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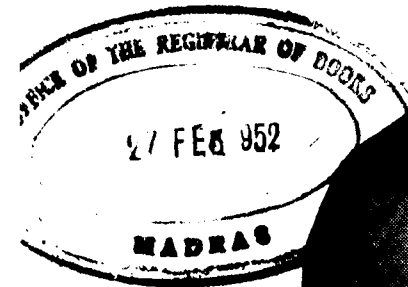
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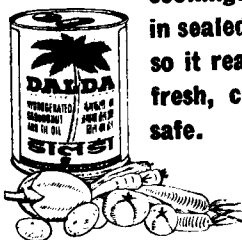




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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII. NO. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1952

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Sri Ramnoth. —Photo By R. Krishnan.	
EDITORIAL COMMENTS ..	3
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara ..	6
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka ..	8
THE BRITISH LION AS A BREWERY HORSE—By Andrew Roth ..	9
IS EDUCATION FOR JOURNALISM NEEDED IN INDIA?—By Roland E. Wolseley ..	13
ROLAND E. WOLSELEY—By S. Krishniah ..	15
RAMNOTH—THE NONCHALANT —By Thanu ..	17
A STUDY IN NATIONALISM—By Santha Rungachary ..	19
CONGRESS LOSES AND WINS ..	21
JAPAN TO-DAY—CAN SHE SUPPLY CAPITAL GOODS?—By A. Alagappan, M.A. ..	23
AMBASSADOR BOWLES ON THE FUTURE OF INDIA—By P. G. Krishnayya ..	27
NEIGHBOURLY LOVE (Short Story) —By M. R. V. Krishna Rao ..	29
STARS PLAY CRICKET—By M. A. Srinivasan ..	33
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad ..	35
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe ..	37
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT —USIS ..	42
PARIS—THE CITY BEAUTIFUL—By Mrs. Kamla Mani ..	43
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..	46

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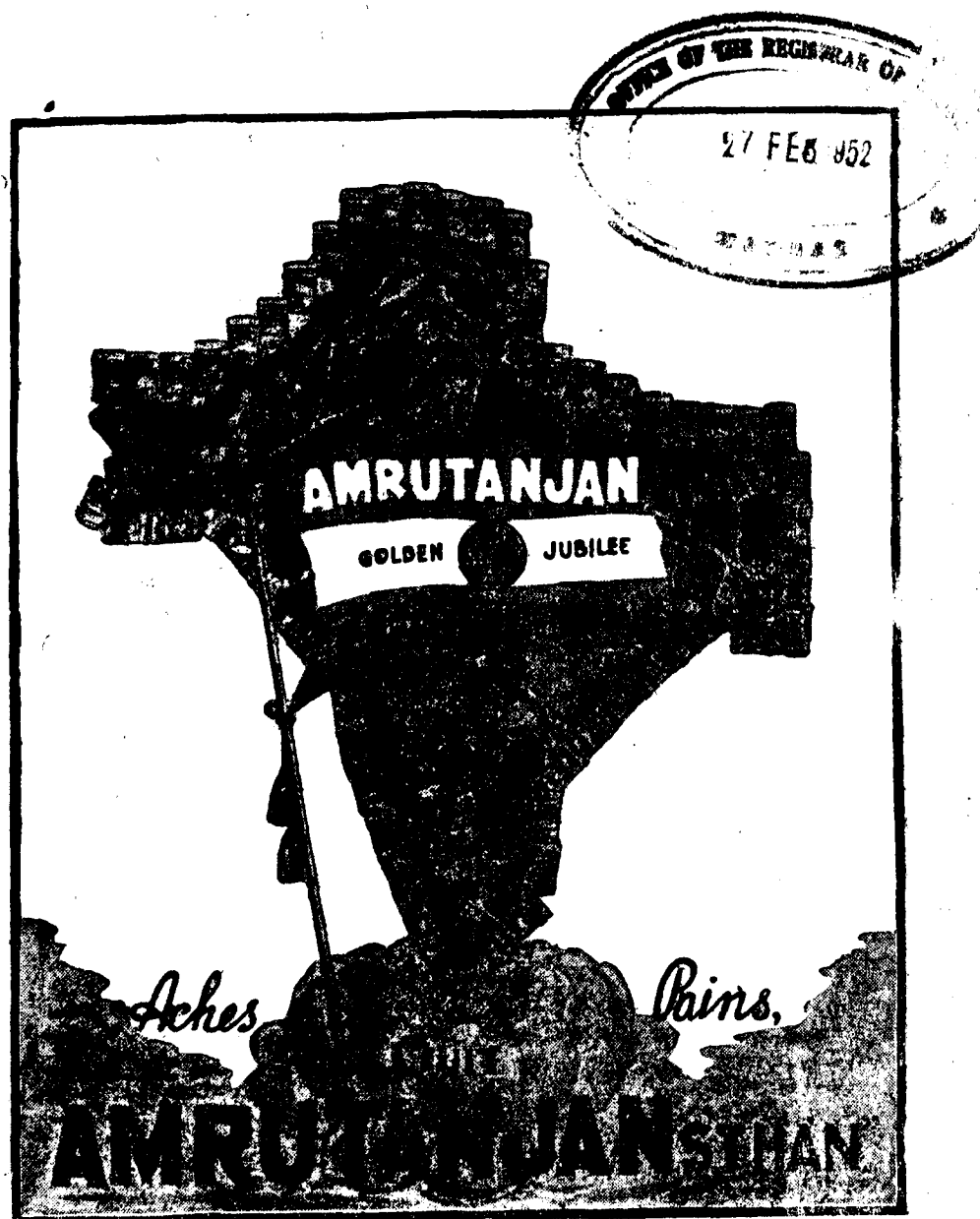
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VOL. VII
No. 1

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1952

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CANDIDATES FOR U. S. PRESIDENCY

UNLIKE in previous years when domestic politics engaged the main attention of parties, foreign policy is likely to figure prominently in the forthcoming American Presidential election. President Truman has just announced that he will run for another term. If the Democrats win in the election of President, there is no likelihood of any change in the nation's foreign policy. It is extremely improbable, however, that the next President will be a Democrat. The Democrats have had a long run of office, with none to show, after the death of Roosevelt, with a genius for leadership. Merely the impetus of its long duration should suffice to throw the Democratic regime out, since a periodical change in the ruling party is regarded by most Americans as a sign and safeguard of democracy and they are averse to voting any set of leaders into power, without strong reasons, for any unduly long period. If any further stimulus is needed for a shift of popular support from the Democrats to their rivals, it is supplied by the revelations of corruption in high places that came to light in recent months.

Two suitors for Republican nomination have so far made their appearance. Of these General Eisenhower is the more colourful personality. He has an immense hold on the esteem and goodwill of American citizens. His chances of success in the Presidential election are very bright if the Republicans should choose him as their party candidate. But within the Republican party itself the General does not seem to be so favoured as Senator Taft. Not only is Senator

Taft strongly backed by the professional politicians, he is the darling of orthodox Republicans who for some time now have been gravely perturbed by the Far Eastern policies of the Truman Administration and have been hurling against it accusations of pro-Communist sympathies and treachery to Chiang Kai-shek. A year ago Senator Taft was an ardent advocate of MacArthurism with its plea for extension of the Korean war into the Asian mainland. Since then, according to *The Times*, he has become "apparently convinced that America is not strong enough to punish even a small aggressor". He is now identified with proposals for withdrawal of American power into the western hemisphere. He is disposed to tolerate foreign military aid but not economic aid.

General Eisenhower, on the other hand, is the main architect of American global strategy, of which the very basis is the integration of the political, economic and military resources of the non-Communist world into one grand plan of defense. He has realised that the weak economies of backward nations cannot sustain hard military tasks; and that they should be economically strengthened if they are to be made worthwhile militarily as allies. It was General Eisenhower's intervention last year that saved Truman's appropriations for foreign economic aid from a lot of threatened curtailment at the hands of the Republicans dominating Congress.

Senator Taft is nearer the heart of Republican sentiment than General Eisenhower. We have the triumph of Republican sentiment in the Administration's attitude of support and sym-

pathy to the politically bankrupt Chiang Kai-shek regime in Formosa. This attitude has gravely alienated world opinion. What the occasion needs is a Far Eastern policy that will save Asia without alienating world opinion. General Eisenhower is more likely to provide it than Senator Taft.

Libel Law Reform

IMPORTANT modifications in the English law of libel and slander are proposed in a private member's Bill which passed through second reading in the House of Commons last week. The Bill is based on the recommendations contained in the report of the Committee on the Law of Defamation under Lord Porter, published in October 1948. As the author of the Bill, Mr. N. H. Lever, stated in his speech in Parliament, the judges had, in the last 50 or 60 years, indulged in a long and sterile process of hairsplitting, quibbling and logic chopping and turned the law on defamation into a sort of Victorian posture out of accord with modern needs. The law as it stood favoured undeserving people in getting damages in defamation cases, and by suppressing desirable report and comment, checked a good deal of public exposure of wrong-doing. The main object of the present Bill is to strike a fair balance between the public right to have information and the individual's right to the protection of his reputation. Its principal provisions are that in the case of unintentional defamation a correction and apology shall suffice without the award of monetary damages; that in the case of slander affecting official, professional, or trade reputation the plaintiff shall not be obliged to prove special damage; that the definition of a 'newspaper' shall be enlarged to include monthly periodicals; and that the number of reports entitled to privilege shall be extended.

Though there was general approval for the Bill, some feared that its liberal provisions tilted the law unduly in favour of newspapers, and might be

abused by commercial-minded proprietors by indulging in excesses of sensationalism. Meeting this sort of criticism the mover of the Bill denied that the newspapers were going to be the main beneficiaries. If an unjust law was removed everyone was a beneficiary. It was not the irresponsible newspapers which were hit hardest by the present state of the law and the fact was that such newspapers as the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Times* had given more space to the Bill than all the irresponsible newspapers put together. Are we to suppose, asked the mover, that the editor of *The Times* and the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* were waiting in malevolent expectancy for the Bill to be passed into law so that they could pour out a cataract of defamation on the public. Saying that the freedom of the press called for no apology Mr. Lever ended with this impassioned appeal: "If the law of libel was just, he would not alter one syllable of it. If it was unjust and penalised the fair report of news, if it obstructed the casting of light in dark places for the protection of the public, if it placed unjust hazards in the path of everyone following the occupation of writer, if it licensed the malice of the black-mailer and slanderer and encouraged fraud, if the law had become a playground for rogues and a pest to honest men—that law should be reformed."

In India the plight of the independent writer is far more precarious than in England. The worst of the Congress Ministers have shown no disposition to tolerate honest criticism in the press if it impugned their credit. Some of them have attempted to suppress the independent section of the press that refused to be cowed by their coercive prowess with every device of mean and petty vindictiveness. We have had at one time five threats of action in court for venturing to turn the searchlight on the misdeeds of men in authority. It is fortunate that the most vicious of the enemies of the freedom of the press, especially in South India have been

thrown out of power or further mischieved and cast into the wilderness, by the expulsive effect of popular verdict in the present elections. But the press should not on that account continue at the mercy of unprincipled tyrants in office. There is a very strong case for a committee like the Porter Committee to go into the whole question of the law governing the press in India with a view to removing the disabilities operating against independence of judgment and freedom of expression.

Ministry Makers In Madras

WITH the elections almost complete in Madras State, ministry-makers have embarked on hectic activity. Fired with the ambition of taking a hand in the Government, the Communists have started negotiating with Sri Prakasam for a coalition. It is reported that Sri Prakasam is not averse to meeting the Communist overture half way. The KMP party of which he is the leader, commands some 34 seats in the State Assembly. Will all these follow Sri Prakasam if he should decide to combine with the Communists to form a Government? We doubt it. The KMP party is studded with big landholders whose interests do not coalesce with those of the Communists and who are more likely to beware of the Communists than go out to them as political allies. Even if the miracle of complete KMP-Communist collaboration should somehow be brought about by the pressure of Sri Prakasam's masterful persuasion, it will scarcely suffice to produce the majority required for Ministry-formation. Others besides the KMP party will have to be approached by the Communists. Who are these others if the Congress is to be excluded? A substantial number of them are communalists and independents to the right of the Congress. Extremes will have to meet if the dream of Communist assumption of office is to come true. Such extremes

cannot be bent to common effort without the component elements breaking in the process. It is a far more sensible proposition for the intermediary parties to come together.

We are not in favour of any grouping of parties that will propel the Communists forthwith into office. The electorate has not voted them into power as the Congress still remains numerically the strongest party. Having till lately indulged in murderous policies, the Communists cannot be trusted when they suddenly make solemn promises of a change-over for all time into peaceful and constitutional methods. In abrupt somersaults of this kind it is difficult to determine where strategy ends and honest convictions begin. But scepticism is legitimate. Nobody can however prevent the Communists from exercising in the legislature the measure of influence that belongs to them as a result of their share of the total seats won in the election. They can even improve upon it if the character of their work in the days to come is such as will command prestige. Parliamentary democracy consists of two wings, the ministerial and the opposition. Both are contributory factors in the administration. Every party not returned with an absolute majority must be content to play its part as an opposition if it cannot come up to the voting strength that a Ministry needs.

In one respect the Congress is in a better position to-day than before the elections. The unpopular Ministers who gave the Congress a bad name, are out of the political picture now. There are many whose hostility to the Congress has sprung not on account of its objectives, but due to its having gone into wrong hands. All these can now combine for a fresh effort towards a more faithful implementation of the acceptable Congress objectives, and we feel that they can now muster a majority rather than any other combination of individuals or groups in the legislature.

Sotto Voce

'SNOW'-BORN VENUS



WHEN political idols ape glamour girls it is only to be expected that in sheer self-defence cinema stars should play exhibition cricket. They have the additional satisfaction that in helping to collect a considerable amount of gate money they are not only being good but also being known to be good. The society ladies who are assiduous in these worthy causes and who have a keen head for business see to it that the stars and starlets get in return their fill of high-powered publicity. As for John Citizen, he pays his hard-won pence cheerfully enough, since any day a snigger is more warming than a cup of coffee.

