction descends on it, transmuting everything into something rich and strange. One is then inclined to grant that the grave scholar who threads his way through the traffic his eyes glued on an exposition of agricultural methods adopted by the Maoris (a benefaction from the prolific press at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England) is an Isaac Casaubon in disguise. As one who has spent a score of years within the hearing of the sweet temple bells, I can testify to this.



By V. P. SATHE

AT the inaugural function of the Hindi "Screen," most of the speakers launched a tirade against alleged yellow journalism. Mr. Chandulal Shah, President of IMPPA, thundered that the days of yellow journalism were numbered and that it would not be tolerated by the film industry in future. Mr. Kishore Sahu and Miss Kamini Kaushal also described filthy and scandalous stories appearing in the film press and expressed their gratitude for "Screen" being free from it.

Hearing these producers speak, though I am not in favour of yellow journalism in the least, I felt that the producers and stars were themselves to be blamed for the growth and success of yellow journalism in the film press. And it was high time that somebody told them that they must first clear the Augean stables of the industry before condemning the yellow journal. Let producers and stars not commit black deeds and there will be no yellow journalism.

Agreeing that some of the film journals feed their readers on filthy scandals of stars and producers, it cannot be gainsaid that at least some of these scandals are true and at least in some cases their exposure is necessary. The real tragedy is not that filthy stories are published in film press. The real tragedy is that the filthy things do happen in the film industry.

Scandals apart, is it not a fact that there are producers and stars who to get a good boost in the press are prepared to pay bribes? How often the praise and the attack that appear in the press is "inspired" by interested parties. As long as producers

indulge in such deplorable methods to buy praise and attack rivals in the press, can there be any clear and honest journalism? So as I said at the outset the producers, the stars and the industry itself are responsible for the growth of yellow film journalism in this country and it ill-behoves producers to condemn yellow journalism without condemning their own kith and kin who are mainly responsible for it.

#### Personality Of The Week

Dark, baldish, Americanized middle-aged Ambalal J. Patel is not just one man. He is an institution. His second name should have been "enterprise"; for there is hardly any man in the film industry as resourceful and as enterprising as Ambalal Patel.

He deals in many things. He imports cameras, conducts a still photo studio; he imports raw film and projectors and is a producer and distributor of short films. Not only that he runs an open air theatre and is the first man to establish a colour laboratory in India. Central Photo Studios, Patel India Ltd., Educational Films of India, Films of India, Film Centre—these are some of the institutions run by him and his organisation. And in addition to all this he has now produced a full length colour film, *Pamposh* written and directed by Ezra Mir.

On Sunday, December 14th morning, I had an opportunity to see some of the shots of this remarkable film. But before giving the details of this picture, let me acquaint you with the personality of Ambalal Patel.

He is what Americans would call a 'go-getter.' He has always new ideas up his sleeve; and what is more

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important he has the enterprising spirit to translate most of his ideas into practice. Dealing in cameras, projectors and educational short films Ambalal secured Gavert film agency during the war days when there was a shortage of film and eventually popularized it. When the war ended and the Government closed down the Information Films, Ambalal bought it over and for some time conducted production and distribution of both news parade and documentary films on his own.

After the establishment of the National Government, Patel was strongly opposed to the re-starting of the Films Division as he thought it would kill the independent short film producer. And yet, he rented his palatial 'White House' to the Films Division. During these days he went to America almost every third month and brought some thing new every time. And he became more and more Americanized every time. If you pay a visit to his house, you will find almost all the American contrivances of modern house fitted there. He is Americanophile to his finger tips. And yet he is opposed to technicolour; not merely because he has acquired the agency of Gavacolor process but because he thinks that his process is cheaper and economically more suited to Indian producers. The couple of exquisite shorts that he has made on Kashmir testify to the correctness of his argument. But it is, perhaps, to prove to the industry that in Gavacolor Indian producers can make really first-rate colour films that he has now produced *Pamposh*, a Kashmiri word meaning lotus.

As Ezra Mir explained *Pamposh* is a realistic story centring around a child and an old man. Set against the colourful background of Kashmir the picture itself has been entirely shot on location with the help of a handy camera and a tape recorder. It follows the new Italian school of realism; and Mogli the child star of the picture was discovered in Kashmir itself. All the 'stars' are new, facing the camera for the first time. Seeing disjointed shots of this film, which marks a distinct departure from all our pictures, one felt that the colour was extremely effective

capturing the beauty of Kashmir and the artistes, though they were new, acted with ease and confidence. Obviously the picture has great possibilities; but one can give opinion about it only when the final edited picture emerges out of the editing room.

Ambalal's preference for the Italian way of picture-making and Gavacolor, in spite of his fondness for things American, shows that he is a shrewd businessman. Incidentally it was Ambalal Patel who first bought *Yukiwarisoo* and then sold to Kapur Kardar Ltd. He has also brought *Miracle In Milan* which has now been taken over by Mr. Tarachand Bhargatiya of Screens and Rajshree Pictures.

One of his ideas was to start a floating theatre in Bombay. The idea

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somehow has not yet materialized. And his latest enterprise is that he has volunteered to build an overbridge on Marine Drive (Bombay) near the swimming pool at his own expense, provided the municipality would give him the right of putting a poster on the bridge free. He thus, perhaps, through advertisement hopes to be able to meet his expenses. And the foundation of this overbridge was laid on December 14 by Engineer N. V. Modak.

His open air theatre is unique in Bombay at least. He holds free shows every week at this theatre. Indeed, it would take many columns to enumerate all the activities of this enterprising go-getter. Suffice it to say that he has many things to his credit, but if he succeeds in screening *Pamposh* not only in international market but in India to our picturegoers, he would open a new era in Indian motion pictures.

#### Picture Of The Week

With the plethora of indifferent and insipid pictures turning out week after week, it is hardly surprising that Indian pictures are doing poor business. Most of them are flopping; but then they richly deserve their ignominious failure.

To this category belongs *Nirmohi*; a love story written by C. L. Kavish and directed by Baij Sharma. A young man who aspired to be a journalist meets a young girl, pursues her until she comes to like and love him. Then he goes away to Nagpur to complete a three-month course of training in journalism. Meanwhile, the girl has an accident and a young widower who has been her dead father's partner convinces her that she is suffering from tuberculosis with the help of a bogus doctor. This is the weakest link of the story; but unfortunately it forms the foundation of the latter development.

Believing that she is stricken with tuberculosis the girl pretends not to be in love with the journalist and to convince him she marries her father's

partner only to discover that she has been cheated. Naturally she walks out of her husband's home and faces the crisis of life with her new born child and an old servant. The husband conveniently commits suicide and the hero, who is blinded in war and the heroine, who is disfigured in an accident, meet. Knowing as I do that the censors have ruined the climax, I still feel that it was unnecessary.

The greatest flaw in the picture is that it never becomes convincing. Otherwise it is fairly well-produced, directed and acted, except of course for Sajjan who ruins his role by overacting. Flaws apart, the first half is rather slow and dragging, the second half is gripping almost right up to the end. The highlight of the picture is Madan Mohan's music. He seems to be improving with every picture. With the help of Lata, he has again given some really excellent tunes with classical melody to enrich them. His background music is also remarkably good.

Not as bad as other flops *Nirmohi* with a better constructed screenplay could have been a really good picture.

#### News Of The Week

—On Friday, December 12, Producer Mohla launched his new picture *Ehsan* starring Prithviraj, Munawar Sultana, Shammi Kapur, Kamal Kapur and a new find, Rita. Madhok has written the screen play and Rajendra Sharma is the director.

—Raj Kapur will be starting the shooting of his technicolour picture *Ajanta* in March. He will go to Darjeeling first for the outdoor shooting.

—Sunny's *Udan Khatola* is the story of an aeroplane. In fact, *Udan Khatola* signifies aeroplane. It is being shot at Prabhat Studios, Poona.

—Mehboob has given the script of his new picture for censoring and will start shooting as soon as the script is passed.

—Kardar has christened the Hindi version of *Pedgaonche Shahani* as *Chacha Chowdhari*.

---

If you lend a person money it becomes lost for many purposes of your own. When you ask for it back again, you find a friend made an enemy by your own kindness. If you begin to press still further, either you must part with what you have lent or else you must lose your friend.—PLAUTUS.

# THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR SOUTH ASIA

By ANDREW ROTH

**T**INY, smiling Ceylon, smallest of the Dominions, gave a demonstration of the contradictory impulses agitating South Asia during the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference recently concluded in London. At one point, when the British delegation was discussing methods to lift the barriers between the sterling zone and the dollar area, Ceylon (supported by India) threatened to "de-link" from the British pound and let it sink by itself if any new measures threatened devaluation. It would not risk earning less rice and manufactured imports with its exports of tea, rubber and coconut and would not passively follow Britain into devaluation as it did in 1949. At the same conference, however, the Ceylonese (unlike the Indians and Pakistanis) claimed the right to call Elizabeth II "Queen of Ceylon", thus encouraging their less pro-Western neighbours to continue to call them the "brown Englishmen."

The Ceylonese delegation defended staunchly the need to continue to make progress in industrialisation, extending the social services and keeping living standards from falling in a country in which the population increases by 2.4% every year. As they have repeated at every conference, this is an absolute necessity to keep in check the substantial minority of Marxist parties in a country which has long enjoyed universal suffrage.

## Deal With China

At the same time the anti-Communist Ceylonese defended their rubber-for-rice deal with Communist China, despite the United Nations embargo. They explained that in China they can get 5.3 tons of rice for one ton of rubber while elsewhere they can get only 3 tons of rice. Ceylon has thus aided the war economy of a Communist state although it has been the repeated Soviet veto which has kept Ceylon out of the United Nations. In doing so it has resisted the pressure

of the United States, a pressure which culminated in cutting off 'Point Four' aid to Ceylon and denying it shipments of sulphur needed to protect and process its rubber.

Britain has chided Ceylon for "embarrassing" London in its relations with Washington, but not seriously enough to alienate the most pro-British of the Commonwealth's Asian dominions. It then supplied Ceylon with the sulphur that the U. S. denied it, apparently secretly pleased that Ceylon should be developing new areas of trade in a period of shrinking markets for natural rubber.

If these cross-currents operate in what is considered the most stable and pro-Western of the South Asian states, one can imagine the intensity of conflict and competition in less peaceful areas of the great belt stretching across the Southern half of Asia from the Mediterranean to the Pacific.

## South Asia Defined

A serious examination of South Asia has been hindered by vague and outdated terminology which no longer suits today's demands. Thus, in the United Nations the group of nations which sometimes attempts to find a "middle road" between the Soviet and Anglo-American blocs is misleadingly dubbed the "Arab-Asian bloc" when they might more usefully and descriptively be named the "South Asian bloc." For working purposes South Asia can be said to embrace all of the Asian countries South of the Soviet-Chinese land mass between the Mediterranean and Pacific oceans. It embraces three sub-groups: Southeast Asia (Burma, Siam, Indochina, Philippines, Malaya, Indonesia), South-Central Asia (India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Nepal and Afghanistan) and the Middle East (Persia, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Kuwait, Bahrain, Syria, the Lebanon, Jordan, Israel and Egypt). There may be some argument about whether Egypt, only a fraction of which

is in Asia, should be included. The Philippines can, of course, be considered with Japan and Formosa as one of the East Asian fringe countries and, indeed, Filipinos frequently act as if their country should be anchored off the coast of Latin America. But in political and economic practice the Philippines are part of South East Asia and Egypt, of course, plays a leading role in the Middle East.

The bright flames of the Korean explosion, the gaseous vapours of prolonged American postmortems over the loss of China, the exotic savagery of some of the new nationalisms of Africa have distracted attention from South Asia as a key political and economic area of the world today.

## Nationalist Upsurge

South Asia itself is partly responsible for its failure to hold the world's attention to a deserved degree. The clean, simple period of post-war nationalist upsurge against old rulers has been replaced by a period of murky groping and zig-zag stumbling which taxes the attention of the most interested and expert onlooker. Once the simple supporter of self-government for Asian peoples could cheer on the Indian National Congress movement of Gandhi and Nehru on the simple basis of self-rule. He now finds it necessary to swallow highly legalistic arguments if, for instance, he is to support Nehru's contention that India must have four times as many troops as Pakistan in Kashmir if there is ever to be a plebiscite there. Where once sympathizers could cheer on nameless barefoot youths constituting the Indonesian military resistance, now they find that the leaders of these troops have names and ranks and argue about taudry things like promotions and, if frustrated, seem willing to seize commands. How does the unsophisticated non-Communist enthusiast for self-rule for the Indochinese choose between a Communist-dominated Vietminh, inextricably enmeshed in Chinese and Soviet world strategy since 1949, and a French-sponsored Bao-Dai regime which cannot stand without French and American support?

The situation is little clearer to the extremists on the right and left. The died-in-the-wool old imperialist finds

it a new world without any of the old familiar signs. Not only has his old world died with the emergence of the new nations. He finds the old, familiar personnel playing completely different roles. He finds a faithful old servant of the British crown attacking, as Foreign Minister of Pakistan, the sort of actions he once supported as a colonial civil servant. He finds, mixed together in the Indian diplomatic corps, those Britain once knighted for faithful service and those Britain once jailed for subversion. In Indonesia the Government jails some Dutch-sponsored Indonesians and makes Ambassadors out of others.

Despite the starkness of their simple but fast-changing slogans, it is not a simple world to the Communists either. Picture the harried Malayan Communist killing a leading comrade in July 1951 for advocating a policy which becomes party doctrine in October 1951—and might have become so earlier if communications from Moscow and Peking had penetrated earlier to their jungle lairs.

## The Mists

However effectively these fogs may enshroud subordinate aspects of the situation in South Asia, the decisive importance of the region itself stands out above these mists like Mount Everest itself. The mists can only obscure temporarily the area's soaring solidity.

The future of this area, yet undecided, will decide the future of the world. The Communist future of the Soviet-Chinese Eurasian en masse seems a ruthlessly fixed and relatively stable thing which only a titanic worldwide struggle can alter. Similarly the North American continent seems set in its own rapidly-moving channel of development, powered by immense and fast-growing industries. But the 600,000,000 people of South Asia—half of the remainder of the world—have not yet fixed on their future. And until they do, the 200,000,000 people of Western Europe and the 100,000,000 of East Asia cannot decide their own, so intertwined are they.

One thing is clear. By plumping for the American or Soviet side, South Asia can decide once and for all which ideology will emerge triumphant.

phant. It is precisely its *indecision* which has caused this aspect of its importance to be disregarded.

The 'cold war' has not been converted into a 'hot war', with all of its atomic and hydrogenic horror, largely because of the hesitancy and semi-neutralism of South Asia. This is not only because the Indian Government has, at decisive moments, attempted to act as a diplomatic 'bridge' between the hostile blocks. It is also very largely because *without South Asia militarily committed, neither side has the strength to challenge the other to a military showdown.*

The United States, with half the world's industrial production, would have been much more tempted to a showdown with the Soviet-Chinese block, if it had some large pool of military manpower outside its own 150,000,000-strong population, the more reluctant 200,000,000 people of Western Europe and its few military allies in East Asia. It was the realization of these limited resources of military manpower—against the colossal weight of 800,000,000 in the Soviet-Chinese block—that moved the United States in 1950 to shotgun its allies into agreeing to the re-arming of Germany and Japan. But even if these countries raise substantial armies in the near future they will not come close to answering the most fundamental question posed to American military strategists: With what troops can you occupy the U. S. S. R. and China, even if you can destroy their cities, industries and troop concentrations with atomic and hydrogen bombs? Those trying to answer this question must inevitably turn—after looking at Germany and Japan—toward the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, which was able to raise over 2,000,000 troops during the late war.

#### Economic Importance

Although South Asia's military strength is now largely potential, its economic importance is very actual. It is one of the world's richest store-houses of raw materials, producing 95% of the world's jute, 87% of its natural rubber, 86% of its tea, 60% of its tin, 27% of its chromite, 20% of its petroleum and 13% of its manganese. South Asia's vast popu-

lation offers one of the world's most tempting markets, despite its peoples' great poverty, because it produces so few of its own manufactures.

It can be said without contradiction that the economic viability of most of West Europe and of Japan in East Asia is dependent on access to or control of South Asia's raw materials and the sale to South Asia of their manufactured products. The bitter current competition of British, German and Japanese salesmen in the area, backed by their governments, is clear evidence of this. The British Government, it will be recalled, attempted to get guarantees of "fair trade" written into the Japanese peace treaty. Now British businessmen are asking that their Government back them in offering the same credit terms to South Asian customers that the Germans are offering. Britain cannot afford to lose any more trade in that key area.

One of the basic causes of Britain's (and West Europe's) post-war economic instability is its changed relationship with South Asia. The loss of political control of former colonies in South Asia has meant a sharp lessening of control over their dollar earnings. For Britain the difference can be shown by the contrast between India and Malaya. Independent India spends more dollars than it earns, drawing the remainder from the sterling dollar pool. Colonial Malaya, whose rubber and tin exports to the U. S. make it the Sterling Area's chief "dollar arsenal," is only permitted to spend on its own needs about a tenth of the dollars it earns. The loss of political control means also the loss of assured markets. The most extreme example was the pre-war Dutch colonial government which was able, by administrative fiat to order that only Philips electric bulbs could be imported into Indonesia. The diminution in investment and in shipping monopolies in the area has meant a drop in the 'invisible' earnings produced there for West European countries. On top of this, the manufactured goods produced by Western Europe have not advanced nearly as much in price as have the raw materials.

It is no exaggeration to say that the whole parade of Commonwealth

confabulations has been designed largely to keep Britain and its areas of influence in South Asia in step. It is perfectly true that the whole of the Commonwealth is not in South Asia and all of the sterling area countries in South Asia are not in the Commonwealth. But of the 575 million people said to be represented at the recent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, fully 430 million live in South Asia.

Britain sometimes shows tremendous skill at knitting these countries to Britain by amorphous bonds. The best example, of course, is the multiplicity of titles by which Queen Elizabeth II can now be called. Pro-British Ceylon can claim her warmly as "Queen of Ceylon" while for republican India she remains symbolic as "Head of the Commonwealth."

The U. S. State Department, too, has shown increasing consciousness of the need to consider the interests of South Asian states. "South Asia" as a phrase has become part of the official American vocabulary. Considerably more aid was given to South Asia in 1952 than in the previous year. More attention, too, has been paid—at least by the State Department—to winning over South Asians. Wrote *The Observer's* correspondent on October 26: "There is general agreement throughout the United Nations that the brilliant speech with which Mr. Dean Acheson opened the debate on Korea (on October 24) has considerably enhanced the respect of the Middle Eastern and South-East Asian countries for the United Nations stand. Mr. Acheson seemed, indeed, to be deploying his remarkable forensic gifts as if he were pleading the Western case at the neutral bar of Asian opinion....."

#### Rejection Of Indian Resolution

Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky seemed, indeed, to be ignoring this "neutral bar of Asian opinion" in his subsequent rejection of the Indian resolution. But it seems likely this rejection of voluntary repatriation was based on other considerations. One was the desire to balk the American strategy of securing the desertion of large numbers of non-Communists in the Soviet and Chinese armies in the event of a war. The other was the desire to keep the maximum number

of American troops pinned down in Korea to limit the temptation to reinforce the French in Indochina in the event that the pro-Soviet Viet-minh pushes down into the Hanoi-Haiphong delta.

