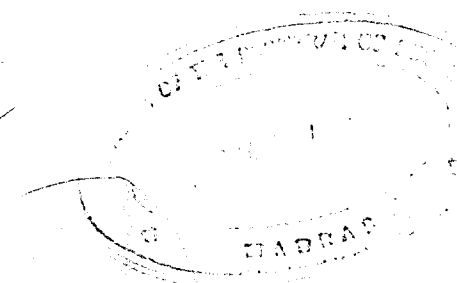


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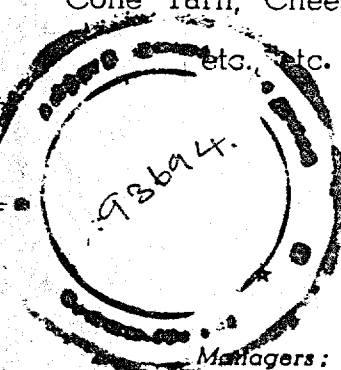
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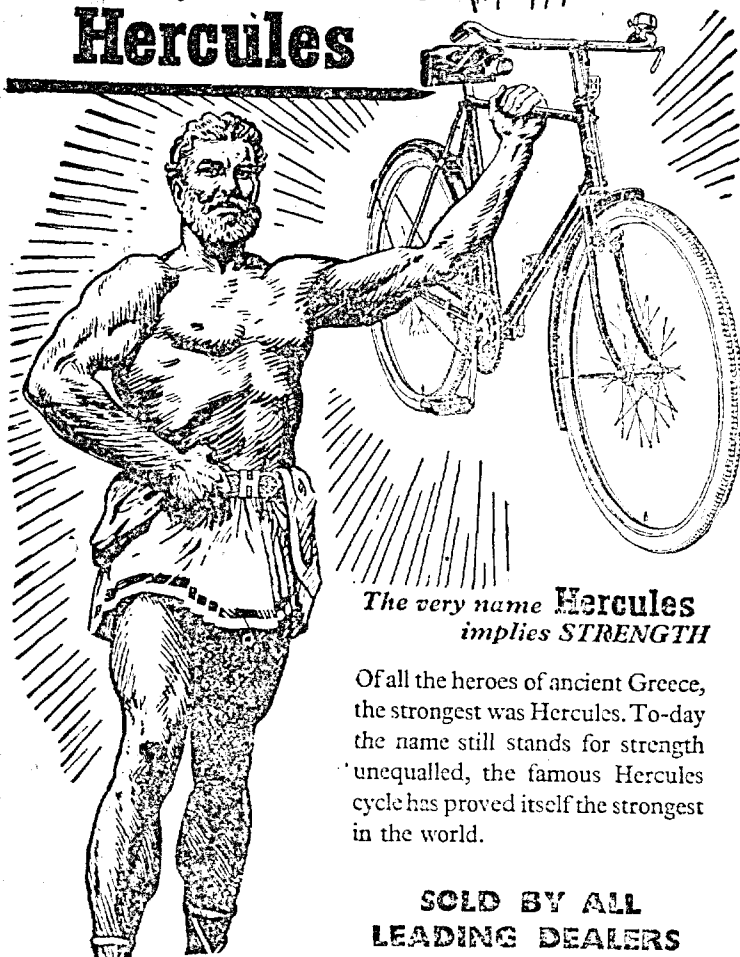
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI NO. 48.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1952.

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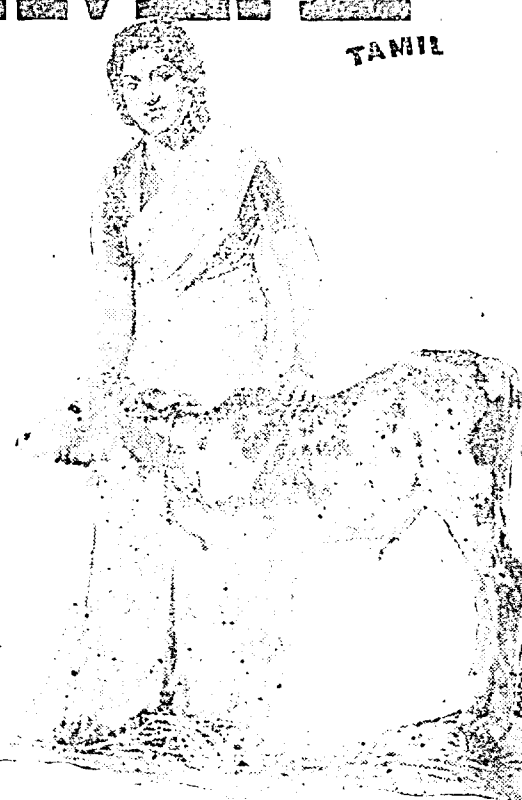
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VI
No. 48

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

TROUBLE AHEAD

IN Washington last month, the Senate elections subcommittee conducted an investigation into one of the most bitterly fought election campaigns of 1950—the one in which Senator Robert Taft, Republican of Ohio, was re-elected, defeating the Democratic Party candidate, Joseph Ferguson. At the hearings of the subcommittee Mr. Taft said that the total spent in the election on his behalf by various groups was about 612,000 dollars. The opposition, he charged, spent 2 million dollars trying to beat him. Mr. Ferguson, in his turn, counter-attacked Mr. Taft saying that the "Democrats in Ohio are poor" and spent only 107,000 dollars, whereas the Republicans actually spent about 5 millions for the Taft campaign. According to the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, a candidate for the United States Senate may spend no more than 25,000 dollars on his campaign and a candidate for the House of Representatives no more than 5,000 dollars. The Senate enquiry has proved these legal targets to be utterly farcical, and lent weight to the proposals of some of the politicians for a change in the American law on campaign expenditures. The cost of election campaigns in U. S. A. is reflected in the corruption scandals which have grown to gigantic proportions in the administration, defying all the attempts of the President and others to curb them. An excessively costly outlay on election expenditure means a correspondingly vigorous attitude of grab for the exploitation of victory after the elections. Those who spend a large fortune seeking to

win votes, will not hesitate, if they succeed, to resort to every means open to them to make good their losses and acquire additional gains. Heavy election expenditure is bound up with aggressive post-election corruption.

In the elections now going on in India, the dice are heavily loaded in favour of rich candidates. In the matter of capacity to spend money to catch votes, the Congress holds an advantageous position as the bulk of its candidates are drawn from the richer classes. Also, as the party in power, the Congress is better placed for the purpose of propaganda. From Pandit Nehru downwards assurances have been given that Governmental power would strictly be kept separate from Congress party activity and the one would not be allowed to merge into the other. But in actual practice, these assurances have been honoured only in the breach. The Congress President's propaganda tour is in itself an illustration of the mix-up of party ends with official position, and it would not have been possible in the manner in which it took place but for the President being also the Prime Minister. Ministers have completely abdicated a large part of their official duties in recent weeks for the sake of party propaganda, and rather than furnish this deplorable example of lack of application to duty, it would have been more honourable if they had resigned outright for the duration. It has also to be recorded that some of the Congress Ministers in Madras State have spent large sums out of public revenues on their constituencies as a sort of bribe to

advance themselves in local favour. One Minister in particular categorically asserted in a press conference that, right or wrong, he was bent on using Government resources on electioneering, 'let critics grouse as they pleased. Altogether, in these elections, Congress leaders in power have abused their official positions in the crudest and most shameless manner, without any sense of propriety, restraint, or even decency.

It is an indication of the level to which the Congress has sunk that, despite so much abuse of authority, the results have been so poor. The number of seats won is no indication of public support in the case of the Congress. One fact that has definitely emerged from the results of the polling so far is that an overwhelming majority of the population have voted for non-Congress candidates. Congress seats have been won largely less by

the strength of the Congress candidates electorally, than by division in the ranks of its opponents. In democratic systems of government there is a fair measure of correspondence between public opinion and the relative strengths of the various parties, and the victorious party has on its side the support of the majority of the voters. But the Congress is in the anomalous position of coming out victorious in the elections with the support of a minority of voters. The bulk of the people are already shown to be anti-Congress, but their political viewpoint is not represented in the disposition of seats in the legislature owing to defects of the electoral system and the unscrupulous character of some of the party bosses in power. We are in for Governments after the elections that will not have solid popular backing. Trouble alone can come out of this, not public welfare.

Sotto Voce

INSPIRATION FROM LAGADO

MR. DESHMUKH confirmed, the other day that an assurance had been given to foreign oil companies, who were establishing refineries in India, that they would not be nationalised for a specific number of years. He added brightly that "similar assurance would be given to any 'deserving' Indian companies". The Finance Minister forgot to specify who were to measure the deserts of the Indian suppliants for survival and by what yardstick. The Congress Government's cat-and-mouse policy

with Indian industry has not been calculated to inspire confidence in the one or the other.

Foreign capital has been so demonstratively "shy" that the oil companies aforesaid may have deserved a *quid pro quo* for courageously breaking the ice. And the Government for their part in the business seem to feel like patting themselves on the back. Mr. Deshmukh sees this deal not as the flight of a stray swallow but as the real onset of the sum-



mer of our industrial felicity. But I have never been able to take this alleged "shyness" seriously. It seemed to me that foreign investors held off not because they were really afraid they might be putting their heads into the lion's mouth. As wary pedlars they knew that well-simulated indifference is a powerful bargaining counter. They stood out for that five per cent extra, which they now seem like getting.

If ever India were in a mood to repudiate her contracts with the outside world, she would be made to realise soon enough that it did not pay. But the Congress, far from wishing to subject foreign interests to special disabilities, has loudly proclaimed its faith in C. R.'s famous 'croton' treatment. Crores of money have been wasted on a dam project now scrapped. Sir M. Visvesvaraya asks why American experts should have been called in to advise on such costly schemes when Indian engineers as good as any in the world were available. The reply is that the Congress has developed an impenetrable colour-blindness for quality.

The old veteran added, with pardonable vexation. "One characteristic of the present administration seems to be lack of confidence in its own people." Actually it is something worse. The administration, when it occasionally thinks of patronising indigenous talent, displays an unblest facility for picking out the wrong man. For key-positions it selects men who are afflicted with an incurable dilettantism and a total amnesia as to what the world has thought and done. Mr. Shannukham Chetti has been decorously making fun of the Planning Commission's ambition to restore pre-1939 production levels by 1956. The Commission's confidence of achieving that goal, modest enough though it be, I find far more comic.

Do you remember Swift's description of the Academy of Lagado? There the 'projectors', the opposite number of our planners, "contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new

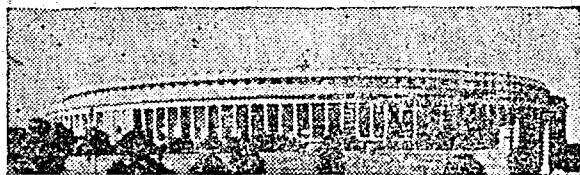
instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built, in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repair;..... with innumerable other happy proposals." There was only one snag in it: "the only inconvenience is that none of these projects are yet brought into perfection; and in the meantime the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins and the people without food or clothes." Does not that prophetic gleam hit off our plight to a T?

An expansive M. P. from the South who fancies himself cast in the mould of Palmerston complacently remarked the other day, *avant* Mr. Nehru's coquetting with Socialism, "We are all Socialists now." So were they all projectors in Lagado. True, there was a man here and there who "being not of an enterprising spirit" was "content to go on in the old forms, to live in the house his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part without innovation." But these men "were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant and ilcommonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

The truth, which made the ragged idealists of Lagado see red, was that the traditionalists flourished, when by all reckoning they should have been long ago dead. Our Government in its pursuit of "practical Socialism" systematically makes men poorer in order that they may become rich. It is bent on giving land to the "tiller". At the same time it expects "grow-more-food" miracles. It discovers on election-eve that industrial labour must be kept from wilting by the promise of provident funds by ordinance. But Mr. Nehru blames Jaya Prakash for encouraging the vaulting ambitions of railwaymen and promising to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers. Such pot-and-kettle amenities are the rich diet on which the Indian voter is asked to sustain life.

VIGNESWARA

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

LIKE Diogenes of old, Rana Jang Bahadur Singh is going about in his constituency, holding aloft a lamp in his hand in broad daylight. He told me, as he told thousands of others, that he sees darkness all around under the tyrannical rule of the Congress Party. (A bright sub-editor of *The Statesman* gave the story the Koestlerian caption of "Darkness at Noon".) Jang Bahadur, of course, does not subscribe to the philosophy of either Diogenes or Koestler. Rana Saheb is not a cynic like Diogenes, nor an alarmist like Koestler. Nor is he a sceptic, stoic or Epicurean. Diogenes himself was not a cynic in the sense in which the term has come to be understood in the present day. He was called a cynic because he lived like a dog (Sanskrit: *Sunaka*). Gilbert Murray tells us that Diogenes lived in a pitcher—and not in a tub as is generally supposed. It was Diogenes whom Alexander visited, and asked whether he wished any favour to be conferred on him—only to be requested that Alexander should step aside in order to let the sun's rays fall upon Diogenes!

Jang Bahadur's bright idea of carrying the lighted lantern has brought him many a voluntary worker. "This is Presidential stuff," as the character said in *The Senator Was Indiscreet*. James Burke, one of the best photographers of the American *Life* Magazine, is so impressed with some of the electioneering ideas that he is taking a large number of pictures of these candidates. Another candidate who has attracted the camera's attention is D. G. Kulkarni, whose camel has entered many homes without asking the residents to clear out.

A candidate who has chosen the "Bicycle" as his symbol has been faced by an opposition-slogan, "Beware of Cycle-Thieves." The suggestion is that the symbol of the "Cycle" has been appropriated by a non-

cyclist. For the candidate usually moves about in a limousine; and the bicycle is being used only for the duration. The Congress Party has set up a large number of black-marketeers as its candidates, and only a few honest men and women. Principal Gurumukh Nihal Singh told me that the local Congress leaders themselves had approached him to stand as a candidate, and he accepted their nomination after much hesitation. But one section of the Delhi Pradesh Congress Committee opposed his candidature at a later stage. Even the Congress High Command was not too willing to accept him, because he had written an article in the *Hindustan Times* which did not favour the combination of the Prime Ministership and the Congress Presidentship in one individual—in the controversy that arose about the Nehru-Tandon tussle. It was only after a great deal of discussion that Principal Nihal Singh was accepted as an official nominee of the Congress—for the revered Principal did not stoop to the method of visiting the members of the High Command in sack-cloth and ashes. The surprise is not that the Congress High Command displayed so much hesitation in accepting a man of integrity and ability, after having invited him to stand. The surprise is that they accepted him at all!

The main pre-occupation of Principal Nihal Singh is to keep the election expenses to less than Rs. 2,000, which is the maximum prescribed by the rules. But there is one Congress candidate who is spending about Rs. 2,400 per day at the rate of Rs. 6 per head of 400 paid workers. The learned Principal told me that some of his own friends are angry with him because they want him to win, and they therefore want him to spend money lavishly. "A man who spends a lakh of rupees for his election," said the genial educationist, "spends it

only in expectation of monetary returns of a lakh or four lakhs or more." Principal Nihal Singh was never a member of the Congress Party; it is therefore quite easy for him to be honest. But other candidates, both in the Congress and outside, have been adopting very questionable methods in their electioneering.

One candidate is trying to force all the members of his staff to ask their wives to canvas for him. Some of the husbands backed out on the ground that their wives are Communists, or haters of politics, or ill. Some of them could not back out; so they are forced to go round with the daughter of the candidate, although they themselves announce privately that they are going to vote for Sucheta Kripalani. The wives of members of the staff are not the personal servants of the daughters of the bosses; they are not, when you come to think of it, even the servants of their husbands. But in this country where man is master and woman is slave, nobody even pauses to think of such questions—except the women.

One of the posters of Sucheta Kripalani has been neatly posted outside the *Hindustan Times* office. A rival candidate, who works in an office in the vicinity, tried to obliterate this poster by pasting his own poster on it. But a few hours later, one of the workers of that office tore off the new poster, so that Sucheta's poster reappeared once again. Such is the battle of the posters!

One of the candidates, standing for election as an independent, was asked by the Press what his election manifesto was. He replied that he would serve his electorate by securing electricity for those who have no supply for their domestic use at present. He would give preference to people from his constituency when giving jobs in his business-concern. He would thus

serve his voters. He was asked what he would do if he was not elected. He would not in that case serve the electorate in this manner, he said!

A bullock was found dead in the heart of New Delhi over the week-end. A large crowd collected round the bullock, and discussion took place as to the ownership of the bullock. "Why did the bullock die?" asked one onlooker. "Because half the Congress is dead," replied another. "How come?" The wit pointed to a poster nearby bearing the picture of Jawaharlal Nehru and of the Congress symbol, two yoked bullocks. One of the bullocks is dead, said the wit.