We may therefore hope that the charity balls, at which competitors for the title of 'Miss Madras' will shake a leg, will be a huge success. Once again Madras has the satisfaction of being in the van. The finals for the chaplet that will adorn "Miss India" are to be played at Bombay. And the lucky Miss (who may be a Mrs.—husbands will note with relief that they are not a handicap) will in due course be wafted to that secular Heaven, Hollywood, there to figure in the parade for the non-pareil beauty who shall be crowned "Miss Universe" for 1953.

Our Madras belles may be unsophisticated, but they are, thank God, quick in the uptake. So, when they hear who are the good fairies who have come forward to give them a good time they will know what is expected of them. A commercial aviation company, a motion picture producer and a manufacturer of swim

suits—all from the Land of the Almighty Dollar—have started hand in hand with an Indian firm dealing in cosmetics on the great quest; as if the geni of fire and air, earth and water should combine to invoke Venus Aphrodite.

Very little, indeed, is asked of our aspiring 'apsaras'es, And they will surely not grudge it when they realise, as the sponsors have so delicately pointed out, that "our chosen beauty" will "have the opportunity of letting the world know of the progress of modern India." A glorious joy-ride to California, with your own chaperon (also carried free) to look after the proprieties, a jolly time at Long Beach, which may last anything from three weeks to seven years as your luck and the kaleidoscopic fashions of Movieland may determine, and quite a hatful of money to play with—that, for the chorus girl dreaming of happiness, is "paradise enow." And your picture will be in all the papers, remember; not quite all, but all the papers to which the "Miss Universe Beauty Contest Inc." gives its ads.

There are a few don'ts—mostly intended to protect innocent Miss Universe from succumbing to the blandishments of rival brands—and one 'must.' And that is that our "Miss India" elect, who will win her spurs donning the national costume, "will be prepared, when requested, to appear in a Catalina swim suit while in U. S. A." She will be only too glad to oblige—"so chic, you know!"—if the selectors know their business. They are enjoined to look out for "poise, personality, intelligence, charm

and beauty of face and figure, irrespective of height or weight." They have only to remember that all these must be subservient to a temperament that delights in wearing swim suits.

Ancient India was not unfamiliar with cosmetics and beauty aids. But it did not believe in applying the art of camouflage to the ugly human face. The unfading fragrance with which the sainted Anasuya paid appropriate tribute to Sita's *paativratya* was not compounded of fat and French scents. And Sita unadorned was *rasa-sevadhii*, the receptacle of all sweetness. *Devamaayeva Nirmिता*, sighs the poet, entranced by the vision of that transcendent loveliness. And the Devi going to her great ordeal had no use for unguents and ornaments: she was too securely anchored in the love of her lord.

The Puranas speak of another beauty parade—the first of them all, in fact; only, it was the lady who did the reviewing, while the suitors were

many. Not merely Deva and Daitya but presumptuous Mah also competed. In his hunger for beauty he is the equal of the gods. They propitiated her not with "snows" and swim suits but with Indra's throne and Varuna's garland. But she, strangely enough, rejected them all for the One who did not besiege her, being free from all desire. I am afraid even a Hollywood contract might not have tempted her; for she was none other than *Sri Ramaa Bhagavatparaa*.

Of all the sponsors of "Miss Universe" only the American manager of the motion picture company seems to have had a momentary glimpse of the outraged soul of India. He felt that "the type of girl who would do honour to this country abroad would not readily enter a Beauty Competition." But his scruples were swiftly overborne. None of our society dames seems to have been troubled by such qualms.

VIGHNESWARA.

(Continued from page 8)

Government and legislature where they had become such a prolific source for the generation of a noxious atmosphere.

Of the other defeated Ministers Sri Kala Venkata Rao is a truly able man with a gift for organisation. He has come to grief as he mistook intrigue for public service. If he learns the lesson of his election reverse, and reverses the gear of his political technique he can yet hope some day to retrieve his lost position and show something good and great to his credit before he is done with his career. Sri Chandramowli is the one Minister among the defeated who owes his ill luck to his virtues. That his administration has been replete with deplorable interventions of a grossly inexcusable kind with the initiative and acts of local officials, is undeniable. But in nothing that he did had self-interest any part. He is

a simple, blunt, benevolent rustic of good intentions and essential gentlemanliness who did not know how to resist the importunities of suitors for favour. He failed to realise that a sound administrator must steel his heart against individual appeals for help when they are likely to result in unfairness to other parties not present on the scene. Of all the Ministers Sri Chandramowli has taken his defeat with the utmost dignity by not saying a word about it in public. Sri Kumaraswami Raja too, though he lost by a fluke, has taken adversity with dignity. In very stormy times he has managed, with unfailing pleasantness and polite courtesy to all, to keep every kind of rancour at bay. Not a small feat, this. Not evil but inadequate, as Chief Minister he has failed to deliver the goods. The Congress in the State needs a sturdier helmsman if it is not to go down in the next elections.—SAKA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

What is defeat? Nothing but education.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE defeated Madras Ministers are not all on the same level. I would concede the palm for objectionableness to Sri Bhaktavatsalam. Astuteness has not helped him to win a good reputation. It has only provoked intensification of public distrust in him. His regime as a Publicity Minister has been a continual orgy of debauched dissipation of State resources in sickening propaganda devoted to self-advertisement. There has been no more repulsive enterprise in the entire annals of ministerial publicity effort in the country than the running of the journal, *Madras Information*. Scarcely an issue has come out without some picture or other of Sri Bhaktavatsalam on fine art paper. Why should public money be wasted for the repeated publicisation of a not very appetising face and figure for which, so far as I can see, there has been neither wish nor clamour from any section of the community? The disproportionate emphasis on the administrative achievements of this Minister and his department has been another disgusting feature of the editorial conduct of *Madras Information*. As Minister Sri Bhaktavatsalam has conducted himself as if the State were his private patrimony and he had the undisputed right of disposing of it at his sweet will and pleasure to the benefit of henchmen and the hurt of critics. Sycophants have supplanted their betters. The objective of personal consolidation has prevailed over the public interest. With his hatred of Andhras and unholy delight in thwarting every Andhra interest, Sri Bhaktavatsalam has contributed more powerfully to the embitterment of Andhra sentiment against the Madras Ministry than any single individual or group. His systematic preference for the servile and the second-rate does not connote integrity. It is the general opinion reverberating loudly in trams and buses that a committee of enquiry probing deeply into his administrative record, will not fail

to bring out sensational revelations.

Next after Sri Bhaktavatsalam comes Sri Gopala Reddi. With an arrogance matched only by ignorance, his pompous assumptions of self-importance have sometimes enraged the public and on other occasions regaled them with the buffoonery of it. His association has worked as a blight on the Congress. Often it was the wrong man, locally detested, whom he backed for any position or favour in his gift, and the detestation has spread from the Minister to the Government and from the Government to the Congress organisation. It was he that recommended the notorious court perjurer Sri Kodandarama Reddi for a Congress ticket to Parliament from the Nellore district. Nehru intervened in time to check the outrage, but since then Sri Kodandarama Reddi had another feather put in his Congress cap by being made president of the district committee! Endless percolations of mal-administration have seeped from the Finance Minister to every stratum of district administration with which he has had anything to do, and he has damned whatever he touched with the perversions of his colossal superciliousness. Another of the defeated Ministers, Sri Madhava Menon, has demonstrated his unfitness for public responsibility by his incorrigible clannishness. As the Britisher in his day divided humanity into British and non-British, Sri Madhava Menon has divided it into Malayalee and non-Malayalee. He simply could not render even justice between the two classes. Result: he brought the administration in his charge into contempt and disgrace. It is the good fortune of the Congress that these three Ministers, Bhaktavatsalam, Gopala Reddi and Madhava Menon, who to all appearances stood rooted for ever in the State ministerial hierarchy, have by a providential dispensation and against seemingly insuperable odds, been chucked out of

(Continued on page 7)

THE BRITISH LION AS A BREWERY HORSE

By ANDREW ROTH

JUST before sailing for New York Winston Churchill warned his countrymen of their economic peril, intoning: "We have no assurance that anyone else is going to keep the British lion as a pet."

In fact the British lion is having its little remaining fat sliced off it in the hope that it can be transformed into a work-a-day cart-animal, hauling two main burdens. These are: the heavy rearmament demanded by the Anglo-American alliance and the heavier exports demanded by Commonwealth countries.

Tremendous intellectual confusion over whether the lion can pull its weight better with its "Welfare State" fat removed or whether he can make the grade at all was displayed in the dramatic but inconclusive debates of January 30-31. Onlookers were treated to an exciting clash between Britain's two most belligerent characters: Churchill and Bevan. Bevan made his biggest bid yet for leadership of the Labour Party. There was an excellent array of economic fetishes on both sides of the house. But there was no clear picture drawn of how Britain can pull its twin burdens, with or without its fat removed.

One of the few things made clear is that Britain will not jettison its rearmament burden. In a meandering speech far below the level of his speech to Congress, Mr. Churchill reaffirmed: "I was not anxious... that we should make the United States Government feel that we meant to be good comrades..." Most British leaders—including the Attlee-Morrison-Gaitskell wing of the Labour Party—accept the fact that the only way they can feed in the trough of Washington funds is by convincing Washington that they are virtually the only ones in Western Europe who are pulling their weight in rearmament. Otherwise there will be little chance of further assistance like the recently granted \$300 million—particularly in an American election year. At least one of the decisions taken

in Washington disclosed however that Britain has no real fear of imminent war. This was the sale of 25,000 tons of natural rubber to the U. S. from Britain's strategic reserves. Britain would scarcely sell almost the whole of the amount accumulated in 1951—leaving it with only four months reserve supply—if it believed war imminent. Mr. Attlee found it "illogical, at the same time as you are building up armaments and manpower, to run down those stocks which are vitally important to the security of the country in the event of war."

The most blistering attack on this bit of Conservative inconsistency was made with great dramatic fervour by Aneurin Bevan. He aroused an enormous enthusiasm on the Labour benches. He baited Churchill: "Does Mr. Churchill, as Minister of Defence, support the Chancellor of the Exchequer in (the running down of strategic stocks)?" When Churchill said he "entirely" endorsed this action, Bevan levelled a scornful finger and snarled: "Then you are not fit for your office."

"Against whom are we supposed to be arming?... The Soviet Union? We have been told that one of the most dangerous weapons possessed by the Soviet Union is 400 to 500 submarines and this Ministry of Defence proposes to run the industrial stocks and other stocks of Great Britain down at the beginning of the year that Eisenhower says is the year of peril." Addressing Churchill again to the accompaniment of Labour cheers, Bevan pressed his advantage: "I think you are now betraying your trust. There is no justification. You cannot add these two things together. You cannot add the fear of the imminence of war and the running down of British stocks."

It was striking that while Bevan's Welsh oratory and dramatic gestures pummelled the Tories hard and strengthened his bid for Labour leadership, he limited his attack on rearmament, in the apparent hope of

rallying to himself the widest possible support among Labour members. He insisted that his position was simply "that the arms program of such intensity and on such a scale aggravates our economic situation.... It reminds me of what used to happen quite frequently when I was a miner and had to represent the miners in the courts about workmen's compensation. When miners suddenly died of heart failure in the pits, the employers used to argue.... that death was due not to exertion but to a weak heart. If it was a weak heart no compensation; if it was exertion, compensation. We ultimately decided, in the words of a wise judge, that it was both—unnecessary and unprecedented.... exertion on a weak constitution. That is exactly what is happening in Europe at the present time...."

II. Britain's New Exertion

"It is a great moral issue," insisted the Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler on January 30, that Britain make the exertion needed to "stand on our own legs" and "pay our own way." He pointed out that in the last half of 1951 Britain "had a deficit with the non-sterling world of no less than £575 million." He did not add that Britain thus accounted for over half of the deficit of the entire sterling area during that half year, which ran at the annual rate of no less than £1,450 million. He did underline: "The gold reserves had fallen between June and December 1951 by two fifths or £550 million, until no more than £835 million were left." At that rate they would only last until August 1952. "If it did continue, it would mean starvation and unemployment for the people of this island and economic disaster for other members of the Commonwealth."

His remedies are the stock ones advocated by the *Financial Times* and other spokesmen for the City financial interests. Under the euphemistic title of "disinflation" they have long advocated a general cut in living standards so that Britain will import less for its own consumption and be able to sell more abroad. On November 7 the Chancellor had already announced a cut of £350 millions in imports, largely of foods and semi-luxuries from Western Europe. To this he has now added another £150 millions cut on overseas expenditures in tobacco,

tourist expenditures, American coal and (after next September) films. He proposes also to "reduce the amount of money available at home to buy the products of our industry." Government expenditure is being held down, despite a 10% increase in costs, largely by firing 10,000 civil servants. Education estimates for next year are being cut 5%. Prescriptions, dental service and surgical appliances, previously free under the National Health Service, will now be charged for at the rate of one shilling a prescription and £1 a year for dental treatment. Already skimpy supplies of automobiles for the starved internal market are to be reduced by half to 60,000 for the year and most other goods by one-third. The demand for the goods is to be restrained partly by tightening the terms of hire-purchase (installment) buying. The major cut in internal purchasing power is expected to emerge from the budget statement of March 4 which will probably include a severe cut in subsidies for foods.

It is indicative of the differing strains within the Labour Party that the first reaction of the Attlee-Morrison-Gaitskell leadership was to accept the deep character of the crisis, criticize some of the Tory cuts—particularly in the Health Service—but to concentrate on attacking the Conservatives for misleading the electorate into believing that conditions under a Conservative Government would be easier. But most Labour M.P.s, spear-headed by Mr. Bevan, demanded a more militant opposition. Mr. Attlee agreed to stiffen his opposition and tabled an amendment describing the Chancellor's proposals as "containing attacks on the social services and other measures many of which are irrelevant, unnecessary and unfair."

Professorial Hugh Gaitskell, former Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, struck a popular note for Labour supporters when he said the Tories had "got themselves into power under false pretences," and amidst whoops of Labour laughter, quoted Lord Woolton: "When you return a Conservative Government, you can rely on it that the cost of your food will not go up. I promise you that you will have a greater choice, better variety but no higher prices."