To suggest that the Soviets ignore the South Asians is to overlook two years of shifts in Soviet tactics, the whole basis of which has been to attempt to win friends in South Asia. From the establishment of the Cominform in November 1947 until the end of 1949 the whole Communist strategy, inspired by the late Andrei Zhdanov, was the *negative* and *short-run* one of inspiring insurrection in order to deny to the West the fruits of its dominant influence in South Asia, regardless of how these tactics would antagonize South Asians. In 1950 the line began shifting toward the *long-run* strategy of winning friends. Soviet diplomats dropped their hectoring tones and tried being winsome, particularly in Persia and India. The Indian Communist Party (in 1950) and the Malayan Communist Party (in 1951) were told to shift from insurrectionary to infiltration tactics. The Burmese and Indonesian parties followed suit. Only the Indochinese Party was considered ready to take power militarily and the Ho Chi Minh regime was recognised as a state. Military instructions and arms were supplied to it, principally by the Peking Government, Moscow's invaluable ally in winning over South Asians.

Part of the new Soviet-Chinese strategy has been to bait their friendship with tempting economic orders. Last year China sold India food from larders that could not have been overstuffed and this year has been selling inexpensive rice to Ceylon. China has bought Ceylonese rubber at a price above the world market while Russia has dangled the prospect of a large market for Indonesia's mounting surplus of smallholders rubber. Russia has also offered to supply steel rails to Pakistan at £10 less than the lowest other bidder—Japan. It also bid lower than Japan in offering cement to Siam. Offering cheap cement to the poor people of South Asia shows the Soviets want a concrete way of cementing their influence in the area.

## CONGRESS POLITICS IN HYDERABAD

*By A Correspondent*

A keen contest is expected in the election to the Pradeship of the Pradesh Congress. The candidates in the field are: Swami Ramanand Tirth and Sri Janardhan Rao Desai. The former, who is the present State Congress Chief has a halo around him as the symbol of Hyderabad people's struggle. The latter, a former General Secretary of the Congress, is known for his patient and hard work. Both are men of service, suffering and sacrifice.

Elections are the life breath of democracy. It is generally welcome if a candidate is unanimously elected. But there should not be an iota of coercion in making other contestants withdraw. Pradeship of an organisation should be considered as a position of honour, conferred in recognition of service but not construed as one of wielding power. It should not be the monopoly of a single individual, however great. Only through change does an organisation live dynamically. Successful functioning of democracy rests on healthy elections. But the defeat of

a candidate should not result in rousing jealousies and creating friction in the ranks. It is the experience of foreign countries that as soon as the results of an election are declared all controversy disappears and the vanquished co-operates with the victor in strengthening a party. This is not the case in Hyderabad, and in India.

Elections bring in their wake a storm of jealousies. Differences are perpetuated to the detriment of the party as a whole. In the light of experience of Pradesh Congress Presidential elections in the past in Hyderabad one wonders if the present contest would be smooth. Much depends on Swami Ramanand, whether he wins or loses. If he wins he should not try to exclude his opponent and his supporters in the working of the organisation as he had done in the past. If he loses he should not cut himself away from the party and make his men uninterested in the organisation, as he had to a limited extent done when Sri Bindu was the President.

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## PERSONALITIES IN PAKISTAN CRICKET TEAM

*By P. N. SUNDARESAN*

THE Indo-Pakistan Test matches are over. Amidst the patter of sportsmen patching up political quarrels on the cricket field one factor has clearly emerged—the cordial spirit in which the matches were played. It is really too much to expect the Kashmir problem to be solved by a meeting of Amarnath and Kardar, but it redounds to their credit that they did not allow the political virus to enter the pitch and render it a sticky bog. It redounds to the credit too of the enthusiasts of sport in the country that they did not allow their political feelings to colour their appreciation of the skill of the visitors, despite the efforts of a few communal organisations to disturb the atmosphere.

The Test matches have also brought out a dominant feature of cricket. They have proved that tests need not be always encounters between England and Australia or between our own country and other major nations to prove interesting. They have clearly demonstrated that what is needed is imagination and leadership to raise the game from doldrums. It was in this respect that the series was fortunate. In Amarnath India had a captain who was ready to baffle the pundits of the game by striking out fresh and daring paths to victory; the impact of his personality on the course of the game was ever present and was one of the dominant features of the Tests. India might not have won the rubber but for his captaincy though they might not have lost it. In Kardar, the game and Pakistan had a born leader, full of fight. Naturally, the encounters, albeit the absence of a Hutton, a Worrell, or a Miller, and even of Vijay Hazare in two of them, never lacked interest.

#### Hanif

There were only a few personalities on the Pakistan side. And of these Mohammed Hanif, the teenager, drew the greatest attention. Fame, built on his performances

against the M.C.C. last season and on the tributes of Alf Gover, who coached him last summer, flew before him. So it was a hard task for young Hanif to live up to the encomiums. But he did. For his age he showed the temperament of a veteran. Not even Ramchand sitting on the splice of his bat as it were, could menace his imperturbability or shake the perpendicularity of his bat. He proved beyond doubt that he was a master of the dead bat and of the art of attrition.

Nazar Mohammed, Hanif's opening partner, will always be remembered for his marathon effort in the Lucknow Test, which Pakistan won. It was an innings marked by the paucity of scoring strokes, and which for a moment drove us to think that Nazar Mohammed was a mere stonewaller. But in the latter part of the same innings, and in latter matches he proved us wrong and revealed an excellent capacity to hook, cut and drive. The value of his Lucknow innings was therefore enhanced, as the manner of it was deliberate and purposeful. Nazar Mohammed's worth to the side was heightened by the fact that he was an excellent field at gully; his two catches at Madras were sufficient proof of his prowess.

#### Find Of The Tour

Waqar Hasan was the most successful batsman for Pakistan in the Tests. Brought into the Bombay match in place of Anwar Hussain, who had to stand down due to an injury, he immediately established himself and ended the tour in a blaze of glory. To anyone who witnessed Waqar Hasan at the crease this would not be a surprise. This youth of 24, who looked a happy-go-lucky fellow from near, showed commendable firmness with the bat. He moved on his feet quickly and surely. He was not afraid to be tempted by Mankad, and danced down the pitch to make delectable drives that were a pleasure to watch.

And he refused to be bound by the shackles of the occasion but waited with caution only till he got his eye in. Everytime he went to the crease Pakistan was in a crisis, but every-one of the innings with which he rescued his side was marked by bold and refreshing stroke-play. It can surely be said that Waqar Hasan was the find of the tour for Pakistan.

In bowling the tourists relied mainly on two players—Fazal Mahmood and Mahmood Hussain. Fazal Mahmood's was no new name to India as he was to have played for her against the Australians when partition intervened to take him away. But Fazal Mahmood always seemed to be a new bowler to our batsmen. His medium-paced off-spinners, with his ability to cut the ball from the leg, had them always wary; they could not take liberties with him. And despite all the hurry with which he approached his task he seemed never to tire. Kardar could never have fought his battle so well but for the pertinacity and indefatigability of Fazal Mahmood.

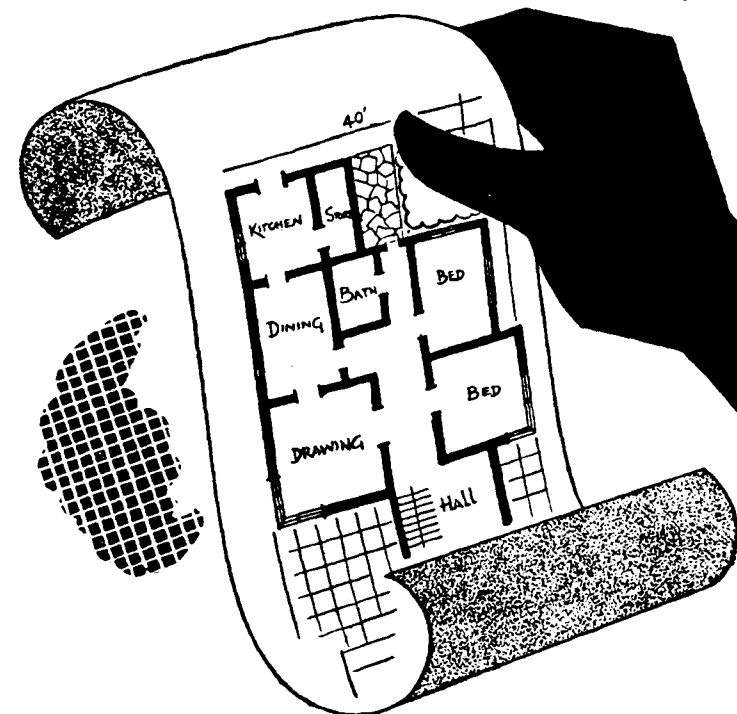
Mahmood Hussain was a pace bowler of the real type. An easy, rhythmic run and an effortless action characterised his art. He could

make the ball lift from length to catch the bat's edge; and when he bumped with just the minimum of extra effort the ball flew off the pitch and did not rise tiredly. Also a bull for work, Mahmood Hussain proved to be an admirable foil to Fazal Mahmood.

But the player who must have been most in the picture is Imtiaz Ahmed. Imtiaz's fame rests not only on his scores but also on the manner in which he notches them up. His innings is always batsmanship of manners. But ill-luck dogged him to the end; only at Calcutta the flame flickered for a brief period and revealed glimpses of the lustre it could spread. But Imtiaz's failures have not dishonoured him.

These were the real personalities of the Pakistan team, apart from skipper Kardar. And around them Kardar built a combination that kept India time and again at bay and once won an admirable victory. The skipper has a hard task ahead; if he is to meet the might of England with any measure of success he must improve on the knowledge gained during the present sojourn and fill his team with more first-rate men.

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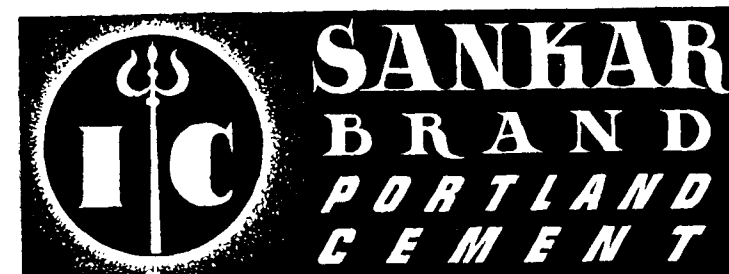
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# Letter To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

## C. R. And Andhra State

It is unfortunate that the editor of SWATANTRA and Mr. D. Anjaneyulu should have charged Mr. C. Rajagopalachari with having identified himself with the interests of one section of the people of the Madras State—Tamilians. Criticism beats fiercely round the Chief Minister of Madras whenever he expresses his considered opinion on matters of vital import or acts courageously up to his convictions. Now that the tumult and shouting raised against the promulgator of the Tanjore Ordinance (readers might not have forgotten SWATANTRA columnist's bitter attack) has died down, his pronouncements on the burning question of the Andhra State have provided fresh grist to the mill of critics. It is, perhaps, the lot of a politician to be rolled about from the starboard of publicity and praise to the larboard of criticism and condemnation. But SWATANTRA's attack on Mr. Rajagopalachari is neither warranted by the present circumstances nor called for; it is unjust and even irrational.

Mr. Anjaneyulu, with an amusing naïveté, and the editor, with characteristic cocksureness, hold Mr. Rajagopalachari responsible for making the present agitation for an Andhra State louder and more insistent. In fact, the suggestion is implicit that it was he who drove Mr. Potti Sriramulu to the desperate resolve to undertake a fast. Mr. Anjaneyulu, for instance, refers to the 'curious clairvoyance' by which Pandit Nehru and the Chief Minister of Madras expressed similar sentiments in regard to the propriety of undertaking fasts to attain political ends. Mr. Nehru stated that the Andhra brethren should find better and more legitimate ways of achieving their ideals and Mr. Rajagopalachari said if the Government was sought to be coerced into making momentous decisions by unconstitutional means then there would be 'an end of all parliamentary Government.' Even Mr. Anjaneyulu seems to agree with this view but his denunciation is obscured by the dithyrambic strain which he labours to keep up in his article.

Mr. Anjaneyulu traces the genesis of the present agitation to the Tamil Festival when Mr. Rajagopalachari unequivocally declared that, if the Andhras were genuine about their desire to carve out a separate State, they should give up their claims to the Madras City. Was there no sufficient provocation for his

statement at that time? If only Mr. Anjaneyulu had worked with his anti-quarian's spade still deeper, he would have found in Swami Sitaram's fast at Tirupathi the reason for this declaration. The Swami was (and has been) a fanatic, wrote the editor of SWATANTRA at that time. And it is an accepted proposition that fanatics are swayed by their emotions rather than be influenced by the realities of the situation. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Swami's fast proved to be the starting point of a series of fasts by his disciples. And, what was more, even some of the Andhra leaders, like Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy, the A.P.C.C. President, who were reticent about their views on this vital issue, sought to support this move, either overtly or covertly.

When thus emotions were running high and a tense atmosphere was developing it was incumbent upon the head of a multi-lingual State to stem the rot by appealing to their reason. Therefore, it was that Mr. Rajagopalachari (the realist he is) came out with relevant statistics regarding the distribution of the Tamil-Andhra population in the city of Madras. But alas! statistics is *bête-noire* to Mr. Anjaneyulu and he bespatters a full page of SWATANTRA with printer's ink by indulging in a diatribe against statistics! He does not, however, stop with that. He proceeds to ask rhetorically and with evident self-satisfaction: Has the Chief Minister taken into consideration all those people who talk Telugu in their homes, like the Minister for Religious Endowments? Mr. Anjaneyulu is perhaps sure that they would definitely opt for an Andhra State.

The reference to the appointment of a "superannuated" Chief Engineer and a 'septuagenarian' legislature Secretary is wholly irrelevant to the issue of the Andhra State and even smacks of a bad taste. Perhaps, the appointments might have deprived someone of a promotion in the governmental hierarchy or blighted the prospects of calculating candidates. Appointments to high posts are based on considerations of merit and experience and Mr. Rajagopalachari, whose integrity and honesty are acknowledged even by his worst critics, would not have acted in disregard of these considerations. The object in placing such persons in positions of power and prestige is that the interests of the people would be better served.

V. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN.

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ON THE COVER: Mr. T. Chengalvaroyan, Mayor of Madras, with Mr. Haynes, President of the International Social Workers' Conference.

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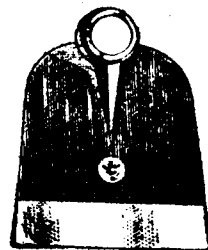
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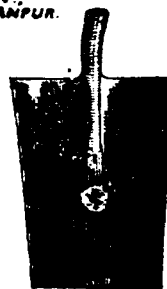
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# SWATANTRA

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## THE FIVE YEAR PLAN

THE Five Year Plan is a formidable document, and its proposals and implications cannot possibly be described in full, much less examined, within the compass of one review. All that can be done is to outline the major proposals and to see how far they are realisable in the circumstances in which the country is placed.

The following are the proposals:  
Crores of Rupees.

|                                           |               |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Agricultural and Community Development | 360.43        |
| 2. Irrigation and Power                   | 561.41        |
| 3. Transport and Communications           | 497.10        |
| 4. Industry                               | 173.04        |
| 5. Social Services                        | 339.81        |
| 6. Rehabilitation                         | 85.00         |
| 7. Miscellaneous                          | 51.99         |
|                                           | <hr/> 2068.78 |

It may be conceded that a perfect plan that will be acceptable to the warring local interests of this vast country or to the conflicting (and sometimes internally conflicting) ideologies of men who move about, for want of time, in fast cruising planes in order to preach the self-sufficient and simple life to the villager, can never be produced. The sponsors of the Plan could have faced this fact boldly and laid down a few practical lines of work on which the Plan is based. Instead, the Plan is the outcome of a desire to ensure the greatest consent of the largest number, politically referred to as all "shades" of opinion, and thus take the wind out of opposing

political sails. It is otherwise difficult to explain why the Plan is an ill-knit tome, an encyclopaedia of every aspect of life, barring none, which makes it unwieldy, but does not do justice to each subject. As a purely random illustration it will be sufficient to recite the health problems discussed: State of public health, causes of low state of health, personnel, physical facilities, priorities, organisation and administration, medical and public health programmes, environmental hygiene, water supply, nutrition, malaria, filariasis, T. B., venereal disease, leprosy, cancer, mental diseases, maternity and child health, medical education, medical research and medical relief, indigenous systems of medicine, drugs and medical requisites, vital statistics, family planning—all of it within a hundred typed pages. Again as a representative sample, one may take the last subject mentioned, family planning, and see what the Plan has to say about it. Briefly, the suggestions are:

(a) The provision, in Government hospitals and health centres, of advice on methods of family planning for married persons who require such advice (what about the healthy who do not go to hospitals or the cost of the apparatus and their availability?)

(b) Field experiments on different methods of family planning for the purpose of determining their suitability, acceptability and effectiveness in different sections of the population, especially the "rhythm method" which is advocated because of the

"ethical values that community life will gain by the self-imposed restraint which the rhythm method involves." (Is this a five year plan?—all this study, and what is the ethical value of infrequent sex acts in the face of the biological possibility of each such infrequent act of sex being certain to fructify?)

(c) Development of suitable procedures to educate the people rapidly on family planning methods (such as how?)

(d) Collection, from representative sections of the population, of information on reproductive performances and on attitudes and motivations affecting the size of the family.

(e) Study of inter-relationships between economic, social and population changes.

(f) Collection and studying information about different methods of family planning.

(g) Research into medical and technical aspects of human reproduction.

If half a dozen old ladies and half a dozen priests had collaborated with half a dozen professors, they could not have produced anything more profoundly moral and completely futile; and this in respect of perhaps the most important of the problems confronting the country, namely, a rate of increase in population that threatens to wreck such benefit as may arise from any economic plan.

It will be easy to cite numerous other examples of a similar kind. One may reasonably conclude that the major defect of the Plan is that it attempts to do too much in a general way on technical matters each of which requires a comprehensive plan. The planners set before themselves a task that would have taken even knowledgeable men several years to achieve.

The Plan is, as may be seen from the instance given in the previous paragraph, obsessed with unneces-

sary ethical values. It is a continuation of the fierce puritanism that equates the prevention of drinking by law to an act of worship, and which considers suffering and sacrifice as, ipso facto, soul-cleansing and therefore essential ingredients of national reconstruction policy. Planning should be done by reasonably contented and happy men and not by those who are burning with moral indignation and are ever conscious of the great sacrifices that they have made for their motherland. Hence the repeated emphasis on austerity on the one hand and the iniquity of large private fortunes on the other. The former principle, that of "sustained austerity" as the Plan words it, conceals a real danger. The Five Year Plan concentrates on economic development. That is "the accent of endeavour." It leads to such desiderata as lower consumption and higher capital formation, possible inflation, as during war, by reason of greater employment but lesser immediate production of consumable goods, severe taxation measures, calling up voluntary effort for communal projects and the like. If there was an assurance that these conditions would cease in five or six years' time then they would be worth while, but for a nation starting from scratch, little is possible in five years and there is a practical certainty that the Plan, once started, will lead to second and third and fourth five year plans and that the consequential austerities will become a permanent feature of national life, to be balanced against the doubtful personal satisfaction that we are helping to build a great nation for our grandchildren to enjoy. The danger is accentuated by the fact that the execution of the Five Year Plan gives to the State great powers of control and interference and stultifies democracy in the elementary sense of that word. The planners themselves say that an essential condition of the Plan is "effective power,

based on the active co-operation of citizens, in the hands of the State and earnest and determined exercise of that power in furtherance of these ends" and later make a plea for "effective power in the hands of the State to be exercised with the necessary persistence and determination in order to ensure the furtherance of accepted ends." It is difficult to imagine a clearer statement against dislodging the party in power for years to come.