The existence of the people of India under the Congress regime has been as miserable as that of the yoked bullocks. What a symbol to choose! The Congress Party will complete the unfinished business of reducing us to the position of actual bullocks, and yoked ones at that. There is a Telugu proverb which brings out the misery of the people in a feudal society. It can be freely translated as follows: "It is better to be born as a dog in the Rajkumari's Palace rather than as a human being."

Lao Tse has a similar tale to tell. Lao Tse and his disciples were going through a forest one day, and they heard a woman weeping. Lao Tse sent one of the disciples to find out what the matter was. The disciple came back, and told him that the woman was weeping because her son had been eaten up by a tiger. Not only that; another of her sons, and her husband had also been eaten up by a tiger at different times. "Why does she not leave the forest? Did you ask her that?" asked Lao Tse. "Yes. She said that she lived in the forest because there is no bad Government here." Lao Tse told his disciples: "Mark that. For it is better to be eaten up by a tiger than to live under bad Government."

Which of us does not admire what Lycurgus the Spartan did? A young citizen had put out his eye, and had been handed over to him by the people to be punished at his own discretion. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance, but on the contrary instructed and made a good man of him. Producing him in public in the theatre, he said to the astonished Spartans:—"I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country."—Epictetus.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMBASSADOR

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

I saw him first at the Central Secretariat in New Delhi. He came out of the office of a Minister on whom he had called accompanied by the Minister's secretary. He stopped in the passage-way and kept on talking earnestly with the secretary, then they moved on slowly towards the exit and he was still talking. He went up to his car, the chauffeur held the door open, and he still kept on talking. His face was serious and his voice earnest. After standing there in the fairly strong midday sun for more than a quarter of an hour he shook hands with the secretary and left. Only the stars-and-stripes flag on the bonnet of the car gave a clue to his identity. He had come unaccompanied. He was dressed simply, more simply than a high-powered American salesman even. Certainly he was the most simply dressed diplomat I have yet seen in Delhi, a place which veers to ultra-snobishness in the matter of male dress. He wore one of those narrow, soft-collars with a pin holding the lower ends together which is rather out of fashion now. This predisposed me in his favour at once as I am somewhat allergic to the American male dress which is aggressive when it is not badly cut and tailored.

The same evening I saw him at a reception given by a certain association. He was dressed in evening dress with black tie and an ordinary white shirt with soft collar. He was accompanied by his wife who was dressed very simply and who had on a light, pale-red coat which had seen many years of wear. Her hair was not marcelled: it fell up to the neckline and one could see that nothing more expensive than a simple brushing was all the attention it had received. There was a faint touch of lipstick but no rouge, no pencilled eyebrows. Her forehead and face were lined and it was what might be described as an intellectual face. So was his, the face of a college president, a counsellor of youth.

The reception began with the pass-

ing of cups of tea and coffee. The guests stood around in groups. He was talking with Sir Archibald Nye and I drew near. When he had finished and turned my way I told him my name and that I had written for an appointment for an interview which an editor had asked me to get. He said that he had been travelling in the south of India and that there was a pile (he raised one flat palm over the other to describe the size of the pile) of letters he had not yet seen. But he told me to ring up his secretary and get the appointment fixed for a day which he named. He added "You'd better ring her up tomorrow itself. I am leaving for the States on the eleventh." Then we talked of Ceylon which he said he must visit sometime this year. He also spoke of the New York correspondent of an Indian paper whom he had met. There was no conventional sign that the talk was over and that I had better scram but I made my bow and withdrew.

He is a tall man, big-framed but not heavy. His face is oval and rather pale, not red-blooded, which heightens the impression of the college president as one sees in America. It is a rugged face and till you see him smile you wouldn't think it was a very attractive face. But when he smiles his face lights up and he is transformed. When he speaks there is such utter absence of side and affectation, and so little of that unnecessarily painful American drawl that you are charmed. Most people speak their words out of phrase-books, especially diplomats and back-slapping, "Aren't-we-brother-Rotarians" type. His words seemed each of them thought out. To us used to the sight of memsahibs with their insincere *How-do-you-do's*, *Oh-my-dears* and Sahibs with their *I-must-says* and *Yes, of courses* this was a refreshing contrast. I must say, that for once, Anglophile that I am, I felt almost sold on America.

And this feeling was increased when he began to speak. It wasn't by any

means a very distinguished gathering except for the presence of certain diplomats such as the Afghan ambassador, Sir Archibald and Lady Nye, the Papal representative, Mr. and Mrs. K. P. S. Menon, Prof. Abdul Majid Khan and a few others. Most men in his place would have said a few platitudes and sat down. But he spoke with every sign of earnestness and all the force at his command as if he were addressing a very important gathering. Here was someone who was something more than a diplomat: here was a man who had the real interests of an understanding between America and India.

He began by saying that he did not claim that everything America did was right and everything that the others did was wrong. He only wanted to place the facts before us. Briefly he traced the beginning of American policy from the no-entangling-alliances warning of Washington to the Monroe doctrine. He said how when the first World War started he was a boy and his father came home and announced the news adding that it wouldn't affect them, that they (the Americans) would have nothing to do with it. "We all settled back comfortably," he said. Then he described how America was drawn in, then how later President Wilson formulated the League of Nations and how "a handful of wilful men" wrecked Wilson's plan, how yet again when the second World War started, America had no intention of joining in, why those intentions could not be kept up, how there had been the utmost friendliness between China and America and how tens of thousands of Americans had lived in China, how America had supplied troops and war material to both Nationalist and Communist China for the purpose of driving back the Japanese, how the differences arose later, and the part that General Marshal played and how he failed, and why America is in Korea. He deplored the rearmament programme. "Every tank might be a school playground, every airplane might be hospital or clinic," America, he said, wanted Korea for the Koreans, but America could not get out of the war unless there was an assurance that it would not start all over again between south and north Korea. Then he referred



Sri G. Ramachandra Rao, candidate for House of the People from Vijayawada.

to India. America and India, he told his listeners, have different backgrounds but both are working towards the same conception of a free world. He spoke, of course, more exhaustively, and with deep-felt convictions. I have just touched upon the main points of his speech.

When he sat down there was prolonged applause. In Delhi where not a day passes without some celebrity or other making a public speech this was the first time that I had listened raptly to what a speaker said. And yet he had used no rhetoric: he had no magnetic personality, so to say. In sending Mr. Chester Bowles to India America has sent an expert completely according to specifications. If one may say so without sounding flippant one would like to say, "Mr. Truman is to be complimented."

TURKEY: TWO REVOLUTIONS IN A GENERATION

By MARK GAYN

Despite a second industrial revolution, within one generation, and an accompanying revival of religious fervour, Turkey still has a long way to go if she is to justify her membership in the Western community of nations.

NO one in Istanbul is likely to forget the funeral of Marshal Chakmak. Right in the middle of the ceremony, a band of burly, heavily bearded men pushed through the assembled government officials and foreign diplomats. The men elbowed aside the military guard of honour, took the body over, marched with it to a cemetery, and proceeded to bury it in their own, orthodox Moslem way. There were official gasps, consternation, red faces. The formal funeral was hastily called off. But no one dared to order the arrest of the intruders.

In Istanbul and Ankara, passionate posters appeal to the faithful to wreck statues of Kemal Pasha, the founder of modern Turkey who warred on old-fashioned religion. Throughout Turkey, statues of Kemal have been mutilated, there have been clashes between students and religious fanatics, hundreds have been arrested, and huge mass meetings have been called to denounce and protest.

One could cite hundreds of such examples. But even these few serve to show the depth of the religious fervour sweeping Turkey. Long kept down by Kemal Pasha, the Moslem Church—the tens of thousands of meuzzins and Koran teachers—is on the warpath. It wants more than the right to grow beards, wear fezzes, or preach in Arabic. It is now intent on regaining its old position as the arbiter of private lives and public policy.

Oddly enough, the revival of old-fashioned religious fervour is a by-product of one of the most remarkable revolutions of this day—a revolution that has sharply changed Turkey's social structure, with barely a nose-bleed to show for it.

The story of Turkey's new revolution goes back to that day in 1919, when Mustapha Kemal Pasha emerged from the wreckage of the old

Ottoman empire. Kemal was an imperious, hard-faced soldier, with a tremendous driving power, great courage, a fierce desire to rebuild Turkey as a modern nation, and a lust for life, wine and women. He was formerly called Ghazi ("Hero"), he himself preferred to be known as Ataturk (Father of the Turks) and his enemies used less flattering terms. Yet no one could deny that he and his "Young Turks" remade the country. They revived the demoralized Turkish army enough to defeat the Greeks, the French and the British. They annulled the "unequal" foreign treaties. They curbed the power of the ignorant Moslem preachers, abolished the fez, the veil and the harem, and brought education up from the 16th century to at least the 19th century.

Most important of all, they took Turkey's first modest steps towards industrialization. Since there was not enough private capital, Kemal took the State into industry—into railroads, and shoemaking, banks and ceramics, shipping and cigarettes, foundries and slaughter-houses. This was the beginning of Turkey's first Industrial Revolution—of State-in-business or "etatism." When, wasted by too much living, Kemal died in 1938, his policies were continued by one of his aides, Ismet Inonu.

As etatism spread its tentacles, a new class began to emerge in the cities. It comprised the great landlords of Anatolia (Asiatic Turkey), who came to enjoy the flesh pots of Istanbul and Izmir—and stayed on to reap the profits of usury and speculation. It included the landlords' sons, who studied in universities and refused to go back to the boredom of Anatolian villages. It finally embraced the rich Greek, Jewish and American traders of the great Turkish ports.

The new mercantile class wanted to invest its money in new business, but

wherever it turned it ran into State competition. By the time World War II ended, this restless and aggressive class had begun to think of political action. It found a champion in the new Democratic Party, headed by Celal Bayar, an aging ex-Premier and Istanbul banker.

A legend has it that when the war ended, President Inonu decided he would make Turkey a democracy by creating an Opposition party. Thus—the story goes—he called in Bayar and told him to form a new party. Bayar took a splinter off the ruling People's Party, and formed it into the Democratic Party.

Whatever the truth, the new party, financed and provided by the new mercantile class, soon proved to be a thorn in the Government's side. And when the last elections came around, in May, 1950, the party became the rallying point for both the new-rich in the cities and the half-starved peasantry of Anatolia. To its own surprise, the Democratic Party won more than 400 seats, and Inonu's People's Party slumped to a mere 69.

Celal Bayar became Turkey's third President. Throughout the country, Democratic bosses began to erase Inonu's name from the streets, parks and schools. The Parliament began a great debate on what to do with the memory of Ataturk—now that his programme was being junked. The Moslem Church has been given certain freedoms—and violently demanded more. And, with most of her own people unaware of it, Turkey was in the midst of her second Industrial Revolution within a single generation.

Since that crucial mid-May day in 1950, the new Government has been moving toward two main goals. One has been free enterprise—and the end of hated etatism. The other has been tighter bonds with the West.

The progress in the first direction has been painfully slow, and there has been much anger and complaint. Labour which voted for the Democrats, is still waiting for the promised right to strike and organize freely. The peasantry is still waiting for a major redistribution of land—though more has been done in the past year than in the five which preceded it. And even the wealthy backers of the Democra-

tic Party are not joyous. Thus far, the State has sold only one of many industrial plants—a textile mill—to a private investor. It has announced the transfer of the State tobacco, tea and match monopolies to private hands. It has set up banks to get rid of its shipping and agriculture interests to private buyers. Finally, foreign investors have been promised a free hand.

This is not much. Yet many of the brickbats tossed at the Government have been undeserved. The Democrats have inherited a State machinery and tradition steeped in corruption and inefficiency for which they are not responsible.

Another handicap is that Turkey is still an agricultural country. Some 87 per cent of her 21,000,000 people are peasants, and landlords are still her richest men. They sometimes own 10 to 20 villages; dominate local politics; form a powerful bloc in the Parliament; and control the right wing of the Democratic Party.

Finally, wide-open free enterprise is impossible because there is simply not enough private money to do the job. There are plenty of rich men in the narrow streets of Galata, business heart of Istanbul, but they would rather invest in rugs or land or usury.

For the moment, therefore, the year-old Industrial Revolution II represents mainly a shift in the balance of political power—from the landlords to the merchants and bankers. But the hand of history is plain. The trader has won his crucial battle, and from now on he must grow stronger.

If history runs true, the trader's victory will bring with it social progress. There is plenty of room for it. One has only to travel to eastern or southern Anatolia where the villages are built of mud and horse dung; where the landlords own everything from the village store to water itself; where there are only two hospital beds to each 100,000 of population; and where illiteracy is overwhelming.

Ankara's second headache today is supplied by defence. With a long and exposed frontier with Russia, Turkey has long felt herself in danger.

Impelled by this fear, Ankara was only too happy, early in 1947, to subscribe to the Truman Doctrine. Under

it, thus far, the U. S. has supplied about half a billion dollars worth of military equipment; has sent a military mission now numbering some 700 officers and men; and has reshaped some of the ways and strategic concepts of the Turkish army.

Along with the physical change there has been a change in strategy. No one knows when the enemy will strike. But if the blow ever falls, few experts now think that Turkey could, or should, defend her entire vulnerable frontier. Thus the concept of the "Iron Triangle" has come into being. Formed by the Taurus and Amanus mountain ranges, the "Triangle" points its sharp apex north and has its base on the Mediterranean.

Work on the "Triangle" is now expected to be completed by next year. But to this day there is uncertainty in Ankara. The Turks would like a clearer idea of just how much help they can count on. Does the West see Turkey as an expendable air base—to be used in the first week of the war, and then abandoned? Will the West supply enough heavy equipment to enable the Turks themselves to put up a good fight?

It is this concern which impelled Ankara to press so long and so hard for its inclusion in the Atlantic Pact. Turkey feels that once she is part of a common Western defence system, she will no longer be regarded as an expendable outpost. And now her dreams of alliance with the West are being realized. At the recent Ottawa Conference the 12 North Atlantic Treaty nations recommended that Turkey and Greece be brought into the Atlantic Treaty system. Only approval of the member-Parliaments remains to be given.

But when all this is said, the biggest problem before Celal Beyar and his Government is still the new revolution. For it takes more than jets and radar to wage successful defence; Turkey must also take drastic steps—more drastic than anything yet attempted—to relieve the misery of her peasants, ease the lot of her pauper-workers; trim down the corrupt and heavy-handed bureaucracy built over the past 20 years; build schools, hospitals, power plants and waterworks, and develop industry.

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PARLIAMENTARY GOVT. AND POLITICAL PARTIES

By V. LINGAMURTY, M.A. B.Ed.

MODERN democracies may broadly be classified on the basis of their governmental structure into two types, parliamentary and non-parliamentary. With the notable exception of the U. S. A. almost all democracies in the world have adopted the parliamentary system. According to our new Constitution, the Indian Republic is made a parliamentary democracy. Political theory and practice clearly show that the success of parliamentary government depends mainly on a sound system of political parties. Well organised political parties form the *sine quo non* not only for the formation but for the smooth and successful working of parliamentary government.

The absence of fixation of the tenure of the Cabinet is at once a characteristic feature and also the chief weakness of parliamentary government. It depends for its tenure on the legislature, for it has to resign when a vote of no confidence is passed against it by the legislature on any major issue. The remedy for this defect lies in a good party system. The executive can be given sufficient stability in a country which develops the two party system. The successful working of parliamentary governments in the U. K. and Canada which have developed the two-party system, proves this fact. The one instance of Mackenzie King who continued as the Prime Minister of Canada for 21 years is sufficient to refute the charge of executive instability levelled against the parliamentary system of government. The working of parliamentary government in France is also indicative of the close relationship between the parliamentary system and political parties. Cabinet instability has become a characteristic feature of the French Government and cabinet making a headache due to the presence of multiple parties. One month after the formation of the new legislature in July 1951 the President of France was unable to form a stable Cabinet and even to this day France

remains a laboratory of Cabinet experiments. The working of parliamentary government in Canada and in France is indicative of the fact that executive instability is not a defect inherent in the parliamentary system, but is due to the absence of a sound party system. In the Madras State for a time parliamentary government became a scandal beginning with the pulling down of Mr. T. Prakasam from the office of the Chief Minister, due to the growth of fissiparous groups in the Congress Party. These illustrations go to show that governmental instability is not a disease inherent in the parliamentary system but is only a symptom of a disease. The malady lies in the existence of too many parties in the legislature. If that malady is cured, the parliamentary system may work smoothly and successfully.

The rise of a number of small parties in a country may lead to another danger. Under such a system no party may be able to command a stable majority in the legislature and a coalition Cabinet may become inevitable. From political practice we find that a homogeneous Cabinet is better than a composite one for doing any work with vigour and promptness. "Compromise" will become the guiding principle of a composite Cabinet and no policy can be pursued by it effectively and boldly. Its composite nature will turn the Cabinet into a debating club often leading to political deadlocks and consequent dissolution of the Cabinet. Moreover, collective responsibility of the Cabinet which is a significant feature in the parliamentary system becomes an impossibility if the Cabinet is not homogeneous. Due to its homogeneity the British Cabinet could establish a tradition of joint responsibility while such collective responsibility is lacking in France due to the composite nature of the Cabinet.