All Labour speakers tended to

emphasize that Britain's present crisis is very largely a by-product of the lurchings of the American industrial giant. Mr. Gaitskell pointed out that from February to September 1951 United States imports fell 15% in volume during a period of considerable expansion in the United States economy, causing serious harm to the sterling area. Harold Wilson, former President of the Board of Trade who resigned over rearmament last spring, was even sharper. "Unfortunately, the lurchings are not only the lurchings of the United States economy. There are also violent changes of policy on the part of the United States Administration. A year ago, when there was a chronic shortage of raw materials, the United States Administration was stockpiling—at the wrong time—creating further shortages and pushing up prices. In the summer and autumn of 1951, when it would have been reasonable to have gone in for a policy of strategic stockpiling.... when some abnormal purchases were necessary to maintain the price of sterling area raw materials, such as rubber, tin, and so on, the United States Administration had in force almost a boycott on the importation and stockpiling of those goods."

He charged, on the other hand, that American rearmament expansion consumes too much of certain materials, particularly iron and steel. "The United States at present are sucking in materials on a prodigious scale and denying them to the rest of the world. We are finding not only steel scrap, but pig iron and iron ore, that would normally be coming to the steel industries of Europe, being shipped across the Atlantic to the United States because of her almost insatiable demand for these raw materials." To this Bevan added: "American steel production today is at the expense of the production of Western Europe. It is not a total addition to production; it merely means the transfer of production from Europe to the United States...."

This is one subject on which Mr. Attlee could agree: "The fact is that we have been trying to run an immense organization, the sterling area, on very insufficient reserves, and the result of that is that comparatively quite slight things upset a very deli-

cate equilibrium. A slight recession in America has an enormous effect on our exchange position.... Unless measures are taken for some kind of world planning of reserves, these crises will recur again, and whatever Government are in power they will have to face them just as we had to face them."

III. Cutting "Welfare" or "Warfare"

The bitterest fight between the Conservatives and their Labourite opposition is over whether the removal of the "Welfare State" fat will enable Britain to survive its present economic crisis or weaken it still further. Labour is moving toward a belief that it is the cutting out of elements of the "Warfare State" that will enable Britain to survive.

The Conservative Chancellor said that the British economy was considered "soft" and therefore it was necessary to cut the amount of manpower and materials spent on social services to "increase the resources available for export." The Labour reaction to this ranged from Mr. Attlee's description of the social services cuts as "irrelevant" to exports to Mr. Bevan's bitter speech: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer.... thanked the miners the other day for the effort they are making. How does he reward them?.... He does it by rotting their teeth.... The (Conservative) Party opposite always hated the National Health Service. They fought it and now they are trying to destroy it. Fancy trying to charge £1 for an old person who goes for an aural aid." And then, leaning forward: "What mean people are the party opposite!"

Harold Wilson, ex-President of the Board of Trade, said instead of molesting those needing medical aid, the Government should tackle the central problem: Britain has not the productive capacity in its engineering industries to rearm at the same time it is supplying the "clamour and requirement of other sterling area countries for capital equipment from Britain." Instead of tackling this problem, "They think they are going to solve the export problem by charging a poor widow for her deaf aid. Does the President of the Board of Trade think, does the Chancellor really believe, that charging a man for surgical boots will send more switchgear to Canada? Do they really

think that that sort of thing—charging for abdominal belts and other things—will send more tractors to Pakistan?....

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer is in the position of an 18th century quack dealing with a case of tuberculosis and to cure it he has prescribed a crude course of blood letting. Blood letting as a means of curing tuberculosis is just as relevant as the Chancellor's cuts are to the present situation. The reason why we are not getting the engineering exports abroad that we need to at present is the overloading of the engineering industry and the shortage of steel and other products caused by the rearmament program...."

In probably the most informed criticism of the session, Mr. Wilson made other valid points. "The shortage of labour in the arms industries is very largely a myth....most of these factories could not employ additional workers because those sections of industries which can get orders, the defence industries, cannot get raw materials. A large section of industry is paralysed at present by the shortage of raw materials, particularly of metal."

He also punctured the Conservative balloon about inflation. "No one can come and tell the story nowadays of too much money chasing too few goods. We know perfectly well from the slump in the consumers goods industries that that would be a totally wrong description. We have unemployment and short-time working in textiles, clothing, boots and shoes, furniture and a whole range of consumer goods industries for the reason that the average family, once it has paid the amount necessary for food and rent, has nothing left over for other consumer purchases."

Economist Anthony Crosland, a Labour M. P., pointed out that Britain's "imports in volume are lower than they were before the war, despite the fact of full employment, and our exports are two-thirds to three-quarters higher in volume....If it is a fact that with one and a half million unemployed before the war we still had a balance of payments difficulty, how much deflation would really solve

the crisis....if we want to cure our present crisis by deflation we will really need to have not one and a half million unemployed but three or four million unemployed."

No Labour Therapy

While able to poke holes in the treatment suggested by the Tory doctors, Labour critics have been very unproductive in turning up solid proposals of their own, apart from the repeated suggestion that international action should be taken to restrain the tendency of the U. S. economy to lurch and to provide for Britain needed amounts of the raw materials its industry demands while finding adequate markets for the raw materials its colonies export.

Strongly enough Mr. Bevan's speech was not only the most vitriolic but it was, in spots, the most constructive. He proposed a thorough survey of the United Kingdom's resources, pointing out that vital potash had recently been discovered by accident. "In this small island, dependent as we are on raw materials from all parts of the world, we have not yet made a geophysical survey of our own resources. He plumped again for a Minister of Production to be in charge of economic planning instead of the Chancellor of the Exchequer whose fundamental responsibility is really balancing books. "What is the use of asking the engineers for more production if they cannot get the raw materials to do it with? This is partly the result of not having a continuous economic concentration on the underlying facts but merely spasmodic statements from Chancellors of the Exchequer who economically go to sleep when there is no crisis on." But even these proposals were virtually unheeded.

Labour's inability or lack of interest in proposing internal reforms capable of dealing with the crisis presses it inexorably to seek solutions abroad. It will be recalled that Mr. Bevan's refusal to accept charges for spectacles and dentures led him to oppose heavy rearmament. The present cuts are pushing Labour toward demanding an end to the Korean war, guarantees against war with China and a slow-down in rearmament.

IS EDUCATION FOR JOURNALISM NEEDED IN INDIA?

By ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

EDUCATION for journalism is needed in the entire world. So far as I can tell, India is no exception.

As a North American journalist and teacher of journalism who has been invited to assist in the establishment of a program of journalism education in one of the colleges of India, I have been seeking for facts about India's press and about the place of education for journalism in the Indian educational scene.

From my investigations so far I believe the situation to be what I am about to describe. Many Indians are eager for a place in the press of their country. Some see a newspaper, magazine, or press service post as a step on the road to literary fame. Others see it as a chance to reach political office, since in India more even so than in my own country the journalist is closely related to politics and government. Still others see it as a way to make a living or as a trade or profession that will give one of various satisfactions: power, self-expression, gratification of the ego.

Journalists Are Divided

The journalists of India are divided about the merits of education for journalism. They are now about at the point occupied by the journalists of the United States early in the century, when the idea of journalism education was new. The proponents believe that journalism is more than a trade. They say that those who practice it—if they are to do a job which will be for the good of all—must be prepared not only with the usual skills but also with study of the relationship of the press to other areas of activity, of the background of the press, as a means to discovering ways to improve it and utilize it more intelligently than ever before. The study of journalism, they say, provides a realistic vantage point from which to study the world in which we live, since journalism is not itself narrow, dealing as it does with all of mankind's interests and activities.

An expression from a proponent is

that which appeared in *The Hindu* for October 21 last. Mr. Benegal Shiva Rao, member of the Union Parliament at that time, speaking at a reception for him given by the South Kanara Journalists' Association in Mangalore, said that it was a good thing that schools of journalism were now springing up and some of the universities had introduced diploma courses in journalism. The technique of journalism was fast improving in the country, he said.

Journalistic skills, the opponents say on the other hand, cannot be imparted in the classroom. Or, if they admit that they can, the opponents declare that they are too easy to learn and that the time might better be spent in the study of history, economics, and philosophy. They oppose any kind of vocational preparation for journalism in college. They insist upon cultural or general education courses as the best preparation.

Statements like these are familiar to one who has been engaged in journalism teaching in the U. S. A. for any length of time. The opponents of such education in that country, however, are rapidly becoming a small minority. More and more of the departments and schools of journalism are placing all their students in responsible positions in various areas of the press. As these graduates have found places of importance they have surrounded themselves with other journalists who had their preparation in college.

So far in the history of the world's press such education has been most highly developed in the States. Courses are being established gradually at colleges and universities in other countries, notably in South America. For reasons too complex to analyze at the moment journalism education has gained little place in England, although it is developing in other parts of the United Kingdom.

In the U. S. A. forty schools and departments are fully accredited; sixty others offer substantial pro-

grams; at least five hundred other colleges offer one or more courses in journalism.

Thus it would seem to be a waste of time to battle further over whether there shall be education of journalism. The important questions are: What kind of education is best? Which system is best? Which is best for India in particular?

What Is Best For India?

It would be unwise for any visiting educator to plan to superimpose upon India or upon any educational unit within India some system used in another country without considering the conditions within India. He must know something of the needs of the press, the conditions under which it operates, and its potentialities.

Among the factors to be taken into consideration are the nature of higher education in India into which such special education must fit, the aims and goals of the prospective students, the experience of others who are carrying on such work (as at Madras and Calcutta Universities), the position of journalism as an occupation, and the future of the press in India.

What should be the goals of a department of journalism such as Hislop College of Nagpur University plans to open next July? I believe they should include:

1. *Professional training.* The teaching of the best known methods of performing the operations inseparable from the practice of journalism.

2. *Experimentation.* Study of and experiment with the techniques and procedures of journalism in the interest of discovering improved methods.

3. *Backgrounding.* This goal is the most important, from the standpoint of either the student, the press, or the nation. It involves the correlation of general subjects with journalism subjects and the practical application of the knowledge thus gained.

4. *Enriching.* This goal applies wholly to the individual. It is the goal of all sound education and just as faithfully achieved through journalism education as any other. Journalism is living history and the individual who studies it under proper conditions is enriching his life. Journalism education, for instance, teaches the intelligent use of publications of all sorts. It protects the

citizen against the misuse of propaganda.

5. *Conserving.* The department or school of journalism can conserve the accumulated knowledge of journalism through original research and the development of libraries with their holdings of books on the press and their collections of publications.

With these goals in mind, therefore, it is possible to outline the kind of training or education that seems to me most useful for India. I must point out, however, that this is at present theory only. A year after the Hislop project has been in operation I may wish to revise this plan. It should have these characteristics:

1. It should be available mainly to those persons who have done their basic college work or to older persons with experience in the field of journalism.

2. It should include certain courses that will deal with the mechanics, such as writing, editing, printing, advertising, and circulation.

3. It should include courses that will provide perspective, background, and integration, such as history of journalism, principles and ethics, the social influence of the press, and the law of the press.

4. It should lead eventually to a degree, to bring the practice of journalism closer to being a profession, to being as much at least of a profession as a craft.

5. It should include demonstrations, research, practice, lectures, and discussion as its educational methods.

6. It should as much as possible be related to the major non-journalistic interest of the student without robbing him of the opportunity to gain more such interests.

7. It should train people to be of assistance, not only to the orthodox or conventional press, such as commercial newspapers and magazines and radio, but also to individuals and groups in need of aid in producing journalistic materials for social education.

8. It should encourage and develop students with literary ability by providing courses that will assist them to transcend the status of craftsmen, although it should be made clear that a university cannot teach persons how to write but only what not to do as writers.

India's press, from my study of it at long distance, seems to me to be especially receptive to the possibilities in journalism education. For these reasons: It is for the most part a serious press, an attitude forced upon it by the newsprint shortage but also assumed out of a desire to give space to the important news and views. It has been said that India's newspapers are the only ones remaining in the world where the leader article is considered of as great importance as any other part of the paper. India's best newspapers and magazines therefore are of the type that appreciate a well-prepared applicant and give such a person an opportunity.

The press of India, also, is a developing, expanding, and competitive press. In my own country the number of competing newspapers is decreasing. Yet the press more and more recruits its personnel from the departments and schools of journalism.

Mr. Devadas Gandhi, managing editor of *The Hindustan Times*, last April wrote that "the press of India, since independence, has been growing

like vegetation after heavy monsoon rains. The conditions are more natural and the incentive stronger than before....there is a rapid upward trend in the number of newspapers published and they show a greater spirit of enterprise which, from the professional and every other point of view, is most encouraging." Mr. Gandhi was writing, I believe, with both the English and Indian language presses in mind. Statistical reports noted since confirm this statement.

A third reason for the optimism about the proper place of journalistic education is that India is becoming steadily a more literate country. As more persons become able to read and write there will be more need for reading materials, although the need already is vast. But economic conditions, difficulties of distribution, and shortage of newsprint are all factors that lurk behind the optimism. As the economic situation betters, however, the press will be able to expand more rapidly and through such expansion make more opportunities for trained journalists.

ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

To Teach Journalism in Madhya Pradesh

By S. KRISHNIAH

Syracuse, New York.

THE restrictions imposed by the Government of India on the press have made Indian journalism the subject of discussion all over the world. The training of future journalists, at this juncture, becomes a subject of prime importance, especially if they are to be brought up in the high principles and noble traditions of a free press.

In this matter the Nagpur University and the United States Educational Foundation in India are to be congratulated on obtaining the services of Professor Ronald E. Wolseley, who is pre-eminently suited to organize and guide the proposed Department of Journalism in Hislop College, Nagpur.

This short, stocky, pleasant-faced man, with his ready smile and genuine belief in the intrinsic virtues of

honesty and integrity in the art of writing, is bound to endear himself to everyone who comes in contact with him in India. He is a Master of Science in Journalism of Northwestern University; but he is neither academic nor theoretical in his views on the difficult task of teaching to write.

He has been through the mill, having worked on the staff of many newspapers and periodicals as reporter and as editor. He has published about 350 articles and, although most of them appeared in American magazines and newspapers, a few of them have found their way to Britain, South Africa and India. To his credit also stands the authorship of eight books, some of them written in collaboration with others.