The basic assumption of the Plan is the availability of money and material. The present national income is estimated at about Rs. 9000 crores a year. The Plan calculates that this can be raised by 160% in about 22 years and per capita incomes doubled if capital formation is stepped up from the beginning by as much as two-thirds of the additional income each year. This, it is agreed, would involve consumption sacrifices that may not be realised and so the Plan proceeds more cautiously, by postulating that 20% of the increased annual national income would go towards capital. Thus by 1955-56 the national income would be Rs. 10,000 crores, and then onwards successively higher rates of saving are envisaged. In the first place, it is an act of presumption to even dream of a saving pattern for a period of 22 years! Secondly, saving is conditioned by the basic level of the present income over which the increased income arises and the sections of the people who largely benefit by the increased income. In a country where the basic income is already high it will be reasonable to presume that a fair proportion of the extra income will go towards capital formation, but in a country where present incomes are so low that for the vast majority the provision of the necessities of life will involve a doubling of income, additions to total income are more likely to help in slightly improving standards of life rather than in increasing savings. Further, the Plan concen-

trates on agriculture and irrigation, thus benefitting precisely those sections of the population who are most numerous and least well off. Any additions to the income of this section will lead to neither increased taxes nor increased investment, public or private. It is therefore reasonable to doubt the major assumption of the Plan, namely, the availability of a steadily increasing stock of capital. It may also be doubted whether the Republican regime in U. S. A. will be willing lenders, especially as India's attitude to foreign capital is one of political pride seeking to disguise mendicancy as a favour on our part. It would be relevant to mention in this context that a spiral of inflation started by increased employment on capital works together with a stationary situation in respect of consumption goods, is not one that can be checked by suitable State action. The planners have not given due weight to this danger, though they have expressed their awareness of the problem. They mention it in passing and then proceed along the predetermined path.

The numerous problems of employment are also mentioned in passing but their incidence is not fully realised. A great gap in the monetary resources is sought to be made up by voluntary labour; and "using money mainly as a means of attracting and organising such labour." It may be assumed that the "idle labour" that the Plan desires to mobilise is unskilled. In what schemes can such labour be utilised except for earth work in large dams? What proportion of a forward plan is to be influenced by such catch-as-catch-can cooly contributions? A serious student of life will object, first, to the wisdom of planning on the basis of "haphazard" man-power, and second, on being able to keep up such voluntary action for year after year as a regular service, patriotic, spectacular and money-saving, instead of as an

initial gesture to show earnestness—which is all that will happen.

The Plan oscillates between the need for employment and the need for the most modern utilisation of available resources. For instance, it is estimated that, on an average, factory industries like cotton textiles, sugar and cement would require per worker capital equipment costing between Rs. 3000 to Rs. 8000. Heavy industries would require more. The vision of diverting the surplus manpower from the villages to industries is thus an impractical one except in a small way. Neither is it sound to deny ourselves the benefit of modern mechanisation merely that employment may be found. So the Plan hopes that small scale and cottage industries involving comparatively small capital investment will absorb the surplus. The statement of such a solution is sufficient to discredit it.

As regards resources, certain facts are significant. In addition to the assumption that 20% of the extra national income should be saved for capital, it is also assumed that 60% of these savings of the community will be channelled through the public sector. One may wonder how this is possible except by means of a poll tax. To-day 28% of the total tax revenue accrues from direct taxes, which directly affect only one half of one percent of the working population. A further nuance in this feature is that of about half a million assesseees, about fourteen thousand people pay 123 crores out of a total income tax of 155 crores! 17% of revenue accrues from import duties which are mostly on luxury articles in respect of which consumer resistance has already started to make itself felt. A large percentage of the cloth and tobacco excise is also paid by the better class of consumers. One may doubt the wisdom of concentrating again and again on the sales tax. In fact, by being imposed at each stage in trade arrangements that involve several

transits, it is, in many instances, proving to be a source of inflation. Outside the taxation field, money can be raised by borrowing. Recent experiences of Government loans do not however encourage any belief that hereafter there will be heavy subscriptions for them. From the point of view of the Government itself, a facile resort to loans except in regard to the projects that will pay for themselves is a policy to be deprecated as leading to a burden on ordinary revenues that should be laid with caution. The Government's policy in respect of import and export control has been unpredictable, abrupt and inconsistent. It has thrown trade out of gear and has made the formulation of buying and selling programmes of private firms a matter of speculation. Banks are therefore cautious and advance less and less. Practically no major industry has been floated by private enterprise during the last five or six years. It is not as if the Government let by-gones be by-gones and allowed without question the free flow of private capital into constructive enterprises. The Income Tax Department saw that such a contingency did not arise. So with a tight banking policy, speculative trade, absence of new private industry and a taxation system that hits just those who could have earned and paid taxes, behold the moral democracy giving birth to a many-fathered plan that will make the country richer but prevent concentration of wealth!

A large country with a heavy incidence of population and low incomes needs a long-term plan, one that marches side by side with social and educational reform over a period of years. In the early years the plan should concentrate on a few major schemes of power, transport, irrigation on the one side and education and medical relief on the other, so as to build up a structure that will endure. The present Plan is all-comprehensive and goes all out for

an all-round development during a period that is just a year or two longer than the time taken for the Plan to be produced. This is, indeed, a pity. There is a great deal of valuable data in the Plan. One need not also spend time in criticising the details of each section. They are all welcome and any other line of development is certain to possess an equal number of defects. The danger in the Plan is not that it attempts

too little but that it attempts too much. A failure of the Plan is not therefore a disaster, if something, part of the Plan, is achieved, but it is just here that there lurks the danger that money that might have been utilised on one or two good things may be spent on a large number of schemes. One likes the Plan but despairs of it as one would of the shopping list of an extravagant wife.

## Sotto Voce

### THE SOUL-SNATCHERS.



CHRISTIANS claim the doubting Apostle as the founder of the Church in India. Christianity in this country is, perhaps, of far greater antiquity than anywhere in Europe proper. And though to-day it is split by many schisms here as elsewhere, something in the tolerant air of India seems to make it easier for the different persuasions to meet on a common platform. The other day the nineteenth centenary of St. Thomas's Apostolate was celebrated, representatives of Catholicism, of the orthodox and dissenting schools of Protestantism and of the Syrian Church of Malabar, all participating.

Rather more remarkably, a Muslim and a Hindu also took part. One of them spoke in high praise of the work of Christian missionaries who had set examples "of sacrifice and love of humanity." Apparently he had in mind the work of educational and medical missions. But it has been authoritatively said on behalf of these bodies, by the Lindsay Commission, for example, that their humanitarian

activities are inspired solely by the desire to bring more Indians into the fold of Christ. The missionary may earnestly believe that this is the highest good he can confer on a non-Christian. In that case he will not expect thanks.

The Hindu speaker was even more effusive. He said that the people of India did not regard Christianity "as something different from the religions of this country, as something alien to them." Here are two fallacies uttered in one breath. Not all the "people of India" are affiliated indiscriminately to all the "religions of this country." Nor is there any justification for the assumption that religion like patriotism is rooted in regional loyalties. To the true believer, whatever his faith, every other religion is necessarily 'alien,' in the etymological sense of the word.

At another great Christian gathering, in which no non-Christian participated, a Catholic speaker thanked God for Mr. Nehru, who had declared (otiosely as will appear from what has been said

above) that Christianity was one of the religions of India. At the same time he discharged into the circumambient ether the perplexed question, "After Mr. Nehru—what?" He would have probably smiled at the naive simplicity of our Hindu. For that gentleman had plaintively remarked that he could not understand why "when religion unites all humanity," any group of people should label themselves as a Christian, a Hindu or a Muslim community.

Whether religions bind or no, churches divide. And every religion other than Hinduism is dominated by a church. It is part of the defensive mechanism of churches that they equate religion with the will to power which comes to the surface in organised communities. A

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personal God and a Prophet or Messiah are naturally part of their metaphysical outfit as the most obvious means of focussing that communal will. It follows that the adherents of these "revealed religions" must deny to Hinduism, which has no use for special revelations, the status of a religion. It is for them merely the traditional philosophy of India.

The Catholic speaker warned his fellow-Catholics against four dangers—the Vedanta, secularism, "the sloppy sentimentalism that holds that all religions are of equal value" and lastly, Communism. He bestowed his approval on Sankara for having established faith in the Absolute. But, having done this, the old philosopher is expected decorously to step aside and allow his 'natural' religion to be superseded by the 'historical' religion of the Christians—though why we should succumb to the alleged historicity of Christ, hardly more well established than the legendary Indian apostolate of St. Thomas, instead of sticking to the eternal truth of the Avatars, is not clear. The Christian church even while calling for a common front against Communism must needs tell the other faiths with fraternal candour that they are the lesser breeds without the law.

The soul-snatchers are all praise for the Nehru brand of secularism. It not only gives them a free field; it actively aids in the good work by teaching Hindus to be ashamed of their "kitchen culture." The Prime Minister thought it necessary some time back to contradict the rumour that he had offered worship at some Hindu shrine. The devoutness with which he walked in the procession at Sanchi, carrying the relics of the Buddha's disciples, can therefore have been no momentary deviationism. It was inspired no doubt by his unwinking consciousness of his international responsibilities. Still, the man in the street will wonder. Why should the famous 'toleration' of our Congress bosses take on the form of extreme allergy to the only non-aggressive faith in the world?

VIGNESWARA.

## SIDELIGHTS :

SRI V. Padmanabhan of Guindy writes:

There is no greater offence than offending against one's own sentiments and precepts. After roundly condemning C. R. for all his "parochial, narrow-minded clannishness" and pronouncing his learned judgment that C. R. is unfit to hold the reins of power, Saka exhibits himself no more above sectional and regional politics than C. R. is. When one does certain acts calculated to pool the talents of the State and tone up the administrative machinery, one is forced at times to be arbitrary to an extent and for that the actions do not merit being dubbed "atrocious."

Saka nowhere mentions that the only self-interest that the present Madras Government could have had in recommending the Krishna Pennar Project, is supplying drinking water to a thirsty Madras City, but imputes the suggestion that it was to bring water to the parched plains of Chingleput and South Arcot which, we are informed, was the intention of Mr. Bhaktavatsalam and his Tamilnad colleagues. (This intention cannot rightly be ascribed to C. R.) Unable to make a point in the cleavage that exists between the protagonists of Rayalaseema and Telengana (the conflict of interests as pointed out by The Hindu) Saka sidetracks the issue by presenting it in all its linguistic vulgarity as an issue between the Tamils and Andhras.

After administering the gospel that no linguistic limit to the utilisation of the waters of any river should be prescribed, what widest use besides irrigating lands and generating power can there be, other than quenching the thirst of 15 lakhs of people exposed to the vagaries of the monsoon, the worst effect of which was so sorely felt only in the recent past? After refusing a cup of water to a thirsty neighbour, for the whiskered Andhra to talk of "his contributions" to the prosperity of Madras City is an open insult. And if his Tamilian counterpart promptly cuts off power supply to the Chittoor district and other areas in the "undisputed Andhra Desa", now being supplied by Mettur, on the ostensible ground that it can be better utilised in his own area, are the people there to be left to face a black-out? Needless to argue a point so clear. The execution of irrigation projects

and the implementation of programmes of national importance should be viewed from a national plane instead of from a parochial and narrow-minded standpoint as Saka does.

We have much appreciated the viewpoints of Swatantra in its lucid expositions of the dangers lying ahead if everything were to be treated on a linguistic basis, but the recent trends in it have only tended to belie that. Criticisms based purely on grounds of linguistic bias can with equal felicity be levelled against any other person, barring Nehru and a small coterie, for there are few who do not swear by the soil from which they have sprung (the Communists being an obvious exception). If C. R. were to be branded, as in the words of Saka, "a man unworthy of being the Chief Minister of a multi-lingual State" only because he holds the view that the future of Madras is linked with Tamilnad, we would like to know anyone else falling in line with Saka's dictum among our legislators in the Assembly and the Council. In fact Sri Prakasa and his chelas are as much fanatics as C. R. is, the only distinction being they are ranged in the opposite camp.

It is our wish that Saka, instead of calling to question indiscriminately every word and act of C. R., should do a bit of judicious and unbiased thinking. Otherwise the suspicions of the reading public will only be rooted deeper and will tend to the natural conclusion that his criticisms are not so much dispassionate as reflections of his own violent fancies and prejudices.

Sri Padmanabhan's letter is here given in full except for the omission of one word which I thought was not legally permissible. Taking his first point first, "atrocious" does not mean "arbitrary". It means "very bad: abominable". No action of the Chief Minister calculated to draw into a pool any sort of talent of the State is included in the description.

Water for Madras City was provided not only under the Krishna Pennar Project but also under the Khosla Committee Proposals. There is no scheme holding the field for the disposal of the waters of the

Krishna that does not include provision of adequate fresh water for Madras City. There is no point at all in the stricture on the "whiskered Andhra refusing a cup of water to a thirsty neighbour." It is a meaningless irrelevance and it indicates nothing beyond the writer's prejudice against whiskers and his erroneous notion that Andhras indulge in them more than others. Whiskers and moustaches were never exclusively, and are no longer even prominently attributable to Andhras as a regional characteristic. In fact one of the most ferociously moustachioed men in the country is a Tamil friend of mine who once practised as a journalist.

There may be conflict of interests between Rayalaseema and Telingana, but that conflict is not in the least involved in C. R.'s espousal of the Krishna Pennar Project. It is the engineers of the Khosla Committee themselves that have criticised the Krishna Pennar Project. According to them the waters of the Krishna are *not sufficient* to irrigate both the Krishna valley in toto and the districts of Chingleput and South Arcot. They say the effect of carrying the Krishna water into Chingleput and South Arcot would be to debar some 40 lakhs of acres of cultivable land in Guntur and Nellore districts permanently from irrigation facilities. Notwithstanding *The Hindu* (which is right in many matters but erred in this) it is clear that under the Krishna Pennar Project there is a conflict of interests between the Andhra area in Guntur and Nellore referred to by the Khosla Committee and Chingleput and South Arcot. No doubt Sri Bhaktavatsalam was the sponsor of the Krishna Pennar Project but C. R. became its protector when Sri Bhaktavatsalam ceased to be Minister. It is for psychiatrists to pronounce why this particular Minister was so excessively interested in one part of the State only and not others. But this much I do know, that C. R. since his return from Delhi has been unremitting in his pains to push forward the fortunes of his former political opponent. It was C. R. that literally thrust with main force Sri Bhaktavatsalam into the

post of Convener for Tamil Nadu of the Bharat Sevak Samaj. Durgabai did not want him. But C. R. tenaciously stuck to his nomination and brought her round to it, with what threats or cajoleries I do not know.

"The whiskered Andhra who refused a cup of water to a thirsty neighbour" having turned out to be a myth, are there, I wonder, any counterparts of his to oblige Sri Padmanabhan by promptly cutting off power supply to the Chittoor district and other areas in the undisputed Andhra Desa, now being supplied by Mettur? These retaliatory zests are for the elect only who have nothing else to offer to underline their importance. The majority of people are capable of living in friendship with each other on a human level without working themselves into orgies of illwill under the provocations of cultivated clannishness.

For me, Andhra and Tamil are all one, friends and fellow-humans, inseparable elements of the common national current of life and endeavour. The general jubilation of secessionist triumph into which so many leaders and scribes enter so loudly and with such gusto in the columns of newspapers, is not for me. It does not fit in with the terrible tragedy, so recent, of Sri Potti Sriramulu's fast unto death. It seems to reflect, in part, a failure in the statesmanship at the helm, its disintegrating and not harmonising effect, and in part, some deficiency in the national character which draws delight in the pursuit of dismemberment and not of achievements in terms of cohesion. Can we ever become one nation till we have left this kind of ballyhoo behind?

Formerly, in Madras City, to run an exhibition or fight an election, joint committees representing all sections used to collaborate. Now we have separate committees of the different language groups—an advance signal of the exclusivist process of linguistic administration. Unlike the leaders in their committees, the general population has however gone on, the same as before, in friendship and good neighbourli-

ness. These will now be the hardest hit if the animosities of the leaders result in the Andhras leaving in substantial numbers. The removal of the capital and high court of the Andhra State elsewhere will mean a considerable depopulation for Madras City. It will mean partial decay, with less trade and employment and a steep decline in property values. It will take many years for the city to recover, and meanwhile the residents will suffer, though not perhaps the leaders who have not their livings to earn. If the future of Madras City were left to be decided by the permanent inhabitants and not the birds of passage that are here today and gone tomorrow, they would not wish to have any measure forced on them having the effect of diminishing the city's trade and prosperity and depreciating its economy.

*Swatantra* has not been popular in this matter of the linguistic division of the country. It has held that it is dangerous as it will split the nation. It holds the same view still. But it recognises, in view of the momentum gained by the agitation, that it will be futile hereafter to argue against it. All that can be done is to adjust oneself to the

inevitable, hoping for the best. My discontent with C. R. arises from his having fomented illwill with ill conceived schemes like the Krishna Pennar Project and with irritating statements of a partisan nature instead of utilising his position in a statesmanly way to promote cordial relations between the two communities. Now that the Andhra State is to get started by April or May, it behoves C. R. to realise that such a result will be unthinkable unless the capital of the new State is located in Madras City till other arrangements are made. The Andhras also must have reason on their side and see to it that no proposal of theirs will reduce the Tamil majority to less than an equality. I find some Tamil leaders of extreme temper assuming a high and mighty tone, saying that not for one day will an inch of land be allowed to be ceded in the city as headquarters of the Andhra State. It is to be hoped that saner elements will prevail upon them not to pursue the mirage of brute majority as the way to power. We are so interdependent that we have need of each other's help to get over our difficulties. Often in the long run the grabber may be left with much less in the hand than the giver of sympathy.—SAKA.

## HORACE LINDRUM: A MASTER OF THE CUE

By P. N. S.

".....the possessor of the card drawn by cutting the pack will be given a Horace Lindrum autographed, *self-potting* cue." Who would not like to possess a cue autographed and handed over personally by Horace Lindrum?

So it was hardly surprising that most of the spectators in the stands purchased at the nominal price of two rupees each a card from a new pack and waited tensely for another pack to be cut and the nature of the drawn card to be announced.

"Three of Clubs" called the Champion, and a young man stood up triumphant; Lindrum walked up to

him and, after proffering congratulations with a handshake, handed over the cue amidst cheers. And you must have seen the lucky man's face, proud as though he had just beaten Lindrum himself!

If you were not a billiards player what use would such a cue be to you, you might ponder. But Lindrum has his own solution. "You might present the cue to one who will use it as a Christmas gift or dispose of it in the same way as I am doing."

This was, perhaps, the best stroke in Lindrum's repertoire. It not only pleased the audience but also provided him with useful money. It

should not be forgotten that Lindrum is a professional.

The Victoria Public Hall in Madras was the centre of attraction for the enthusiasts of the cue early this month. In the nature of things the game of billiards and its ally, snooker, can draw only a limited audience, but those outside the charmed ring who took pains to attend the exhibition matches between Lindrum and local stars for about a week were provided with a veritable feast by the professional champion.