As modern democracy and party system are inseparable, the inauguration of our democratic republic has led to the emergence of different

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parties. The time has come for the development of a party system on a sound basis for the successful working of our parliamentary government. Having borrowed the parliamentary system from the West, we have to develop our parties also on the Western model. If we do the former without the latter, our parliamentary system may remain half-baked, and far from being palatable, it may prove very sour. Parties are formed in the West not on personal or communal considerations but on certain principles, political and economic. But in India unfortunately, many of the parties that have been formed are far from political in their nature. They are formed either to promote communalism or to satisfy the vanity of certain individuals. The Dravida Khazhagam, the Scheduled Castes' Federation and the Hindu Mahasabha are instances of communalism in party organisation. The formation of parties to satisfy the vanity of certain individuals is not only scandalous but dangerous for the proper working of parliamentary government in India. No other factor except this can explain the formation in Andhra of separate parties by Sri N. G. Ranga and Sri A. Kaleswara Rao.

The future of parliamentary government in India will be gloomy if parties grow on the present lines. Nearly 15 to 20 parties are going to compete in the elections for the House of the People as well as the State Assemblies. If even one-fourth of these parties capture some seats in the House of the People and if any one party fails to get a majority over all the others put together, a coalition Cabinet will become inevitable. The natural corollary of it will be instability of the Cabinet and there can be no greater disaster for the country than that, especially in the troublous times through which India is passing. When too many parties compete, the party which is not liked by the majority of voters may come into power. For example, when 18 parties besides the Congress compete in the elections each of the 18 getting 3 percent of the total votes, the Congress that may get the remaining 36 per cent of the total votes can capture all the seats. This has actually happened in the recent municipal elections in Delhi where 247 candidates con-

tested elections for 50 seats.

The crying need of the hour is the development of a two-party system to make our parliamentary government a success. To ensure executive stability and continuity of policy, to check the self-seeking minority groups from coming into power and to have a smooth working of government, it is essential to develop the two-party system. The crisis in our parliamentary democracy can be overcome by such a system of party organisation. This work can be done effectively only by the electorate. The coming elections offer a great opportunity to the electorate in India to check the growth of numerous parties and ensure the success of the parliamentary system. Communal considerations and personal loyalties have to be set aside and votes must be cast in such a way that two major parties may be returned to the legislature. Much can be learnt by our electorate from the recent elections in Great Britain for the Mother of Parliaments, the House of Commons. The candidates of the Communist Party had to forfeit their deposits, and few of the Independent and Liberal candidates could succeed in the elections with the result that the Conservatives and Labourites constitute the two major parties in the House of Commons. This has a two-fold significance. It reveals, firstly, the strengthening of the two-party system; and secondly the creation of a strong opposition so that the party in power may work with caution and restraint.

It is clear that under the two-party system, executive stability and cabinet responsibility are closely linked with each other. Cabinet stability will be possible only if one party commands a majority in a legislature not divided into small groups. Stability can be coupled with responsibility only if a strong opposition party also is elected to the legislature. The opposition party is the watch dog of democracy. By means of interpellations the party in power is made answerable for its actions. But under one party rule as it exists in India today, the parliamentary system proves to be a mockery. If the story of the Delhi municipal elections is to be repeated in the ensuing parliamentary elections also, India will have one party dictatorship and not parliamentary democracy.

INTERNATIONALITY AND NATIONALITY IN CULTURE

By JAMES H. COUSINS

(A lecture delivered at the British Council, Madras on December 21, 1951.)

THE terms nationality and internationality are much in use today; especially the latter as a preventive of the evils associated with antagonisms between nations. In this connection it is generally given a political connotation. "The parliament of men, the federation of the world" is expected to solve all problems. The failure of the League of Nations and the partial success of the United Nations Organization suggest some flaw of a deeper kind than political organization. Neither political nor economic internationalism appears to solve problems. This, it appears to me, is due to the fact that expedients which are reactions to external necessity lead nowhere in the long run. They set more store on an enforced uniformity of action than on a conformation to the inescapable variety in humanity and nature. Particularly do they miss the urge to height, the impulse away from the gross towards the fine, that forever seeks to animate human action, and, being frustrated, takes a subtle revenge on individual and group morale. Air-travel may carry the members of the Parliament of Man from the ends of the earth to their meeting-place in a few hours; but the character of the members does not undergo a sea-change across the Atlantic or Pacific oceans; nor does the Empire State building of New York elevate more than the corpus of its inhabitants.

Nationality, according to the dictionary, is "birth or membership in a particular country." It also means "national character." The definition carries with it the assumption of ideas, feelings, customs and expression which make up the general characteristic called culture. But culture does not bud and flower in a vacuum. Its traits are generated, developed, fixed and modified by growth in a particular natural and climatic environment.

They show themselves particularly in the arts, which are the authentic expression of a nation's culture. It is sometimes asserted, especially by persons interested in imposing the arts of one nation on another, that art, like science and mathematics, is universal. It is a fact that the impulse to expression in some form of art is common to humanity in all ages. But this is not the whole truth. Science and mathematics, though contemplated by the subjective mind, have their reality outside it. Sir Oliver Lodge did not create the ether, nor did subsequent scientists disintegrate it. The analytical formulae by which any power of a binomial can be expressed and developed merely expresses and develops that which exists in the nature of things; it does not create it.

With art it is different. While the influences that shape and colour the forms through which the cultural process shows itself are external to the executive consciousness of the artist, their expression has to pass its final revelation through distinctions of physique, temperament, environment, and traditional habits of thought, feeling and execution. These distinctions are the national variations on the universal expression that have given rise to the saying that the quickest and truest way to the understanding of a nation is through its arts.

We can see characteristics of nationality in culture on a large scale in a comparison of the fundamentals of eastern and western music and dance. Indian music is entirely melodic. It moves along a single line of sound. Simultaneity of sound is foreign to it. This linear freedom has led to an immense elaboration in the succession of swarans (notes) and in an unfettered extemporization according to the movements of the moods of the musician. Within the national circle are such subdivisions

of the national type as the Carnatic and Hindusthani sub-national type, the differences in these rising from certain historical and temperamental variations within the melodic circle. There is no harmony in Indian music. Western music, on the other hand, is based on harmony. Melody is integral to it; but it is not free melody; it has to move in compliance with the harmonic progression of its accompaniment; when it pauses in its progression to indulge in a cadenza, harmony is suspended or merely nominal. Yet within the harmonic structure of western music there are recognisable differences of temperamental expression on the part of the composer, and a temperamental grouping that has led to comparative studies in, say, Russian music as contrasted with French music or Italian music.

A similar national differentiation between east and west is observable in dance. Here an interesting reversal takes place. Indian music is non-harmonious. Indian dance, on the other hand, partakes of the nature of harmony; it expresses itself by the use of a movement-language from the eyebrows to the feet and by a code of hand signals (*mudras*) so closely as to be practically simultaneous, like the perpendicularly grouped notes of western music. Indian dance is not only dance, satisfying the desire for rhythmic movement. The same desire has led to the development of rhythmic expressions of the nature of musical fantasia, sometimes alone as in the exquisite *tilanna*, sometimes as short intervals of relief in the telling of stories. But the main purpose of the classical Indian drama is the representation of events from the traditional lore of the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana," expressing high devotional and philosophical ideas. Within this nationwide circle of indigenous Indian dance may be mentioned such sub-national variations as the ancient Bharatanatyam and the Kathakali of recent date in the south, and such northern variations as the Manipuri and Kathak forms of dance. The old stately dances of the west (polkas, waltzes, Sir Rogers, and others) were overtaken by motional exaggeration and caricature. Their intention was pleasure, aesthetical at its highest, but capable of falling to lower levels of

sense enjoyment, having no controlling influence from devotion or idealistic expression. The story-telling of the recently developed ballet is confined to the emotional and sensuous aspects of ordinary life; aspiration in the Indian sense of the term, has no place in it. Specialists in the art of rhythmic representation like Dalcroze criticise it for its acrobatics, which, clever though they be, are not art.

The differences within similarities which I have briefly mentioned, and others which have to be taken for granted, are the material of art-criticism, and give the special pleasure of combined analysis and synthesis by the informed and illuminated mind. But to realise their fundamental relationship we have to bear in mind the physical fact that humanity exists in groups on the surface of a globe which perpetually moves around a pole tilted at an angle of 23-1/2 degrees from the perpendicular of the sun; that its movement around the sun in a year makes a succession of seasonal changes in light and darkness, and heat and cold; that this causes differences in natural environment (such as are acknowledged by figures of speech in poetry) and in the materials of art (such as rocks in Ellora where the Kailasa temple is cut from a hillside, and toolable timbers in Travancore where wood-carving attained a remarkable height of achievement). Besides geography, geology and climatology in culture, there is history through which national groups move, and a traditional memory that gathers up and transmits cultural qualities.

The question arises, Can culture be made an accessory to the propaganda of internationalism? If internationalism means uniformity, as sometimes it would appear, it is, as far as one can judge, against the trend of nature and therefore cannot ultimately succeed. Variety is the essence of expression, and must grow from its own roots. Hybridization in culture can only lead to mongrelism in expression.

There will, of course, be an inevitable exchange of details, but fundamentals will remain and be a perpetual rebuke to foreign externalities. It is true that Debussy, the French composer of a generation ago, got the idea of a scale of equal tones from

hearing the tonality of the Javanese gamelan at a World's Fair in Paris, and brought a new quality into western music. But the melodic elaborateness of South Indian music cannot be carried over into western harmonic music; nor can western harmony be put to Indian music without the destruction of its distinctive charm.

True internationality in culture, as

far as I can see, can only be of the nature of mutual interest and understanding. Criss-crossing cannot produce the high achievements of indigenous expression or give to the world the stimulus and purification that are inherent in authentic national culture. Given this mutual interest and understanding we may confidently leave the future of culture to the tender mercies of the generations to be.

AN ELECTION MARRIAGE

By *Longbow*

THE Central Election Committee made a grievous blunder by giving the Nationalist Party Ticket to Ramachandra for the Visveswarapura constituency to the Sultanabad State Legislative Assembly. Of course they conferred the honour on the basis of a hunger strike he undertook ten years ago to secure the release of his brother-in-law. But little did they scent the danger inherent in his possessing a grown-up daughter in dire need of matrimony. His only rival Sureschandra was the father of an eligible bridegroom sighing for the hand of the girl. The result was that any chance of representation of the Party on the Legislature from the Visveswarapura constituency was blasted for ever.

With a round trot in distinct contrast to his shambling gait, Ramachandra shot into his house one evening with a telegram. His wife was shocked.

"Any bad news?" she interrogated with genuine concern.

"No, it is quite the contrary," Ramachandra panted for breath.

With a glow of pride on his perspiring face, he unfolded that the Nationalist Party had given him a ticket.

"Is it a family pass?" the wife asked naively. "To which picture house?"

"You are silly" Ramachandra chided her. "This ticket is different from a cinema ticket. In the vocabulary of elections, ticket means permission to stand for the Assembly on behalf of the Party. The Nationalist Party has chosen me as their candidate for

Visveswarapura constituency. It is a rare honour. I will be one of the one hundred and twenty three legislators of the State. And the officials will tremble in their shoes before me."

"So you are a member of the Assembly" the wife was happy. "It's grand."

"You are in a womanish hurry" the husband lost his temper. "It is only the first step. I have to fight the elections. I should woo and win the electorate. They are about six thousand. There is a competitor in Sureschandra. I should spend at least six thousand rupees. An election cannot be fought on an empty purse as the electorate will not vote on an empty stomach. Sureschandra proposes to give them idly and coffee on the polling day. But I shall give them a good lunch and deprive him of all the votes."

"That is a bother for you" the wife advised him. "Return the ticket and live peacefully."

"You are raw and inexperienced," Ramachandra replied. "With great difficulty I have obtained the ticket. It is a goose that lays the golden eggs. It holds the key to unlock the chamber of influence, power and glory. Influence leads one on to power and power begets glory. And glory is the conduit for the flow of money. Call me an ass if a pearl necklace does not glitter on your bosom within a year."

"Who will vote for you?" Mrs. Ramachandra raised a doubt. "Your Party may be wise in its own eyes, but people are critical in its record. What has it done except to increase the

taxes, reduce the rations, and ask people to fast and mope for precious freedom's sake. They say that it has entered into an electoral alliance with the baniyas and blackmarketeers and your leaders, resting on the laurels of fifteen or twenty years ago have turned lazy and lugubrious."

"You are talking nonsense" Ramachandra reprimanded his wife. "The Nationalist Party is not a party. It represents the Nation. Ours is a catholic fraternity. We speak for old women and sweet seventeens, blackmarketeers and black buyers, sanatanists and atheists, boozers and Sarvodaitees. We are sure to sweep the polls. Besides, we are blessed with a leader who makes up for all our foibles. He is as handsome as Rudolph Valentino, as brainy as Bernard Shaw, and as eloquent as Cicero. There is no statesman in the world who can attract crowds and sway audiences like him. He possesses a magic wand to hypnotise friends and foes alike into dropping the ballot paper into our box. We can file our nomination papers and sit tight and trust in him, which is as good as trusting in God. He will pull our chestnuts out of the fire."

"I hear Sureshchandra too has secured a ticket" Mrs. Ramachandra reminded him of his competitor.

"That's the Workers' Party Ticket" Ramachandra sniffed his nose. "It is as good-for-nothing as a platform ticket, with which you can walk up and down the platform and gaze at streaming humanity but cannot board the train. The Workers' Party is in the same plight. They will miss the Election Train. They dare not even darken the postern door of the canteen of the Legislative Assembly."

"But Sureschandra is telling everybody that he will rifle the Rajpramukh's treasury and divert its contents into the cash boxes of the voters" Mrs. Ramachandra observed. "Besides he will dispossess the landlords of their land, distribute it to the landless peasantry. People will naturally back him up. What is your election cry except to ask people to miss a meal a week, eat groundnut powder, suffer for the sake of freedom, and vote for you."

"The future of the Rajpramukhs is guaranteed by the Constitution" Ramachandra explained. "They are as unshakable as the King of England."

If anyone tries to tamper with the exchequer, he will be hauled up before a police court." Ramachandra laughed, enjoying his humour.

"Leave the Rajpramukh to his wealth and I know that neither you nor Sureschandra can aspire to one anna of his wealth" Mrs. Ramachandra spoke in a jesting tone. "What about the marriage of our daughter? With her spacious hip and large waistline, she has earned the title of 'Ammami.' Sureschandra had agreed to give his son in marriage to her. And both are fond of each other. But the wretched elections have come in the way. First find a husband and then arrange the luncheon for the voters."

"Don't you worry about her?" Ramachandra replied. "She is the cynosure of all eyes, a blithe buxom girl. Sureshchandra's son is not the only boy in the world. Let me first win the election."

"But Rajam will not sneeze at any other boy" Mrs. Ramachandra spoke with concern. "Last evening she was having a spin with Sureshchandra's son in the public gardens and it has provided enough grist to the gossip mill in the town."

At this moment Sureshchandra himself turned up for a leisurely chat with Ramachandra.

"We have been great friends all these years" he began. "Should the elections divide us? You have not seen me for a week. Let us be sports. Election rivalry is one thing and personal relationship another."

"Sport!" Ramachandra's eyes gleamed with fire. "It does not lie in your mouth to use that fine English word. Did you not orate to a brood of labourers three days back that I am a blackmarketeer, hoarding one thousand bags of rice. Is it not an incitement to them to loot my house? You are not a sport—you are a spoilsport!"

"Truth is unpalatable" Sureshchandra retorted. "Do you deny it?"

"I am not going to bandy words with a gossip-monger."

"Forget it" Sureshchandra tried to assuage his feelings. "Election is not fought according to the ten commandments. Allegations and counter-allegations—they are the very breath of electioneering."

"Again who is responsible for driv-

ing a donkey along the streets with a placard *Vote for me—Ramachandra*?"

"Not I" quick came the reply. "It must be the mischief of some misguided youths. I do not need a donkey to conduct my elections. I have enough bipeds to do the job for me."

"I am fed up with your nonsense" Ramachandra walked out in a huff into the water closet.

Mrs. Ramachandra had been a silent witness to the animated conversation.

"Stop quarrelling like school children" she exclaimed. "There are more vital problems in life to be settled. What about the marriage of your son—he is not a child. And Rajam longs for his hand. Why don't you settle the marriage immediately?"

"My boy too is eager to marry her," Sureshchandra replied. "In fact last evening they were discussing endlessly I know not what in a room upstairs and I asked them not to throw away a pleasant evening and suggested a spin in the gardens."

"You are the author of the mischief" Mrs. Ramachandra was surprised. "You have raised a scandal. My husband must consent to the wedding. Is that also an election stunt?"

"You may call it anything" Sureshchandra spoke lightheartedly. "But my hands are full with the elections now. For another two months I cannot think of anything else. But everything lies in your hands. If I am relieved of the bother of elections, I can arrange the wedding immediately."