Ronald Wolseley is a Professor of Journalism in Syracuse University and holds the Magazine Practice

chair. Having held posts like the presidency of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism and professorships in well-known universities as Emory, Northwestern, Roosevelt College and Mundelein College, his credentials to tackle the difficult task ahead of him are unquestionable.

He was full of enthusiasm for this new project when I interviewed him.

"I have almost fully worked out the courses of study to be instituted," he told me. "But, of course, they are fluid enough to incorporate any ideas I may have after I come in contact with Indian journalism at first hand."

"But, don't you think that you will be handicapped by the great difference between Indian and American journalism?" I asked him.

"No," he was quick to reply, "I don't think so at all. The fundamentals in reportage, feature writing, and editing do not vary to any great extent after all."

"Does that mean that you will not be teaching the American type of journalistic writing?"

"The students will be taught journalism from an international point of view. So naturally the American press will be discussed as, say, the British."

"Will the courses of study to be started in Nagpur University differ very much from the courses of study in Syracuse University?"

"To a certain extent. This has been a difficult problem; but I think I have got quite a workable schedule."

He enumerated to me the courses of study for the first year:

1. Introduction to journalism
2. News-writing and reporting
3. Editing
4. Typography and printing
5. Feature writing and article writing
6. Creative writing
7. Social science
8. Lecture courses on the relations between the law and the press
9. The business side of journalism

This is an extensive curriculum and adequately comprehensive for a start and so I asked Prof. Wolseley whether he expects many difficulties in its implementation.

"Textbooks will be a major difficulty. I am afraid that if I recommend the ones which are used here in Syracuse University they may be too costly for the average Indian student. At present I am investigating the possibility of having some of the essential books reprinted in India. But, of course, this can only be decided after I arrive there, which will be in March, 1952."

I found that another difficulty which Prof. Wolseley has not yet been able to solve completely is the procurement of assistants.

Another American, Professor Harold Ehrensperger, formerly the Editor of *Motive*, has already been chosen to work with Prof. Wolseley. He is in Leonard College, Jubbulpore, and is also the Editor of the Indian Theological Review. He is well-qualified for the post and is also expected to handle the Social Science section. Apart from Prof. Ehrensperger, the Department of Journalism will require the services of two part-time lecturers at least.

Prof. Wolseley explained that admission to these courses of study will be restricted to students with a college degree or at least one year of professional experience in journalism. A fixed standard of minimum educational requirements for admission and the actual working of the system will be possible only after the department has functioned for a year. Much of the success of the Department of Journalism will depend on popular support and encouragement.

However, I feel confident that under the guidance of Prof. Wolseley and the co-operative support of editors and publishers in India, the Department of Journalism of the Nagpur University has every chance to flourish. Other universities will closely watch its career and if it reaps success, they would do well to emulate this progressive step. Establishment of various schools of journalism in Hindi and other regional languages must soon follow so that efficient journalists, aware of the high ideal and awful responsibility of their profession, bend to the task of bringing the truth about world events to the ever-increasing number of literates in India.

RAMNOTH—THE NONCHALANT

By THANU

SHOOT any question at him—be it on carpentry, cinematography, Confucius or cabaret, there he is coolly ready to answer you with a finality which will give you the impression that there really can't be more to it. That is Ramnoth, the cinematographer now turned director.

I have never yet dared to ask him when his name got puffed up from a flat 'Ramanathan' to the swollen 'Ramnoth', but whatever the origin of this changed spelling, the loud 'O' in the middle has clean kept its promise of bigness for the man. For, to-day, small, stocky, goggled Ramnoth is a big name in cinema.

Every one in the industry looks up to him as an one man brain trust, knowing all that is to be known about film making. Such omniscience as his, could not possibly be affected, for, numberless are the technicians, artistes and producers who daily seek his advice, get it, and cash on it. In recent times, no financier starting a film-studio has been known to have launched it without getting 'free' advice from all-knowing Ramnoth. May be, here and there, his suggestions are ignored, but he simply doesn't care. With a gentle chuckle he says "they should rely more on logic."

Logic is what has built the highly individualised personality of Ramnoth. In conversation he freely uses the world 'logic'. That he dares to talk more of 'logic' than others, is proof that he sticks to it more. A completely original thinker, Ramnoth often ridicules without mercy all foolish copying that accounts for much of the bungling and clumsiness in the efforts of people. As for himself, he has always asked 'why', 'what for', and that way he has learnt to live and work with a unique charm.

From very early in life—he is still in his thirties—he had gone about with his camera, recording every object of interest about him. And to-day his very special skill in handling the camera is undisputed. If his camera was efficient in recording with

fidelity things about him, his mind has always been equally efficient in recording details of men, things and places around him. The wealth of information that Ramnoth retains in his memory will stagger anybody. He has always been a voracious student of life, focussing his mind on everything worthwhile, and all the true-to-life pictures he has formed are safely filed and constantly revised in his mind.

The most striking feature of Ramnoth is his utter non-chalance. His come-who-way, come-what-may attitude has always kept most men mild and meek before him. He offends none, insults none, but sometimes he indulges in a mischievous smile to put out the pretentious. Short as he is, he dominates any group he is in. His words are always measured, gentle and low-spoken, but sometimes with their piercing logic they are capable of rapier-thrusts. He may look too egoistic to be courteous, but he has never been known to be discourteous to anybody. To new hopefuls in the cinema industry, who go to him, he is a warm friend, never a supercilious patron. The total absence of any reference to himself or his fortunes, in his talk, will give an impression that he really has no thought for himself or his career. But his career has been a story of astonishing progress. Ramnoth never looked as one grimly determined to succeed, to get to the top. But he *has* come to the top. With no kicking about, no kicking others, no shouting or fighting, he *has* arrived. How? By the real way of knowing more and more and doing better and better.

Ramnoth at work is as much 'relaxed' as away from it. Steady, gentle, unflurried, he goes about his job with his mind fully on it. He shows no visible signs of tiring at the end of a long day of shooting. Ramnoth has the rare gift of sleeping at will, anytime, anywhere. It is said that when working as a cameraman himself, he had once been found to sleep seated on the camera crane, bet-

ween takes. If, between takes, he does not switch off his mind like this, he engages himself in light chat, or avidly goes thro' the nearest available magazine or book. Recently they were shooting a scene in a lawyer's office-room. It was mid-night and the day's work was nearly over. While the lights were being arranged for the last shot, Ramnoth was found sitting in the lawyer's chair deeply engrossed in the pages of a big bound volume from among the law books kept on the table.

He has a reputation for being the smoothest worker on the sets—no hitch, no confusion. This he owes to his practice of being thoroughly decided before entering the sets for the day's shooting. Such planned work helps him to save a lot of time, and no wonder Ramnoth is one of our quickest film-directors.

Ramnoth, a Travancorian, after leaving college came to Madras in 1932 and joined Kodak as a trainee in their developing and printing department. Motion pictures and motion picture making had fascinated him, and so he made effort to join some of the North Indian studios functioning then. His applications did not meet with any favourable response. He left Kodak and worked for a local cinema journal, hoping to come into touch with some businessmen who were then toying with the idea of making talkies in Madras. His hope was realised, for he soon found himself, along with a few other enthusiastic youngsters, promoting the first talkie studio in Madras, Vel Pictures Studio. Those days there was no strict compartmentalisation of work, and so Ramnoth worked in all the departments of the studio. Studios and film business have always had a reputation for short life except for a few recent exceptions. Ramnoth had the good or bad fortune to change often his place of work. At last, while he worked for Vauhini Pictures in the early war years, he made

a definite mark in the film world. *Vande Mataram*, *Sumangali*, *Devata*, and *Pothana* were the four pictures in succession which steadily raised the reputation of cameraman Ramnoth and art director Sekar, and brought them into full limelight. It was in 1942 that Vasani got them to work for his Gemini Studios exclusively. The reputation and experience of the Ramnoth-Sekar combination were put to use in building up Gemini Studios in its early stages. But the association was not to last long. Ramnoth and Sekar jointly left Gemini in 1948. Remarkable among the achievements of Ramnoth were the technical excellence of *Mangamma* and the popular appeal of *Miss Malini*. Ramnoth's work as a cameraman for Udaya Shankar's *Kalpana* won him international praise.

Leaving Gemini, Ramnoth turned out some financially successful pictures, important among them being *Ezhai Padum Padu* which has been a real box office picture. This picture has won him the people's vote as the best film director of 1951. His latest *Thai Ullam*, the current release of M/s. Narayanan & Co., an adaptation of Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*, is a subject after his heart. As early as 1936, Ramnoth had made efforts to filmatize this famous novel, but the idea could not be carried out then.

Ramnoth has before him a few social themes for filming and he is busy making initial preparations. Though he is today one of the most expensive directors, he is very much in demand among the film producers. With all this success, he has never been known to have furiously sought money, it has simply flown towards him. Ramnoth has always shown a distrust of money as an effective means of solving the problems of the individual. He has kept it where it belongs, his safe; but he has never made it stick to his mind. He is too detached to let anything besiege his mind.

The news that six of the Madras Ministers were defeated in the first democratic elections reached us here. The general feeling here was that they richly deserved the defeat. Every one who came from Madras here is convinced that your part in bringing up the general awakening in the educated public, that should have contributed to the defeat of the reactionary ministerial clique, is very great. Let me congratulate you upon this achievement and also the masses of people who rose to the occasion in overthrowing the forces of reaction.—Letter to Editor of *Swatantra* from an Indian student in Montreal, Canada.

A STUDY IN NATIONALISM

Time: Jan. 26, 1952.

Place: Albert Hall, London

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

IT was cold in the green room. The young Indian students shivered as they changed from their warm winter suits to their national dresses. The embroidered Kashmir shawls which had seen them through the last two Decembers in Calcutta seemed far too inadequate even to sit wrapped up in before the electric fire. It was dreadful to think of standing in them on the orchestral dais in Albert Hall with the added chill of hundreds of curious eyes focussed on them. But pride and patriotism won the day. As for the young women they could think of no compromise between the warm opulence of long over-coats and the delicate, thin, soft fabrics of the saris they had brought all the way from home. Really, though, it was an unequal contest. Vanity—and patriotism, of course—won by long odds. Well, if they were going to be patriotic they might as well look pretty doing it.

It was all colourful and festive and bright and gay. The performers seemed even to forget they felt a little cold. But the audience didn't. I was acutely conscious of a chill tingly draught raising gooseflesh on the back of my neck and I had to sniff now and again to make sure if my nose was really there. The Albert Hall, the show place of music in London for decades, is full of draughts. It is vast, labyrinthine and when the house is full, as I dare say it often must be—for the British are meticulous encouragers of art—it must be a sight awesome enough to strike terror into the most veteran of orchestral conductors. There are seats ranging, as my English companion put it, "from anything to anything" and the baronet's family which sits in the private box discreetly tucked away round the hall, hears the same music as the mere factory hand who pays his half a crown and stands in the arena during the promenade concerts. (A less organised form of the same idea abounds in our country where the mere men pay nothing and

settle themselves on near-by trees and listen to the loud-speakers outside). The roof has been reinforced and all sorts of pillars and porches and gadgets installed to minimise the echo, and improve the accoustics. The organ stand rises like a magnificent pulpit right at the back of the dais. High up and around, near the ceiling, are rows upon more rows of seats from which the audience looks down. It rather reminds one of the Roman emperors and the gladiators looking down on the men being thrown to the lions in the arena below. The whole edifice gives the effect of a rather austere mausoleum designed by a very British architect plagued by a claustrophobia complex.

But still it is cold and full of draughts.

And outside the hail young English girls defied the weather and stood on the frosty pavements distributing pamphlets which offered to the "land-starved millions" of India the Socialism of Henry George.

And then the five men in their dark suits walked in amid deafening applause and took their seats. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, old, bald, bland; Reginald Sorensen, M. P., with his lean distinguished face radiating good humour; Rt. Hon. Clement Attlee, O. M., M.P., solemn, dignified; Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., M.P., rather prim and precise and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, charming, handsome and quite, quite irresistible. And timing his entrance two minutes later with the instinct of an actor, came Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, our High Commissioner, in black *sherevani* and *chudidar pyjamas*, brisk, smiling, without question the Principal Boy of the whole show.

Mr. Reginald Sorensen took the chair—and the mike. We couldn't have had a better or more congenial compere.

When the group singing of songs in Hindi, Punjabi, Marathi and Tamil

was over, I turned to my young English friend.

"What do you think of the singing?" I asked.

"I don't know anything about Indian music," he hesitated, "but is it one tune or are they different tunes?"

It must have been the cold did it. The Albert Hall in January was a mistake in the first place. Indian music doesn't seem to go down well there. Our tunes are composed under a warm bright sun. Here, more often than not, we can't see the sky for the clouds, or the fog.

The sun that Mr. Compton Mackenzie referred to in his speech which, he felt, was shining on Albert Hall, was a purely metaphysical phenomenon. In the sense, every time a great symphony was played it was as if the light of the sun illumined the great hall. One often speaks like that about music, poetry, art, sometimes about love, though in the last case, it is very often the earth which seems to move away from under one. As for a real sun, if it had at any time during the last century really shone on Albert Hall, I wouldn't have had this dreadful draught on my neck. The sun which never set on the British Empire, as you can now see, was a figment of the imagination conjured up by bewhiskered majors in their cups believing in Empire, British prestige and the White Man's Burden, lording it over the far-flung outposts of their country. Far from it. The warm, dear thing never rises. It goes to sleep round about the first of August and wakes up on the 30th of July.

I can't remember whoever said ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee has no dignity. In fact, he has hardly anything else. He has no oratorical flourish, no clever, smart conversation, no literary outbursts but his very simplicity and unostentatiousness add to his natural dignity of bearing. His modest looks belie the man. He is one of the few men, they tell me here, who can, if he has a mind to, talk for an hour together

without once betraying his thoughts. The United Nations, he pleaded on this occasion, must work as a commonwealth of nations if democracy is to be saved in the world. It would not be lost on intelligent readers, I am sure, that the U. N. is rapidly deteriorating into an uncommon wealth of notions. But what else can you expect when so many men with ideas put their heads together?