As one watched Lindrum unfold his skill at the green baize, the hours and hours of toil and sweat that he must have put forth to gain such complete mastery could easily be imagined. As every life needs an inspiration, Lindrum had his. But he had not to go outside his family, for Lindrum's great-grandfather, grand-father and uncles, Fred and Walter Lindrum, were masters in the cueist's art. Lindrum was thus born on the billiards table as it were, and with billiards in his blood. While young Horace watched with wondering eyes the control his family had over the white, red, and coloured balls, he also observed how hard they worked to gain it. With his family's devotion to the game, Lindrum set himself a task. And so assiduously did he practise that he became a junior champion in Australia when only thirteen.

The road to fame, however, was not strewn with roses. And after a strenuous career, Lindrum today holds the title in professional snooker, beating Clark McConachy in the final in 1951-52.

Among those who witnessed Lindrum at play during the exhibition games in the city, there would not have been many who knew the intricacies of the game or its delicacies. But to all it was evident that they were watching an artist at work. Lindrum concentrated mainly at the top of the table and gathered the balls in superb fashion. It seemed as though they were not mere wooden balls but sprung to life at the Lindrum touch and moved to his command. Lindrum's wide range

of shots varying in accordance to the needs of the occasion were highlighted by precision and accuracy.

While Lindrum is great in billiards—his record break of 409 in 20 minutes is evidence of this—it is clear that he is greater at snooker. Allied with the ability to produce the stroke needed for the occasion, Lindrum showed to the audience his ability to plan ahead, and to manoeuvre with deft touches the cue ball to position.

Lindrum is not merely a player, but also a great entertainer. His sharp, intelligent, bespectacled face breaks again and again into smiles while he utters peppery remarks and some of them may be jokes at his own expense. While the cue keeps the audience thrilled and in adoration, the flow of his "asides" keeps them in good humour. And this trait in him keeps him fresh for his arduous day-in and day-out exhibitions round the world.

Lindrum is not only a master of the cue but possesses remarkable finger-spin and with a twist and snap of his fingers he holds the audience spell bound with amazing shots. There is a term in cricket to denote the nature of a pitch. When the wicket is said to look like a billiards table, it is the death-knell of the bowler. But the term seems a misnomer when one watches Lindrum finger-spin the ball on the table. If a billiard ball of a polished and smooth surface can be made to bite into the smooth surface of the table, one wonders why there is so much patter about a bowler being unable to get spin or life out of the wicket. This leads to the thought, will Lindrum, if he had taken to cricket, have been the answer to doped wickets of the day,—say, another Arthur Mailey?

But this is beside the point. For a look at Lindrum is enough to show that he is made only for aristocratic games like billiards and snooker. The rough and tumble of cricket, with the heavy heaving of the bat and the slinging of the ball do not seem to go with the delicate bearing of this artist.

## THE MIDDLEMAN

WHEN God had made the earth and sky  
And fathered the first of men,  
He gave the Word to all the world,  
And mankind said. Amen.

But the priest, he stole and hid the Word,  
And preached the Law instead,  
Gave out commandments from a calf-bound book,  
And the Word of God was dead.

God had said that men should feed  
By labour of feet and hands.  
God had said that love should be  
Among the various lands.

But the priest, he saw that profit lay  
In crusades on foreign soil.  
So he blessed some braves and sent 'em to war  
And anointed the dead with oil.

An infant cried in purest joy,  
In joy of its purest hour.  
But the priest, he stifled the infant voice  
And strangled its happy power.

Head first had the infant come,  
Blemishless of sin or guilt,  
Till the priest blessed it with holy water,  
Fetched from a church he'd built.

The priest, he offers to take us to Heaven,  
Pulled up by a silken rope.  
The priest, he vows to get us to God,  
Flying on a wingless pope.

Radiant shines the light from Heaven,  
But the priest his bat-wings spreads,  
Hides the light of God from us,  
And fills our nights with dreads.

Six days shalt thou labour hard  
The seventh thou shalt rest.  
The priest, he toils on the seventh day,  
Dressed in his Sunday best.

Long hours do the workmen toil,  
In east and west and south,  
While the priest not toils, nor does spin,  
But lives by word of mouth.

I often consider the case of Sinbad  
And the old man of the sea,  
And wonder often who 's more to blame,  
The old man or he.

—R.

# THE "PRAYOPAVESAM"

By H. RANGACHAR

**P**OTTI SRIRAMULU'S supreme and unflinching sacrifice of his life for a cause held dear by him, regardless of all the agonies, trials and the ordeal which he should have undergone by his *prayopavesam* or fast to death, has deeply stirred the country and commanded the spontaneous admiration and tribute of one and all, irrespective of their attitude to the cause espoused and to the method of fasts adopted for securing such objectives. This cannot but be the case as long as fundamental human values count and endure. This immolation should lead to a searching of hearts on the part of every body in the country, Andhra or Non-Andhra. The reactions of one who is not a politician and who is neither of Tamil Nad nor of Andhra Desa and who may therefore be reasonably expected to bring to bear on the problem a disinterested non-partism view may not be inappropriate or without some purpose.

The first question that requires consideration is whether such a precious life, with its record of selfless constructive service, could not have been saved for the benefit of the country. The answer to this largely depends on the precise objective for which the fast was undertaken and on this point there are conflicting reports. It is not clear if the fast was for the immediate setting up of an Andhra State or if it included, in addition, the conversion of Madras City and environs into a separate Part C State, as an essential prerequisite for it.

If, as is now stated in many quarters, it was the latter and Sriramulu was not prepared to accept any other solution or compromise, it has to be regretfully conceded that the tragic end which has ensued was unavoidable. There is a very large body of public opinion which is strongly and honestly opposed to the proposed status for Madras. However much they may deplore the sacrifice of his life by Sriramulu could not in all conscience have agreed to the proposal.

No attempt has been made by the

close associates of Sriramulu or by the Government to have this issue clarified and to get a definite and categorical statement from him when alive. A careful perusal of reports in the press during the fast throws no definite light on the matter. The absence, however, of a positive statement from him leads to a doubt if constituting Madras into a Part C State was a condition precedent on which he was not prepared for some reasonable compromise, provided he was convinced of the objective of the Andhra State being conceded with goodwill on all sides and without any avoidable delay.

In any event, it has to be admitted that an all-out sustained effort was not made to persuade him that, if measures were taken to bring an Andhra State into existence at the earliest time possible, he, as a true satyagrahi, should desist from carrying the fast to a fatal culmination on the comparatively secondary issue of Madras. This duty devolved both on the Andhra leaders and the Central and State Governments.

With regard to the Andhras and their leaders no impartial observer can fail to notice an woeful lack of will or capacity to compose their differences at such a critical and trying time. The fast of Sriramulu was a challenge to them to sink their differences as well as to take energetic concerted action for a practicable Andhra State. There was unfortunately no determined attempt from the beginning, as was the case in regard to the epic fasts undertaken by the Mahatma, say, on the question of separate electorates for Harijans. True, there were isolated or sporadic attempts during early stages which gathered some momentum and later when there were interpellations and disallowed adjournment motions in both the Central and State legislatures. The conference of Andhras convened at Madras failed to come to a conclusion acceptable to the overwhelming majority of Andhras, if not to all of

them. It was held under the ominous shadow of a possible calamity and it is sorrowful to reflect that, even at that late hour, there was not sufficient spirit of give and take for the various leaders and parties to confront the Government with an agreed practicable arrangement.

It is to be feared that this comparative apathy of the public in general and of the Andhras and the Governments in particular may have been due to several factors. The chief among them was, perhaps, the very free use that is being made latterly of the weapon of fasts and the consequent blunting of the edge of sensibility to these. And there should have been the feeling lurking all through that, as in other cases, the person concerned could be persuaded on some gesture to end the fast before it was too late. It is, perhaps, this psychology that accounted for the occasional forecasts made during the fast that it would be ended. The last of these was the statement made by the Vice-President of India in the Council of States that he had been informed on the telephone from Vijayawada that the fast was about to be terminated by Sriramulu. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that prompt, sustained and energetic action was not taken by the Andhra leaders as a whole to avert the tragedy.

The Government at Madras and at the Centre did not do all they should have done in the matter. No attempt seems to have been made by the Chief Minister and other ministers to meet Sriramulu, have a heart to heart talk with him and dissuade him from persisting in the fast on assurances of everything being done by them then and there to bring the Andhra State into existence as early as was humanly possible. If the constituting of Madras City into a Part C State was insisted upon by Sriramulu as an irreducible minimum, they would have had to reconcile themselves to the inevitable, however tragic it may be. They and the country would then have had the satisfaction, a melancholy one at that, of having done the best they could and was expected of them.

Impelled presumably by the spiritual forces generated by the

*prayopavesam*, the Prime Minister announced in Parliament the decision to set up the Andhra State and the necessary preliminary measures to implement the decision, even though the repercussions of the fast to death in the shape of disorders had not subsided. One is left to wonder if the same precise action earlier with attempts to persuade him would not have saved the life of Sriramulu for the country.

The sacrifice has been made and the Government have now set in train measures and the separate Andhra State is in sight. Still the want of unanimity and dissensions amongst the Andhras continue, frittering away the energies that should be used on the constructive task of working out the details for the launching of the new State. The differences centre largely on the question of Madras City. Several alternative proposals have been made by Andhra leaders and the latest which Sriramulu also favoured is that the City should be constituted into a Part C State or a Chief Commissioner's Province.

It is not clear if the proposal has been fully considered in all its aspects and implications. Attention may be drawn to some of these. Madras City, as a Part C State, can hardly be a viable unit. It will have to lean heavily on both States for its finances. The chances of the City continuing its development with its own resources under such conditions are rather slender. It has been found by experience that small States cannot have the resources and the capacity to develop their territory and provide all the amenities of a modern welfare state. It was on this ground that small Indian States were integrated into larger units and proposals are now and then made to absorb the existing Part C States in the neighbouring States. To create a new Class C State now is to put back the hands of the clock. If the capitals of the two States are to be in Madras, it will rather be an anomalous position for the States to leave their territory and be located in another State. The analogy of Delhi is hardly applicable as the Centre has no territory of its own to administer

like other States and only wants a seat for its Government. As a higher authority and a senior partner, it can coexist and function with the other States. Three States having their seats in Madras will be somewhat like Berlin with its zones and cannot work efficiently or smoothly. There is no compelling necessity for such an arrangement being introduced.

The whole controversy over Madras emanates from some suspicion or distrust that the position of the Andhras will be prejudicially affected under the Tamil Nad Government there. It is highly deplorable that there should be any such feeling. The Andhras are sufficiently strong and influential; their contribution to the building up of Madras has been great and is very necessary for its future development also. There are no chances of their interests being adversely affected. No Tamil Nad Government will in its own interest do anything to affect

adversely the interests of Andhras. It will not be in the interests of the two States or the City itself to constitute the latter into a separate State. Under the circumstances it will be the path of wisdom and practical statesmanship to accept the present arrangement and abandon the controversy over Madras.

The Andhra State has great resources and potentialities for development, which will need all the talent and energies of Andhras. The State which has been in the offing for a long time, and for which many Andhras have made sacrifices, is coming into existence under the immediate and compelling spiritual forces generated by the penance of a great satyagrahi. It is to be hoped that it will start with goodwill on all sides and the best wishes of every one in the country for its continuous progress, and that it would make its own contribution to the many-sided development of India.

## Spotlight On The World

# COMMUNISTS & CONVENTIONS

THE problem of Korea continues to dominate the international scene, and Mr. Nehru's statement in Parliament last Monday has served to strengthen Indian interest in the subject. By an interesting coincidence, news of the two important developments connected with the Korean problem reached India on the same day.

The morning's newspapers reported that in Geneva, at the meeting of the League of Red Cross Societies on December 14, the Soviet Union and China opposed an Indian resolution calling on both sides in the Korean war immediately to repatriate all sick and wounded prisoners of war. The Communist delegates do not appear to have been moved by any humanitarian consideration for the sick and wounded. Their spokesman M. Pachkov, said he could not accept the Indian resolution, moved by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, "because it did not contain an appeal for immediate end of hostilities and did not include the whole question of prisoners."

This seems curious, since the Red Cross is not designed to discharge the political functions of arranging an armistice or of solving the general problem of P. O. W.s which is supposedly holding up an armistice. What is more, the Geneva Convention on P. O. W.s, by which the Russian delegate swore at the U. N. in demanding the compulsory repatriation of all prisoners, specifically provides that a prisoner shall be released and repatriated, *even before the end of hostilities*, if he is sick and it is established that he is out of battle.

This is in line with Communist indifference to all provisions of the Geneva Convention of 1949 other than the one requiring the repatriation of all prisoners of war. One of the provisions requires belligerents to send lists of prisoners to the International Committee of the Red Cross which, in turn, will send the lists to the other side. The United Nations Command has been submitting the lists periodically, the num-

ber of Chinese and North Korean prisoners now in its custody standing at 121,000.

For a long time the Communist side sent no lists, and when it finally did so it listed 11,500, including all Koreans and all non-Korean soldiers. This number contrasted strangely with the claim made a few months earlier—on April 8, 1951—over the radio that in the first nine months of hostilities they had captured 65,000 prisoners. When asked about the big difference between 65,000 and 11,500, they explained that it was accounted for by people who had been "re-educated." They were claimed to have joined the North Korean Army as a result of the re-education.

Similarly, in the treatment of prisoners of war, the U. N. Command has admitted the International Committee of the Red Cross to its prisoner camps and given that Committee facilities to investigate, and recommend improvements, in, the conditions prevailing in the camps. The Communist side has refused admission to the Red Cross to its prisoner camps, so that there has been no means of investigating the conditions prevailing there.

So much for the background of Communist insistence on implementation of the Geneva Convention. The other item of news concerning Korea was carried by Monday's evening papers along with Mr. Nehru's statement in Parliament. It was a Hong Kong message, quoting the official Chinese news agency's report of Peking's formal rejection of the Indian plan as adopted by the U. N. General Assembly by 54 votes to 5. Intimating the rejection to Mr. Lester Pearson, President of the U. N. Assembly, China's Foreign Minister described the Indian resolution as an "illegal" one which, "stripped of its disguise, is actually nothing but a revamped version of the 21-nation proposal submitted by Mr. Acheson to the Political Committee of the General Assembly on October 24."

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In contrast Mr. Nehru, in his statement in Parliament, claimed that the Indian proposals "are based essentially on the Geneva Convention and international law, and are not opposed in any way to the basic principles which they (the Soviet and Chinese Governments) have themselves put forward on earlier occasions."

Whose interpretation is correct? It may be useful here to quote the relevant portions of the Geneva Convention. Article 118 states: "Prisoners of war shall be released and repatriated without delay after the cessation of active hostilities," and that in the absence of any special agreement the detaining Powers shall "execute without delay the plan of repatriation." The obligation is further strengthened by Article 7, which lays down the "prisoners of war may in no circumstances renounce, in part or in entirety, the rights secured to them by the present Convention."

On the face of it the wording cannot be more categorical. Legalistic arguments have been advanced to justify voluntary, or non-forcible, repatriation despite the clear wording of the Geneva Convention. Thus the diplomatic correspondent of the London Times wrote recently that the Convention only says prisoners "shall be released and repatriated," and does not say they must be

forcibly repatriated. Forcible repatriation, he argued further, is incompatible with the obligation to 'release' prisoners before repatriating them. More impressive than this quibbling is the argument advanced by Mr. Acheson in introducing the 21-nation, or 'Western,' resolution which was later abandoned in favour of the Indian plan. Mr. Acheson pointed to the provision in the Geneva Convention itself for "special agreements" between the detaining Powers, subject to which the other provisions would apply. And he claimed that the special agreement he was advocating did not derogate from the prisoner's rights but increased those rights.

It is a pity that Mr. Nehru did not comment on this crucial problem. He contented himself with claiming that the Indian plan did not violate the Geneva Convention, and offered the important clarification that the disposition of non-repatriate prisoners by the U. N., which the Indian plan contemplates in the last resort, was also intended to be governed by the Geneva Convention.

In other words the Indian plan does not attack the real problem. It postpones the day of decision on the issue, avoiding any immediate answer of 'yes' or 'no' to forcible repatriation. Evading the issue certainly has the advantage of keeping the plan alive longer. Has it any other?  
—S. R.

# THE TUNISIAN MOVEMENT

## ITS LEADERS AND POLICIES

By FENNER BROCKWAY

AFRICA is stirring from the Cape to the Mediterranean. One day the news of struggle and repression comes from the South African Union, the next day from Kenya and now from Tunisia.

The best feature of the fight for freedom in Tunisia has been the combination of the worker's struggle for economic freedom with the general struggle of the Tunisian people for political freedom. The General Workers' Union with its 80,000 members is the best organised Trade Union movement in North Africa and probably in the whole of Africa. It has made the fight for national independence much more than a bourgeois movement of politicians for power.

Since Habib Bourguiba was arrested and deported, Farhat Hached, the leader of the General Workers' Union, has been the most influential figure among the Tunisians. That is why he has been assassinated.

Reports from Tunisia indicate that his murderers are still unknown. It is suggested that they may have come from extreme communist sections which oppose what they regard as Hached's moderation. The much more likely source of the murder is the Red Hand, an extremist group of French settlers who regard the policy of the French administration as too timid.

I met Hached in Tunis nearly two years ago when attending the annual conference of the General Workers' Union. I was immensely impressed by him. He reminded me of George Lansbury in his friendly character. He was a brother to everyone.

But I was also impressed by his quality of leadership. He had great courage. The French authorities had just issued a decree banning him from all trade union activity because of his part in recent strikes. Yet there he was on the platform undismayed and apparently carefree.

And not only courage. His speech on the controversial issue as to whether the Union should remain affiliated to the Communist-led World Federation of Trade Union or join the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions was one of the ablest statements I have heard. He argued against both Russian and American ideologies and declared—as nearly all African leaders do—that the non-European peoples must create a force in the world which is independent of both; but he advocated affiliation to the free trade unions on the ground that with them Africans would have the right to urge their views whilst with the communist trade unions their voices must obey a dictated line of thought. He carried the conference with him by a two-thirds majority.

For more than a year Hached has served on the Council of the I.C.F.T.U. He has won the affection and admiration of all the members of the Council, and not least of the British members. The tribute which the new President of the American C. I. O., Walter Reuther, has just paid to him is an indication of the high regard in which he was held by his colleagues.

He should now be attending the Council of the I.C.F.T.U. which is meeting in America. He was refused a visa by the French authorities. He would still be alive if he had gone.

The French behaved with the worst psychology after the assassination of Hached. They prohibited a public funeral and they have arrested Mahmoud Messadi, who was appointed Hached's successor as leader of the Workers' Union, together with twelve other prominent figures in the Union.

Messadi is the best known figure in the teaching profession and represented the teachers in the Union. His wife is one of the most dynamic figures in both the Labour and Nationalist movements. The effect

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of these arrests will be to intensify anger and bitterness. For three days every Arab shop in Tunis was closed after Hached's assassination as a mark of sympathy and protest.

By an ironical coincidence the issue of Tunisia was being discussed before the Political Committee of United Nations the day Farhat Hached was murdered. The French delegate followed the example of the South African delegates in boycotting the gathering when questions which they regarded as internal only were discussed. Britain played a disgraceful part in the proceedings. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd urged the rejection not only of the Asian-African resolution which proposed that a Com-

mission should go to Tunisia, but also the American proposal that negotiations between France and the Tunisians should be responded.

The British view was undoubtedly dictated by an imperialist solidarity, which fears that events within British Africa may also be raised in the United Nations.