"How?"

"Let your husband withdraw from the contest and allow me to be returned unopposed. It will spare me a lot of trouble. I do not want any dowry. I am also willing to divert half my election expenses to you to celebrate the marriage. Now and here I will pass you a cheque for three thousand rupees."

Mrs. Ramachandra took the cheque and the miracle was worked. The Returning Officer found only the nomination paper of Sureschandra in impeccable order. And Ramachandra did not even darken the compound wall of the office of the Returning Officer. All was O. K. with the former's paper. Even the spelling of the father's name tallied with the entry in the electoral rolls.

A flutter was caused in the office of the Nationalist Party when they received a letter from Ramachandra expressing his inability to file the nomination paper and to retire from politics forthwith. After the marriage of his daughter, he proposed to go on a pilgrimage to all the holy places in the country and thus gather some virtue which might stand him in good stead in the life hereafter.

The gaily decked marriage pandal, flowers, plantain leaves and banana peels strewn in the vicinity, and the movement of bustling women in fine coloured saris proclaimed a wedding some days later. The inevitable Nadaswaram added to the delightful confusion in the household. Rajam and Sureshchandra's son had become man and wife.

"With a platform ticket you got into the train, did you not?" Ramachandra poked fun at Sureshchandra. He shed tears. They were tears of joy.

"You are wrong," Sureshchandra retorted. "I succeeded by asking my boy to have a spin with your daughter in the most crowded localities of the town. That clinched both the issues—election and marriage."

Mrs. Ramachandra smiled. It was an understanding smile.

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THAILAND: AN OASIS OF PEACE

By MADAN GOPAL

MOST countries of South-East Asia are experiencing difficulties of a serious nature. The Socialist Government of Burma is engaged in suppressing the insurrection; a large body of British and Gurkha troops are engaged in "rounding up" the "bandits" in Malaya, bandits who seem to elude them; the French are busy fighting the Viet-Minh forces to save the French empire in Asia from liquidation; and the cessation of hostilities in Indonesia and China is recent history.

But in the midst of chaos and civil war all round, there is one country where life flows at an even ebb—peaceful and slow-moving. It is Thailand, formerly called Siam. The country is very small, double the size of Uttar Pradesh with one-quarter of its population; it is pretty; it is fertile; and there is plenty of food and imported consumer goods.

Tourists often compare Bangkok, Thailand's capital, with Paris. The comparison is perhaps erroneous: Bangkok cannot boast of the literary or cultural life of Paris; and Bangkok has never exported ideas of revolutions.

When the tourists talk of Paris they do not think of the things that give Paris its character according to the French. The tourists think of what matters to them—sightseeing, shopping and the night life. On a modest scale all the three are available in Bangkok which is gay at night, with freedom of enterprise.

Generally speaking the Thais are a people who have few inhibitions. Because Thailand somehow managed to keep an appearance of independence of the Western nations which conquered most parts of Asia, the Thais do not have that aggressive nationalism which is bitterly opposed to the European nations. In food, dress and social customs, they do not seem to be tied down to the past. There are very few restaurants in Bangkok which would serve Thai food; you

can have European food or Chinese food, but not Thai dishes. And most city dwellers in Thailand would not normally eat two meals in the house. They like the restaurant life—provided, of course, they can afford it.

Pride In Westernization

Like the Turks the Thais feel—and like to feel—that theirs is a modern country, modern in the European sense. That the country is a monarchy and the social and economic system still feudal is immaterial; they feel they are the most advanced nation in Asia (next perhaps to Japan.) The people take pride in putting on European dress—a few years ago, Pibul Songkram is reported to have passed a law that every Thai must dress himself like a European.

However, there are few things on which the Thais are very insistent. Take the case of language. Until the twenties the use of English was very common, the milestones and names of railway stations were in English; then the Government decided on the use of Thai language in all official business. Today the Thais are proud of their national language.

What gives importance to Thailand is its strategic location in relation to its neighbours; on the north is China, on the east Indo-China, on the south is Malaya and on the west, the Union of Burma. The security of Thailand is, thus, of great concern to these four countries.

It was this fact that made France and Britain realise Thailand's great value as a buffer state, like Switzerland in Europe, later making it possible for Thailand to play off one European power against another. It was thus that Thailand maintained its independence in the troublous times of the 19th century. France and Britain watched each other's possessions in Burma, Malaya and Indo-China with suspicion, but apart from attempts to establish some influence at the Thai court, with a view to gaining trade facilities, they did not

succeed in their designs if and when they had any.

When in the thirties Japan menaced the position of European possessions in Asia, Thailand struck a hard bargain with all the powers concerned; she obtained military equipment from European powers to strengthen her defence against Japan. And when the latter started on her march in Asia, she became her ally and enriched herself at the cost of British and French possessions in Burma, Malaya and Indo-China by annexing certain areas of these countries. It was the safe rear provided by Thailand that enabled Japan to occupy Indo-China and fan out into Burma and Malaya.

And when Japan was defeated, Thailand promptly renounced the treaties concluded under Japanese patronage, and returned all the ceded areas. She chafed under British pressure for the acceptance of the 21 demands presented by Lord Mountbatten on behalf of Britain and was able to save herself because of the support given to her against Britain by the U. S. A.

The economic importance of Thailand is no less than its strategic value to South-East Asia. She is the only country in Asia with a considerable surplus of rice for export. All countries in Asia—India, Pakistan and Japan, etc.—look to her for rice to feed their populations. And because the prices of primary commodities have been steeply rising, Thailand is in a very strong position to dictate her terms. She arbitrarily fixes the price of its exportable rice. Knowing that rice-importing countries must have rice, she seems to adopt the attitude: this is our price, you take it or leave it.

Thailand is primarily an agricultural country. The bulk of the people are peasants who grow rice. The land is fertile and there is plenty of water (the two things which strike the visitor are the large number of pagodas, or Buddhist temples, and bridges, small or big, over rivers, rivulets or water channels—the Thais are fond of bridges; they build them anywhere and everywhere).

Thailand's annual rice exports total more than a million and a half tons.

Thailand is also an exporter of various other strategic materials; she

accounts for nearly 8 per cent of the world supply of tin and 35,000 tons of rubber, besides huge quantities of teak which is in great demand.

As the products of Thailand fetch good prices in the markets of the world, the country earns considerable foreign exchange, and is able to import consumer goods in plenty. The import duties being non-existent or nominal, the prices of consumer goods are reasonably low and the needs of the population satisfied.

Dissatisfaction arises out of political consciousness, and the only politically conscious section of the population of Thailand is that of the foreign immigrants, the Viet-Nameese, the Malay Muslims and the Chinese. And the guiding factor in determining the home and foreign policies of Thailand are the minorities.

Political Structure

Till about 1932 Thailand was ruled by an absolute monarchy helped by a few princes, a dozen or so noblemen and a few advisers (e.g. a British economic and an American political adviser). In 1932, however, the People's Party, led, among others, by Pridi Phanomyong (also called Luang Pradit or Pradit Manudharm) and Pibul Songkram brought about a bloodless palace revolution, which replaced the absolute monarchy with a 'constitutional regime'.

The history of the subsequent years has evolved round the personalities of these two statesmen, Pibul and Pridi, who were contemporaries in Paris, the former undergoing military training and the latter studying law. They came in touch with each other and with other students from Indonesia, China, Malaya, etc., some of them prominent leaders in their own countries subsequently.

Of the two leaders, Pridi has been steadily going left, Pibul becoming more and more of a military dictator. Pridi's radical views aroused suspicion and when he announced his 1933 plan, there were charges of profession of Communism against him. Pibul, his adversary, went so far as to say that if Pridi had not copied Stalin's ideas, Stalin had copied Pridi's. Pridi refuted the charges, which were quashed by a specially set up court of enquiry. It was only after exoneration that he came back to politics.

Pridi played an important part during World War II. Pibul Songkram joined hands with the Japanese and Thailand enriched herself at the cost of Britain and France. But Pridi, from the commanding position of Regent, organised and directed the resistance to the Japanese and established contact with the Allies, which subsequently facilitated the negotiation of peace.

After the cessation of hostilities in Thailand, Pibul receded into the background and Pridi became Prime Minister which post he held from March 1946 to November, 1947, when Pibul organized a coup d'grace, forcing Pridi to go underground or into voluntary exile.

Political parties have never been allowed in Thailand, and since 1933 the profession of Communism has been an offence, except during the short period of Pridi's prime ministership, when the Anti-Communist Bill was repealed (in December 1946). Head of the Communist Party in Thailand, Nai Prasert, Sapsunthorn, formerly a lecturer of Chulalongkorn University, was elected to Parliament on a Communist ticket.

Thailand, as a direct result of these measures, succeeded in establishing diplomatic relations with Russia and was admitted to the U. N.

This policy was, however, reversed when Pibul came to power. Pridi disappeared and his whereabouts are still unknown; some say he has been seen in Malaya; others that he is in Communist China, and in alliance with Mao Tse-tung, planning an invasion of Thailand at the head of Chinese forces.

The Communist problem in Thailand, according to Pibul, is not at all serious, because, he said, more than 90 per cent of the people are Buddhist by profession and abhor Communism. This was what Pibul said in April 1948. Three months later, as a result of the change in international situation, particularly in China, he changed his line and said that there were between 40,000 and 50,000 Communists in Thailand. According to observers, the estimate was probably based on the number of people present at the May Day celebrations.

The anti-Communist measures, initiated by the Pibul regime, are aimed at not only getting material help from

the U. S. A. but also against the foreign minorities in the country, which constitute Thailand's chief headache.

The smallest minority is that of the Malay Muslims living along the southern frontier of Thailand. They derive their inspiration from the Malay Muslims who wish to throw off British imperialism. But the Thais have arrived at an understanding with the British to seal the frontier between Malaya and Thailand.

Serious opposition to the Pibul regime comes from the small Vietnamese minority living in Northeastern Thailand, the scene of the activities of the Young Siam Party which advocated the establishment of Soviets in Thailand. Two years ago Pibul admitted that the struggle of Ho Chi Minh against the French was a struggle for national liberation. With the spectacular successes of the Communists in China, however, his attitude changed; and in February, 1949, he declared a national emergency because of the reported alliance between Mao Tse-tung and Dr. Ho Chi Minh.

There have been reports recently that arms to Viet-Minh have passed through Thailand. Checking is not an easy job; the conditions in the area are such that smuggling of arms is likely. There is a good deal of sympathy for Viet-Minh in Thailand; one comes across plenty of literature published by Viet-Minh despite official restrictions.

But the most serious minority problem in Thailand is that of the Chinese. It is the largest minority. It is not possible to know of the exact number of the Chinese because those whom the Chinese minority claims to be Chinese the Thai Government (obviously for political reasons) claims to be Thai citizens, for they say that the children of Chinese by Thai mothers are Thais and not Chinese. One estimate puts the Chinese at 4 million, i. e. nearly one-quarter of the population. And the hold of this small minority on the economic life of Thailand is out of all proportion to its size.

The Chinese have monopolised several of the trade and professions; nearly all the import trades and the retail business is controlled by them.

Fishing also is their monopoly. Pibul's Government has by law reserved some 27 professions for the Thais, which accounts for the poor trade union organization in these professions, like the barbers, taxi-drivers and those who ply the samlovs (tricycles).

The Chinese maintain their own schools, and keep their own identity and interest in the politics of the mother country to such an extent that the Thai Government has found it extremely difficult to curb their activities. Previously immigration from China was unrestricted, and large numbers migrated to Thailand from areas where the Chinese Communists or the more radical elements held sway. In 1947, the Thai Government, on the persuasion of Pridi, passed an immigration restriction law, fixing 200 as the quota for most nations; but the quota for the Chinese was fixed at 10,000. In the following year, however, the Songkram Government reduced it to 200, the same as for other nations. And when the Communists overran the whole of the Chinese mainland, the Songkram Government completely banned the immigration of Chinese. That, however, does not mean that in actual practice no more Chinese are entering Thailand. Chinese are clever in bribing people to circumvent the law, and the Thai civil servants, poorly paid, make it easy for more Chinese to get permits to enter Thailand.

Politics in Thailand revolves round the Chinese minority, which has over a dozen newspapers in Bangkok alone. Most picture houses in the capital exhibit Chinese pictures, some of them propagating extremist ideas. But there is little inclination on the part of the Thai Government to stop such activities. Occasionally there are police round-ups of Chinese, and some of the Sino-Thai clashes in the past have been serious.

Thailand is living under a shadow of Communist victories in China, Viet-Minh, and Communist guerilla warfare in Burma and Malaya. When would the steamroller overrun Thailand? That seems to be the question foremost in everybody's mind.

The Imperial Chinese Government claimed Thailand as a part of the Chinese Empire, which the Thais repudiated. Normal diplomatic relations between the two countries have

never existed. Thailand would not agree because of the fear that the establishment of a Chinese legation in Bangkok, which, in view of the strong Chinese minority in Thailand, might act as an inspiration to Chinese citizens to work against the interests of Thailand.

Ever since the end of World War II, Thailand has been cultivating close relations with the U. S. A., because that is the only power that can help her should her neighbour on the north ever threaten her security. This policy of closer bonds with the U. S. A. has been very marked since Pibul seized power in 1947. He has gone back to the traditional policy of playing one big power off against another.

Thailand is America's favourite in Asia. It is the only country in the continent which toes the U. S. policy unreservedly, and gets advantages from the U. S. A. It does not have to beg for loans; the loans are given to her by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development on the mere asking. When certain powers proposed that a small country like Thailand should be freed from the obligations of reparations, Thailand did not show any interest and preferred to pay. She has, and can have, as many dollars as she wants.

U. S. trade relations with Thailand have been strengthened in the recent years; several new business houses have sprung up, and the U. S. A. takes all Thai rubber and tin. Americans are welcome in Thailand; they do not even need a visa. One of the two important English dailies, *The Bangkok Post*, is run by Americans, and the editor is reported to be acting as political adviser to the ruling circles.

It is because of these links with the U. S. A. that Thailand runs against the stream of Asian sentiment. She participated in the Inter-Asian Relations Conference in Delhi in 1947, but when India called the Asian Nations Conference on Indonesia in 1949, Thailand did not attend and sent only observers. Unlike the other Asian nations, she has been supporting U.S.A. policy towards China and North Korea, and was probably the only Asian nation that has sent troops to fight against North Korea. The U. S. A. can depend upon Thailand to support any policy that she initiates.—(Copyright).

IRAN—A DANGER SIGNAL

By G. GEORGE

IRAN today has in her everything that goes to make a political pawn of a country—strategic importance, economic potentials, administrative chaos and governmental insecurity. Her fate was practically sealed way back in 1907 when, under the 'Persian Deal,' Britain and Russia agreed on a principle of virtual bifurcation; Russia was to be given a free hand in northern Iran and Britain was to be at liberty to influence the south.

There is only one end this state of affairs can lead to—another Korea, and perhaps a bloodier one this time. The stage is set and the curtain may be rung up much earlier than the world expects.

It is inevitable that Russia should desire the allegiance of Iran some day because (i) it will give Moscow a badly-needed outlet to the seas, (ii) it will help Russia get control of the world's most desired oil fields, (iii) it will help her outflank Turkey which is now the only country in the Middle East that can assert itself and (iv) it will give her a firmer grip on India and neighbouring countries.

These are all important factors and one of them is enough to set any power-conscious nation thinking. For Russia, the temptation is much too irresistible for, to crown everything, she has the same border line with Iran.

A road to the sea is perhaps Russia's greatest impediment in her march towards world supremacy. In land forces the Russian might is unrivalled, while in air power she runs a close second to America. But when it comes to the navy, Russia lags far behind. The reason for this is not so much lack of materials as lack of a long and useful coastline; her northern coast along the Baltic Sea is practically ineffective as it is almost closed in by Sweden and Denmark, as also because it is icebound during winter. If, therefore, she could get control over the Persian Gulf, and through that to the Arabian Sea, Russia would permanently solve her naval problem. Indeed she would stake anything on such a venture.

But oil, undoubtedly, constitutes a much stronger attraction than sea for Russia. At present Britain enjoys Iran's covetable oil concessions, the British Government holding 55 per cent share capital of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Abadan on the Persian Gulf has grown in importance, thanks to the new huge refinery. These are invaluable assets to Britain and the West, and Russia is genuinely perturbed at it. By bringing Iran under control she can get hold of not only Abadan but also the rest of the Middle East oil, in Iraq, Syria and in Lebanon.

Even if the next war breaks out in some remote corner of the globe, Russia might find it necessary to strike simultaneously at Iran too, if only to maintain her essential oil supplies, during the war. And this is an inescapable fact that the world will have to face sooner or later, however grotesque it might look.

Equally important, from Russia's point of view, is the necessity to make Turkey's existence more precarious. Not one of the Middle Eastern countries can now claim half Turkey's strength when it comes to self-defence. The Turks are extreme nationalists, brought up in a tradition of assertive patriotism; even without super power in war materials, they are capable of holding their own. For Russia, then, the sanest strategy is to outflank inconvenient Turkey, and an obedient Iran is the surest way to a realization of this aim.