Mr. Krishna Menon who always looks as if he is being consumed by an inner fire rounded off the evening with a few hundred words. He revealed that since India had gained its independence, its fraternal relations with Britain had become far pleasanter and that right now there were more British in India than before August 1947 and more Indian students in Britain. True. One had only to look around Albert Hall to realise that. And if one wandered around Trafalgar Square or Piccadilly Circus of a Saturday evening, one would see scores of them wandering round wondering where they should head for their weekly relaxation. Most of them have to stretch their shilling as far as it will go—and a little farther if they can manage it. Young men with rich fathers-in-law financing their trips are getting scarcer these days, the said fathers-in-law being too busy financing their own daughters' stay abroad.

The five distinguished speakers stood up and listened respectfully to the Indian National Anthem being sung, straightened their coats, put on their hats and walked solemnly out. The "great demonstration" was over. Little groups of people all over the hall unhooded themselves into individuals and headed for the exits, the young students in their national dresses threaded their way swiftly back to their warm suits. We walked down the corridor to the open door. An icy blast immediately froze our faces.

"How did you l-l-like the evening?" I asked my friend politely.

"Good show, wasn't it?" he said genially. "You must tell me all about it some time."

CONGRESS LOSES AND WINS

THE reasons for the severe reverses which the Congress has met in Madras are generally social more than economic or political. Undoubtedly, the reputation of the Congress ministers, who made light of the charges made against them, pranced like pro-consuls and evaded a public inquiry, was mud and that of the divided Congress leadership poor. As elsewhere, there were wrong candidates, internecine rivalry and the K. M. P. Party's challenge. But the social classes which had been happy in their loyalty to the British regime and reluctantly submitted to Congress ascendancy for fifteen years have had their revenge. New social forces have emerged contributing to a new social consciousness. Ministers have been centres of social rivalry, controversy and hate. In the north, the minister happened to be Mr. Kala Venkatarao, who with the present proof of poor local support must have caused disquiet among Congress leaders, including Mr. Tandon, how a reed like him could pass off as a Colossus in the Congress. The new social manifestation cannot be ignored, though it is not yet class manifestation. In the Reddi-dominated Ceded Districts, Mr. Gopala Reddi cannot say that his pomp and pugnacious contempt for public opinion did not deserve defeat. It is unusually ironical that Mr. Ramachandra Reddi, on whom Mr. Gopala Reddi inflicted a humiliating defeat in 1937 to win an easy ministership, should today be returned to the House of the People, while Mr. Gopala Reddi will take a long time to recover from his reverse.

That the social crisis, which the Justice Party claimed to represent only to become a federation of job-hunting cliques, is very complex is shown in the sub-communal cleavages. It is best illustrated in Tamil Nad, where Mr. Kamaraj Nadar is left to reflect whether it is enough to be a Tammany Hall boss to win public confidence. The Tamil Nad Congress leadership has reflected non-Brahmin ascendancy, degraded by ministry-makers who developed a crude sense of social justice. There was, perhaps, no escape from the emergence of the so far politically submerged social classes. But that a social manifestation without a social philosophy can be dangerous has been proved by the easy degeneration of communalism into casteism and of casteism into sub-casteism. This has proved disastrous to the Congress and will be disastrous for the country. The Commonwealth Party and the Toilers Party have humbled Congress candidates by

mobilizing successfully the Vannikula Kshatriya community which predominates in the South Arcot, Chingleput, North Arcot and Salem districts. Mr. Kamaraj Nadar has been beaten at his own game and his scorn for elements which unsuccessfully sought his patronage must have now turned into bitter regret. In Malabar, the Moplahs have returned Muslim Leaguers, while the rest have preferred to follow Mr. Kelappan rather than the Congress. Congress reverses are not so staggering as the recrudescence of communalism and casteism in Madras, the Dravida Kazhgam almost looking distinguished by its abstention from the elections and alliance with the Communists, who can always claim a philosophy.

The election results from Madras in a way present a paradox. The mentality which shamelessly justified the communal C. O. as social philosophy has bred communalism and casteism, which in Bihar may be on parade but in Madras is well entrenched; on the other hand, adult suffrage has pushed backward classes on to a new social status and awakening under all kinds of leadership. The higher castes, who turned away in horror from the Congress as if it was a new version of the Justice Party and who, with Harijans, are supposed to have played some part in inflicting reverses on the Congress, must be now turning away in horror from Communist successes. The Congress has learnt many lessons, but if it is led to believe that its defeats were due to monopoly procurement or prohibition, it will be making a mistake. It is true that in Madras the Congress has been as unpopular in the rural as in the urban areas. Its weaknesses were the calibre of the ministers most of whom behaved like charlatans and the rivalry and bitterness in which men like Mr. Venkatarao, Mr. Gopala Reddi and Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi so callously squeezed men like Mr. Prakasam and Mr. Kelappan out of the Congress. Congress disunity should not make people forget the significance of the successes of the Communists, who combined labour interests and social conflict with skill, as in Mr. Santhanam's case, and made good use of the conditions in scarcity areas. The smug, scholarly, and statuesque snobbery in which the intellectual classes in Madras have found shelter is now so shattered that their distaste for the Congress and other latter-day mass expressions is giving place to their horror of Communism.

The Congress has secured absolute majorities in Hyderabad, Bombay, Madhya Pradesh, Mysore, Madhyabharat and Saurashtra, and is expected to secure an absolute majority in West Bengal. Hyderabad, where the land problem, long paternal administration and the embittered hostility of defeated Muslim communalism have made Congress success difficult, deserves separate consideration as a part of the Communist pattern. The overwhelming Congress majorities in Bombay and Madhya Pradesh have exceeded even Congress expectations. Bombay's sense of loyalty to Gandhi and the national struggle may have been the background and the non-Congress parties, by forgetting bosses like Mr. S. K. Patil, as in the municipal elections, but Nehru's leadership and policies, may have exaggerated their strength. But Bombay has proved that a reputation for a fairly good and honest administration can be an asset to a party. The Marxism or communalism of the Peasants and Workers' Party, arranged in a deadly pattern of alliances and concentrated opposition could not prevent the success of Mr. Deshmukh or Mr. Gadgil because, whatever their faults or the faults of their party, they bore a good reputation. In Karnataka, the agitation for Samyukta Karnataka had little effect on the chances of the Congress, and in Gujarat the Khedut Sangh has been understood as a reactionary body of big and small landlords fighting the out-of-date Bombay Tenancy Act. The contribution of the commercial life of Bombay to political stability, and to support of the Congress, cannot be inconsiderable, though businessmen have not hesitated to inflict defeat on the leader of the I. N. T. U. C. There is reason to believe that social evolution in Bombay stands arrested by commercialism and well-bred and ill-bred cosmopolitanism. With the odds not against him, a Congressman with a fairly good reputation has had a chance. Mr. Morarji

Desai is an exception and the indecent and disgusting muck-racking by liquor and bootleggers' interests over his defeat has only embellished his moral integrity and courage.

Madhya Pradesh, Mr. D. P. Mishra's stronghold, has sprung a surprise by the short shrift it has given to communal reaction, which was expected to be strong in that state. Berar, the most prosperous of the three constituent parts, and Nagpur have few seats in the legislature compared to Mahakoshal, where the Congress, in spite of dissension, has proved to be strong. It is difficult to say how far ascendancy of Hindi and ascendancy of the Congress go together or how far the Madhya Pradesh Congress has secured victory by eschewing communalism. The significance of the Congress victory in Delhi cannot be underrated. The number of displaced persons and the composite structure of the population gave hope to the communal parties and independents who have been trounced. The problem for Delhi is whether the legislature, which was unnecessary but given as a concession to Congress clamour, will be a means of self-government or should be scrapped. Overwhelming Congress success in Madhyabharat seemed doubtful with a long tradition of rivalry among Congressmen, predatory jagirdars and strong centres of Hindu reaction. The successes in this state, as in Mysore, are more than local. The Congress has won or lost for different reasons in different states and the results in the Punjab alone now need cause concern to Congressmen. The new pattern is emerging and, while large-hearted generalizations have to be qualified, the task of the Congress is now easier in some ways and more difficult in others. In any case there need be no doubt about the lesson of the elections or what, with variations in the different states, the Congress should do.—*National Herald.*

JAPAN TO-DAY—CAN SHE SUPPLY CAPITAL GOODS?

By A. ALAGAPPAN, M.A.

THIS article has an important purpose. Its aim is to focus attention on Japan as a fruitful source of supply for capital goods, so vitally necessary for the industrial development of this country. The thesis advanced is that India should not entirely depend on the industrial West for developing her structure of industry, but should also look towards the Far East, where too possibilities of developing a mutually beneficial trade abound.

In the economic thinking of India, two erroneous views have crept in. First of all, it is believed that the Second World War has so crippled Japan that she has time and resources only to heal her internal wounds and cannot be of much assistance to other countries. Secondly, it is contended that India is in no position to pay for imports, even if Japan can send the necessary goods. India's trade with Japan in the year 1950, when restrictions were placed on imports from Japan, due to lack of sufficient foreign exchange holdings, is cited as the basis for this view. Knowledge must be thrown on these points to clarify the issues.

It is true that heavy damage was inflicted on the Japanese economy by the recent global war. 44 percent of territory was lost, even though population increased slightly due to the repatriation of Japanese settled overseas. Important foodgrowing areas like Korea and Formosa went out of control. Salt, sugar, coal and timber could no longer be had in plenty.

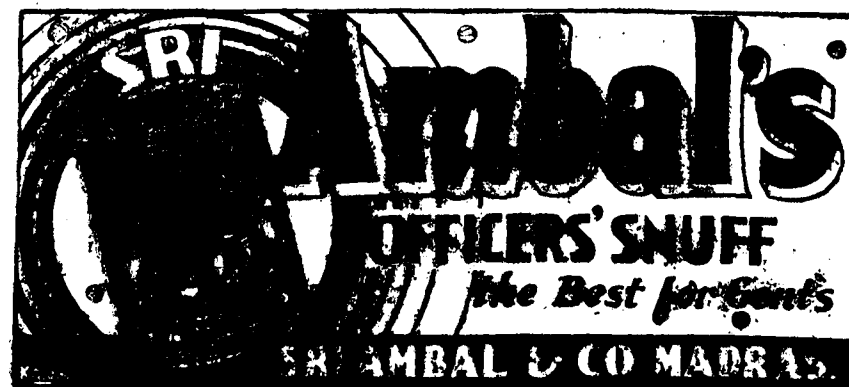
Loss Of Resources

Rice	32%	Salt	55%
Wheat & barley	34%	Iron ore	45%
Sugar	92%	Pulp	60%
Soyabeans	42%	Lead	68%

The damage to national wealth has been quite serious. 2,25,000 houses were totally burned or destroyed. About half this number suffered serious damage. Property losses suf-

fered by industry and transport, including those sustained by the armed forces, are estimated to be 13,500 million U. S. dollars. The value of aircraft and naval vessels lost in the war is said to be as high as 7,000 million U. S. dollars. The losses of industrial capacity, due to conversion of civilian industries for war purposes, and transplantation overseas of home factories added to the weakening of the economy. The textile industry, for instance, was paralysed because of the changes introduced in location and production. To crown all difficulties, the saddest blow fell on Japan, when on the recommendation of Ambassador Edwin Pauley, head of the U. S. Reparations Commission in November, 1945, 114 vessels of above 5,000 tons were transferred to the U. S. flag. He also recommended that Japanese shipping should be limited to 1.5 million tons with the ceiling tonnage per vessel set at 5,000 tons and maximum speed set at 12 knots. From 6.3 million tons in 1941, Japan's navy had shrunk to less than one-fourth of its size within four years. Having lost her income from exports, due to loss of resources and reduction of manufacturing capacity, Japan found herself in a tight corner as soon as the war was over. Her hardships were aggravated by the loss of her sizable navy, which meant a great loss of invisible receipts and increased payments to other countries, for carrying cargo to and from Japan.

In spite of all these staggering hardships, Japan has marched with seven league boots, and has recovered with remarkable speed. Thanks in a big way are due to the generous U. S. aid which helped to tide over the current deficit. At a time when imports were needed as never before, to re-equip the structures of industry which had either been destroyed or fallen into disuse, and Japan could not pay back in commodities or services, the U. S. footed the bill and filled the gap.



(in U. S. \$. millions)

	Sept. 1945-46.	1947	1948	1949	1950	Aggregate Total.
		%	%	%	%	
Total imports	305.6	523.5	100.0	684.2	100.0	504.9
Imports by U. S. aid funds	192.9	404.4	77.3	461.0	67.4	534.8
Imports by commercial account	112.7	119.1	22.7	223.2	32.6	570.1
					40.8	609.2
					62.8	1434.3

The above figures speak for themselves. From 1st July 1951 Japan was independently established on her own feet and had to pay her way. Two billion dollars from the United States, six years of preparation, and a war in Korea to heighten industrial activity and raise the national income all

went a long way towards achieving economic autonomy for Japan.

By 1951 Japanese industrial production had reached new heights. The production of the mining and manufacturing industries was gradually restored and almost reached the average level of 1932-36.

Index of industrial activity

1932-36 is equal to 100

1938 .. 154.9	1942 .. 164.6	1946 .. 33.1	1950 .. 96.8
1939 .. 163.5	1943 .. 195.5	1947 .. 40.2	1951 ..
1940 .. 165.5	1944 .. 219.1	1948 .. 58.1	Jan.. 112.8
1941 .. 171.5	1945 .. 86.9	1949 .. 77.2	March 130.8
			May 147.0

From 86.4 in 1945, the index has moved to 147.0 by May 1951. Studying the individual industries, we find many interesting features. The cotton industry was equipped with approximately 12 million spindles before the war. At the end of war, there were only 2.8 million spindles left which were also extremely worn out and required repair. Gradually, with the lifting of restrictions on the total Japanese spindleage, the industry now has more than 5.1 million spindles. Production of raw silk and silk textiles was far below the pre-war level, since the mulberry fields were converted into farmlands. Wool yarn and textiles also declined, as in former markets, internal industrialisation removed the dependence on imports. Japanese production in textiles was shifted from coarse cheap cloth to finest quality varieties, and because

of cost advantages constituted a serious threat to U. K. products, notably in the Pakistan market.