A very big principle is here at stake. The United Nations has adopted the Declaration of Human Rights. Is this Declaration to be its basis or is it to be brushed aside when the non-European populations in the colonies are denied the rights which it proclaims as sacred?

The imperialists want a colour bar even within the United Nations.

## C. N. ANNADURAI

By P. C. GANESAN

ANNADURAI is an enigmatic word in South Indian politics. To his political opponents he is a communalist, but to his admirers he is a champion of the oppressed and the down-trodden. To some who do not see eye to eye with him, he is a reactionary. To those who sincerely feel that he is ably espousing their cause he is a revolutionary. But Annadurai's sway on the platform has grown so immensely that even his worst enemies are willing to pay the 'devil its due.' His hold over a considerable section of South Indians is unquestionable and they look upon him as their saviour and redeemer.

Short in stature, there is nothing attractive about his physical form which is so essential to make an impression on the platform. His lack of personality is made up by the eloquence of his arguments and the rhythmic sequence of his words. His fine diction, forcefulness of expression and clarity of thought keep the audience spell-bound. Annadurai the mob orator is easily distinguishable from Annadurai the class orator. While speaking to an audience of mostly uneducated people, he dwells at length

on the falsity of legends and myths and screws them up to a high pitch against the social injustice perpetrated on them by the privileged classes. While addressing an assembly of scholars and students, he speaks to them through the pages of history, proving and establishing his pet theory that the Dravidians are a separate nation now subjected to the exploitation of the North, and that self-determination is a right that cannot be denied in a democratic set-up. When speaking, he often assumes a challenging attitude, making his political enemies shrink back. His is a tongue with pungent satire and quick repartee.

Platform speaking in South India took a new turn after the advent of C. N. Annadurai. Anyone who wants to make a mark on the platform, consciously or unconsciously imitates him. It is almost an era of Annadurai's way of talking. During his early days, in the matter of alliteration and similes, climax and anti-climax, Annadurai followed that foremost American orator of the eighteenth century, R. G. Ingersoll and that has crowned him with success. But, of late, he has changed his mode of speech, according to the

changing taste of his hearers. Now he talks to them in a matter-of-fact way, direct to their heart. Statistics have taken the place of the similes, arguments the place of sallies or satire. Unlike other speakers, he never bores his audience. He studies his audience as he speaks, and if there is a hush in any corner of the crowd he abruptly concludes his speech. That leaves the audience with an unending desire to hear the rest of his speech and the impression made is profound. With all his ability for speech-making, Annadurai respects punctuality very little. He comes to the meetings late and considers this a virtue.

As a short story-writer, Annadurai is a grand failure. His stories aim at social reform and though the appeal in them is fervent, there is no grace, or cogency. In the matter of weaving the plot, he imitates George Bernard Shaw, but lacks the masterly approach of the great sage. His stories are dull and prosaic and do not conform to any accepted definitions of short-story writing.

As a playwright, Annadurai has achieved a great degree of success. He has not written many plays. His much appreciated play 'Velaikari' has no logical sequence and abounds in incredibles. The dialogue is purposeful but not natural, and has a rich fund of alliteration, marring the smooth run of events. Anyhow, it brought him fame and introduced him to Tamil Nad as a scenario-writer also. His play 'One Night' is a superb performance of his mighty pen and is comparable to the plays of Galsworthy and Oscar Wilde. The dialogue is a masterpiece in itself and in certain places soars to great literary heights. His farce, 'Needi Devan Mayakkam' is a proof of his originality. The great poet, Kamban, is brought to trial and exposed. The vividness and the literary accuracy with which the plot is inter-

woven show how profound is his knowledge of ancient and classical literature and his keen critical sense.

'Anna' as he is endearingly called is a lovable personality. He is simple and unassuming and his sociableness has earned him good many friends. Amidst his political preoccupation he finds time to attend to social engagements. He loves to forget the worry of public life and play a game of cards. Chewing he likes most, and a pinch of snuff will put him in his elements.

Whatever one may think of Annadurai's opinions and policy, it must be admitted that as a man he is entitled to genuine admiration. He is a courteous foe and a sincere friend. His writings and speeches amply testify to his reverence for justice and his earnest aspiration for a better and classless society. Courage, humour and originality appear in almost every page of his writings. His is a perfect style, clear, forcible and idiomatic. An ardent student of history, his speeches and writings are filled with unassailable historical facts and quotations from eminent historians. He is a master of the Tamil language, knowing all its moods, tenses and declinations in fact and in feeling, playing upon it as lucidly as Chowdiah on his violin. He can write upon any subject with grace and gaiety, dressing old words in new meanings.

C. N. Annadurai is an orator, scholar and a man of great erudition. He is a journalist, sincere and serene. His is a mission unfulfilled. Just or unjust his cause may be, he is the mouthpiece of a certain section of the South Indian public whose political importance cannot conveniently be ignored. His place as a politician, it is premature to assess. 'Anna' the idol of the young and the darling of millions will certainly find a place in the galaxy of progressive thinkers of India.

How many people have said to me what books they could write about their experiences if they could write! On the other hand, I notice a growing inclination among young people to learn how to write well enough. They forget that they can't afford to do this at the expense of living or they will all too soon find that they have nothing to write about.—Compton Mackenzie in a BBC programme about "The Uses of Diversity."

# THE END OF TYRANNY

By L. B. SCHAPIRO

THE central doctrine preached by Marx and Engels was that a proletarian revolution was inevitable. By destroying all classes in society, it would bring freedom and equality. Since it was both the necessary and the final stage in the history of human society, the society created by the revolution would be stable.

Neither Marx nor Engels, however, attempted any analysis of the form which this society would take. Their disciples were expected to take on trust the assurance that a revolution alone could achieve all these objects: freedom, equality, stability. The founders of Marxism confined themselves mainly to analysis of history and of economics.

However, by the end of the 19th century, some of the facts were beginning to prove Marx wrong. For example, one of his inexorable laws was that capital must progressively accumulate and concentrate in ever fewer hands. Yet, in agriculture, in spite of mechanization, individual holdings stubbornly persisted, as the German Socialist David proved in 1903. In industry in spite of the growth of cartels and combines, small industries, continued to survive, while the number of small capitalist investors increased.

Again, Marx had foretold that periodic economic crises must inevitably increase in frequency. But by the end of the century the interval between such crises had doubled, as compared with the middle of the century. It is small wonder that in the course of the 19th century most of the European Socialist parties were beginning to pin their faith less on a revolution than on the slow business of practical reforms, by way of compromise, trial and error.

Moreover, both Marx and Engels in their lifetime occasionally revealed some doubts of the inevitability of the revolution which they preached. In 1872 Marx conceded that a revolution might not be necessary in England or in the United States, since the workers could achieve their ends there by peaceful means. By the

end of his life, Engels saw the main task of Socialist parties as a slow and steady political struggle to win improvements.

Until recently the only country in which an attempt has been made to put Marx's doctrine into practice was backward and politically immature Russia. How did this come about? The popular and spontaneous revolution of March, 1917, which overthrew the Tsar's autocracy, followed by Russia's first attempt at democratic government, led to eight months of stalemate and failure. Cynicism and disillusionment followed on the high promise of newly acquired freedom.

Even so, it was due more to the war than to any other single factor that Lenin's bid for power in November, 1917, did not collapse in the first few weeks. Though less than one third of the population actively supported the Bolsheviks many who might have opposed them remained neutral, hoping against hope that Lenin would somehow implement his promise to end the war, which they had no heart to continue. Besides, to a people inexperienced in the ways of democracy the promise of Utopia at one blow, which the Bolsheviks proclaimed, seemed an easy way out of their difficulties. By the time they realised that in place of peace the new reign had brought another war, class war and civil war, it was too late to draw back.

However, in spite of early disillusionment, the Russian population and its growing Bolshevik or Communist Party, supported the new regime in the first few years with sufficient enthusiasm to win the civil war. Outside Russia, this first apparent triumph of Marxism in its extremist form brought about a revival among Socialists of faith in the proletarian revolution. They confidently expected that after an initial period of hardships the Russian revolution would justify its promise of achieving equality and freedom.

Inside Russia, however, enthusiasm began to wane with the end of the

civil war in the autumn of 1920. The whole country was in a ferment of opposition. The peasants, unwilling to deliver produce without any return in industrial manufactures, rose in tens of thousands in spontaneous guerilla war. The sailors of Kronstadt mutinied and demanded an end to dictatorship, to imprisonment without trial and to rigged elections. Nearly half of the Communists in Kronstadt supported this mutiny.

In the trade unions the working man complained that he had been ousted from all control, influence or responsibility by professional trade union party bosses, who had long lost all contact with their working class origins. Within the Communist Party, the ordinary party member complained that all authority was vested in the few privileged leaders who abused their position in order to procure for themselves the lion's share of the comforts left in ruined Russia.

Two courses were open to Lenin. He could have recognised that the Marxist revolution had failed, and have yielded to the popular feeling against the dictatorship which had been set up to enforce it. He could thus have allowed political liberty to re-emerge and have given the country a second chance to evolve a form of democratic government. Marxism would thus have passed into history as a Utopian dream destined to fail the moment it was put into practice.

But this would have entailed at the least the loss of their monopoly of power and privilege by the Communist leaders. Lenin did not adopt this course. He did indeed realize that the attempt to introduce communism at one blow had failed, because his New Economic Policy in 1921 made substantial concessions to private initiative and capital. But he was determined at all costs to preserve the monopoly of power of his unpopular Communist Party—whether from motives of lust for power, or because of a genuine faith that only this party and he held the secret of ultimate success in their hands is not very material. There is much truth in the retort which the anarchist Bakunin once made to Marx, that no dictatorship can ever

have any other aim except the perpetuation of itself.

So the Communist leaders in Russia in 1921 dealt with their critics by the expedient of stifling their criticism, at first by expulsion from the party and imprisonment, and by sterner methods later. It is to the credit of the many hundreds of thousands of Communist critics of their leadership who fell victims to this new phase of the Communist dictatorship that they managed to keep up the unequal struggle for many years to come.

Lenin's policy preserved his party in power, but it did not achieve the first main element of Marxist doctrine, equality. The result of the new system after 1921 was to perpetuate the evil which the muzzled opposition had tried to resist—the growth of a privileged ruling class. To-day, one eighth of the total working population of Russia, the privileged technocrats, party leaders and bureaucracy, enjoy over a third of the national income. At the other end of the scale, the slave population, which forms at least a tenth of the working population, subsists on two to three percent of the national income. The remainder, the ordinary workers and peasants, share the balance, with the smaller group, the industrial workers, enjoying considerably more than the more numerous peasantry.

Communists who admit that inequality exists in Russia argue that it will disappear in the next phase of development. But, since these extremes of inequality have been expanding steadily during the first phase, it is hard to believe that the ruling elite will ever readily surrender its privileges without another revolution.

Thus, in the one country in which it has been tried for any length of time, the putting of Marxism into practice has failed to produce equality. There is little need to devote much space to proving that it has failed to lead to freedom.

What of stability? The material achievements and expansion of the U.S.S.R. form the basis of the most frequent argument in support of the contention that the Soviet dictatorship in the U.S.S.R. has come to stay.

# MYLAPORE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

But in the first place this argument deliberately ignores the fact the pre-revolutionary Russia was a rapidly progressing society. Without the 1914 war, and its consequence the revolution, Russia would in the normal course have achieved by now considerable progress in such fields as industry and education.

For example, had the policy initiated in 1910 been allowed to continue, universal free primary education would have been virtually achieved by 1920. Had the rapid rate of expansion of industry in the last twenty-five years before the revolution continued, production of coal and iron, to take two examples, would by 1938 have exceeded the actual production in that year under the Soviet regime.

Secondly, the position in the Soviet state of the new ruling class of party leaders, technocrats and bureaucrats is precarious, for it is based neither on popular confidence, tradition nor landed property. Lacking the support of the population, its best chance of survival in power lies in the artificial national unity which results from war or the threat of war, and from the state of constant preparation for war. The rejection by Russia after the second world war of friendly co-operation with her former allies, which so much puzzled many friends of Russia, is explained by this fact.

But an aggressive policy, as Napoleon and Hitler discovered to their cost, is a policy which is certain sooner or later to unite potential victims against the threat. Such a world situation leads either to a war—and the results achieved by aggressor states have not hitherto been profitable to the aggressor in the long run. Or else the internal situation brought about by an aggressive policy leads to the collapse of the precarious hold of the ruling elite on the loyalty of its population. There is no reason to suppose that Stalin is unaware of these simple facts.

But his dilemma is the dilemma of all dictators, communist or fascist; the simplest method of ensuring survival against growing internal unrest would be the traditional expedient of resorting to aggressive war. But Stalin and the Soviet leaders have already, by their post-war policy, united the freedom-loving nations against them, and they are well aware that any such adventure would ultimately end in their own destruction.

Consequently there is only one way out: to convince the Russian people that the western powers are preparing to destroy them and that their only hope of avoiding that fate is to trust obediently to the diplomatic skill of their leader. At the same time they must be shown how the idea of communism is constantly gaining ground throughout the world. Thus they will continue to work hard and uncomplainingly in the hope that one day the world will be won for communism and their hard lot will become easier.

This gigantic campaign of deception is now fully deployed in the U.S.S.R. At the same time the Soviet leaders are doing their utmost to bring about the economic collapse of the free world by all means short of major warfare. It is on this that they pin their hopes. If it fails them they know that it will not be many years before their own people discover how they are being exploited and deceived—and that, as they well know, will be the beginning of the end of the Soviet dictatorship and the great communist illusion.

Leonard Schapiro is a British barrister who has made a special study of Soviet history and law. He served in the intelligence division of the German Control Commission. His knowledge of the Russian language and of political developments in the U.S.S.R. is wide and he has written and broadcast frequently on modern Russian history and legal questions. His B.B.C. talks, 'The Russian Revolution in Retrospect', made a wide impression. He is at present engaged on a full-length study of Soviet history and is special lecturer in International Law, London School of Economics.

MR. N. S. Ramaswami's skit under the above caption (*Swatantra*, December 20) which by the way concerns itself more with the Mysoreans than with Mylapore, is a fairly interesting study, although reading between the lines, one is not quite sure whether he is a detached critic or a detractor. His thesis that the Mysorean is aggressively aware of his "mighty intellect" seems an overstatement especially in regard to his forbears of the type of a Venkataramani or a Sivaswami Ayyar; equally so his allusion to the "profound scholarship from a laborious perusal of the Penguin books" and to "a book in breaches" which applied to people like a B. R. Rajam Ayyar or a Kuppuswami Sastri, have no basis in reality. Nor is his dissertation on the Rande Hall conceived in a happy vein; at any rate the remark that Mylapore will not accept a famous man until he appears in that hall and completes his probation, is colourful but not true. In the distant past, the Gokhale Hall in Armenian Street and the Triplicane Gangaigondan Mantapam figured largely in political and cultural activities but as they have since ceased to exist as such, Rande Hall has but taken their place and no one can demur to its keeping aloft the torch of learning and discussion. The hall is worth remembering if for nothing else, at least for those marvellous lectures on the Ramayana by Srinivasa Sastri.

Mylapore has always been associated with learning and culture and a certain kind of mysticism which in the past has drawn forth the best specimens of world religions and cults. The place derives its name from its temple, which in turn owes it to a beautiful legend, recounting how Parvati had to become a peacock at the behest of Lord Siva, but later worshipping Him in that role, had won Him back. The temple is believed to have been constructed about 1300 years ago at or near the sea front abutting the San Thome Cathedral; it would appear to have

been demolished by the Portuguese in the 17th century. The temple in the present location is stated to have been built about 300 years ago: it is a comparatively modern construction with its well ventilated halls and enclosure. The absence of inscription, the feature of the Deity facing westwards and the situation of the tank right in front, which are all reversals of the usual process, also attest to this fact. The temple tank, one of the biggest of its kind, should have been constructed as a sort of a community project, with the willing co-operation of even the Muslims who had lain a claim to the submerged plots as mosque sites. By reason, however, of an arrangement, which is kept up even to this date, the Muslims have the full run of the tank on the tenth day of the Mohuram every year. This if anything is proof of the utmost toleration on the part of both the Hindus and the Muslims of the locality.

Mylapore in the past had been the meeting ground of all faiths and cults. It is a nation in miniature with the various castes and creeds, existing side by side but seldom on the war path. Look for instance at the varieties of the religious institutions, and look again at their topography. Sri Kapaleeswar Temple occupies the pivotal point, right in the middle of the suburb. On the east, within a few furlongs is the first Catholic church in the East, with seven more in the neighbourhood: on the west the old Luz Church; within a few yards, to the south, is the Arundel Street Mosque. On the north and south there are the two celebrated shrines of Kesava and Madhava, the former having in the same enclosure both the Vadalai and Tungalai cults and Acharyas. The headquarters of the Rama Krishna Mission lie within a few yards and within a mile or two, the world headquarters of the Theosophical Society. And to cap it all, an imposing structure for Sai Baba is coming up within the sight of the temple.

The temple alone does not make up for the stature of Mylapore. No less noteworthy have been the various personages who were born or had spent the best part of their lives. Here lived Saint Tiruvalluvar, author of the immortal Kural, and the great Alvars of Vaishnavite theology, Sri Poikai Alvar, Peyalwar and Buthalwar, and a number of well known Nayanmars. Here lies, according to one version, St. Thomas, the chief of Christ's disciples. It was in Mylapore that Swami Vivekananda was, so to say, discovered and sent to America and it was here that just two decades ago the Pontiff of the Kamakoti Mutt delivered his memorable discourses on Hindu religion, which will long remain as its most authoritative exposition. In the sphere of politics, too, Mylapore has played its part: the first Indian National Congress was conceived and planned here, and both as moderates and extremists, the Mylaporeans had played their part creditably. True in the past, Mylapore lawyers had dominated the political stage much to the discomfiture of their Egmore rivals, but in no case were their abilities garnered for ignoble ends.

There is something magic about the place, and the temple of course is the chief attraction. It is not as rich as some of the fabulously opulent South Indian temples; yet it is exceedingly rich in the affections of its votaries irrespective of caste or creed. Every Mylaporean pays his homage to the Deities, participates in its magnificent festivities with gusto and helps to drag the temple car. Some agnostic utterances, which latterly have become common within the temple precincts, have so far fallen on deaf ears. The music concerts at the tail end of the festivities, have been the harbinger for the establishment of the music capital of the State in this intellectual suburb of the "intellectual capital of India." The bhajanas in the cold months of the year, wherein some of the foremost Gayakas had participated, have also been a contributing factor.

The population is cosmopolitan and in recent years, the Andhras have formed a sizable portion, since many of their lawyers, and the venerable Desodharaka K. Nageswara Rao took up residence. But Malabar and Canara are not well represented. In the previous decades, the Luz and the Mada Streets were populated chiefly if not solely by the lawyers, ever since the early pioneers built up a sort of lawyer's colony round about the Luz, not minding the distance to the law courts even in those days of primitive roads and conveyances. But latterly there has been a sudden transformation. The business man has supplanted the lawyer, and in these prized localities, every alternate habitat is a cloth shop or a cafe or an Ever Silver warehouse.