With Iran under her thumb, the rest is easy for Russia, as Iraq and Syria, the other two countries bordering on Turkey, are too weak to raise a finger in protest.

Last, but not at all less significant, is the fact that there is an inviting road from Russia to India through Iran. India has now risen to a stature when she counts most in Asia. For the smooth running of Russia's schemes for global supremacy, it is inevitable that India should tow the line to Moscow, for that would be as good as having the whole of Asia.

Russian territory reaches up to the

borders of Kashmir and now with the seizure of Tibet by China, the entire northern boundary of India has turned red. If Iran could also be subjugated, it would open a road to India from the West as well. It is true that Afghanistan and Pakistan lie as a buffer region still, but Russia would rather include them in the same bag with India than let them block her way to New Delhi.

In short, through Iran lies Russia's path to the two nations that matter most in the southern exposure—Turkey and India.

Russian Tactics Are Admirable

With this her final goal well in view, Russia has been following the familiar policy in Iran. The Communist Tudeh Party is now a force that can throw its weight about and it has been making its presence felt too. A People's Republic of Azarbaijan is just one of the party's demands. To augment the Tudeh Party's claims to national service, Russia has been openly wooing Iran with gifts and promises.

When the Shah toured the U. S. recently, his pleadings for American food supplies were received with coolness in Washington circles; seizing the opportunity Russia offered Iran a substantial quantity of food. And food is the surest way to the hearts of needy people. Besides, when Russia was occupying Azarbaijan for a brief period, from 1941 to 1946, she displayed a winningly liberal heart to the people. Schools and hospitals sprang up in profusion; roads were greatly improved; electricity found its way to some towns for the first time; public utility institutions were built.

But the subtlest touch of all perhaps was the removal of recently introduced anti-opium laws, an unflinching move to ensure popularity. Later, when Russia withdrew from Azarbaijan at Iran's insistence, it is not surprising if the Communist protest demonstrations had considerable public backing.

Russia, however, is not a power to be satisfied with mere wooing. If wooing fails to yield the desired result, force would be the next inevitable step. And unlike Korea, Iran cannot even present a case for localization if and when a conflict starts. For Russia here has none else through whom she can act. A North Korean or a

China being conspicuous by its absence, Russia has to set out herself—and when Russia is in the fray, the whole world is in it.

But will Russia actually march her combat troops into Iran and conquer the Shah's land by force? Not likely. This is one of the spheres where Russian tactics compel admiration. Moscow has by now perfected the art of breeding satellites—an art which has helped her become mistress of the greater part of Europe without actually 'conquering' any country.

A satellite in Iran too is perhaps all that Russia needs; at any rate that would be sufficient to further her schemes in Asia and the Middle East. But geographical and political conditions make the threat of direct action by Russia herself in Iran greatest. An insurrectionary leader of the calibre of Ho Chi-minh cannot be found in Iran, nor a government like the one in North Korea to precipitate action. Nor is it possible to let loose large-scale revolutionary tactics as they now do in Burma or Malaya.

Iran's own policy in these circumstances is as intriguing as it is cautious. The Shah displays an intense eagerness to impart the impression of unscrupulous neutrality. His visit to the United States, with all the splendour of an Oriental monarch, was an obvious cause of displeasure for Soviet Russia.

But the Shah has more than compensated for it, and this time it seems to be the result of a genuine distrust of America and Western European powers. In November last Iran signed a trade pact with Russia. The voice of America broadcasts are no more being relayed by Radio Teheran, a fact which touched the Americans to the core. On the other hand, the official Iranian newsagency has started distributing handouts from Tass, the Soviet news agency. Ten key men of the Tudeh Party recently escaped from jail, a cooked up 'escape' as some quarters would have us believe. And on the top of it comes the unanimous decision of the Iranian Majlis and the Senate to nationalize oil, and thus end the British concessions.

Is Iran slipping away? It looks like that.

But the worst part of it is that, if Iran is really getting out of the Allied grip, Britain and America are to blame for it more than any one else. America has been always displaying a cold and disconcerting attitude to Iran which would offend any self-respecting nation, to say nothing of the status-conscious Shah.

Offensive Anglo-American Attitude

While throwing away dollars in almost every other corner of the globe, the U. S. appears strangely hesitant to render any aid to threatened Iran to ward off a possible attack. Even food never comes. The Export Import Bank has sanctioned a \$100 million loan to Iran. In October 1959, a \$25 million loan was approved; even that is yet to reach Iran. A small consignment of U. S. military aid programme reached Iran in January this year, though the Iranians showed little or no enthusiasm about it. The U. S. Press, sensing danger in this part of the world, has been asking for a "greater

military gamble" in Iran. But the State Department, busy with the most tragic foreign policy of modern time, is yet to take cognizance of this demand.

Britain's policy has ever been calculated in its wily selfishness. To Britain, Iran is the embodiment of oil wealth and nothing else. Britain's stake in Iran's oil is too great and too valuable to be missed. But of late there have been disputes between the two Governments concerning oil royalties. Britain has therefore always felt that the weaker Iran is, the better it is for her. She thus perseveres to keep Iran weak and poor, hardly knowing perhaps that the Russian Bear is round the corner.

If the Western powers continue their present policies towards Iran, probably the Shah will be left to fight a lone battle with the Kremlin war lords. But that war cannot end there and then it will be too late for the Allies to wake up.—Copyright.

Short Story

FATE OR FOLLY?

By Miss P. C. PARVATHI

SHREEDHAR got married and Radha became sad and concerned. She could not spend a single day without being reminded of her misfortune, nor could she bear to see and hear the new couple talking and cutting jokes and enjoying a loud laugh, unmindful of her presence. Radha however pretended to share their fun. But on each smile and each laugh and talk there was a tinge of grief and forlornness. Definitely, Radha did not envy her brother and sister-in-law. But self-pity surged in her heart, and she remained just minding her personal things and her office work and thus indifferent to Neela. As a result, Neela began to consider Radha to be a self-willed, arrogant and jealous girl, always envying her happy life with Shreedhar.

Neela could not help regarding Radha with a critical eye. She began to be irritated by Radha's forlorn look and even her presence. She could not also discuss about Radha with her Shreedhar. What would he say? Would he not think that Neela was unkind to his unfortunate sister? Neela did not want to displease her husband and she strove hard to keep up a pleasant countenance. On her part, Radha too was aware of Neela's displeasure, and she became uncomfortable.

Of nights she would lie awake in her bed tossing and turning, contemplating her misfortune and others' inability to understand her needs.

"Oh! What can I do? What can I do?" she would cry desperately. Hitherto Shreedhar had been an understanding and sympathising brother. Now that Neela had come, knowingly or unknowingly, he also began to avoid Radha. Probably Neela was influencing him against her, because he spent most of his time with Neela herself. Radha felt herself an unwanted element in her own brother's house! At the same time she

was too inexperienced to go out and stay alone away from her kinsfolk and was perplexed at failure in finding a way out.

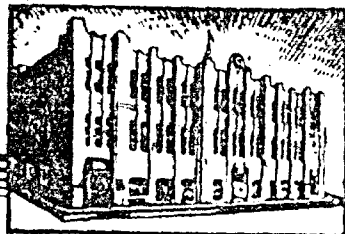
She could not judge anything properly. She could not see whether she was right or wrong in divorcing her husband Sunder, which act she had done some few years back. These days she was uneasy and always in a plight.

Shreedhar and Radha were the two pet children of their rich parents. There was nothing in the world, so to say, that they could not obtain through their money. The two children were given the best possible education. Radha and Shreedhar, as is wont with pet children, liked to act according as their wish and whim directed them. Radha was a girl used to too much petting, consequently, all her beauty and riches could not make her a hard girl. She wished always to be protected by a stronger person than herself. Radha also had some mean qualities in her. Nevertheless, she fell in love and married an amiable youth.

Sunder was a young man, equal to her in status and appearance. He had the higher qualities of friendly manners, understanding and filial and brotherly love. He was always happy and gay. This boy Radha selected. And the match was approved by parents of both and the happy marriage took place in all its pomp.

This happiness did not last long. Soon Sunder found out that he was cruelly cheated by Radha's outward beauty. Radha, the luxury-loving girl, did not like to live with the parents of Sunder. The four sisters of Sunder were a huge crowd for her. She therefore pestered him to find a separate home for themselves. Sunder was shocked. He was the only male child and eldest son in the family and consequently, he wanted to remain

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with his aging parents, and his sisters were so kind and lively that he felt it a torture to live away from their company, nor did he want to displease his wife, even though she displeased him. He was thus in a fix. In spite of her timid heart, Radha was self-willed and arrogant. All Sunder's attempts to make her understand his position and responsibility could not make her sensible. He even had to be harsh on her sometimes. Yet Radha's wish was not to be altered.

Not a single cinema show, not a single tiffin in a restaurant was enjoyed by her alone with Sunder. At least one of the sisters was sure to be present with them. Though the girl was pleasant and cut jokes joyously and although Sunder happily shared the fun with his charming sister, Radha wore a grim face and never did more than give a tart reply to any question put to her. But the sister would just laugh and forget. Radha seemed to be quite blind to the kindness and good breeding of her sisters-in-law. Naturally, her husband was utterly disappointed in her. Sunder was a kind brother, dutiful son and a loving husband. He did his utmost to keep all in good humour. But did Radha deserve him?

It was a quarrelsome night. Sunder was striving with Radha's obstinacy.

"Radha, don't you see that you must keep the sisters in good humour? You are the eldest daughter-in-law of the house, and as a duty at least you must act kindly towards them!" Sunder said to his wife. "See how lightly they take all your insults and remain happy! You must learn good sense from them. The more you behave rudely, the more wretched you feel," he pointed out kindly.

"I don't want to learn manners from them!" she snapped.

"Radha, you want to live alone, and that does not mean my sisters are ill-natured. I tell you once for all, that I will not leave them and this house!" His anger was kindled.

"They are so good mannered, aren't they, to dog their brother's foot-steps always? Not a minute of privacy, not a minute of rest can I find in this wretched house. Can't I be spared from their laughter and jokes even for

a day?" Radha demanded haughtily.

"For that you will have to go back to your home! And as for rest, I don't think you have to do any work in this house. There are servants to look after everything and you do nothing but eat, drink and complain. May I know what you have done to this house ever since you stepped into it?" Sunder sneered.

"Do you want me to be a slave to your sisters?"

This was terrible indeed! Did Sunder mean it? He could not contain himself any longer. He pounced on Radha and hit her forcibly on the face. For that one moment he turned out to be a savage and the gold ring in his finger brought forth bloody scars on her beautiful face.

That was all! Sunder was branded as a cruel and monstrous husband wishing his wife to be a slave to his parents and sisters, who were likewise branded unfriendly and jealous.

No more proof was needed than the scars on her face to secure a divorce for her from Sunder. This she did at the impulse of that moment and came to her old home to live with her parents and brother, who fussed greatly over her ill-treatment. Radha was the apple of the eye to her family and so the foolish parents, instead of making her understand her duties as a wife, off and on spoke hot words about Sunder, which did nothing but increase her hostility towards him. To forget him and to keep her mind pleasantly occupied, she joined an office and became a (clumsy) career girl.

In this way days, months and years passed. Soon the two separated families forgot or thought they forgot each other. In the meanwhile, Radha and Shreedhar lost their parents one after the other. All this did not shake Radha's resolution to live in her father's home. To add to this, Shreedhar also paid kind attention to his wronged sister's needs, as she had become an orphan now. Thus everything was smooth sailing till Shreedhar got married.

Neela's sidelong glances made Radha uneasy. Here she could not protest, she could not demand privacy. When she quarrelled with Sunder, she felt the protection of her parents by her

side, but now, will her brother Shreedhar allow her to quarrel with his own wife? Then who will be there to back her up? Now she realized that she remained in another woman's house, under obligation to others. It was her brother's home, yet it was not her own. Radha wanted to run away from the house, where she felt herself to be an intruder.

"Can't I go away from this piercing stare of Neela? Can't I do something to make my life bloom once again?" she pondered mournfully.

It was then the idea of matrimony struck her once again. "Yes, I can marry another man and leave this house for good!" she thought hopefully.

But could she bring herself to it? No, definitely not! There was Murli-dhar, a handsome boy, with no pestering sisters or parents but with no money! Krishankumar had plenty of money, but who would marry that potbellied, heavy, ugly frame? The talkative Hari was likewise unfit for marriage. Could anyone fill in the place of Sunder in her heart? What a perfect gentleman he was! Yet he was a brute who could not understand his wife!... This was undoubtedly a great problem. To get a divorce was quite easy, to obtain a new husband became a Herculean task. Could she prefer an unpleasant and ugly husband to Neela's displeasure? Here too Radha's arrogance won.

"Why should I leave this house at all? If this is her husband's house, it is my brother's too! If she does not want my presence let her walk out." Radha began to think in her own old lines. She wanted to win, yet, she wanted the brother's protection. She decided to cast off her forlornness. If Neela stared at her, she stared back. If Neela spoke hotly, she spoke hotter. Her self-pity and forlornness took the shape of hatred towards Neela. She openly began to find fault with Neela in the belief that Shreedhar would support her. But one day all her hopes turned topsy turvy.

Neela was working alone in the kitchen. Her cook had gone on leave for a week, and as they could not obtain a substitute, Neela decided to do the cooking herself. Radha knew

this fact well, still, she remained in her own room firm as a rock. When the cooking was ready, she thought, she could go, finish eating, dress and go to the office.

Shreedhar had urgent business outside that day, and so he wanted the meal to be ready earlier. Neela struggled alone in the kitchen. As can be guessed, Neela herself was a rich girl and an educated one. She too had no need to cook in her mother's home, and consequently, due to lack of practice, she could not manage alone in the kitchen.

"Can somebody come and help me?" she called from inside.

Radha just shrugged in her room and remained where she was. There was a shadow at her doorstep. "Radha, why don't you go and help Nilu?" Shreedhar asked.

"Are you her ambassador?" she grinned vehemently.

"See, I have to go quick today. You go and help her. Anyway, you have to go only after 12 o'clock. You have ample time!" His voice sounded a bit commanding in her ears.

"Do you want me to be a servant to your darling Nilu?" she demanded.

Shreedhar's face reddened. "If you are eating in this house, you must do something to prepare it!"

"I won't."

"Then I won't allow my wife to cook for you!"

That was the beginning of the break between brother and sister. Following this, not a single day passed without a quarrel. And in every quarrel Shreedhar sided with his wife. Radha understood all. She was not wanted in the house. Notwithstanding, she decided to have a firm footing in the house.

"I can't tolerate your wife's stares" Radha complained one day to Shreedhar.

"Then why do you remain here? I can't drive her away for your benefit!" he shouted back.

"Why did you marry her? To taunt me?"

"Did you want me to remain a bachelor all my life? Why did you leave your husband, may I ask? I

don't believe your sisters-in-law were as cruel as you are towards Nilu!"

"How dare you say that? They tortured me with their perpetual presence."

"As you do us with yours! Now I see that you are to blame. You find fault for petty things if you are disappointed. You want all attention to yourself, you are jealous. That was why you did not like those girls, and Sunder hit you, it served you right. You behave rudely towards others and so earn their displeasure too! If you want to live in my house now, you must change, you must come to a compromise. There is no excuse for you to live in this house, unless you behave properly." This was a volcano eruption spitting out hard, hot and terrible truths.

Radha felt herself a worm, she shivered, trembled. That night Radha dreamt of Sunder and the old happenings. She was shocked to note all her old mistakes. How terrible it was to live with a cruel sister-in-law!... Oh, yet Sunder's sisters smiled, cut jokes and forgot all her follies.... Why could she not smile too at Neela's cruelties? It was because the cruelties were in herself.

Suddenly the horrible truth dawned on her. All riches, beauty and parental protection will not help an arrogant but timid girl, unless she herself contained in her fibre a bit of kindness, understanding, broad-mindedness and a gentle trick to get along in life!

The next day dawned with a great change in Radha's behaviour. She got up early, washed, dressed and packed her things, hailed a taxi and rode away, away from the house, which she wanted to visit no more. She alighted at the gate of a big

bungalow, opened it timidly and entered the compound.

"I want to see the master," she said meekly to the servant at the door.

She was straightaway taken to the master's room. A gleam of surprise spread over his face as Radha entered the room.

"Oh Sunder, forgive me," she cried desperately falling at his feet. "It took ages for me to realize that it is more honourable to slave for one's own husband than to enjoy in a brother's home. I could not also bring myself to marry another man. The law permitted, but my conscience did not. I could not find a perfect man like you. Please accept me now, and I will be a changed woman from this day." Her convulsive sobs would have melted the hardest of rocks.

Sunder was motionless with wonder and overwhelming emotion at this unexpected outburst of Radha. As though asking for help, Sunder called aloud, "Rattan, come here with the babe!"