The Production in the iron and steel industry has made great progress. In 1950, production reached the peak level since the war, and 2,232,000 tons in pig iron, 4,848,000 tons in steel ingots (including steel castings) and 3,371,000 tons in finished steel were produced. The heavy loss of iron ores and coking coal from near-by sources of supply, mainly Red China, has compelled Japan to resort to imports of coal from the U. S. paying high prices for the raw material and heavy carriage costs. This was reflected in the costs of industries using iron and steel like the machinery industry, ship building industry, and the railway rolling stock construction industry. Japan is planning to import these es-

sential raw materials from South-East Asia.

Rapid progress has been achieved in production of railway rolling stock, trucks and textiles machinery, exceeding the level attained in 1932-36. The production was sufficient to meet the demand for exports as well as to supply the internal needs. Production in other branches of the machinery industry, such as machine tools, light electrical appliances, and industrial machinery other than textiles, remained at a low level till the close of 1950. The year 1951 has brightened the prospects, especially with the placing of an order for machine tools to the value of 17 million dollars by the U. S. A. The machinery industry is likely to earn more foreign exchange, while the textile industry's earnings abroad are likely to decline gradually, as export markets for machinery are widening, while for textiles there is a steady contraction, with internal development in the former markets. Many countries have entered the first stage of industrialisation and are capable of producing necessary consumption goods locally.

Note must be taken of the ship building industry of Japan. There are 80 ship building yards with a capacity of production of 300,000 tons. The high cost of iron and steel products, and the high rate of interest of 10 per cent, compared to 3 per cent elsewhere, have contributed to limiting production. With the melting away of the initial U. S. severity, shipping has been able to develop significantly. From 32 cargo vessels and 10 tankers on 1st April 1950, Japan's ships increased in service to 107 cargo vessels and 12 tankers a year later. The Korean war has led to a revival of Japanese shipping. Pacific sea lanes have also been opened from July 1951 to Japanese ships. Japan will soon have not only a reasonably large merchant fleet of her own, but will also be in a position to build ships for other countries.

Two salient conclusions follow from the above study. First, Japan's natural resources have been diminished due to the war and dependence on imports has increased. Secondly, Japan's industrial production has revived and reached a stage when she can meet demands, both internal and

external. Japan has once again become an effective trading nation.

A study of the commodity structure of Japan's exports shows how minerals, machinery and allied groups are gradually increasing in importance.

Percentage distribution of exports value among major groups of commodities.

	1934-36	1949	1950
Total	100	100	100
Textiles	51.4	55.2	49.6
Minerals, metals, machinery and allied group	16.8	23.1	30.4
Ceramics	2.4	4.3	3.3
Chemicals	9.1	2.5	6.1
Food	9.7	4.1	4.8
Others	10.6	5.5	6.5

Machinery exports of Japan have increased since 1948. From 9,678,000 dollars' worth of machinery exported in 1948, the machinery exports increased to 55,354,000 dollars in the next two years. The percentage increase registered exceeds 550 in 1949 and 700 in 1950.

In thousand dollars.

	1950 (A)	1949 (B)	A — B %
Ships	18019	1994	926.9
Electric machinery	7877	..	..
Textile machinery	9991	14591	68.4
Sewing machines	9533	3911	243.7
Boilers and engines	4021	..	..
Rolling stock vehicles	8850	834	1061.1
Bicycles	5258	1790	293.7
Watches and clocks	1028	1427	72.0
Optical instruments	4990	3477	143.5
Others	6995	27330	..
Total	76562	55254	138.3

Electric machinery and boilers and engines are included in 'others' for the year 1949.

Ships occupy the largest proportion in export value. Textile machinery, sewing machines, rolling stock and vehicles, electric machinery and bicycles appear in that order of importance in the list. 50 per cent

of production in textile machinery, 64.8 per cent of sewing machines, 60.4 per cent of optical instruments, 60.5 per cent of rolling stock and vehicles, 15.6 per cent of bicycles, 16.9 per cent of internal combustion engines were exported. For heavy electric machinery, exports feature 10% of local production even though in some specified classes exports were as high as 50 per cent of local production.

When we examine the trade relations of Japan with India we see how Japan imported mainly raw cotton, oil seeds, iron ore and coking coal in return for textile machinery and textile products. Japan's exports to India decreased by 31 per cent in 1950 from 1949, while her imports increased by 32 per cent for the same period.

Trade with India in 1000 dollars.

	1949	1950
Exports	64816	20315
Cotton yarn	7237	6
Cotton fabrics and manufactures	6625	40
Raw silk	295	1843
Chemical fibres and products thereof	17752	2005
Textile machinery	7583	2800
Imports	13480	17813
Raw cotton	5020	5560
Oil seeds	not available	5555
Iron ore	232	347
Coking Coal	not available	964

The reduction of Japan's exports was due to restrictions placed by India on import from hard currency areas, including Japan. Textile exports to India were sharply reduced partly due to local production and partly due to import restrictions. Severe competition in rayon was experienced from western European countries. Principal import commodities were cotton, oil seeds, iron ore, coal, hides and skins, etc. In the year 1950, mica to the value of 70,000 dollars and manganese to the value of 647,000 dollars were also imported from India. It is interesting to note that India has received mainly only textile machinery in capital goods exported from Japan. The fullest advantage of trade has not been taken by both the countries. India's exports can be increased notably in mineral resources, which are yet to be developed. In return Japan's cooperation in building India's

industry can be sought. Japan, if presented with an opportunity, can play an actual role in building the various development projects in this country. Our shipping strength can also be increased. It is realised that the cost of Japanese ships is higher than elsewhere. Possibly large scale economies can be achieved by increased production. India can also share the benefit by supplying some of the products necessary for ship building.

Besides increasing the export of surplus raw materials to finance the purchase of Japanese capital goods, plans for direct Japanese investment can be formulated. It is learnt that Japan is eager to participate in the development plans of South-East Asia by exporting machinery, iron and steel and cement. Japanese iron and steel companies in particular, are very enthusiastic about direct investment. They are eager to avoid paying high shipping rates to the U. S. and Canada for import of iron ore which was formerly obtainable in China. They are, therefore, eager to work the mines in Malaya, the Philippines and other South East Asia countries. Mines in Siriago and Khastli in Portuguese Goa are to be worked by three leading Japanese iron and steel piping and mining companies. About 0.2 million dollars are to be invested. Japanese machinery is to be installed and 50 Japanese engineers are to be employed. The output is expected to increase from 150,000 tons to 500,000 tons of iron ore per year.

Besides increasing exports to Japan and interesting Japanese capital in India, attempts to secure long-term credit from machinery manufacturers in that country, can be made. (Free convertibility of sterling into Japanese currency may be helpful as that will help to canalise the frozen sterling balances into an useful channel. That will also encourage exports in other parts of the sterling area to Japan). Attempts to develop multi-lateral trade, even to a limited extent will be helpful. International loans can be sought to be spent in Japan. There is plenty of scope for strengthening trade relations between Japan and India. India has so far been blind to the rich possibilities of developing mutually beneficial trade between the two countries.

AMBASSADOR BOWLES ON THE FUTURE OF INDIA

NEW YORK CITY: India is fortunate indeed in having as its American Ambassador a man of the caliber and character of Chester B. Bowles. During his trip to U. S. A. Ambassador Bowles did yeoman service to India where it most counts. His speeches and interviews did much to bring about better understanding of the new Republic. Above all, the Ambassador should be given great credit for his courage and earnestness in presenting the case of India to the American public. Speaking from Hartford, the Capital of Connecticut, the State of which he was Governor, in one of his last speeches which was broadcast, Ambassador Bowles said:—

Now, in closing, I'm going out on a limb and say a bit about the future of India. As most of you know I'm an optimist of deep-seated convictions. I believe the great test of democratic government in India will succeed. On the other hand, I recognize that there are many, many opportunities for mistakes. If success is achieved—if free India overcomes its problems—the victory will be a victory for the Indian people not for assistance which the United States has given and—I hope—will continue to give to India.

If democratic government fails in India, the entire free world will suffer a catastrophic setback all through Asia. This setback will be even greater, in my opinion, than that which the free world suffered when China was conquered by Communism. The lesson of China forewarned us of what could happen in India. If we can not profit from this lesson, the future is dark indeed.

What can we Americans do to prevent this catastrophe?

First, we must give the Indian people a much clearer picture of the United States and the American people. Most Indians have an unbalanced conception of Americans. They often misunderstand and exaggerate racial discrimination in the United States. The Cold War often makes it necessary for us to talk in military terms, in terms of world strategy, and this irritates the

Indians. Furthermore, many of them still believe that the Western nations will revert to the policies of the 19th century colonial period.

India must see the best in America. We do not make friends by boasting of the material comforts and the high standard of living we enjoy. Talk of bath tube, radios, and television sets does not make it easier for people in other lands to know and like us.

We have a great democratic tradition. It embodies the ideas of Jefferson, of Jackson and Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt and Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. One great idea runs through the philosophies of these men:—every individual is important; governments exist for him. He does not live to serve the state.

We have tried to live by this powerful idea and we believe it has served us well. It is important to us that India understand that this concept of individual freedom is basic in our society.

We are carrying a tremendous burden in our struggle for a free world. We are often uncertain, and in spirit, I think, we are humble in the face of this responsibility. We have made mistakes. We will probably make more. We must get across to India our deep and grave concern with these problems, our anxiety to preserve democratic freedoms as we search for answers. We should welcome their help and search out the contributions they can make in their own way.

We are making progress with this information work. Most of the kinks in our information service have been ironed out in the last year and the information programme is now moving along in high gear.

Second, we must face up to the fact that we must increase aid to India. This will cost money, but it is a small fraction of what we spend in the rest of the world.

Third, we must never lose sight of the fact that when we deal with India we are dealing with an Asiatic country. By shirking the difficult task of recognising India as a part of Asia and thus refusing to recognize the

realities of 1952, the free nations will surely alienate all of Asia and perhaps even bringing about their own downfall.

The rest depends largely on India. As I said before, I'm an optimist. I believe India will meet the challenge. The next five years may tell the story. Everyone who believes in human freedom and ultimate dignity of man will be affected by the outcome.

Six Reclamation Engineers to Advise India

Six Bureau of Reclamation engineers will go to India within the next two months, by request of the Indian Government, to serve as advisor to the Central Water and Power Board on dam and powerplant design and construction problems, in connection with major river development programmes, Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman announced on February 1.

The project is one phase of the recently announced expanded programme of United States Point Four cooperation with India for speeding up the country's economic development, Secretary Chapman said. Its aims are to help India with her water resources programme for increased food production, development of needed hydro-electric power, and relief from floods during the monsoon season and from soil erosion.

Commissioner of Reclamation Michael W. Straus, commenting on the co-operative reclamation project, said that India, with its generally high rainfall sharply confined to the monsoon season, has a very urgent need for an enlarged water conservation programme which uses major engineering structures, such as dams, power plants and large canals.

"In order to profit by the knowledge in this field gained in the United States since the turn of the last century, the Indian Government has asked our co-operation in an efficient and systematic analysis of the engineering phases of national reclamation and resource utilization," Mr. Straus said. "Indian engineers have already built many excellent works but more are needed. We are happy to co-operate with India in this new project which can mean more food and better living for millions of her people."

For some years past, the Bureau of Reclamation has been training many young Indian engineers at its Denver Engineering Center and, under an agreement signed last October, is studying and analysing scientific and technical engineering data for India at its Denver laboratories at India's expense.

Under the Point Four Programme, the Bureau will train 10 Indian engineers in dam construction, dam design, hydro-electric powerhouse design or other specialties. Five of these trainees are now in Denver and five are expected soon.

Popularity Poll

Two generals, Douglas MacArthur and Dwight D. Eisenhower, run virtually neck-and-neck as the man most admired by the American public today, with Gen. MacArthur slightly ahead.

President Truman finishes next in this "admiration derby" followed by W. Churchill, Sen. R. A. Taft and former President Herbert Hoover.

The "most admired man" survey is conducted annually by the American Institute of Public Opinion. Interviewers throughout the country personally questioned a cross section of adults, asking:

"What man living today in any part of the world do you admire the most?"

Here are the 10 who received the most votes:

1. Douglas MacArthur
2. Dwight D. Eisenhower
3. Harry S. Truman
4. Winston Churchill
5. Robert A. Taft
6. Herbert Hoover
7. Pope Pius
8. Estes Kefauver
9. Albert Einstein
10. Earl Warren

Last year Gen. MacArthur and Gen. Eisenhower were also the top two, with Eisenhower in the lead. Truman and Churchill were next.

Sen. Taft rose from sixth place last year to fifth this year.

A somewhat similar survey recently was conducted by the institute on famous women who run high in the esteem of American women.

The five who got the most votes were Sister Kenny, Eleanor Roosevelt, Kate Smith, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Elizabeth of England.

—P. G. Krishnayya.

Short Story

NEIGHBOURLY LOVE

By M. R. V. Krishna Rao

MOHAN came back after the Dusse-
rah holidays with a determination not to waste a single hour. There were only five months to go for the examination, and unless he strained every nerve he would not get a first class. To escape distraction, he left the college hostel and hired a house in a quiet locality.

The house on his left was inhabited by an engineer in the A. I. R. It was singularly silent. The engineer seemed to live all alone. Now and then Mohan saw a girl visit him. Later he found out she was a programme assistant in the A. I. R. and lived next door to the engineer.

In vacant moments when he was tired of studying, sitting in his deck chair on the terrace outside his room, Mohan would wonder whether the engineer was not married. Probably his wife was with her parents. Otherwise he could not understand why she had been absent so long; over two months. Meanwhile the husband seemed to have a jolly time with the programme assistant.

January had two weeks yet, and Mohan was quite satisfied with the preparation he had made for the examination. That evening he was lounging in his deck chair as usual, trying to memorise certain portions of Wyld's 'Short History of English.' But nothing seemed to enter into his brain. He closed the book and got up. "Oh Maii," he yawned and stretched his limbs.

As he turned to go into his room, his eyes looked up and alighted upon a new fair face. She smiled like the russet sun peeping through the veils of morning, and her eyes shone like sunbeams playing on lapping lake water. When she saw Mohan staring at her, she walked away and disappeared.

There came a change in Mohan's affairs from that evening. He could not concentrate on his studies as

before. Every now and then, even during the day, he would come out of his room to catch a glimpse of the girl next door. Often he was unsuccessful, and he was afraid of being caught peeping by the engineer who remained at home most of the day.