Mylapore in the past included even Triplicane, and this is attested to by Sri Tirumangai Alwar. But since it became a separate municipal division, its civic progress and amenities have not been in proportion to its deserts. Politics had, it must be confessed, a great deal to do in that regard. It had no Satyamurti who could fight through thick and thin and work wonders. Something has however been done in recent years: but still there is a big leeway to be made. For example, the temple tank, the most perfect of its kind, stands neglected. The "Chitra"-Kulam (what a travesty) is in a shocking condition. A more energetic corporation would have connected both into first class bathing and swimming resorts, by tapping underground sources or by flushing them with sea water. As it is, they are veritable death traps for the careless bather or a haven for the suicides. Like many other places, Mylapore has to tackle the problem of housing. The Mandavalli Town Improvement Scheme is no doubt an ambitious venture, but the Government should see that it does not emulate the Gandhinagar colony, providing palatial residences for the well to do and the influential, and leaving the poor and the middle class unprovided for.

## ADVERTISERS AND THE PRESS

By S. RAMACHANDRAN

MODERN advertising has come under a great deal of criticism in recent times. Yet, it has grown by leaps and bounds.

The undoubted benefits that organised advertising has conferred on industry and commerce for their vast development has led Governments and political parties also to use this potent weapon to a large extent, to convey advice, appeal and direction to the citizen.

The Press, by virtue of its coverage of the more intelligent and educated sections of the community, has become the biggest medium in our advertising structure.

Today, it has become an undoubted fact that the Press is dependent mainly upon revenue from advertisements for its growth and freedom.

We live in an economy where private enterprise and free competition determine the production and supply of goods for consumption. To meet commercial competition under private enterprise, advertising in all the force of its persuasive skill is called into play. And it is this by-product of commercial competition that keeps a free press going.

If we look back into the beginnings of the newspapers, long before the advent of organised advertising, we will see that newspapers depended mainly on subsidies from Governments or private corporations or political bodies for their continuance. The revenue from subscriptions or sales of copies was hardly sufficient to meet production costs. Consequently, the policies of the newspapers were influenced by the subsidies.

The revenue that modern advertising brings to the newspapers comes from several private firms, big and small. The advertisers are indifferent to the policy of the newspaper in which they advertise, they are only interested in profits, in reaching and persuading the readers to buy the goods and services that are placed on the market by them.

Thus the undesigned and accidental consequence of advertising has been to place at the disposal of the

newspapers a means of financial support from a large group of people quite uninterested in their policies but only interested in their "coverage" and "pulling power." And it is this source of support that has enabled newspapers to rid themselves of external influence and dictation and remain free.

We must, however, bear in mind that while advertising is invaluable as a means of support to the newspapers, it did not come into existence for that purpose.

Advertising is carried on because it pays to advertise. It pays because the great mass of consumers are convinced that it pays them to buy advertised goods. Advertising pays because of the consumers' faith in the standardised price and quality of branded goods and the conviction born out of experience that mass-produced goods are placed within easy and available reach of the public at really economical prices.

Remove advertising from newspapers or restrict its appearance and you remove from the Press its principal means of support. The means that preserves the freedom of the Press disappears when advertising is restricted or allowed to disappear.

Advertising has developed into the proportions of a great industry, employing vast numbers of skilled people. Every encouragement is necessary for this industry to grow.

Recent instances of attempts at taxation of advertisements has caused considerable alarm in the minds of those engaged in advertising. Such attempts by Governments will, in effect, divert the advertiser from use of the Press as a medium of advertising and impel him to look to other media like the radio, the cinema, hoardings, posters, etc., to a greater extent.

To tax advertising is to kill the goose that lays the golden egg and consequently to stifle the freedom of the Press.

Normally the receipts of a newspaper from sale of copies and sub-

scriptions would meet approximately only half of its cost of production. The gap is filled in by revenue from advertisements.

The great national dailies carry about 40% of their space as advertisements. But the same cannot be said to apply to every newspaper in the country and less so to journals of a specialised class. Many publications, by their inability to secure adequate advertising, have still to subsist on sale of copies and this is indeed a hard task for them.

The contribution of modern advertising to the newspaper cannot be reckoned merely in financial terms. Advertisements have also a definite news value. It cannot be said, however, that all advertising is healthy or beneficial to the public. Advertising is often put to fraudulent and objectionable uses—or misuses. The public must be protected against such misuses, and to this end the great associations that control advertising, like the Indian Society of Advertisers, the Advertising Agencies Association of India and the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society must co-operate.

Medical advertising, especially, must be carefully planned. The Indian Medical Association must be consulted in this respect and the Government urged to enforce legislation against fraudulent and offensive medical advertisements.

By this means, several of the obnoxious advertisements that erupt like rashes and disfigure our publications, like rejuvenation pills and aphrodisiacs, could be eliminated.

A general trend towards "truth in advertising," truth in "copy" and the toning down of tall claims is called for.

An attempt must now be made to analyse advertising output into breakdown figures in terms of groups of products and services. Statistical research on these figures will yield rich results as to how much of money is expended on items like food, drink, household supplies, etcetera.

From out of these figures, an attempt must be made to analyse the percentage of advertising of products of indigenous manufacture and imported goods. An attempt must also be made to find out the relative expenditures on advertising by manufacturers and retailers.

The bulk of expenditure today is spent on the advertising of "branded" goods. But certain essential consumption goods like tea, coffee—as distinct from branded varieties—milk, sugar, etc., have begun advertising on a co-operative basis by a system of pooling of the expenditure, between the producers.

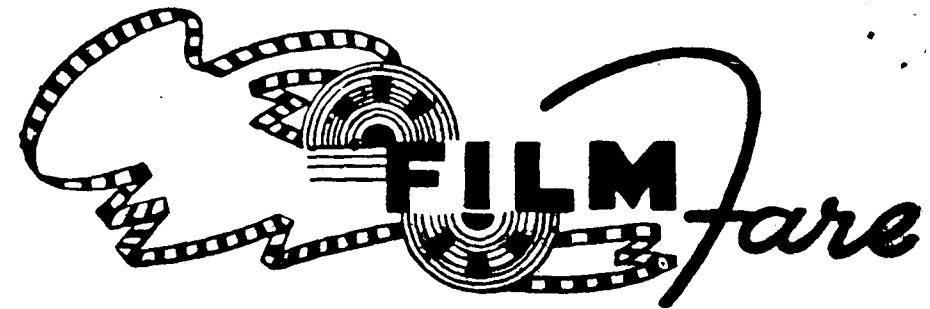
It is necessary that to increase consumption of basic items of food like milk, sugar, etc., greater incentives should be placed before their producers to resort to co-operative advertising, since that is the only way by which we can increase their consumption.

Today, the advertising business is mainly controlled by foreign interests backed by foreign capital and existing mainly for the propagation of foreign goods and services, or the manufactures of foreign vested interests in the country.

No doubt Indian advertising has grown, in a sort of haphazard way, and some progress has been made in introducing order and discipline and in establishing standards of procedure. But it must be admitted that the total advertising turnover in a year of all the Indian advertising agencies put together will not even equal the turnover of a single big foreign advertising agency operating in our country.

Indian advertising can grow only when there exists confidence in its efficiency. Even the Government of India and some of the State Governments, who do spend large amounts of money on their advertising, continue to employ foreign advertising agencies to handle their work. While the foreign advertising agency, entrusted with Government advertising of national importance, will be able to bring to bear a certain amount of efficiency on their work, the patriotic approach to problems of national interest will be wholly lacking in them.

Therefore a change in outlook is necessary on the part of the Government and Indian advertisers, a greater willingness to employ Indian advertising agents to handle their work. If encouraged properly to grow and develop, Indian advertising agents can serve usefully in the development of our economy and the promotion of the power and prosperity of the Indian Press.



By V. P. SATHE

WHILE, on one hand, the collections all over India have gone down and the producers are being compelled to curtail their budgets, on the other, the producers are making a determined bid to capture international market. There are two methods adopted by producers to get a foothold in the world market. First, thanks to the success of *Aan*, some producers believe that colour and spectacle will conquer the West. Then, thanks to the success of Italian and Japanese films all over the world, some producers believe that uncompromising realism should be the basis of all pictures made for international market.

Thus we see that while ambitious projects in technicolour like *Ajanta* and Shantaram's untitled film are being launched, realistic pictures like *Boot Polish*, *Rahi*, *Gumrah* are being undertaken. Perhaps both the colour and black and white pictures will be equally successful abroad; if that is the case, it would be more economical though artistically more difficult to make realistic pictures for international market. But whatever the type of pictures the first essential requisite for the success abroad is that the dialogue should be less important than action so that the audiences can follow the picture without understanding the dialogue. The real secret behind the success of *Bicycle Thief* or *Yukiwarisoo* is that even an Indian audience can appreciate, enjoy and understand the picture without the help of sub titles or commentary.

Measured by this standard, there is not a single Indian picture which can be followed without understanding the dialogue. As a matter of

fact, most of our pictures are dialogue dramas with little or no action. The day the dialogue ceases to be so important and the film assumes the form of purely visual drama the Indian film will have a universal appeal and universal audience.

#### Picture Of The Week

Of all the literary writers, the stories of Sarat Chatterji are perhaps the most popular. Translated in every Indian language, Sarat enjoys a unique position in Indian literature. Incidentally he is also the most popular screen writer. His long short stories are easily adaptable for the screen, and while almost all his stories have been filmed in Bengalee, several of them have been brought on the Hindi screen but only some of them like *Devdas* and *Kashinath* have proved great box-office successes.

*Bindur Chhele* is one of his most popular stories; it has been adapted as a stage play which has run for many years in Calcutta. It has been filmed in Bengalee before; but to director Hemchander and scenarist Benoy Chatterji goes the credit of bringing it to the Hindi screen under the name *Chhoti Ma*.

Having read the original story, I can say with confidence that the screen version is very faithful to the original work. And but for an addition here and there, it almost pictures the original story scene by scene, word by word. Most of the dialogue, witty as well as emotional, is supplied by Sarat Chatterji.

And yet as a screenplay Sarat Chatterji's story has one weakness; it is episodic, one scene does not dissolve into another, one scene has to be faded out, the other scene fades in. The result is there are too many

fade-outs and fade-ins in the picture which create a jarring effect. Then the great author does not try to analyse his characters; that is a job he leaves to the imagination of readers. But in a motion picture such analysis is necessary. It is often conveyed by the directorial treatment but more often by the acting. The subtle lights and shades of characters; the contradictions in human behaviour and the clash of ego and temper as well as economic disparity provide the basis of dramatic conflict to this moving story full of incidents which bring tears to your eyes.

It is basically the story of Bindu, a rich man's proud and obstinate daughter who was married to a smart son of a very poor family. The elder brother who worked as a *munim* fixed up this match and thought he had bought "Laxmi" in his house.

Bindu revered her brother-in-law and sister-in-law. She used to get

'fits' and swoon into unconsciousness. As a remedy, her sister-in-law left her one year old son Amulya to her care; the remedy worked but Bindu's love for Amulya was fanatical. So much so that when he grew up and went to school for the first time she suggested that the school should be built near so that she could watch her son always. Out of the money she had brought a new house was built and relatives were invited. Amongst them was Elokeshi, sister of Bindu's husband, and Narendra, her 17-year old son who had all the vices of the city. Amu tried to imitate Narendra; he wanted his hair to be cut in latest style, he went with Narendra to dances and even smoked a cigarette—the revelation of which shocked and enraged Bindu. The climax came when Bindu learnt that her beloved adopted son was caught stealing mangoes and that his mother had paid the fine without the knowledge of Bindu.

When she came to know of this, she was not herself. Enraged like a senseless woman she insulted her sister-in-law and asked her whose money she gave. This accusation implying that Amulya's mother and father were living on the money of Bindu and her husband was too much for the self-respecting Amu's mother to bear. She swore that she would not live on their money and this brought about the inevitable separation between Bindu and Amulya. The state of affairs in both the houses after the separation is so poignantly portrayed that one cannot help crying.

Both Bindu and Amu's mother thought that the anger would not last long, but their pride came in the way. Unable to live in tension, Bindu went away to her father, fell ill and refused to take medicine. When she became serious her husband went to his brother who came rushing to bring her back and thus united both the families.

This synopsis can hardly do justice to the highly emotional story built round the realistic incidents of family life. Every character of Sarat is real and dynamic, especially his female characters, Bindu, Annapurna (Amulya's mother) and Elokeshi being more impressive than Madhav and Yadav, the two brothers.

Madhav, Bindu's lawyer husband, is perhaps the weakest character; more so because of Ashit Baran's indifferent portrayal. The character of Yadav, the hero of the family, superbly portrayed by Pahari Sanyal, will be long remembered; so lovable is his portrayal. The story however mainly revolves round Bindu and Annapurna. As Annapurna Mohina is brilliant; she lives her role and is more impressive than Meera Misra who plays the part of Bindu. Not that the latter is bad; she gives a better performance than one could have ever expected from her. And yet, somehow one feels that it could have been portrayed still better by a more talented artiste like old Jamuna.

A sure tear-jerker, Hemchandar's direction is straightforward, though some of the symbolism that he has used lend beauty to the narrative. Technically also the picture is better than the other pictures coming from Calcutta.

Music is rather disappointing. Lyrics are poorly written and indifferently tuned. If only Pankaj Mullick and scenarist Benoy Chatterji could have used music, especially songs, to heighten the emotional impact of the story as in *Devdas* and *Manzil*, *Chhoti Maa* would have been a tremendous hit. Even now the picture should have a popular run.

#### Personality Of The Week

Tall, broad-shouldered Hemchandar has been making films for at least a decade and half. And though he is also a discovery of New Theatres, he somehow never won the fame that other New Theatre directors like Nitin Bose, Barua and Debaki Bose won.

That is perhaps due to the fact that Hemchander made more 'box-office' picture and less artistic pictures. Hemchander who started as an assistant got his chance to direct when Premankur Attorthy left New Theatres during the making of

*Karwane Nayat* and it was left to Hemchander to complete the picture.

Hemchander, who came from a well-to-do family, was brought to New Theatres by Hafisji who was at that time the production chief. After working with Sisir Bhaduri and Premankur Attorthy his first independent assignment was *Crorepati* a full length comedy starring Saigal. Since then he has directed many popular hits including *Jawani Ki Reet*, featuring Kanan, Saugand and Wapas. *Oonch Neech*, his first 'problem' picture, however did not succeed at box office. He became an independent producer and made *Chhoti Maa* under the banner of H. M. Productions in partnership with Meera Misra.

Both Hemchander and Meera Misra were at Bombay to attend the premiere of *Chhoti Maa*. Their future plans naturally depend on the success of the first venture about which no one need have any doubt.

#### News Of The Week

—Keki Modi visited London and returned within a week to announce that the two prints of *Jhansi Ki Rani* would be sent to India in January.

—Virendra Desai, husband of Nalini Jaywant, has gone to France apparently to engage the services of a well-known cameraman for his independent production.

—Raj Kapoor celebrated his birthday by giving bonus to his workers on Sunday, December 14.

—Madhubala is ultimately playing the role of Anarkali in *Mughal-E-Azam*.

—Manmohan Films have signed Mrs Veena Alnasir for their forthcoming Production No. 2 tentatively entitled *Do Kinare* while both Mr. and Mrs. Veena Alnasir have been signed by Naya Sansar for Production No. 3 tentatively entitled *Munna*.



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# LIFE WITH AN ARTIST

By Mrs. D. P. ROY CHOWDHURY

I do not think it could be considered as digression or paying compliments to myself if I said that love of art was ingrained in me from my childhood. I used to dabble with colours, which perhaps most children of an impressionable age did, and found pleasure in imitating the pictures that appealed to my fancy.

Those who witnessed me in my attempts declared that I was gifted with artistic taste. This appreciation enhanced my interest in the subject though of course I never took it seriously nor was I expected to. In artists however I took no interest. Though several books were available on the lives of artists, I never cared to read them. If Providence had been so kind as to give me a hint that one day it would fall on my lot to manage the household of one of the foremost artists of our time, things might have been different. As it was, I had no chance of preparing myself for my future position. The result was I had to struggle blindly against the hurdles that came on my way till the light of my own experience illuminated the path.

Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury has all the qualities that contribute to make a true artist. He feels extremely annoyed if anybody takes the liberty of disturbing him while he is in the mood to work. In fact his peons have strict instructions not to allow any one in when he is in the Studio.

Devi Prasad is an early riser. He would be up from his bed a little after 4 A.M., take his exercise and then start his early cups of tea. He did not like to trouble the servants at such an inconvenient hour and had his own arrangements in a room attached to our sleeping apartment. I have my suspicion that he did not quite enjoy drinking his tea alone, for one evening he suddenly questioned me whether I had ever tried rising before the sun was up. My usual hours is 5.30 or 6.0'clock at the latest. I therefore answered in the negative. The artist then suggested, why not I try it for a few days. It was very refreshing and instilled

extra energy for work. He was always so active and energetic that I could not quite disbelieve his words and agreed to give his suggestion a trial. Very soon however I was disillusioned. Instead of feeling more energetic I felt lazy and sleepy for the rest of the day. After a few days' unsuccessful experiment I took courage and disclosed my difficulties to him. He looked at me disappointedly and then smiled in a way which told me, though not in so many words, that he did not expect this from his partner in life. However, he allowed me to resort to my old habit.

The crisis came when, a year after, my son appeared on the scene. Sri Devi Prasad is a lover of children and was happy to have a baby in the house. So long as the child remained a babe nothing untoward happened. We cared for and fondled our son together. The little extra time that I had to deduct from his share and devote to the babe he did not grudge. He knew that the infant's need was greater than his own. But as soon as the child outgrew the age of mere fondling, trouble arose. He flatly refused to share responsibility to guide the boy during his period of schooling. His excuse was that since he had never crossed the threshold of an university he was absolutely inefficient for the job. Instead of guiding him in the right direction, there was every possibility of his misguiding him. Under the circumstances it was better that the child should be left entirely under the mother's charge so far as his school education was concerned. That was no reasoning at all. I knew it was just an excuse to shirk responsibility, but I had to accept it. He did not quite approve of the existing system of education. But he was aware of the fact that there was no other path left open to a child than to join a school. This was an additional reason for his being so insistent on shoving the whole burden on my shoulder. I remember one particular occasion when there was a 'phone call came from the school to discuss

certain points regarding our son. The artist promptly put the receiver down saying, "My wife manages these things, would you kindly speak to her?"

As the boy grew in years, my obligations became heavier. Consequently I had to spend more time with him than I could in the company of my husband, specially because the son inherited the father's antipathy for learning under compulsion. This my husband resented. His charge against me was that I was all mother. But the moment I agreed to rectify my defect if he would share with me the responsibility of bringing up the child, he quickly changed the topic.

When the boy grew up to be a young man, he would sometimes join our company and listen to our conversation. He was quick enough to discern from these that his father had full sympathy with his attitude towards education imparted in the schools and colleges of our time. He took advantage of it by discontinuing his studies before he finished his college course on the ground that it would not be of much help in the line which he had decided to choose as his career. When the authorities questioned him whether his parents would not be sorry because he did not sit for his examination, he coolly replied, "My mother may, but not so my father."

While the artist is engaged in some sort of creative work he does not feel the need of a companion. In fact he would much rather he had none. It is only when his mind is free that he craves for a friend to whom he could open out his heart unreservedly and discuss any subject that pleased him, no matter how unconventional and unpalatable it may seem to others. This sort of diversion gave him relief from mental as well as physical strain. Since he could not get the company of his wife as much as he would like to, he invented another method of finding recreation. At the back of our drawing room upstairs there is a small terrace. Here he started developing what he called a Bengali village in miniature. Small cottages, figures of men and women in their different vocations, came into being by the magic touch of the artist. Green

fields, narrow paths whose tufts were pressed by the soft feet of the village wives as they went their way to fill their goglets, the small pond with the floating lotus, the distant temple, were all brought in front of our vision in concrete form. It reached its climax in the tamarind tree under whose shady branches the village travellers rested their tired limbs on their journey forward!