A lovely young lady with a bonny baby in her arms came out from the inner room. At sight of her, Radha felt a pang grip her heart. She had corrected herself, but too late!

It did not take much time for her to understand that Sunder was married to this homely and helpful Rattan, and the bonny baby was his little son! Hitherto Radha hoped that she would be accepted. But now.... now all her hopes vanished, everything fell in a tangle, all were complicated.... She was well punished.

Could Sunder accept her now? Even then, would Rattan allow him to? Would Radha go back to her brother? Would she marry any other man? Or, would she remain all alone in this world to face all difficulties that may confront her in the future?... Oh it was all a blur!

Men are today ruled by the ideal of the High Standard of Living, and perturbed by the knowledge that even with about eight hours' steady work for five-and-a-half days per week, under conditions of severe industrial discipline unknown to their ancestors, the standard is difficult to attain. They are enormously greedy, they meditate upon the depth of their greed; they dignify it by the name of an impersonal title like the 'High Standard of Living'. This greed is at the root of most of the major political problems, domestic and international, of the present day. The notion is current that, above all things, the acquisition and consumption of a great amount of material wealth is man's most proper good.—Herman Finer.

THE INDUS CIVILIZATION

By P. L. MEHRA

IN the twenties of this century the excavations carried out by a band of selfless enthusiasts in the heart of Sind's sandy wastes brought to the surface evidence of an old civilization which opened up a new vista, and shed a fresh gleam of light on many a dark, unilluminated page of Indian history.

The discoveries at Mohenjo-Daro, literally "the mound of the dead" in Sind, and at Harappa in the Montgomery district of the Punjab were indeed of an epoch-making character. The names associated with the discoveries were R. D. Banerji, John Marshall, M. S. Vats, K. N. Dikshit and Earnest Mackay.

The partition resulted in the chief sites of the Indus valley civilization—Mohenjo-Daro, Harappa and the Mehraan coast in Baluchistan—becoming parts of Pakistan. We in India, therefore, have been left with only some of the objects unearthed at these sites decades back or with an area regarded by experts as potentially rich for useful excavations in this period.

It is now widely accepted that the Indus civilization was by no means confined to the Indus valley and that traces of it are to be found in Kathiawar in the south, on the borders of Rajputana and possibly in the Ganges valley.

Given time, we in this country might, in the not unforeseeable future, land on sites whose wealth of detail makes the older ones look rather poor in comparison. But until we do so, interest inevitably remains rivetted on those that have yielded such rich dividends in the past.

It is a matter of genuine satisfaction that the Government of Pakistan have at their disposal the services of no less famous an archaeologist than Dr. R. E. Mortimer-Wheeler, until lately Director-General of Archaeology in India. Dr. Wheeler with a band of co-workers is now engaged in discovering at Mohenjo-Daro evidence of older civilizations beneath the ruins of those so far uncovered. Besides he is endeavouring to fill in the details in a picture which in certain essentials is not yet quite complete.

Before we can appreciate the latest contributions to the field of research it is very necessary to understand fully the present state of our knowledge in regard to the civilization of the Indus.

For one thing the discovery of the Indus civilization takes back the story of our past to nearly 3,000 years B. C., 1,500 years farther back in the recesses of time, before the Aryans embarked on Indian soil. This civilization was contemporaneous with that of old Babylon and the great Sumerian civilizations at Kish and Tell-Asmar. Again the Indus people were flourishing at a time when at Ur in Mesopotamia royal palaces and tombs were going up.

The Indus civilization was thus as old, if not older, and quite as advanced, if not more advanced than some of the earliest civilizations known to man. "The valley of the Indus takes its rank with the valleys of the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates as having contributed to the most ancient phase of human civilization of which we are yet aware."

Vast Area Covered

Another important fact about the Indus civilization was the vast area over which it extended. For not only Mohenjo-Daro in the bed of the old Indus yielded the traces of this culture, but 450 miles to the north at Harappa in the Montgomery district in the Punjab, some equally important finds were unearthed.

Even at Nal, in far Baluchistan, Amri, Jhukar, Lohumjo-Daro and Chanhudaro in Sind, and Kotla-Nihang in the Punjab, allied sites were discovered. The tireless Sir Aurel Stein succeeded even in tracing the ancient caravan road studded as he believed with a whole series of prehistoric settlements. This caravan route was the highway of commerce between the people of the Indus and their contemporaries in far Iran and Mesopotamia.

A characteristic of the excavations at Mohenjo-Daro is the plan of the old Indus city, the shape of a rectangle. The upper part of the city is

fortified by a great wall of mud-bricks 40 feet wide and 40 feet high and comprises the remains of a large pillared hall, a cloistered court and a public bath.

The 'bath' is a very important structure. It is nearly 39 feet long, 23 feet wide and 8 feet deep. There is a flight of steps at its either end. The feeder is well situated in one of the adjoining rooms. The water from the bath is discharged by a huge drain with a corbelled roof more than 6 feet in height. The court, the hall and the bath have been variously regarded as buildings of palaces, temples and, or, municipal halls.

Below them, for they are on a raised platform, is the main town with streets as wide as 30 feet, running at right angles and dividing the town itself into a series of rectangles. The houses in the streets represent a progressive decline in spaciousness and comforts. Those at the lowest level, and there are seven distinct habitation levels at Mohenjo-Daro, were big and commodious, but they gave place to smaller and meaner types in the upper occupation strata, possibly owing to a gradual rise in the level of the Indus.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the first people of Mohenjo-Daro were living in big, well-built brick-houses, fitted with baths connected with the sewer served by an efficient drainage system. The houses were also provided with open courtyards and private wells. They were two or more storeys high, for stairways leading upwards are found attached to all houses.

The religion of the Indus people and the language which they wrote—and spoke—have remained the most interesting subjects of historical research and speculation. No evidences of organized religion have so far been found, nor have any temples been unearthed. Interest has, however, centred round the seal of a three-headed horned deity seated cross-legged on a low stool or throne, in a posture traditionally associated with religious meditation.

Around this figure are grouped various animals, in devotional atti-

tudes. The figure has been regarded as a representation of God Shiva, the three faces standing for the three eyes and the horns with the tall head-dress an earlier representation that later evolved into the famous trident.

Another equally interesting character is a figure found widely distributed in the houses at Mohenjo-Daro. This is the seal of the famous Mother Goddess. It is believed that the people of the Indus valley worshipped their deity even as those in Western Asia and India worshipped her. Besides these two "deities," no other clue is to hand in regard to the religion of the people or their mode of worship.

The language which these people spoke has not so far been ascertained with any accuracy. It has been pointed out that their pictographic script bears a close resemblance to the proto-Elamite script. The real difficulty in regard to the language is the fact that the extant inscriptions of the Indus valley people are the very brief ones found on their seals and other amulets. No long documents have been found out that might lead to some more useful clue, nor has a bilingual seal been discovered to yield us the secrets of the mysterious writing of these no less mysterious people.

Who were these people of the Indus valley? Were they Dravidians or, as the examination of the skeletal remains show, of a mixed race, the Mediterranean being the preponderant type? At the very best we can but guess and surmise.

We are thus in possession of certain basic broad outlines in regard to the people of the Indus valley. Theirs was a city civilization and from the townplanning, the public baths and the elaborate drainage system, it is evident that theirs was an advanced stage of town consciousness. We know parts of this picture; that they used for their food besides barley and palm-dates, mutton, pork, fish and eggs; that for household articles besides pottery, both plain and painted, they used vessels of copper, bronze, silver and porcelain; that the humped bull, the sheep and the camel were domesticated animals; that the axe, the spear, the dagger and the mace—

significantly not the sword—made of copper and bronze were their weapons of war.

Some Questions That Remain Riddles

But we know not: Who these people were? Where did they come from? How did their civilization prosper for a time and then disappear all of a sudden? Above all, after the Indus civilization and before the advent of the Aryans, who filled the stage?

These are indeed big question marks. Some efforts have been lately made to answer the queries, to help solve some of the riddles, though much more remains to be done.

Dr. Mackay's excavations at Chanhu-Daro since 1935 have shown that the Harappa culture in this part of Sind was superseded by more intrusive cultures, for instance those of Jhukar and Jhangar. He has even computed that the abandonment of the Indus cities took place as late as the 16th century B. C. The political system of the Indus people, Dr. Mackay believes, was akin to that of Sumer: a priest-king aided by a rigid bureaucracy ruling over a servile population.

In the excavations which he carried out in Harappa in the summer of 1946, Dr. Wheeler uncovered a vast cemetery where the remains of as many as fifty dead were found. Coffin burial seemed to be common. Another cemetery brought to light the practice of fractional urn-burials also but they were of a people of a later intrusive culture, possibly, Dr. Wheeler surmises, the Aryans.

It is likely, the same authority contends, that the fall of Harappa coincided with the pre-historic advent of the Aryans. The reference in the Rig Veda of Indra's hostile citadel; may be to Harappa or other cities yet unknown to us. It is an intriguing question whether the Rig Vedic reference to a hundred cities made of stone which Indra overthrew for his worshipper, Divodasa, has any connection with Harappan cities.

According to Prof. Arvmuthan of Behar, the culture of Harappa was a consistently Vedic culture for Harappa Shiva has a close resemblance to Vishnu. Since Vishnu is distinctly

Aryan, and by no means Dravidian, the culture of Harappa need not be Dravidian. In fact Harappa culture may be regarded as the starting point of classical Hinduism in India.

At Mohenjo-Daro so far we have evidence of seven occupation strata, distinct, clear and distinguishable from one another. Dr. Wheeler's present efforts are designed to go even deeper than these seven strata, for he believes that the remains of still older civilisations may be buried underneath.

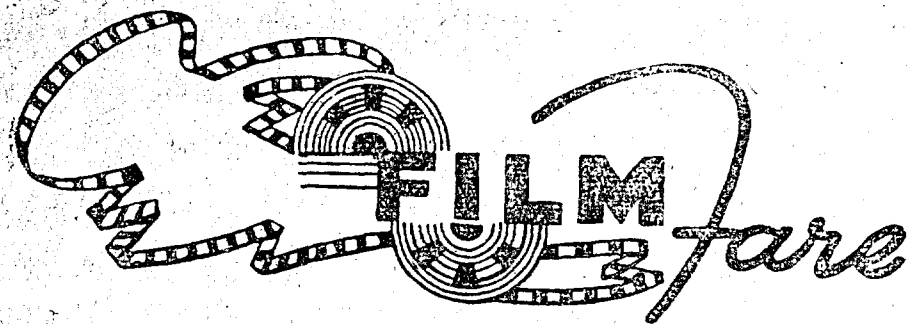
An interesting discovery in the recent excavations has been the digging up of a mound where the remains of a citadel of the third millennium B. C. have been found buried. In historical times the mound had a Buddhist temple above it.

One of the greatest mysteries shrouding the Indus civilisation at Mohenjo-Daro is an explanation as to why it fell. On the score of some skeletons found in distorted positions at the bottom of a stair-case leading to a well, and again in one of the streets, it has been surmised that the people might have fallen victims to an agonising epidemic.

At Mohenjo-Daro no city wall of the Harappa variety has even been found, and there is the interesting fact that no large stores of weapons have been unearthed at either of the two cities. The Indus people weren't thus warlike and may be they fell an easy prey to some powerful neighbours who destroyed them.

The vagaries of the Indus with its everchanging course may have been an explanation; the water level may have risen all of a sudden and the prosperous well-built cities overwhelmed.

Surmises all! Yes, but might have been, surmises and guesses are the historian's stock-in-trade until he can land on some solid ground which could uphold a plausible and a convincing explanation. It is to fill in the serious lacuna in our present knowledge of the Indus civilisation that a whole band of students of history, researchers and excavators are now bending their energies. We wish them all Godspeed.—(Copyright).



By V. P. SATHE

AT last the film people gathered on Friday the 28th December, 1951, to pay long due homage to P. C. Barua the ace film director. The meeting was not called by IMPPA which had passed a resolution of condolence at the executive meeting, but by the stage and screen committee of All-India Peace Council. The organisers of the meeting were rather nervous about the success of the meeting but hundreds of people turned at Sunderbai Hall (Bombay) not so much perhaps to pay homage to Barua as to have a glimpse of the stars.

This may sound rather unkind but it is true. For the crowd showed little interest in the meeting itself and rushed to the stage to take an autograph of a Bengalee star who was almost unknown to most of the picturegoers of Bombay. They did not heed Nitin Bose's request to observe silence in view of the sanctity of the occasion.

Apart from the crowd, the meeting itself was not very successful for the simple reason that no good speech was made. Phani Muzumdar spoke so fast that the effect of his excellent speech was completely ruined. Nitin Bose was too slow and almost inaudible while the poem that Kanhayalal recited in honour of Barua was in bad taste. Bakoresh who, it was said, knew Barua personally made a very hackneyed speech full of platitudes and generalizations which lacked the personal touch. Hemant Mukerjee's song also went flat because it was in Bengalee. And funnily enough the audience was asked to stand in silence before the resolution of condolence was moved. But since none of these dignitaries were speakers, they could

hardly be blamed for their poor performance.

The very fact that they have gathered together to pay a sincere homage to a great artiste was itself enough. Significantly no representative of IMPPA was present at the meeting which was attended by Nitin Bose, Phani Muzumdar, Jairaj, Jagdish Sethi, Bipin Gupta, Premnath, S. K. Ojha, Achala Sachdev, Ismat Chugtai, Sudhin Muzumdar, Ashita, R. C. Boral, Jawad Hussain, Bimal Roy, and others. Messages from Shantaram and Kardar who could not attend the meeting were read by Nitin Bose.

The other film function of the week was a happy one. On Saturday 29th, Ambalal Patel gave a gala tea party at an open air theatre at his residence to Raj Kapoor felicitating him on the success of *Awara*. Raj Kapoor who had been to Calcutta for five days and appeared on the stage in Prithvi Theatres' two plays, rushed back on Saturday to attend this party which was attended by many film stars and leading figures of Bombay Society with a capital S. The guests were treated to dance and songs in typical Gujarati style and later to dance music.

The film personalities present on the occasion included Fazulbhoy, Kumar, Pramilla, Agha Jan, D. Bilimoria, David, Jagadish Sethi, Motilal, Shobhana Samarth, Hiten Chowdhary, Jairaj, Ram Kamlani, Kamini Kaushal, S. K. Ojha, Nalini Jaywant, Leela Chitnis and, of course, all the members of the R. K. Films unit. The interest evinced by the Society in film stars, especially in Raj Kapoor, was significant; for only a few years ago the same society used to look down upon stars as riff-raff.

Picture Of The Week

Have the film critics a double standard? They measure *Awara* by one standard and *Albela* by the other. Otherwise how could they be so critical of the former and so adulatory of the latter? The only reason is perhaps that while they went to see *Awara* with pre-conceived expectation and found it wanting in some measure, they went to see *Albela* without any expectation and found it surprisingly entertaining.

Judged by the same standard *Albela* is a mediocre picture and it suffers mainly because of the miscasting of Bhagwan himself. Imagine plump, short Bhagwan trying to be smart and romantic like Raj Kapoor in *Sargam*. The result is not even funny—it is rather pathetic.

To enjoy *Albela* one has to get over this main shortcoming; once you do it is quite a delightful musical comedy revealing the genius of Bhagwan more as an author and director than an actor. Even as an actor, when he is called upon to be snuffy, naive, he is superb, it is only when he becomes a hero that Bhagwan appears ridiculous.

As an author Bhagwan has succeeded in blending comedy and emotional drama cleverly. The comedy and music is supplied by the hero's efforts to become a stage-star; the emotional drama is provided by the sufferings of the poor hero's family. And both these stories run side by side and are blended in the end in a touching climax in which the hero meets his father and sister.

The hero belongs to a lower middle class family; his father is faced with the problem of finding money for the daughter's marriage. Thanks to his love for the theatre, instead of finding money the hero loses his job and the father turns him out. In search of a job in the theatre he breaks in to the house of Asha, the dancer and shows his readiness to be even a menial servant. When she discovers him singing she takes him to the theatre. On the first day he makes a fool of himself in dance rehearsal—in these sequences Bhagwan is really superb.

It is later when Bhagwan becomes the star and partner of Asha that he looks unnatural. But then the music by C. Ramachandra comes to his

rescue. Between C. Ramachandra and lyricist Rajendra Krishna, they have manufactured songs which though not novel are delightful and tantalizing. Indeed, in a way they are the saviours of the picture. For in the later sequences Bhagwan has no scope for his comic antics.

Anyway, while Bhagwan is heralded as a stage-star, he does not forget his family. He regularly sends money to his father. The money does not reach the family; the gangster brother of his sister-in-law takes it away. Meanwhile the sister's marriage is broken, the mother falls ill and dies, and the elder brother's conduct forces the aged father and sister to leave the home and go a-begging in the streets. It is at this stage that Bhagwan who has by now fallen in love with Geeta Bali suddenly feels that he must go back to his parents—but he fails and ultimately confronts them in the audience while acting on the stage.