By five in the evening he would put his chair out on the terrace, and sit restless with a book in hand attempting to read. But his eyes would look up before they had scanned half a line and come back to the same line over and over again. He rarely finished a page during the whole evening and what he read he could never retain.

Over a month had elapsed since first she gleamed on his sight. She was the engineer's wife. Pramila was her name—Mohan heard her husband calling her by name one day. "What a sweet name!" thought he. He gave up his evening walks along the Marina; instead, he would put out his deck chair on the terrace, which was lower than that of the neighbouring house, and wait for the phantom of delight.

Pramila came almost regularly. She walked up and down the terrace, usually with a book in hand, and whenever she came to his end of the terrace, she would look on him with smiling eyes. Mohan would look up just then and their eyes would meet. It was as if he had caught the rhythm of her walk and the timing of her step. If he did not see her on any day, he would feel wretched till he saw her the next day.

Pramila waylaid him in his sleep and haunted him in his dreams. For hours Mohan would lie on his bed in the nights, his eyes closed, but his thoughts wide awake. He loved Pramila intensely, as no other man could love. But did she love him?

Why should she? What was there in him to be loved? Oh God! make her love him. But what use was it?

He would finish his examination shortly and go away, perhaps never to see her again.

Moreover she was married. What a rotten place this world was! Did she love her husband? What was there lovable in him? He was an England-retained engineer, getting a fat pay and owning a car but far from handsome. Why did a lovely maid like Pramila ever marry him?

Sometimes he dreamt that he was placed in the third class. He would wake up the next morning and realise with a horror that his examinations were fast approaching, and that he was wasting his time. He seemed to have forgotten all he had read before. If he did not get a first class his future would be ruined. But when he sat down to read, his mind would stray again to his bewitching neighbour. He cursed himself for wasting precious time, but the more he struggled to banish Pramila from his thoughts, the more she took hold of them.

February came to an end and Mohan became panicky. In a few days he would have to leave and Pramila would be lost to him for ever. Was his six-weeks-old love to come to nothing? Supposing he told her of his love? But then, if she did not really love him and showed his letter to her husband? Let her tell him. To express one's love for a woman was no crime. He sat late into the night, and poured out his heart into six sheets of cream-laid paper.

The next evening when Pramila, as was her wont, was promenading on her terrace, a little packet landed at her feet. She picked it and looked down. Mohan saw the packet in her hand and dived into his room. Pramila smiled greatly amused, and opened the packet. It was a letter weighted with chocolates.

Quite an excellent performance, she admitted; for a fact the best love letter she ever received. It reminded her of her college days. She studied in a boy's college, and during the four years she was there she received quite a number of such letters. The other girls told her it was because she was so gay and free; but Pramila considered them to be natural tributes to her beauty of which she was consciously proud. She derived a curious

pleasure when men expressed their admiration for her through spoken or written words.

But after her marriage this was the first. Subbu never wrote to her any love letters—not even when he was in England for four years, so far away from the girl to whom he was betrothed. He was never a demonstrative husband. He just took her for granted. Her beauty and her charm seemed to have no effect on him.

A rose-tinted pleasure pervaded her being and mounted to her cheeks, as she looked at the letter lying in her lap. A mischievous look came into her eyes and she got up. She would write a reply.

She went to the writing table and opened the drawer to take out the blue pad. It was at the bottom, underneath the heap of papers. As she pulled it out, a folded letter dropped from it. She picked it and opened it. "Darling Girija," it began.

It was a letter written by her husband; it was an attempt to tell Girija how much he loved her. He asked her not to misunderstand him if he had to be a little cautious in the presence of his wife. It ended with "heaps and heaps of kisses."

A burning rage choked her and she trembled. Her first impulse was to tear the letter to bits. But she changed her mind and an angry smile lit her face as midday sun illumines a sultry sky. She folded the letter, kept it back in the pad and restored it to its former place.

An acute pain clutched at Pramila's heart and filled her eyes with tears. What deceitful, treacherous creatures these men are! Subbu was not so unromantic as she took him to be, after all! Only he reserved all his romance for his neighbour Girija. "Darling Girija" indeed! He who had never called her darling even once during the five years of their married life, called a common sneaky woman his darling! What did he find in her?

The woman could sing a little and had given a few performances over the radio. What of that? How could he ever make love to that ugly creature? Heaps and heaps of kisses for that wretched woman! God knows what they did in her absence.

That must be the reason why Subbu was so keen on shifting into this house from the previous one which was so near his office. "Darling Girija!" She would teach them all a lesson.

When Subbu returned from the broadcasting station that night, he found Pramila lounging in a chair, humming to herself. Subbu undressed for dinner but Pramila did not move.

"Pramila, you seem to be in high spirits today?"

"....."
"Pramila, can't you hear me?" Subbu came near her. "What are you dreaming about?"

"About love. Oh Subbu, I have seen something wonderful today."

"What is it?"

"An exquisite expression of neighbourly love."

"What?"

Pramila noticed his confusion, but pretended she did not. "I have received a love letter from our neighbour today. It is so finely written, Subbu."

"Our neighbour wrote a love letter to you! Who is he? How dare he write love letters to respectable women?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Subbu. I don't see any harm in a young man expressing his love for a woman. Moreover, he hasn't used a single disrespectful word."

"What do you mean, Pramila? This is outrageous."

"Not at all. I used to receive on an average about ten letters of love a month when I was at college. You are the only one who never wrote a single love letter."

"Enough of it, Pramila. Stop joking. This is very serious."

"Don't shout, Subbu. You seem to have lost all sense of humour. You ought to feel proud that your wife is so attractive, though not for you."

"Pramila, you are most exasperating. Where is that letter?"

"That is written to me. Do I ever ask you to show me all the letters you write or receive?"

"But I never write or receive any love letters."

"I am not quite so sure. And I don't mind if you do. I think Shaw is right

when he prescribes a little flirting for wives and a little philandering for husbands."

"Hang your Shah and stop joking. I insist on seeing that letter."

"I suppose that is a husband's right, particularly a Hindu husband's? All right, you can have it. It may be useful for you. You may borrow a few phrases from it to use them yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just another joke. Come along. Let's have dinner. I am so hungry. You can read the letter after dinner."

Mohan spent the next day in agony, afraid every moment that the engineer would come up and heap insults on him. But it did not happen. He put out his chair in the evening and started to read. Pramila promenaded as usual. Mohan had not the courage to look up as often as before and when he looked up his eyes fell before hers. He was puzzled....

On the third day towards dusk, a small packet dropped near him. He looked up. Pramila stood for a second smiling at him. He opened the note with a leaping heart. It just contained two lines: "Thanks for the chocolates. Come over tomorrow evening at five."

Mohan could not make anything out of it. 5 o'clock in the evening? What could she want to do with him at that hour?

That morning Pramila told Subbu, "I would like you to bring Girija over to have tea with us this evening. I think you can get away for an hour after halfpast five?"

"What is the occasion?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I haven't asked her for tea after I have come back."

Subbu was very pleased at the suggestion, because here was an opportunity to bring Pramila and Girija together. He wanted them to be friends. They seemed to dislike each other, and the next day, after the love letter incident, he began to wonder whether Pramila suspected more than she affected. She couldn't have seen the letter, because he found it safe in its place.

As the evening approached, Mohan became increasingly nervous. All was not well, he felt. He put on his best suit, and punctually at five he entered

the neighbouring house. Pramila was waiting in the drawing room. He noticed she was dressed in a blue georgette saree with a blouse to match. It set off her complexion to an advantage and she appeared more beautiful than ever. Mohan approached and stood dumb before her.

"Good evening," Pramila said.

"Good evening," Mohan blurted.

"Won't you sit down?"

Mohan sat down on a sofa opposite her and looked about the room. He dared not look at her.

"You are very silent. Are you eloquent only on paper?"

Mohan blushed deeply, but did not reply. He pulled out his handkerchief and started twisting it round his fingers.

"Are you going to sit dumb the whole time? Is this the way you make love?"

"....."

Pramila got up and sat by his side. Mohan could feel her mocking eyes hot on his cheeks.

"What is your name? You haven't told me even that."

"Mohan."

"Mohan? Quite a nice one. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Three years younger than me. You are in the final honours?"

"Yes."

"You must have thoroughly prepared for your exam. Do you expect a first class?"

"I don't think."

"I suppose I will be responsible if you don't. Are you rich?"

"No."

"Then you shouldn't have wasted your precious time. You know it was very wrong of you to have written that letter?"

"I am... sorry."

"Just because I used to look at you in a friendly way and smile, you thought I was violently in love with you? Didn't you? A woman can't look twice at a man, I suppose, in this holy land of ours without being misunderstood. You know I am a married woman. What did you want to do with me? Have a pleasant hour or

two if you found me easy, and then go your way to gloat over your easy conquest? I suppose you think you are an Apollo, and women would simply fall for you like moths for a flame?"

Oh God! Why did he ever write that letter. Her words cut him and lashed him. Shame rose up from his bowels and lumped in his throat.

"To how many women have you written before? Do you write the same letter to all of them?"

Tears dropped on the carpet from Mohan's eyes. "This is the first time I did it and it will be the last." The words came hoarse through his throat.

Pramila realised she had gone too far. "I am sorry."

Her words were cut short by the arrival of a car. Subbu and Girija came beaming in. At the sight of Mohan both were taken aback.

"This is our friend, Mr. Mohan, Girija. He lives next door. And this is Miss Girija." She introduced Mohan and Girija to each other.

"You see, Girija, this young man was very keen to meet you. He is a great admirer of yours. I asked Subbu, and he said you will only be too pleased to meet him," added Pramila.

Girija glowered at Subbu. He had not told her anything about this admirer of hers. Subbu stared at Pramila in blank rage. Mohan's heart sank into his shoes. What else was in store for him? Pramila alone seemed to be at perfect ease. There was a tension in the air.

Pramila ordered tea, and the servant brought in the tray. Pramila handed a plate full of savouries and sweets to each. They took them and kept them on the table. Nobody ate. No one spoke.

"I am sure you have had your tea and come, Girija?"

"No," she said and attempted to eat.

"It is such a rare pleasure to have you here. I suppose you won't come unless it is for a young man," said Pramila.

"Oh no. I come here quite often."

"Not for me, I am sure."

"You see, Pramila, Girija is so busy during the day when you are free," explained Subbu with a forced laugh.

"Yes, I know she is. Darling Girija," she said with biting emphasis on that word, "I am so grateful to you for gracing our house this evening. I can't give you heaps and heaps of kisses, but...."

Girija put her plate down with a clang and got up. "I have to go just now. I have an appointment with the Station Director at six." And she scurried out of the room.

"How will you go? Wait, Girija. I'll drop you." Subbu flung a look of rage at Pramila and went after Girija.

Mohan too, got up. "Forgive me,"

he said, his eyes still on the ground. "I am sorry for what I have done. Good bye."

Pramila did not answer. She watched them all leave, with a triumphant bitter smile.

The next evening when Pramila came upon the terrace, she did not find Mohan or his chair. She leaned over and peeped towards his room. It was vacant. Must have gone back to his hostel, she thought. An irritable sense of loss crept through her like an ache. She felt as if she had been deprived of an accustomed joy.

STARS PLAY CRICKET

By M. A. SRINIVASAN

IT was not merely great fun. It was not merely interesting sport. It was both great fun and interesting sport, with a dash of colour, a touch of gaiety and entertainment right through. That would be an apt description of the film stars' festival cricket match played at the Corporation Stadium on Sunday last before a large holiday gathering.

The happy thought that prompted the organisers to arrange this festival match, bids fair to become an annual event, in aid of the Mayor's Tuberculosis Fund.

A strong and pretty team of fourteen players led by Vasundhara stood opposed to another equally strong and pretty team captained by T. Suryakumari. Vasundhara had the assistance of Kemparaj, Balachander, Pulimuttai Ramaswami, T. R. Ramachandran, Sri Ram, Kumari Kamala, Raj Kapoor (Bombay), Ganesan, N. S. Krishnan, T. A. Mathuram, Viswanathan, Nageswara Rao and Manohar. T. Suryakumari's team consisted of T. A. Rama Rao, Sahasranamam, Kachana Ranga Rao, Krishnamurthi, Karan Dewan (Bombay), Rajani, Ch. Narayana Rao, Siva Rao, Sarangapani, N. T. Rama Rao, T. G. Kamalakumari and Mukkamala.

Vasundhara's team, electing first to bat, put up 122 runs, Ganesan contributing a valuable 59, which included several boundaries. Suryakumari's

team replied with 93 for the loss of 11 wickets and Sahasranamam was the top scorer with 31 runs to his credit. At the close of play the Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar presented cups to the players and a special prize was also awarded to Ganesan for scoring the highest in the match.

Ganesan of Gemini was easily the top scorer and he played the game as if he played it from his birth. Combining a good style with powerful strokes he was unbeaten with a score of 53. Raj Kapoor endeared himself to the spectators with his brilliant fielding, not to speak of the catches he brought off from time to time. When Shiva Rao was caught by Raj Kapoor, the batsman begged for another life, and true sportsman that he was, Raj Kapoor obligingly let go the ball. But, unfortunately for Shiva Rao, the umpire held that the ball had remained sufficiently long in Raj Kapoor's hands to dismiss the batsman.

Pulimuttai Ramaswami and K. Sarangapani naturally attracted large attention. Ramaswami entered the field with the bat on his shoulders like a Bhima entering the court of Duryodhana. If he was out early, it was not his fault but that of the ball which stole its way to the stumps in spite of his huge proportions. His slightest movement evoked cheers and when fielding he threatened to run after the ball and more often than

not he did not carry out the threat. Sarangapani kept the spectators continuously entertained by his measured antics and he ran for the ball like the school-boy playing the railway engine game.

Among the lady stars, Kumari Kamala was easily the smartest. She entered the field with the poise and gait of a test cricketer and if she did not score she fielded excellently. Ever alert and in attention, her movements had a grace and charm all their own and she sped along the field with the dignity of a peacock and the swiftness of a deer. T. Suryakumari was clean bowled by Vasundhara soon after she came to bat, but being the Captain she was given another life and it was explained that the ball hit the wickets by a mistake. N. S. Krishnan kept the spectators always expectant by keeping himself unusually quiet.