This little plant which sprouted out from a seedling is now a full grown tree, a year or two younger than my son. It is not more than two feet in height though it has the form and structure of a big tree. The shape of each branch, each small twig is the work of the artist. Without having any knowledge of the science he started this experiment and was extremely happy when it proved a success. This gave him the impetus to try his method on some other trees as well. There are plantain, casurina and bamboos but they are all babies compared to the tamarind tree. Our drawing room which can also be taken as the art gallery of my husband's works, has visitors throughout the day. I have noticed that even people who did not understand anything of art were attracted by this concrete picture of our homeland. Owing to the continuous drought of Madras these little pets of my husband were losing a little of their freshness. He therefore shifted them downstairs where they are flourishing under his un-failing and immediate care. Every morning the artist attends to their needs before he starts his duties as an official. It is a pleasurable pastime for him. Many of the figures of this landscape are missing from their posts now. Either they are ravaged by the inclemency of the weather or mutilated by the curiosity of the crows and the squirrels, but the trees are standing as faithfully as ever.

Sri Devi Prasad is not what one would call a sociable person. He prefers to be left alone with his thoughts instead of being forced to accommodate himself in a company where he finds himself to be an absolute misfit. He has a dread of conventional parties with the restrained and superficial conversations of such places. Yet he has to attend

some of them to fulfil social obligations and occasionally to please his wife.

But once Devi Prasad is thrown in the midst of a congenial atmosphere he becomes animated and is the most interesting and coveted company full of mirth and jokes.

Another secret cause of his dislike to attend these formal social functions, which I discovered from my long association with him, is his aversion to discard his inartistic but convenient garb in order to don something more suitable for elegant and fastidious society.

There was a time when Devi Prasad was attracted by picture houses and was a frequent visitor to these places of entertainment. But with the growth of years and wisdom, his inclination for light enjoyment has faded away. Now he spends part of

the evenings in writing stories or articles. This hobby which he started developing some years back enabled him to establish his name as a writer in his own language. There is a great demand for his stories written from his experiences in the jungles. I have heard people say that his descriptions are so vivid that they can almost visualize the spot and feel its atmosphere.

When he gets tired of writing, he comes back to the landscape of his creation, sits before it with the cup that cheers him from his fatigue and carries him to the land of dreams. Perhaps like Omar Khayam of old he hears a voice which cries:

Awake, my little ones and fill the  
cup,  
Before life's liquor in its cup be  
dry.

## A GREAT ITALIAN PHILOSOPHER

By NIRMAL KUMAR LAHIRI

THE death of Benedetto Croce in Naples on November 20 marks the passing away of a great thinker, philosopher and statesman.

Born at Pescasseroli, Aquila, in February 1886, young Croce was sent to a religious boarding school in Naples at the age of ten. He lived then and later till 1886 in the home of his paternal uncle and guardian, Silvio Spaventa. His uncle Spaventa was himself a great philosopher. Croce's father was a Catholic theologian.

Croce lost his parents and his only sister in the earthquake of Casamicciola in 1863. As a result of this his domestic life "suffered", to quote his own words, "a violent catastrophe and a profound breach of continuity". He himself lay buried beneath ruins for several hours and was injured in several places. He entered University but did not pursue studies there. He returned to Naples in 1886 and occupied himself in researches of history and antiquities.

He made an educational tour of Europe and visited Germany, Spain, France and England and attained a good command of language besides

obtaining a keen insight into the literature and culture of those countries, specially the first two.

This European tour had a profound effect on his thought. Their history written in stones and monuments, their other legacies and especially their thoughts fascinated him. Till this time Croce had seen, learnt and absorbed. Now he wanted to understand them.

In 1893 Croce wrote a book entitled *History Under the General Denomination of Art*, in 1894, he collected his first essays under the title of *Literary Criticism*. These writings dealt with the nature of history and method of criticism.

The year 1902 was a significant year in his life. The prospectus of *La Critica* was published in November, 1902, and its first issue saw the light of day in January, 1903. Croce has said about this period of his life, "as the beginning of a new period of my life, the period of maturity or harmony between myself and reality." He edited this philosophical journal along with philosopher Giovanni Gentile. The joint editorship of *La Critica* contributed to the

theoretical formulation of his thought. Also "to edit and in part to write for *La Critica* was the most direct service" that he could render to Italian culture and meanwhile it helped him to channelise his thoughts.

Croce began to feel that "history with its endless pattern of facts and figures is but the arena of spirit" which comes to light in man as a research of beauty in the first place and as logic and reason in the second place. His theory of aesthetics is explained in his book *Esthetic* (1902) which, in the opinion of some critics, is Croce's greatest work.

According to him, intuition is the essence of art as an activity. Intuition thus is no unintelligible mystery but an activity essentially intellectual in character. Mere feeling or intuition is the raw material and its complete fulfilment in a form of beauty is its expression. Intuition and expression are thus the two ingredients in any artistic activity. The two work together and Croce holds the view that intuition and expression are not different.

### Philosophy Of Spirit

What is important to understand in Croce is his theory about the philosophy of the spirit. In his view "philosophy is one moment...identifying philosophy with history". To quote the philosopher, "the highest form of philosophy consists in overcoming the provisional form of abstract 'theory' and thinking the philosophy of particular facts: a history that is not merely narrated but thought." The spirit was the only reality and in expressing itself it produced history. "In every part and moment of history that spirit is wholly and indivisibly present and active," he says.

His philosophy was divided into four parts: aesthetics as the science of expression; logic as the science of pure concept; philosophy of the practical and history its theory and practise. He is thus seen to be a student of "historical idealism" anxious to arrange a welter of facts and a mass of knowledge under a few abstract items.

In his view of human progress history is the mental platform on

which the spirit realizes itself. It ties itself up in endless patterns with inexhaustible creativeness without allowing itself any pause in its endless whirl of activity. In politics Croce was a liberal. He unequivocally rejected fascism. He hated totalitarianism and condemned it as being in antithesis to the trend of European thought.

In rejecting both fascism and Marxism he observed: "To observe that liberty is dead is the same as saying that life is dead." He was a lifelong agnostic. He did not believe that the supernatural is any concern of the philosopher. He goes further than the Hegelians in rejecting the mystical elements of religion. He accepted what may be called spiritual values. He believed in the consciousness of spiritual reality and its translation into thought and activity. His opposition to the materialism of Marx is expressed in his famous book *Filosofia del Spirito*.

Croce became professor of philosophy at Naples University and in 1910 he became a member of the Italian Senate. He was a Minister of Education in the Giolitti Cabinet between 1920-21. He joined the Liberal Party in 1926. His book *History of Italy* (1870-1915) was published in 1929. This book has an interesting aspect in so far as it explains how fascism grew up and how it had existed in Italy before in some form or other. In 1923 his book *History of Italy* was placed on the index of forbidden books on the grounds of its anti-clerical attitude.

An honorary Ph.D. of Oxford University, Croce would be revered through centuries for his fight for cultural freedom. He was one of the honorary presidents of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

His death at Naples at the age of 86 came suddenly. His physician said that he was rallying back to normal health but he died a few days later. His wife and his two daughters maintained constant vigil by his side during his last few days of illness.

In Croce Italy has lost its greatest contemporary philosopher. He was an incorruptible statesman, a scintillating critic and a great philosopher. He was one of the last giants of nineteenth century Europe.

# GREAT QUESTIONS

WHEN, about two months ago, it was suggested here that "the great mass of people in the world have no particular interest in dominating the lives of others"; that most people want only "a few simple things"; and that "the ill-housed, underprivileged and hungry... have no yearning to conquer the world for any ideology" (*Manas*, August 6), some readers may have felt that the intent of these statements was to affirm the helpless innocence of all but a small minority of Machiavellian exploiters. This was hardly our purpose, although there is a sense in which the "little people" of the world are caught in currents over which they exercise no control. What the little people do not see—a failure which contributes to their helplessness—is the melancholy truth of Thomas a Kempis' aphorism, "All men desire peace, but few men desire those things which make for peace."

This blindness is the subject of a series of comments from one of our readers.

.....the "ill-housed, underprivileged and hungry all over the world," as well as those "common people" of our own country, who are ever so much more favoured in all the material things of life, are themselves the root of all the woes heaped upon them by wars and by power contests. Let me turn the spotlight on this country, for while I am not a stranger to other lands, I have spent most of my life here. Finally, the principle is universal. Only the details vary.

The great mass, you say, want only a few, simple things. During the recent war, those same simple people gouged and shoved, sweated and scowled, crowding to get all the cigarettes and nylons they could buy up. Others made it their boast that they could get all the gasoline coupons they wanted—and proved it by driving into town to shop of a morning; to get another pack of cigarettes after lunch; another drive to take a child to a matinee; and still more driving that evening. Then there were the hoarders.

Our entire group is dedicated to acquiring more and more gadgets, and aside from the craze for an even "higher" standard of living, there is the competitive angle—outdoing the Joneses. All benefits are in terms of the material and external. A higher standard of *thinking* is never included even as an accessory.....

The highways are a slaughter house: because of greed for speed, greed for outdoing others, indifference to the rights of others.... From the local sporting page I gather that on the opening day of the deer season, the score was "One (man) killed, five shot and wounded, five lost and only one found; and scores arrested for carrying loaded rifles in their automobiles." (Check stations of the Mendocino and Los Padres National Forests reported more than 17,000 hunters for the opening weekend). Let us for the sake of argument stipulate that the eating of meat is necessary, and that the killing of animals is necessary. Here, however, we have killing for the sport of killing, an entertainment so highly esteemed that the hunter spends extravagantly for a chance to kill. The space devoted to hunting and fishing, as a sport, by the big-circulation "slick" paper magazines testifies to our universal acceptance of the ideal that killing is fun, a splendid recreation. That it is "sport," even though the "he man" is armed with a high-powered rifle and has telescopic sights as an aid to eliminating yet another uncertainty! The Masai custom of sending a teen-age male alone and armed with only a spear, either to bring back his first lion, or to remain and be eaten, has a certain soundness, even utility—and though hardly designed as sport, does have what might be called a true sporting element.

Add it all together: our individual greeds, competitions, blind resentments, and our love of killing those who have not yet achieved the human state of evolution; raise it to the *nth* power; multiply it by as many millions as you wish—and what do you get but an international equivalent, in greed for power, and its servant, war?

We simple, everyday, common people wallow needlessly in a war psychology in our everyday dealings with each other and with the lower animal kingdoms. The dictators, the war-mongers, merely epitomize the group. We make our leaders—they do not make us. Individually, we do not have any "yearning to conquer the world for any ideology," but only few individuals have the imagination, the mental scope, to picture any such large-scale operation. But we, all these kindly, common people, added together, in thought and emotion, one infinitesimal shred after another, produce in the aggregate that very thing which we have.

The simple, kindly individuals want only the fruits of war, not the exertions and pains of war. They want to kill and compete for fun, but do not desire the inevitable reaction. This is unrealistic: the law of life, and of action, however, has a realistic response—and by realism on the part of sufficient individuals, the response of the law could be changed to a sweeter operation.

So, the "kindly, simple people" stand convicted of a lack of realism—they do not like war, but they like the things which make for war. To be just, however, we need to distinguish between direct responsibility and the guilt which grows out of ignorance. If the "little people" who are betrayed by men of greater talent, of more "imagination," would do the same if they could, they are nevertheless betrayed, and have the negative virtue of their limited capacity for evil.

The question of "guilt" for social and moral disaster is always more complex than it seems. After the European war broke out, Archibald MacLeish contributed to the *Nation* (for May 13, 1940) an article charging American intellectuals—writers, novelists, scholars—with neglect of their duty. He blamed the novelists for spreading disillusionment and condemned the scholars for disdaining to notice the great social and moral issues of the time. Whether or not one agrees with the end of the poet's passionate exhortation—in effect, a war to purge the world of the crimes of evil-doing men—

the "treason of the intellectuals" has seldom been more forcefully described. Our men of letters, MacLeish insisted, unlike the learned of other times, have lost the stature of whole human beings. For the scholar of the past, "learning was no plump pigeon carcass to be picked at for his private pleasure and his private fame but a profession practiced for the common good..... Whatever struck at truth or closed off question or defiled an art or violated decency of thinking struck at him. And he struck back with every weapon masters of the word could find to strike with." Now come lines which deserve to be remembered:

Milton defending freedom of the mind in sentences which outlive every name of those who struck at freedom. Voltaire displaying naked to the grin of history the tyrants who were great until he made them small, Bartholomew de las Casas gentling cruel priests and brutal captains with the dreadful strokes of truth—las Casas, Milton, and Voltaire were men of letters, men who confessed an obligation to defend the disciplines of thought not in their own but in the general interest.

Had men like these been living in our time, had the intellectuals of our time been whole and loyal, it would, I think, have been impossible for the revolution of gangs to have succeeded where success has been most dangerous—in the perversion of judgments of the mind. Murder is not absolved of immorality by committing murder. Murder is absolved of immorality by bringing men to think that murder is not evil. This only the perversion of the mind can bring about. And the perversion of the mind is only possible when those who should be heard in its defense are silent.

.....intellectual responsibility has been divided in our time and by division destroyed. The men of intellectual duty, those who should have been responsible for action, have divided themselves into two castes, two cults—the scholars and the writers. Neither of these accepts responsibility for the common culture or for its defense.... The single responsibility, the wholeness of function of the man of letters, has been replaced by the divided function, the mutual antagonism, the isolated responsibility of two figures—the scholar and the writer.

Why this substitution has come

★

# Sunday is Paludrine day

Take a tablet  
after a meal.



about—whether because the methods of scientific inquiry, carried over into the humanities, destroyed the loyalties and habits of the mind or for some other reason—I leave to wiser men to say.

One more passage:

The irresponsibility of the scholar is the irresponsibility of the scientist upon whose laboratory insulation he has patterned all his work. The scholar in letters has made himself as indifferent to values, as careless of significance, as bored with meanings as the chemist. He is a refugee from consequences, an exile from the responsibility of moral choice.... It is not for nothing that the modern scholar invented the Ph.D. thesis as his principal contribution to literary form. The Ph.D. thesis is the perfect image of his world. It is work done for the sake of doing work—perfectly conscientious, perfectly laborious, perfectly irresponsible.

We could easily enlarge the terrain of these moral barrens by passing to other critiques—of the church, of the politicians, of educators, of artists—but the point, we think, is clear enough. Whatever the intellectuals, the men with imagination, with "mental scope," ought to have done, they have not done it. As a class, they have largely sold out, whether to academic security, or to Hollywood and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Their sin is not particularly distinguishable from the sins of the rest of us, who acquire a measure of conceit at college, and get our relaxation at the movies or in a magazine. It is simply that they are capable of better things. And, fortunately, you cannot punish a man for not doing his best. One of the great secrets of being human is that you do your best, when you do it, not because anyone threatens you, or moralizes at you, or promises you a reward, but for strictly private reasons.

The fact remains, however, that the intellectuals have left our society a morally leaderless mass. Thus the "kindly, common people" are not entirely to blame, unless we subscribe to the superficially democratic dogma that men of capacity have no greater responsibility than others. If we argue that the rise of modern intellectuality, with its political

expression in the secular state, marks a genuine stage of progress over older, authoritarian forms of social organization, then the leaders of this scheme of self-reliance have high obligations to fulfill. An aristocracy of some sort seems organically necessary to human society, whether or not we like the word, or whether or not we are interested in being a part of it. For thousands of years, human societies were ruled by aristocracies of blood and caste. After the Renaissance, another sort of elite was called for to assume, not "rule," but a larger sense of responsibility. Milton, las Casas, and Voltaire are MacLeish's examples of men who accepted this responsibility. Ortega Gasset implies the need for more such men, showing, in his *Revolt of the Masses*, what happens when the habits and aims of mediocrity become the model of human good. Among the ancients, Plato seemed to grasp this principle when he proposed that only men who shrank from power should be allowed to become Philosopher-Kings.

What has been lost is the conception of the role of the intelligent individual in the human community? How has it been lost? Through, perhaps, as MacLeish suggests, the transfer of the methods of science to the humanities; through, perhaps, the slow but persistent identification of virtue with wealth, in consequence of the perversion of religion; and, finally, through the dying out of the sense of the heroic, as a result of the contempt for transcendental philosophy, and the popularity of mechanistic explanations of the world and of human behaviour.

To look out on the modern world may excite our disgust, but there is also occasion for pity—a feeling of sadness which includes a sympathy for ourselves, as among the victims of this great cycle of disillusionment. Perhaps we don't hunt deer, personally, or seek pleasure in the peculiar forms of emptiness which are taken by the "bread and circuses" of the twentieth century, but our friends, our children, and even ourselves are periodically caught in the whirl of senseless motion, made to

drink the dregs of a brew of endlessly advertised monotony.

We can find no other meaning in all this save that we have to learn to save ourselves. We have to establish islands of intelligent living—oases, as Arthur Koestler once suggested, in the desert of the world as we know it. There is as little point in looking for leaders and saviours as for scapegoats and devils to blame. As the mechanics of the world community grows into one system, so the evil and the good are uniformly distributed. It is becoming too costly to search out and destroy the Evil Men—too costly to ourselves. Further, it becomes increasingly difficult for "normal" people to harbour the delusion that some men are evil, others good. Perhaps we have reached the place where we can accept the Evil Men theory of our troubles only by giving up our sanity.

We may look around for leaders, but we find only little men—men who, while inviting the confidence of the people and asking to be placed in high office, can think of little more to say than to criticize each other—as though the problems of the world turned upon such petty fallibilities. If there are any great men about, these days, they are not, we think, trying to be "leaders" according to accustomed patterns. There must be changes in our private ways of living and our ways of thinking, and it will take great men to discover what they are. These changes are only remotely connected with politics—only remotely connected with any of the familiar institutions of our society. They go back to the roots of our lives—back to what men think about when they wake in the morning, planning the day; back to what they think about as they watch their children; back to the things upon which men's hearts are set. We cannot, perhaps, gird ourselves in armour and go out into the field to defeat the disaster of our time, for wherever we go, we carry the disaster with us. But we can, perhaps, outgrow it. The death of a salesman might not seem so tragic, if, through it, there might come about the birth of a man.—*Manas*.

# REALISM LACKING IN FIVE YEAR PLAN

## H. D. RAJAH'S INDICTMENT IN COUNCIL OF STATES

*In the course of the discussion on the Five Year Plan in the Council of States at New Delhi last week, Sri H. D. Rajah said:*

**T**HE Planning Commission Report has been introduced with all the fanfare and trumpets which naturally deserves very serious and weighty attention on our side. We have been treated to a treatise which has been given in the form of a summary, and I have gone through almost all the pages of that summary.

Basically, I agree with the Prime Minister. There is importance in a planned economy. But the question at once resolves itself into this. In what way a Plan might be implemented? There are two approaches to planning. One approach is the Communist approach, the dictatorial approach. They say, that admittedly they (that is the capitalists) too, have something akin to a plan, but these plans are prognosis, on the basis of which it is impossible to direct the country's economy. Our plans are not prognosis, guess plans, but instructions which are compulsory for all management, and which determine the future course of the economic development of our country. You see that this implies a different principle, the principle of the Communist dictatorship.