This story which sustains our interest is often interrupted by songs and dances which are presented in typical Santoshi fashion without, of course, the same polish. The whole picture is very crude and clumsy as manifested most by Bhagwan himself in his acting. Unfortunately Geeta Bali and other artistes have little scope in the picture to show their talents.

Yet, with all its crudeness the picture certainly succeeds in giving good amusement and gives a slight glimpse of Bhagwan as a potential comedian. If Bhagwan sticks to comedy and does not indulge in romantic heroism, he would go very far in the realm of social films.

Personality Of The Week

Though she has a very passive role in *Albela* Geeta Bali still manages to impress the audience with her beautiful performance. Even while enacting a love scene with Bhagwan she appears to be convincing and sincere. That is, I think, a true achievement for an artiste of Geeta's calibre and status. Any other artiste might have refused to play this role.

But then Geeta has never been fastidious in the choice of role. Otherwise she would never have agreed to play a sort of vampish other woman

in *Bauzi*. Yet, as a cabaret dancer who loves the hero, she contributed a gem of a performance.

Indeed, she is one of the most dependable artistes, though at one time she was supposed to be unlucky as most of the pictures in which she appeared flopped at the box office. Of course, she was hardly to be blamed for it; yet it would be true to say that she was called upon to portray many putrid roles in those days. But now the luck has changed and today Geeta is considered to be a hit-star and the team of Geeta Bali and Dev Anand is featured in many pictures. Geeta Bali is not a particularly beautiful and glamorous star. Rather, she is in a way plain, her eyes being her most striking features.

No wonder, when she was in Lahore nobody thought of giving her a star role. She was playing small roles in Pancholi Studio when the late Mazhar Khan spotted her. And as in the case of Veena and Munawar, Mazhar Khan was right in choosing Geeta and importing her to Bombay. But it was left to Kidar to discover her talent. It was in *Soha Raat* that Geeta Bali made a name for herself as an artiste and since then she has been steadily attaining greater histrionic heights. In the beginning, she tended to overact sometimes and her gestures were affected; but now she acts with such a rare ease and naturalness that she reminds one of Kananbala in her prime. Though Geeta lacks the golden voice of Kanan she in many ways resembles Kanan and is equally good at comedy as well as emotional drama. What is more, she is an accomplished dancer who can put over 'Rumba-Samba' dances and classical Indian dances with equal grace and charm.

Now she has become a producer and she is producing *Raag Rang* under the banner of Bali Sisters. Her brother is directing the picture which stars

Geeta and Ashok. The picture is almost complete and is expected to be an artistic piece of work. Let us hope Geeta makes good in her new venture as she has in acting.

News Of The Week

—Ramanand Sagar in association with Ashalata Biswas and V. P. Trivedi has launched Sagar Art Productions and on Monday 31st Dec. 51, he performed the muhurat of his new picture *Mehman*. Written and directed by Sagar, *Mehman* stars Nimmi, Premnath, Sajjan, Purnima. Anil Biswas is giving the music.

—Paul Zills has completed *Zalzala*. On the new year day he is also performing the muhurat of his new picture *Sitam*. Written by Indar Raj Anand, *Sitam* stars Geeta Bali, Dev Anand, Motilal, Manju, Jagdev and Pankaj Mullick who is also giving the music.

—In the wake of the success of *Rajput*, Lekhraj Bhakri has started the shooting of his second picture tentatively titled *Deedar*. It will feature Suraiya, Jairaj, Sapru, Achala, Baby Naaz in the principal roles and introduce two newcomers Din Dayal Luthra and Deep Arora.

—*Awarda*, *Amar Bhoopali*, *Patal Bhairavi* and *Babla* are the four pictures selected by the Federation as representative Indian films for the festival.

—Mehboob and his wife left for U. K. on 28th Dec. 51. Dilip Kumar and Premnath are expected to leave on 3rd Jan. 1952 while Naushad will follow them in the second week of January. Nutan is also contemplating a short holiday in Europe.

—Pradip has been signed to write the songs of Munshi Productions' *Baap Beti* and Baechubai Shukla's *Lal Killa* for which R. C. Board is writing the musical score. The story of *Lal Killa* is based on a Gujrati novel *Dabelo Agni* and depicts the revolt of 1857.

The tendency has been to minimize differences between child and child and to belittle what is beyond the scope and understanding of the majority. There is still, surely, one aristocracy of which we should take cognizance in education, and that is the aristocracy of talent. Apart from any consideration of individual justice, from the national point of view, there is urgent need to foster such an aristocracy.—Miss G. M. B. Williams.

TALK WITH A YOUNG KOREAN

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(While reading the old issues of "Indian Writing" a magazine conducted by Indians resident in London during the last war, I came across the following article. The letter was written by Tagore in Bengali, and included in a collection entitled "Letters from Russia," and was translated into English by "Sasadhar Sinha" for "Indian Writing" (summer 1946 issue). I reproduce it with the kind permission of my friend Alagu Subramaniam, one of its editors. The letter shows the prophetic insight of the Poet, for his conclusions on Korea hold good now as ever, and the questions he had raised are as yet unanswered.—V. Subramaniam.)

THE Korean youth was taller than the average Japanese, spoke English easily and with no difficulty of pronunciation.

I asked him: "Don't you like Japanese rule in Korea?"

"No."

"Why not? Hasn't your country's condition improved under Japanese administration?"

"It has, but briefly speaking our grievance is this: Japanese rule is the rule of the capitalists. Korea is a source of profit to Japan, the storehouse of her sustenance. Man keeps the objects of his use shining, because they are his own property: He takes pride in them. But men are not mere goods and chattels to be satisfied with outward care."

"Do you mean to say that if Japan's relation with Korea were one of dynastic connection instead of being mainly economic, that is, domination of warriors instead of merchants, you would have had no cause for complaint?"

"Through her economic relations, mighty Japan's hydra-headed hunger sucks the lifeblood out of us, while dynastic domination is personal, limited; its burden is lighter. If the desire is only to rule instead of to exploit, the whole country is able to maintain its independence and self-respect even by acknowledging it. But under capitalist domination, our whole country has been reduced to a saleable commodity. We are objects of greed, not of friendship, nor glory."

"Aren't these thoughts you are

thinking and expressing and this eagerness for collective national self-respect due to your initiation into modern political education at the schools which Japan has created?"

The Korean youth hesitated.

I said: "Look at China before you: in the absence of education national self-respect remains dormant among the masses. So I see nothing but the whirl of destructive frenzy among a number of greedy individuals hankering for power. Thus the unfortunate country has been lacerated and bathed in blood and delivered over to the terror of the lootings and atrocities of bandits and soldiers day and night. Where through education, the love of freedom has not become real with the masses, who can save them from the oppression of the ambitious, whether native or foreign? In such circumstances, they are only a means of furthering the interests of the power-seekers. You deplore the fact that your country has been reduced to an instrument of the rich: such a condition never changes for those who are ignorant and timid, who rely on fate and have no confidence in self-rule. I do not know Korea's conditions, but if by modern education, even the first shoot of freedom has appeared among the people, is it not from Japan, that you have received this education?"

"What matters it from whom we have received it? Friend or foe, whoever has awakened us and by whatever means, the law of awakening must run its course."

"I agree, but that is not my argu-

ment. The issue is, has education made so much progress in your country that the bulk of the people know their own rights and can effectively demand them? If not, self-rule will never be achieved by the people even though the foreigner is disarmed. The result will be civil war and tyranny. The only way to keep personal selfishness in check is to rouse the collective interest of the many."

"How can we fully expect from strangers the amount and kind of education that can arouse the consciousness of the whole country?"

"If educated people like you feel the want of such education in the country, why shouldn't you undertake the task of spreading it as your first and foremost duty? Sentimentalism is not enough to save the country: Knowledge is essential. I have another subject in mind. For a long time Korea has been weak by reason of geography, history or racial character. As modern warfare is a matter of science, and enormously costly, will you be able to cut yourselves off from Japan by your own strength and defend yourselves? Tell me truly."

"We can't, it must be admitted."

"Then you must also admit that the weak is not only a danger to himself, but to others as well. Inevitably the ambition of the mighty is attracted from afar to rotate round the centre of abysmal weakness. The rider does not ride on the lion's back but bridles the horse. Suppose Russia comes and plants her flag on the Korean soil, she thus becomes a danger not only to Korea herself but to Japan as well. In such circumstances, Japan is forced to strengthen herself in Korea in order to check the progress of another power. Thus it is impossible for Japan without being defeated ever to deliver Korea's destiny into her own feeble hands. This is merely because of Japan's cupidity, it is vital to her."

"Your question then is; What is Korea to do? We know we cannot raise an army capable of fighting a modern war. Besides, in our present state to build and use warships, submarines, and aeroplanes is hardly conceivable. Even to try to imagine it, is impossible under foreign rule. And yet I cannot say that we must

therefore throw up our hands in despair. Let me say what I think. A time must come when in this world the economic rivalry between Japanese, Chinese, Koreans and other races, will no longer remain the foremost historical phenomenon. I'll tell you why. Even among the so-called free peoples, the realm of wealth and power is divided into two parts. A few belong to one part and enjoy the wealth, while the multitude belonging to the other part bears its burden; a few by their own will light the fire of power, while countless others against their will add to its fuel, by their own flesh and blood. Throughout the ages, this fundamental division, these two layers, have existed among men the world over. Up till now the lower layer of human society has accepted its humble position with bowed head never doubting its inevitability.

I replied "They have begun to think, because in this age education has spread even among the lower stratum in the West."

"Admitted. Whatever the cause; the epochmaking struggle that has begun is no longer among the different important races, but between these two strata; between the exploiters and the exploited. Here Koreans and Japanese, East and West, unite on the same plane. Our misery, our poverty is our great strength. This it is which unites us all over the world; it is through this that we shall claim the future. But the capitalists can never combine, because they are separated by the unscalable walls of self-interest. Our great hope is that those who can truly unite will win the victory. The great war that was fought in Europe was a capitalist war. The seed of that war has been broadcast all over the world to-day. Self-interest is the birthplace, the cradle of hatred. Hitherto, the oppressed were mutually divided by poverty and ignorance. Their hearts were pierced by the arrow of death which lies hidden in wealth. Today we shall be united by our suffering and our poverty but the rich will remain divided by their wealth. Don't we see this in the restless political turmoil and dread fear among the mighty?"

MODERN TENDENCIES IN INDIAN AGRICULTURE

By T. V. SUBRAMANIAM

INDIAN agriculture is considered to be one of the oldest in the world, except perhaps that of China, and as in China, it has a long and well established tradition behind it.

Success in agriculture is said to depend mainly on three things, nature and treatment of the soil, water facilities, and freedom from pests and diseases. These were very satisfactory in our country in the past, production was in plenty, and there was happiness and contentment.

Balfour says that healthy soil is a teeming hive of life and industry. Sir Albert Howard, the great agricultural scientist, said in 1935 that the farmers of the Occident and the cultivators of the Orient look upon the fertility of the soil from two different points of view, the one trying to obtain crop production by means of the 'dope' and the other by means of the 'diet', and the ideal method would lie between these two extremes, in the combination of the advantages of both. Dr. Keith Heyman says in a letter in *The British Medical Journal*: "We in our scientific cleverness cannot sufficiently replace this process of life of the soil by artificial fertilisers any more than we can live on patent medicines, mineral fats and oils. We are first depriving it of all raw materials and then poisoning it with all sorts of powerful and indiscriminate poisons, sterilising it and rendering it barren; we dress the seeds with mercury (a protoplasmic poison) or copper sulphate (a poison again); we spray our crops (and incidentally the soil under them) with highly chemical poisons. The crops grown on such soils may be bulky but will be deficient in essentials and prone to pests and diseases. Proper cultivation, using the natural fertility of the soil and conserving it with animal and vegetable composts, putting back into the soil the organic material that we take

from it, reduces the incidence of pests and diseases in the crop, strengthening their own inherent resistance. Chemical manures, which are almost always highly poisonous to living organisms, destroy the active life of the soil bacteria and reduce the soil fertility!" Dr. Wilfred Adams endorses the above view and says that science is the handmaid of the decline of health and the soil which, he says are the two appalling products of our scientific age. Edward Hyams says in *The Hindu* that a natural soil is a community of matter and species working as a complex of life. Parts of the life of a soil—for soil is alive—are the plants growing in it, and the animals living on them. All consume soil, but dying where they live they return to it the substance of their bodies lent to them for a lifetime. As some vegetables, some animals require one element rather than another, and vegetable and animal species associate together in mutually supporting complementary groups. A soil community is therefore a working living balanced association of numerous species. If any part of it is thrown out of adjustment, the basis of it all, the soil itself, is threatened, and may die.

Humus is said to be the most important item in soil fertility. The Chinese knew this 4,000 years ago, and in the words of F. H. King, "in their extensive and persistent use of the legumes in their rotation for green manures to maintain the humus of their soils and composting, and the almost religious fidelity with which they have returned to their soils every form of waste which can replace plant food required by the crops, the Chinese have demonstrated a grasp of essential and fundamental principles which may cause any nation to pause and reflect." Japan, the most modern country in the East, whose people have a sense of assimilating and

adopting scientific processes, still clings to the old practice of preserving the night soil for manuring the rice fields, of growing green manure in the fields or gathering it from the hills and forests and taking back to the fields wastes from every available source. Nicholson says, "It is neither capital nor agricultural education nor government aid nor imported food supplies or fertilisers that keep up Japan but the utilisation of those substances and forces which are or may be available in greater or less degree to every farmer in any country. Utilisation of wastes in matter, space and time, and persistent, dogged and strenuous labour are the secrets of agricultural success in this country."

The full potentialities of humus are, according to Howard, best obtained from the dressings of fermented matter supplemented by the addition of suitable artificials. When fresh vegetable and animal residues are added to the soil the more readily decomposable constituents are attacked by a large number of micro-organisms present; decomposition takes place in proportion to the available nitrogen present and humus is formed. The actual utilisation of the vegetable and animal wastes in crop production takes place, according to Howard, in two different steps; the formation of humus and its incorporation in the soil mass, and the slow oxidation of this complex mass product accompanied by the production of available nitrogen. Both these steps are brought about by micro-organisms for which suitable environmental conditions are essential. If the first stage takes place in the soil itself it is certain to interfere with the development of the crop because the fungi and bacteria engaged in the breaking up of the vegetable and animal residues require exactly the same food materials which are essential for the crop, namely, dissolved minerals including nitrates and large quantities of oxygen. This explains the injurious effect on crop growth following the addition of straw and green manure to the soil. The needs of the second phase are much less intense and can proceed in the soil without harm to the growing plant. It will therefore be a distinct advantage to sepa-

rate these two stages and to prepare the humus outside the field rather than in the soil itself.

Green leaf and compost manures have also the additional effect of creating immunity in the crop to pests and diseases and of conferring on animals and human beings consuming them a high degree of immunity to infectious diseases. Howard has experimentally proved this. By increasing the fertility of the soil using only composts made from vegetable and animal wastes and banning artificial fertilisers he was able to build up the health of his farm cattle to such an extent that they did not become ill and withstood the infection of foot-and-mouth disease in spite of badly infected materials all round. As a result of his study of the Hunzas of Gilgit under Sir Robert McCarrison's guidance, Dr. Wrench, in one of his letters to *the British Medical Journal*, says that he found the Hunzas unsurpassed by any Indian race in perfection of physique; they are long lived, vigorous in their youth and age, capable of great endurance and remarkably free from diseases; he says he is led to believe that "in dividing life Nature devised health with it—health of the soil, health of the river and the sea, health of the plants, animals and man—as one interdependent whole, and the key to the part man has to play is to preserve this interdependency by the rule of return under which everything that had life in the soil should, after death, be returned to the soil as food for further life." This rule, the doctor says, the Hunzas followed; the dead leaf, the outworn cloth, the excreta, all were collected to form a compost for the soil that nourished further life. This rule, it is a pity, is woefully neglected by the modern 'scientific' generation.

Mr. Sivaraman, the Madras Director of Agriculture, is of opinion that the lack of humus is the main drawback of Indian soils and this can easily be rectified by applying green leaves and composts. Experiments conducted at Government farms are said to have shown that the yield of irrigated paddy can be increased from 10 to 40

per cent in one year if 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of green leaves are puddled into the fields just before transplantation.

In the face of such strong and convincing arguments about the value of natural and organic manures which are moreover easily available and safe, we see in our country in these days, especially in connection with the present intensive production drive, a very strong tendency for the large-scale use of artificial chemical manures, evidently due to western influence and vested interests. Huge sums of money are spent every year under the Grow More Food Campaign in the import and distribution of these manures. Big fertiliser factories are coming up under Government management or fostered by the Government to augment the imports. Their ultimate deleterious effect on the soil and the crop is completely forgotten in the anxiety to produce more and that as quickly as possible. One main reason for this tendency is the dearth of green leaves brought about by the merciless destruction of trees during the last war. Scarcity of cattle due to the ruthless slaughter of these to feed the army during the last war is another reason. In the intensive production drive by the Government of the various States the agricultural officers are concentrating their attention on chemical manures so much that it looks as though they are acting as agents for the manure firms. It is highly doubtful whether in the anxiety to produce at any cost, sufficient care has been taken by the Government or other agencies to test the long-term effects of these manures on the crops and crop products. The well intentioned efforts of the Director of Agriculture will bear greater fruit if he would pay some attention to this dangerous aspect of the manure problem along with his advocacy of green manures and composts.