And then we have the Democratic Socialist Party's approach to a planned economy and it is this. There is only one basis on which planning can succeed in a democratic society and that is the conscious understanding by each section of its place in the community as a whole and the deliberate acceptance of the resulting obligations and achievements. In a democracy such as ours, in which difference of opinion is largely expressed and diverse groups and multifarious interests are in existence, there cannot be one economic policy or one economic price or wage structure. Planning is bound up with extreme confusion regarding the aims and methods of the economic system and that means personal restrictions on the individual, both as producer and consumer.

Having given these two juxtapositions of a planned economy, let us see what our country requires. In the present aspect of our life, planned economy under the guidance of these bureaucrats in Delhi is planned misery. You will see from the records that are there, that the statistics that they have got are all out of date or useless. The law of average is the law of misery. If you say that a man must have 2,300 calories for his existence and another man an equal quantity of 2,300 calories, one of them will live and the other will die. I require only 2 oz. of rice, though I look fat, and people who are industrial workers, people who are engaged in active manual labour, require 1 lb of rice. What is the basis or average that you can bring in a planned economy? You go and measure the depth of a river, strike the average and get into it. You will never come back to preside over this House. This seems to be the basis of calculating what is required for our planned economy. In this country, we have got resources, natural and artificial. The natural resources are to be tapped. In that aspect of a planned economy, if you employ compulsion in a democratic society, obviously you will fail. You must have the support of the people as a whole. If you want to get that, give them only directions and develop the plan according to your resources and then your plan will succeed. Is there a genuine appreciation of that basis here? That is what I would like to ask.

This Planning Commission is a packed body of "yes" men. If these people are there and they draw out or chalk out a plan and ask us to swallow their plan, it is impossible for us to swallow, much less digest it. Therefore, if you want to succeed in drawing up a national plan, my suggestion would be, first of all, to have people really representing all the elements of this nation, represented in both Houses of Parliament, to have a joint committee, accept their views, get it discussed threadbare over a table and then bring out a scheme, which even our comrade Sri Sundarayya will accept without demur. The point at issue is, it must be a real national plan, not a Congress plan. Even many Congress people who are here have very strong

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K. S. VAIDYANATHAN,  
Assistant Secretary.

differences of opinion and if a whip is not issued, I am sure the Planning Commission's Report would be thrown out. What I mean to suggest is that even Congressmen do not view this Plan with approval. When they come into this House, they keep their brains out and hearts in their pockets, and when they are inside they act according to their leader's wish and raise their hands. Therefore, I request the Government to consider this question in all its aspects and make out a truly national plan. If you take up that idea, then all views—yes, and no and everything else—will be discussed and then we can iron out our differences and differentiate between the grain and the chaff and accept the grain and throw out the chaff. Then you go to the country, not on the basis of controls or directions by law, but with real leadership, leadership of the genuine type which people will respect—not the bureaucratic leadership that I have been criticising here as an unwanted leadership, but the true type that springs from the bottom and grows up.

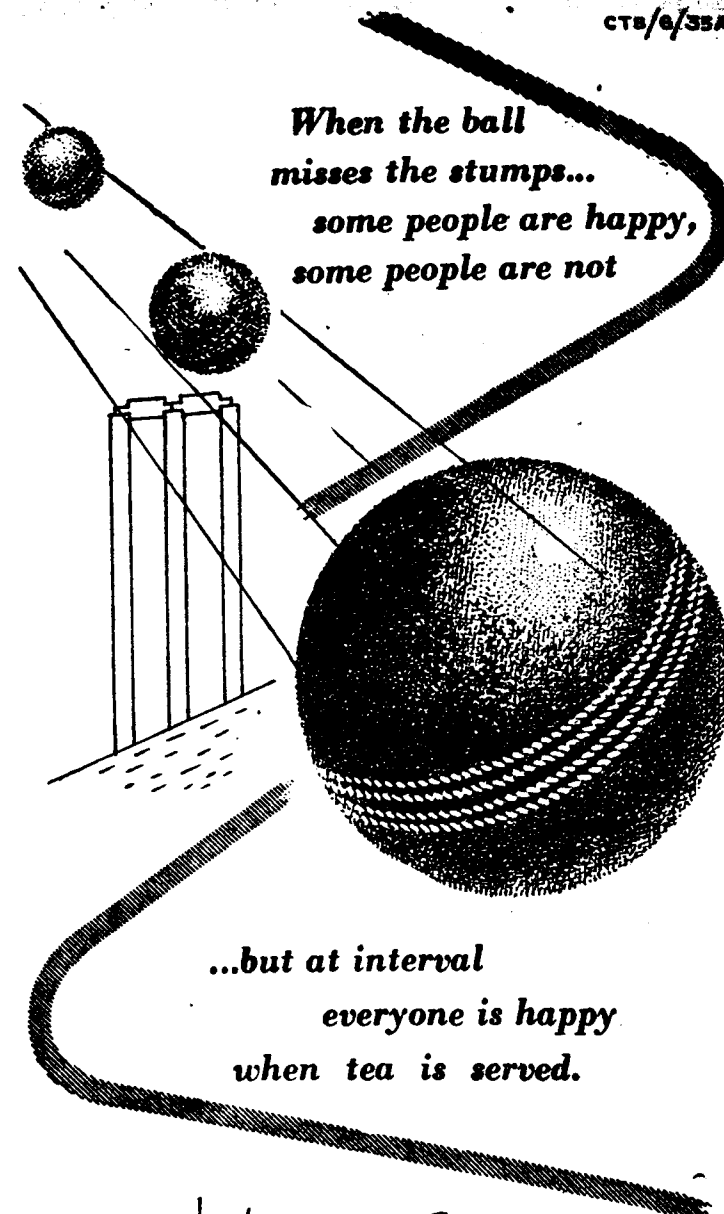
This plan is for improving the life of the people and for that you want the co-operation of the people and you must have the correct leadership which will create enthusiasm among the people in order to make them subscribe to the development of the whole plan. Look at the achievements in South India—those huge pyramids or gopurams constructed there, are the results of human endeavour. We are not worried about your moneys. We have crores and crores of humanity that are available to us. What is credit? It is money power guaranteed and backed by labour power. Our asset is 46 crores of people and that asset of ours must be galvanised into the proper channel in order to make your plan a successful one.

Now I come to the economic structure of society. This country has been in chronic want for the past so many years. It has been under foreign rule for so many years. Of course, if we ask this Government overnight—like *Alladdin* and the wonderful lamp—to transform the entire structure of society and make the land flow with milk and honey, that is quite impossible. Under the colonial economy, our plan is bound up with international events and affairs. What will happen to our country if our trade becomes deficit? They have made a provision for Rs. 290 crores of deficit financing to be met by progressive releases from sterling balances with the United Kingdom. I will ask the Finance Minister—he is not here—but I ask him whether, if there is an adverse balance

of trade for us, will you be able to get this Rs. 290 crores? You will not. Therefore that expectation of getting this much money, that aspect of the Plan is a problematical one. Now, I will come to other finances which are being taken into account for the implementation of the Plan. The total amount which has been estimated for its implementation is Rs. 2,069 crores; but according to their own figures, they have resources only to the extent of Rs. 738 crores. Out of this sum of Rs. 738 crores, they expect the States to find out Rs. 532 crores. I know so far as Madras State is concerned, it is suffering from acute want of money. They already have a deficit of about Rs. 15 crores in their budget. In that State, the Chief Minister asked people to pray for rain, and God responded with a vengeance. We had rains and we got a cyclone also. As a result of that we lost Rs. 10 crores and also the lives of 500 persons. That is the condition as far as the finances of that province are concerned. They are facing a serious situation there. Therefore it is impossible for the people to pay. In the same manner so many other States are also crying for want of money. So it is not possible to find this much of money. Then what is it that we are going to do? We go in for external borrowings. External borrowing is not a bad thing in itself. But as I have been telling repeatedly here, external borrowings should not be of a derogatory type by a really sovereign State. There will be strings attached to the loans even if you get the money. Even if the money is given, it will not be given with grace. That is why I ask this Government to take to other measures. We are the suppliers of raw materials to two big countries, two big importers of raw materials in the world. Under the colonial economy our country's resources used to be exploited by one—John Bull and now there is another also added—Uncle Sam. Why not demand decent prices for our raw materials from these two countries? That will balance for the imports that we have to get from them. Then there will be no need for us to go on a borrowing basis.

We are suffering from want of good prices for our export of raw materials. This colonial economy is killing us even today. You have independence in politics, but you are dependent economically and that kind of economic dependence will not allow you to implement any 5-Year or 10-Year or any plan whatsoever. Therefore, we should have the power of selling our commodities to foreigners at better prices so that we

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may get more and we may balance our budget, and then, Mr. Nanda will get as much money as he wants for his Plan. That is an important point which our friends must always bear in mind.

Now, referring to cottage industries, we are intending to spend about 8 crores. We should leave that hallucination. In our place this so-called charka and khaddar which were used by us as symbols to approach the masses to rouse their enthusiasm for political work, are out of date today. Hundreds of bales of cloth produced in South India are lying idle. The Government have subsidised; even then, they are not able to sell, with the net result that they have reduced the prices of khaddar by 25 per cent. They have reduced the prices and are asking the people to purchase, but still there is no response.

What is required is to see that these people's resources are harnessed in such a way that they are utilised for national regeneration and not for the revival of old antiquarian systems. Then, out of our people who number 36 crores in all, leaving the 10 crores who are a drain on others because they do not do any work by way of manual production because they live in cities—the 26 crores

are all distributed over an area which is called India. They are engaged in production for 3 months and have to eat out of it for one year. For the whole of the 9 months, they are idle. How can you harness these village people, distributed from one length of the country to the other? If you give them employment for the balance of 9 months, your resources, your income, your opportunities will get doubled, not in 27 years' time, but in 3 years' time. That is the thing that you must have in mind and we must use our scientific talent for the purpose, not be guided by paper plans of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research.

Now, we have seen that the changing of conditions is changing us. When the Government is not able to provide according to the demands of the people, they ask us to change our habits. You can as well ask the leopard to change its spots. How can people, accustomed to different tastes and habits, change their habits of food and go on living like Dhanalakshmi of Coorg, who is living on air for the last six months? Is it the wish of the Congress Party that all of us in India should live on air? No, Sir. You may do anything with me,

but I will not change my habit of eating; I insist upon getting good food and then I will fight and speak and do better things for humanity. The fundamental need of man is food and if you say, you should change your food, you should starve once a week, or observe Ekadasi four times a month, if you talk like that, then, this is not the purpose for which this Government was constituted. Therefore, I request them to think in a practical, realistic way and not to be swayed by slogans of planning of the so-called economists. There are economists and economists. There are Socialist economists, Communist economists and economists who do not know any economics at all. That is the kind of economic jargon that is thrown on us and we are expected to follow it in our course of action.

In an organised plan, there is a tug of war between the alleged advantages of the over-all plan and the claim of the individual to elementary liberties. We will be dictated to by a caucus and will have to put our blind faith in the omnipotence and omniscience of the supreme planning autocrats. That is the position to which our country has been brought to. Of course, it is impossible for us to swallow a kind of dictum that comes out of these so-called planners. I do not want to be thrust upon in this way. I will fight, I will struggle, but, give me the initiative, give me the wherewithals. That is what is required of the planners.

You have got 835 crores, you can put it to better use; you need not regiment life and you can give the initiative to the people and they will rise to the occasion. There is another important point which I should bring to the notice of this House. The Government do not seem to think that there is India beyond the south of Vindhya mountains. For a population of nine crores distributed among four States and constituting one-fourth of the total population a grand sum of 245 crores is provided out of 2069 crores. What a crumb!

The Prime Minister made a reference to changing the Constitution. This Constitution, which has been well thought out, which took, for the Congress Party, three years to produce, which has been established in this country on the basis of adult franchise, giving liberty and freedom to all citizens alike, is to be changed. For what purpose? To subserve the interests of the planners, to help the supreme bureau-

crats who want to dictate the pattern of our life in this country. Changing the Constitution is a thing to which very serious thought must be given. There are two aspects of the problem. There is already a tendency, a planned tendency, to make the people subserve the interests of the bureaucracy. The economic function of a police State is to hold down consumption of the people, especially of the peasant population while their surplus production is drained off for the purpose of a fixed capital investment. The execution of this policy develops an extreme centralism. If power is decentralised, the rate of accumulation will be lessened. The nearer the responsibility to the people, the more it is responsive to the people's suffering. From the centralist policy to the creation of a vast bureaucracy to serve the requirements of the central direction is the logical step. Everything is butchered to the requirements of the plan.

So, we must concentrate our attention on one aspect, upon only one economic aspect, namely, that without the voluntary, enthusiastic and proper support of the entire mass of humanity, any plan is bound to fail in a democratic society. The approach to the problem is either on the basis of dictatorship, in which we have nothing to do with democracy, or on the basis of democracy in which we have everything to do with the people. The need to develop a plan must be based upon our resources, our capacity to implement those plans and not upon the fact that somebody else will come to our aid. We must create internally our strength; we must have all the resources to ourselves and then we must develop this plan.

As Kalidasa said to King Bhoja, this Government also is having three afflictions:

*Asaney vipra peedastu*

*Sisu peedastu bhojaney*

*Sayaney dara peedastu*

*Tripeedastu Narendra thay.*

The Brahmins of Boston and Pandit Mountbattens are the first headache of the Government; the food problem is the next headache; and, thirdly, the sophisticated and civilised ladies who are wanting divorce are the third problem to the Government. These three problems are facing them and they are unable to know how to solve them. Have a realistic approach to life. You will be feeling better and your plan will succeed.



# 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.

## Andhras And Madras City

While I agree with you that the future of Madras City should be decided "solely with regard to its citizens' own economic and administrative needs," I cannot understand how you can accuse Mr. Rajagopalachari of parochialism. He has often told the public that he is not in favour of separation. But, a realist that he is, he feels that separation is inevitable in view of the fact that it has the whole-hearted support of the majority of the people of Andhra Desa. So he suggests a way out of the difficulties. If the Andhras want their State, they should give up their claim to the city of Madras, which, he sincerely feels, is an integral part of Tamil Nad. Does his position as the Chief Minister of a multi-lingual State prevent him from expressing his personal views on a matter which is of vital interest to the State? This is the question that spontaneously arises after reading your editorial with the caption "Provocation for Division."

P. S. MANIAN.

## II

Our Andhra brothers have secured at last their right to partition from the Tamils. Everybody should now wish them the best of luck in their new State, governed by themselves. It will be unworthy of the Andhras and the Tamils to contribute their fight any longer. It would be well that all remember the lessons taught by the great Mahabharata. If the Kauravas had granted half the kingdom to the Pandavas, there would have been no epic war of the kind that followed later. Mahatma Gandhi agreed to the partition of India and averted what might have been a terrible calamity. Even so, Mr. Nehru has recognised the claims of the Andhras to live separately from the ancestral home. The great Pandavas did not insist on the ancient capital Hastinapura to be given to them but built an Indraprastha for themselves. So why not our Andhra friends establish soon a capital of their own which can be far more glorious than Madras City? The Tamils have not proved so selfish as the much maligned Kauravas, who would not yield even five villages, nay not even a needle-point of territory. Verily our Andhra friends are going to have almost half of the Madras State and hence, perhaps, half of its revenues. For the supposed loss of their rights to Madras City they will have enough and more compensation in their golden rivers, the Krishna and Godavari, with which

they can make their territory flow with milk and honey by their own enterprise. Mr. Nehru has prevented an internecine feud. Why should not we all accept his great decision and try to live hereafter in peace and amity?

C. V. NARAHARI RAO.

## Printer's Devil

The learned 'Viswamitra' has, in his article on "Bibliophilia," used the term "printer's devil" in the sense of a mistake made by the compositor in the printing press. The Oxford Concise Dictionary gives the meaning 'errand-boy in printing-office'; and Odham's Dictionary defines 'printer's devil' to mean 'an errand-boy to a printer'. The correct idiom that should have been used is "printer's error." As this mistake is committed by a large number of persons, I submit this note. This error is pointed out in Parker's "Written English."

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR. Coimbatore.

## Rajaji And The Press

No fair-minded person will appreciate Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's sweeping condemnation of the Press in the Legislative Assembly. He said that when the Press did not get information on any question, it deliberately published wrong information, hoping to force a contradiction by the Government and get the information it could not obtain before. Commenting on this SAKA asked whether one capable of so perverse a judgment is fit to be entrusted with the government of a democratic State. Dwelling on the necessity for an unfettered Press in a true democratic set-up, Bertrand Russell says: "There must be publicity for facts that the government wishes to conceal and for opinions that it wishes to silence." Rajaji's attitude is contrary to Russell's dictum.

Rajaji's manner is a contradictory mixture of self-confidence and self-consciousness. He has such a fine opinion of himself that he is usually impervious to opinion that does not accord with his own. While few will question his intelligence, it is both his strength and his weakness. His intelligence always works toward a contemplated end by means which, partly at least, is a bundle of inconsistencies. He can justify every action of his either by facile anecdotes from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata or by plain casuistry. Only the other day he proclaimed that inconsistency was but a process of evolution of thought. When

he is out of office he will court the press extolling it to the skies and when holding office, as he does today, he will contemptuously dismiss the Press reports with a 'tut tut' of disapproval. It is said of Pitt, that he did every-

thing by himself and that his colleagues in the cabinet have been so to say, "the domestic furniture" of Pitt's Cabinet." Rajaji's idea of the cabinet system is also in line with Pitt's. While admirers of C. R. welcomed his return to Madras politics, they fondly hoped that he would not only sweep the dead air of Madras Congress politics with his cleansing ozone, but also train up some of the junior members of his party in the 'know how' of administration. Neither of these hopes appears to have been fulfilled. SAKA laments: "C. R. has already sunk into considerable inconsequence in the estimation of many who greeted his advent as Chief Minister with high hopes." Rajaji himself admitted in his latest address to Congress workers that unfortunately they still spoke and acted as though a Rajaji group and a Kamaraj group continued to exist. As to how far he has trained his junior colleagues in the ways of administration, the future only can tell. As for the Congress legislators in general, by gagging them continuously over a period of time, C. R. will eventually rob them of perhaps their only virtue—making speeches.

P. N. SAMPATH.



The Madurai branch of the All-India Women's Organisation put on boards "Siva Thandavam" and "Sidhartha" at Edward Hall, Madurai. Picture above shows Srimathi Lily Ratnam, secretary of the organisation, in the role of "Sidhartha". In the other picture are Kumari Prabha (Pandia Rajan), Srimathi Raji Narayan (Siva), Kumari Radhakrishna (Parvathi) and Srimathi Mohana Ramanujam (Pandia Rani) who took part in "Siva Thandavam".

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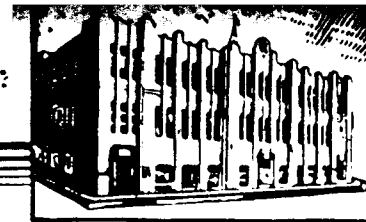
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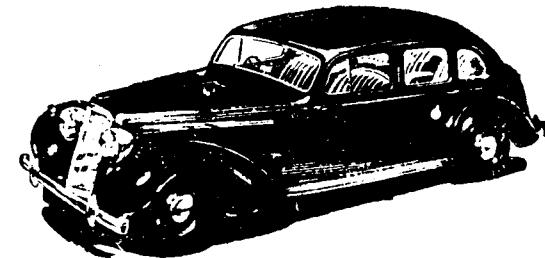
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