It is claimed that in the United States of America where a pair of horses ploughed one acre a day formerly, 12 acres are done now with a tractor, minimising human labour and quickening operations. In Russia

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before the first World War, peasant farms using primitive implements, produced about 65 to 80 million tons of grains in a year; the principle of collectivisation was followed after 1929 and the use of tractor and other machinery was introduced resulting in the increased yields of 70% over the pre-war period and a figure of 102.2 million tons of grains has been reached. The glamour of such great and rapid advance in food production in the West has raised high hopes in India too and created a desire for mechanisation without remembering that mechanisation can be pursued only where labour is dear and machinery cheap and the richer the community the more mechanical power can it use, and the poorer they are, only animal and manual power is possible. The agricultural condition in India is so different from the West that mechanisation will not only be not feasible but positively impracticable and uneconomic. While the average holding is 148 acres in the United States, 60 acres in Britain, 49 acres in Denmark, and so on, it is not more than 5 or 6 acres in India with a tendency to grow smaller still. The Indian farmer is proverbially poor and has to borrow even for the purchase and maintenance of one or two pairs of buls and other limited equipment for his cultivation almost every year. How can he afford to go in for costly mechanical implements and maintain them? Again, owing to various causes beyond our control, agricultural labour is greatly unemployed; the rather unwise policy of prohibition has thrown a large population out of employment; the condition of the weavers is pitiable, reducing them to a state of beggary. Mechanisation is only going to increase the unemploy-

ment and misery in the country. Trained technical men to work the machines and keep them in condition and workshop facilities with good stocks of spare parts to repair them are wanting. The supply of liquid fuel for the machines is almost negligible. Out of nearly 326 gallons of liquid fuel used in 1937-38 only 70 millions were produced in India, and out of 180 million gallons of petrol only 18 million gallons were from India. The rest had to be imported. Apart from the dependence on other countries for the supply the cost will be an undue strain on the exchequer. It is thus too premature to think of mechanisation of agriculture in our country. That there is no necessity for it will be evident if we look at our neighbours, Japan and China, who with their reputation for intensive scientific agriculture, have not rushed to adopt mechanisation to any appreciable degree. Employment of tractors for seasonal ploughing in areas entirely reliant on the monsoon is not an economic proposition; the ploughing season in most areas is short and the requirements of cultivators being simultaneous cannot be fulfilled unless a very large fleet is maintained, and these will be idle for the major part of the year and result in very heavy overhead charges.

Yet crores of rupees are spent every year over this item in the Grow More Food schemes. Over 3,000 tractors are already said to be working in India and more are coming. Each tractor costing nearly Rs. 35,000, with the paraphernalia of drivers, cleaners, spare parts and other overhead charges, workshops for repair and maintenance, and the cost of fuel, the amount spent by our country on this one item of mechanisation can easily be imagined.

The crisis of our time was in the struggle for the free spirit of man; the main issue for our civilization was whether the creative power of the human personality would prevail against the negative and destructive forces raised against it which were often disguised as forms of social and political progress.

The collectivization of man led to a habit of thinking about social change in terms of processes and trends rather than in terms of personal responsibility. When, as too often happened, choice and volition became confused with statistical probability the essential meaning of life was destroyed.—Prof. Jeffreys.

SIDELIGHTS :

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.—POPE.

IT is not good for a Prime Minister to be talking too much. No Prime Minister in the world has filled so many columns of newspapers with speeches as Pandit Nehru has done in these two months of electioneering all over the country. Crowds give an unreal picture of life. Crowd mentality is herdlike and its intellectual level is that of the lowest units in the crowd. Constant mixing with crowds is bad for mental balance, and the world's most useful and serious work is done, not in the market place, but in the quiet of one's own study or laboratory.

In these days of the radio, it should not be necessary for the Prime Minister to travel so much at such hectic speed wasting so much of his own and others' time and money. He can be heard from where he is by every one all over the country by making use of the A. I. R. Electioneering must be cheap and civilised if democracy is not to degenerate into catering to the crudities of the mob. The finest example of sane and dignified electioneering was given by Sri Bhagwan Das years ago at Banares. He simply announced his candidature and wrote to the papers that it was for the people to have him if they so desired. They responded by returning him to the legislature at the top of the poll. Nowadays Pandit Nehru goes about spending a prodigious amount of energy in election speeches and maintaining that he does not care for the elections at all!

If he does not care for the elections, why should he pack, just on election eve, so much of wordage into so little time, all too patently in promotion of the chances of the Congress at the polls? Such contradictions have a receding effect, and Pandit Nehru at the end of his tour in the South has left many more critics sceptical of him than there were at the beginning. Great men have to live up to their

reputation of greatness, or else they expose themselves to disillusionment in proportion to the fame that surrounds them. For all the pathetic hero-worship of the crowds, Pandit Nehru today is more of an object of sad and regretful disillusionment to disinterested intellectuals than he was before he began his tour, and they have ceased to hope for anything better coming out of the Congress regime under his lead than in the past four years.

Two points repeatedly made by Pandit Nehru have driven even habitual admirers of his to the verge of exasperation. He has promised to get rid of the black sheep in the Congress after the elections. Is it the proper way to get rid of black sheep to convert them, first, into legislators endowed with a sovereign status under the Constitution? Pending Pandit Nehru's possibly very genuine intention of getting rid of the black sheep later, it is these same black sheep that surround him, play host to him, smearing others not amenable to them with their own colour, themselves pretending to be white, and after his departure, represent him and the Congress before the public. Who can be sure, after Pandit Nehru's own contribution to the strengthening of the black sheep, that they will not get him first, before he succeeds in getting rid of them?

The Congress President's disposal of the demand for an Andhra State had not been felicitous either. He said to the vast crowds that he passed through, "The Andhra State is in your own pocket, for you to take whenever you wish." Many who have searched their pockets most thoroughly have found nothing there, and only felt themselves greatly disappointed. Is it Pandit's contention that those who have put forward the demand have not begun yet to desire it with the required degree of intensity? It would have enhanced Pandit Nehru's respect if he had stood out against the demand on the ground

that he was opposed to the principle of linguistic division. But this bamboozing of people with cheap cajolery and impossible conditions is neither wise nor dignified. Nor does it come

well from one partly responsible for the momentous decision of Partition in the face of so much disagreement against it, even in the body of express Congress resolutions.—SAKA.

LAW & ORDER IN INDIA

By E. BALASUBRAMANIAM

NEWSPAPER reports about a recent Calcutta kidnapping case throw a rather lurid light on India's "advance" on the path of "westernisation." We may still be backward in agriculture or industrialisation, but our criminals have already caught up very successfully with their opposite numbers in Chicago and New York. They have staged a first-class American style kidnapping case in Calcutta, complete with ransom demands from the parents and foul murder of the poor juvenile victim. We have yet to imitate the States so completely successful in any other walk of life!

Nearer home, we have had in quick succession two bus hold-ups in a Madras suburb. In the second case, some of the criminals concerned seem to have been apprehended, but in the first one, the miscreants made good their escape. The locality where the crimes were committed has already attained a most undesirable notoriety, and it is certainly reassuring that the police are re-doubling their watch-and-ward efforts.

These are gruesome reminders of a law-breaking tendency in the land which has blossomed out rather energetically after the second World War. Not that daring crime was absent in the old days, but recent instances of law-breaking have been characterised by an extent of sangfroid and success that indicate some planning and some enlightenment on the part of the evil-doers. It is not merely the old type of illiterate criminal, capable only of knifing his victim or bolting away, if detected in the midst of his crime, that is today engaged in most of the crimes that we hear of. This type is, of course, there in the field, but the inference is inevitable that there are also in the field young men hailing from fairly well-off families who indulge

in the more daring and spectacular crimes much in the fashion of young men competing for the higher services and securing cushy jobs!

The basic reason seems to lie in the extent to which illicit arms distribution has taken place during and immediately after the last War. Most eastern countries that secured their freedom recently have been subjected to an invasion by the Japanese who overthrew the old western imperialists and lorded it in the countries for some time. All too soon, the time came for the rooting out of the Japanese and part of the mischief they did when they realised that they had to leave their conquests was the widest possible distribution of arms amongst the peoples concerned, who were thus well equipped for waging a war with their old conquerors when they came back to their imperial possessions. Fortunately for us, India was not subjected to these agonies, but all the same, the conditions and atmosphere of the war times were such as to induce the less patriotic amongst the Service officers to arrange for illicit distribution of arms or the connivance at non-surrender of arms by demobbed personnel.

The number of jeeps that criminals have got hold of and used in their operations against law-abiding citizens, is something phenomenal. This is certainly an indication of the fact that there is some planning, some enlightenment and some resource thrown into the work—which has evidently become as much a profitable source of activity to some people, as the manufacture of steel or soap or vanaspati to others.

The sufferings of the common people in consequence are manifold and unending. It is unsafe to venture out of one's home any part of the day, with a sizeable amount of money on

your person. No school-girl is safe on the roads if she has the least little bit of gold jewellery on her. A clerk of an engineering concern, cycling to a work-spot with the workers' wages, was brutally done to death and robbed in broad day-light. One fine morning, the suburban electric train stopped at a Bombay station, for the cash to be brought in and loaded in the cash compartment. The cash had to be brought by the station staff only across the width of the platform, but even this short transit was interrupted by a couple of hefty men who flourished knives and revolvers all round and fled away with the cash-box in a taxi. Nowhere in India is it safe to lock up one's house or flat and go out, even during day-time, because it is sure to be broken into. In Bombay again, a chawl was raided one night. A chawl is normally considered safer than an independent flat, because somebody or other is always pottering round the place and it is generally unsafe for a thief to approach any chawl-room. But, in this particular instance, a group of thieves adopted a novel procedure. They brought a number of locks with them and, arriving at the place just after midnight, applied locks to all the doors from outside, and thus immobilised the occupants for the rendering of any aid to the chosen victim, should he or she shout for it. They then got into a room, leisurely and systematically robbed every woman of her ornament and every box of its more valuable contents (especially clothes which were rather scarce these days) and walked away scotfree, because, in spite of shouts and screams, none of the neighbours was able to come out and help!

Recently, a public man of Madras mourned, in the hearing of the writer, that, if any one raised any alarm in

his street in the nights, he himself was the only person who left his bed and tried to be of help to the victim! All the other householders were so frightened of a possible visit of the unwelcome visitor to their own homes that they shut their doors and windows tight and left the screaming man or woman to fate. This was a development of the average citizen's character that stood in tragic contrast to the increase in daring crimes which were also mostly successful. Citizenship qualities are a rare commodity in India even in the enlightened twentieth century, but whereas it is easy to ascribe everything to our two centuries of slavery to Britain, that explanation is no consolation to the victim of the thief and the murderer. Today's passive and unhelpful looker-on may any time be the victim himself of burglar or hold-up man and unless we school ourselves to the discipline of courage, self-help and mutual help, there is no hope for the average man in India, for quite some time to come. Whatever the complexion of the Government, there is a limit to their resources and it is manifestly unthinkable that the police force should be increased to such a size as to make it possible to detail a policeman on duty at every hut or bungalow in the country. The Government might usefully consider the provision of arms to men of character and integrity, as a source of help in emergencies, but much more than all physical arms is the steeling of the heart through self-help squads and watch-and-ward societies for every street, village and town, to ensure that a small force of citizens can be collected at a moment's notice any time of the night or day, to tackle the law-breaker who crouches practically in every dark corner of city and town in India.

One moonlight night more than 100 years ago, crowds of London citizens, gathering in Coldbath Fields to protest against a Tory government, were attacked by marching men in unfamiliar uniforms. These were the "bobbies", Sir Robert Peel's newly created Metropolitan Police. In the uproar that followed, one of Peel's constables was slain.

Charged with murder, seven rioters were jailed. But the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide," because the officer had tried to stifle the sacred right of free speech. Delighted citizens presented each juryman with a silver loving cup.—Anthony Abbot.

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.

Postal Voting Constituencies

While very stringent rules have been laid down to maintain the secrecy of voting in the general constituencies, I was wondering how the secrecy would be maintained in respect of postal voting in the teachers' and graduates' constituencies. Several candidates were put to a great disadvantage in the election of members to the university bodies by registered graduates. Voting papers were collected by candidates or their agents at several centres; and those who could not adopt this method got defeated. It is, therefore, a salutary rule now laid down by the Election Commission that the voters signatures in the declaration papers should be attested by magistrates, honorary or stipendiary. I do trust that the magistrates will be asked to attest the declaration papers, individual after individual, and not in a mass or group. I wish that this salutary rule is followed by the university bodies in their elections also in respect of postal voting. What obtains at present in the university elections is absence of fairplay and mockery of democracy.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.
Coimbatore.

Synthetic Socialism

The walk-out of the Socialists from the Congress organisation had given new hopes to the country, but in a short time the newly formed Socialist Party disappointed us all with its inconsistent policies and self-contradicting commitments. The party badly suffers from lack of convictions in its economic approach and foreign policy. That the party should be deviating from time to time from the basic principles of Marxism is highly deplorable. The country hoped that Socialism would work as a compromise between the conservative Congress programmes and the violent Communistic ideologies. But today we find neither Socialism nor at least a Socialistic approach in the policies and practices of the Socialist Party.

While on the one hand the leaders of the party condemn communalism in high flown language, on the other they have entered into alliance with communal organisations like the Scheduled Castes Federation and the like. The argument of the Socialist leaders that the coincidence of the alliance with the elections is an accident, and that it is for structural changes in society that they have

entered into alliance with the S. C. F., is not convincing. The Socialist Party of India presents a synthetic Socialism by the strange admixture of economic revolutionism and reactionary communalism! Nor has the party a definite and sensible foreign policy. The formation of a "third bloc" independent of both the U. S. bloc and the Russian bloc, is the child of the party's fantasy. Many of the member countries of this proposed "third bloc" are neither politically stable, economically advanced nor socially progressive, to think of mutual economic aid; assistance and defence between such countries is fantastic. Such a "third bloc" would be like an association of beggars together to fight out famine! According to Dr. Lohia, there is no need of Socialism in the U. S. A. as economic equality has already been achieved there. It is really surprising how the foreign policy of the Socialist Party is leaning more and more towards the U. S. bloc. And still the Socialist leaders blame the Communists of India for drawing inspiration from Soviet Russia! Lucknow.

S. KASHINATH RAO.

A Cruel Order

Ways of the Government are peculiar and annoying. Village officials are asked to advance the amount required to meet the expenses to be incurred on behalf of the Government at every polling booth. During my tour in the Razole taluk my attention was drawn to this injustice by a number of village officers. They stated that they were being put to great hardship on this account.

Village officers draw only petty salaries. Every one of them has to advance now Rs. 100 to Rs. 150. To ask them to advance this amount is cruel. Has the Government become bankrupt? Why should the village officers be asked to advance this amount?

I may also state here that the advances made in the East Godavari district board elections held two years ago have not been given back in many cases, till now.

I appeal to the Government and the election authorities to look into the matter immediately and to redress the legitimate grievances of the poor village officers.

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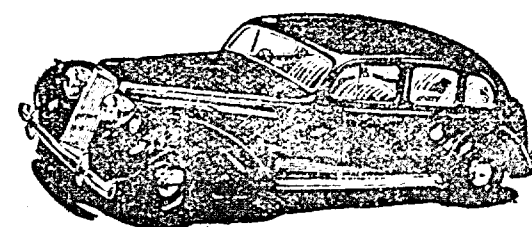
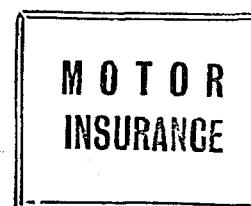
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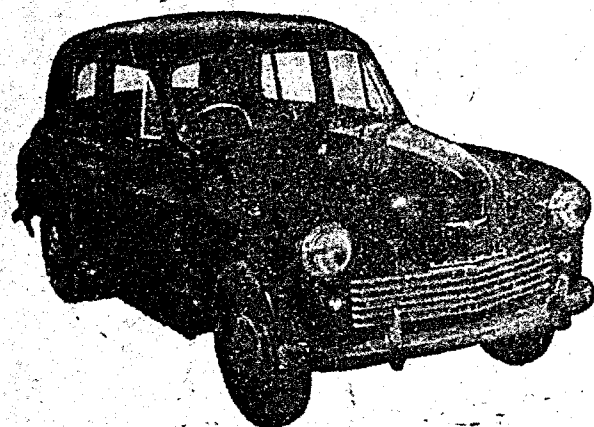
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