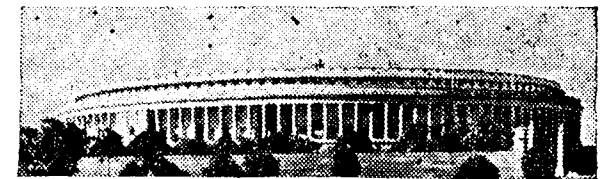
The match was played in an atmosphere of gay abandon, rules of cricket very often being thrown to the winds. The umpires extended their full co-operation by allowing more than six balls to the over, ignoring catches and

"bowled out" at their sweet will and pleasure. The spectators, not to be left behind in the matter of breaking rules, also invaded the field and the pavilion and made themselves comfortable wherever seats could be found.

This review cannot be complete without a reference to the running commentary provided through loud speakers. For the benefit of the large audience, there was a sort of ball by ball commentary, which was quite interesting if not always accurate. If a player was bowling from the Ripon Building end, you could be as sure as the ball would go wide, that the announcer would say that he was bowling from the opposite end. According to the announcer, Sahasranam's score which was first 21 became 19 after he scored some more runs. In keeping with the surrounding atmosphere, the announcer liberally broke many a rule of grammar, having nothing else to break.

Altogether it was an enjoyable day, the fare providing not less mirth to the spectators than substantial aid to a good cause.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

IF I were President, I would have arranged the Republic Day Parade and Cultural Pageant quite differently. I would not have made the occasion a pretext for displaying our military might. It is a sad confession to make if you have to tell the world that the present holders of power depend on the Army for their continuance in office. It may not be quite true either. I don't think the Nehru Government depends on the Army alone for its existence. It was one of the most popular Governments in the world when it took office five years ago. It is quite true that it is now becoming less and less popular and more and more unpopular solely because it has not a single achievement to its credit. At this rate, it will be out in another two years, and will be replaced by its betters.

If I were President, I would not have arranged things in such a way that the Right Honourable member for West Bromwich (Mr. John Dugdale) could very justly make the very pertinent remarks that he made about the Parade. Mr. Dugdale rightly wondered—as I did, and as thousands of others did—"what Mahatma Gandhi would have thought if he were sitting watching it." Recording his impressions in *The Statesman*, Mr. Dugdale observed: "He of all people would know that what was being celebrated was the victory by people who had set out to win freedom without firing a shot. He would know that it was a victory won by years of imprisonment suffered by himself and others, and not a victory won by Generals."

If I were President, I would put the workers and peasants and the intellectuals and the artists of the country in the forefront of the Parade. But what has the present Government done for the workers or peasants or intellectuals or artists? Nothing. Small wonder then if they

don't find a place in this procession. The workers and peasants will find a place only when the State attaches greater value to them than to the Army. When will that be? We are waiting impatiently for that hour.

If I were President, the Naval Band would not strike up the well-known British naval song, "Hearts of Oak." I like the song, but it is quite out of place for the Indian Navy Band. I also heard them play, on the authority of American-educated friends, Stephen Foster's "Swanee River". We should be careful when anything is sold to us down the river. Mr. Dugdale did not fail to notice the indifference of the crowds that watched the Republic Day Parade. "Were they really unconcerned? Did they feel that this was 'just another procession'? Or did they feel with Nehru that it celebrates not only the achievement of a great task, but the expectation of the fulfilment of a great task that lies before them?" asks Mr. Dugdale. The questions are merely rhetorical. They need no answer. The suspicions which Mr. Dugdale may or may not dare to entertain, are well-founded. We are convinced that the feelings of Nehru on the occasion are not shared by the Indian people.

If I were President, there would not only be no question of our Naval Band playing "Hearts of Oak" and "Swanee River" on a ceremonial occasion, but there would be no question of non-Indians in the Army, Navy and Air Force of India. Look at the great Chinese people. There are no non-Chinese officers in the Chinese forces. Our difficulty is that we are free because of "the gift of independence to one great country by another." Mr. Dugdale points out that the Indian people "received freedom", and the British people "gave it." For saying much less, as well as for a few other indiscretions, Mr. Shanmukham

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Chetty lost his job of Finance Minister in the Nehru Cabinet. If I were President, I would tell Mr. Dugdale that if I were him, I would not mention the gift of independence. Truth always hurts.

The Cultural pageantry consisting of military trucks decorated this way and that so as to represent the peculiarities of different States in India, which followed the display of our military might, was quite uninspiring. Mahatma Gandhi was represented by a cardboard effigy, most inartistically executed. Agricultural products and implements were very appropriately depicted by bits of cardboard—for that eloquently describes Governmental efforts at growing more food.

But the whole pageant is not completely State-sponsored as may appear from the descriptions given in the leaflets distributed to us. One bright idea is credited to the Education Department or the Central Institute of Education. But a close examination will reveal that it is the Raisina Bengali School and the Lady Irwin School that have wiped the sweat on their brow. I notice that too little credit is given to the boys and girls and their teachers who underwent a tremendous lot of trouble, and too much credit is usurped by Mr. Rameshwar Dayal's office. I like Mr. Rameshwar Dayal very much. He was simply charming when I met him the other day at Nangloi, where he too had come to watch the arrangements for the General Election. And he was superb when he presided over the case in which the Argentine Ambassador had complained against Mr. Edwards for pouring some water on his head. Mr. Dayal took a philosophical view of the fact that "a few drops of water were poured on His Excellency's head." And I think that the only view that one can take in all crises is the philosophical view. If Ambassador Tascheret of Argentina had taken a philosophical view too, he would never have lost his job.

That being so, I am afraid Mr. Rameshwar Dayal takes a too severe view of the troublesome nature of the Indraprastha College, simply because they too have some ideas in their heads. It would be a tragedy if we should have as teachers in our colleges

women with empty heads and dried-up hearts. I wonder why this college, with a staff which has on it some of the most intelligent and accomplished women in Delhi, has been denied the opportunity of providing something sensible for the pageant. Women, as we know, are a jealous lot. It is folly, therefore, to ask Miranda House and Lady Irwin College and not to ask the Indraprastha College to participate in this Socialist competition. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

The arrangements for the actual march were not too perfect. The Maharashtra Club brought in a troupe of acrobats to celebrate the unexpected electoral success of Mr. Gadgil before President Prasad. And they stopped in front of the President to perform feats of physical culture. I refuse to believe that the only culture of Maharashtra is physical culture. And yet Mr. Gadgil seems to be an ardent believer in this theory. As a result of this sudden stoppage of the procession in the middle, there was a gap of forty-five minutes between the military part of the parade and the pageantry part of it. The school-children too had dispersed at India Gate. Many, including the policemen on duty, thought that the procession was over, and went home.

Pompous are the words that daily spout from defeated Congress Ministers in Madras. Overnight they have been reduced to the position where they belong. They are mere apparitions, signifying nothing. The plain truth is that the Congress Party is not in a position to form a Ministry in the State of Madras. If the Congress Party forms a Government, its defeat is certain the very first day it presents itself before the legislature. The opposition will then have to be asked to form a Ministry. And the Congress Party will then not dare vote against a progressive Government; because the defeat of a non-Congress Government will mean dissolution of the legislature, and ordering of fresh elections. Fresh elections will mean a licking for the Congress Party such as it has never received before. The Congress will not get more than 75 seats in a legislature of 375 seats in Madras. And every one of the Congress bosses knows this too well.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Festival continues to be the most important news. Though some of the critics feel disappointed and blame the Films Division for lack of organisation and haphazard conduct of the Festival, the fact remains that the Festival has given a new spurt to the Indian film industry and has opened before us new vistas of the great potentialities of film art. No longer our vision is limited to the standard prescribed by Hollywood and its cheap local imitations. After seeing the puppet shorts made in France and Czechoslovakia one feels that the puppet films are as good as Disney's cartoons; in fact, in some respects better. Similarly the various colour processes used by Russia, France, Italy and other countries are so good that one is no longer enamoured of Technicolor. As to themes, treatment and acting, Hollywood and its followers like India have much to learn from these films.

Hence, if for nothing else, for providing an opportunity to see the best films of the world the film industry and the film critics should be grateful to the Films Division for organising this Festival. The criticism that the delegates from foreign countries have not received the traditional Indian hospitality is also not true. True, their expenses have not been paid by the Government of India; but then, it is customary at all such film festivals that the delegates bear their own expenses. But since they set foot on Indian soil, they have been mostly lavishly feted and entertained. Every day they have been given receptions, at homes, lunches and dinners and they have been entertained to variety shows and cultural programmes. Not only that, they have been called upon

to acquaint the India press and industry with the state of their respective film industries.

Thus, for instance, on Sunday the 27th January in the morning they attended the Filmgoers Conference and in the evening a reception given by the stage and screen committee of the Peace Council. On Monday they were given an 'at home' by the Governor of Bombay followed by a reception at West End Hotel (Bombay). On Tuesday all the film associations gave a grand reception at Central Studios (Bombay) to be followed by an 'at home' given by Bharatiya Kala Kendra. On Wednesday K. M. Modi gave a tea party in their honour while the preparatory committee of the All-India Cultural Conference gave them a grand reception in true Indian style with *pan supari* and *attar* at Greens Hotel (Bombay) and presented a cultural programme including excerpts from important pictures produced in the last two decades from *Puran Bhagat* to *Humlog*. They also had a glimpse of our stage as a scene from a historic Marathi play was presented before them. And, of course, they have heard our songs and instrumental music—flute, sitar, pakhwaj, and seen the four dance styles.

In all these functions the importance of the role that the film can play in bringing out better understanding between the various nations and propagate the message of goodwill and peace was rightly stressed. The organisers of the Festival have scored over politicians in bringing together the delegates from Soviet Union and United States on the same platform, a fact which was particularly stressed by Abbas in his speech

at a reception given by the Peace Council. And even Frank Capra realized the great significance of this fact and said, "If India's Foreign Relations can achieve the same thing in other matters, there is still a chance for the World peace." The Soviet and 'Red' delegates, of course, have been emphasising on the peace problem in all their speeches.

Delegates Speak

Instead of the usual personality of the week, I am presenting the views of the different delegates who are participating in the Film Festival.

M. Semenov, Chief of U. S. S. R. delegation said that there are about 65,000 theatres in USSR out of which 10,000 were touring talkies. Eighty percent of the pictures were produced in colour. There would be no difficulty for Indian producers to obtain that colour process in India. So far only two Indian pictures were shown in Soviet Union, viz., *Dharti-ke-Lal* and *Chinar Mul*. He explained how the Soviet film industry had solved the language problem, with each republic producing pictures in its own language.

Semenov said that the Indian press had not been sufficiently 'energetic' about the Festival. He disclosed that Russia wanted to make a picture about India in India but such a picture would be produced in co-operation with India. It was learnt that already negotiations are afoot for such co-operation.

The Hungarian and Czechoslovakian delegates outlined the great progress their industry had made in the post-war period. They had ambitious plans and unlike India the film was given a place of importance in their five year plan. In Hungary also three Indian pictures have been shown so far and all of them had proved quite popular. The Czechoslovakian delegate refuted the charge of 'Iron Curtain' and asserted that his people had full freedom. To prove this he invited Indian journalists, producers and artistes to visit his country and see things for themselves.

Dr. Vinicio Marinici, the Italian delegate revealed that on an average an Italian picture costs Rs. 7,00,000 (same as Indian picture). Sixty percent of the cost had to be invested

by the producer while forty percent was advanced by the distributors. The tax amounted to eighteen percent of the gross; three percent of the gross was earmarked for the documentaries which were produced only by private enterprise. So far only a couple of Indian pictures were shown in Italy; Italians were interested in India. In fact Rossellini was going to produce a picture in India. Italians co-operated with Americans in making pictures; but the collaboration in case of *Strombelli* was not happy. The stars were free-lancers.

M. Cravenne, the French delegate revealed that the French film industry turned out about 100 pictures a year. On the whole it was running at a loss with only a few pictures making money. The industry received help from the Government; a certain percentage of the tax returns were set apart and given to producers. The Government gave loans. Talking about the Festival, he said, in Europe such festivals were generally held in small towns where only film people gathered and saw one picture a day. The same thing should be done in future in India. He was not averse to the films being shown to the public as it enables them to judge public reaction to their pictures and measure possibilities of commercial success. The market for French pictures was mainly limited to French speaking countries. Latin America also provided a good market.

Frank Capra who had been brief in his speeches talked most with film journalists. He said that the Hollywood industry was a mass production industry depending upon the creative ability of only two to three hundred people. To keep up the artistic level of pictures they had the Motion Picture Academy which gave awards every year. The major problem of the industry was to keep the theatres going with continuous supply of motion pictures. In America, he said, the stars do not get more than ten percent of the cost. Normally, the entire cast costs about 15 percent while the writers and directors are paid more. They have a research council for which all producers contribute funds and technicians work free. The results of the experiments made by this council are available free to all producers. Capra said that the council

would certainly welcome Indian technicians and impart them its knowledge.

The big producers secured finance from the banks at 4 percent to 6 percent interest. The independent producers with a big name could get 75 percent of the cost from the bank at the rate of 5 percent, twenty-two percent of the cost from studios who charged 10 percent profit, provided of course 3 percent was invested first and release contract secured. The lesser known independents could get only 65 percent from the bank and rest from financiers at the rate of 20 to 40 percent. The distributors charge 25 percent commission in U. S. A. and 30 percent for world rights.

The film people have political freedom to have any views as long as they were not subversive to the State. They had a Motion Picture Relief Fund to which everybody contributed 1 percent of his or her salary and the proceeds from the radio shows given every week. Any one who had worked for five years in the industry could take benefit of this fund. Television is no threat to the films; on the contrary to keep the television going they will have to show films of half-an-hour duration. Thus television may help a new kind of film—a film of short stories like *Trio* and *Quartet*.

He will take one reel each from ten different Indian pictures to Hollywood for the library of the Academy. He said that the Indian stars were beautiful and they would make a sensation in Hollywood.

Incidentally, while in Hollywood the star-system is on the wane in France the stars are free lancers, though they cannot act in more than one picture at a time. In Soviet Union, stars receive fabulous prices—1,00,000 roubles and over per picture.

Picture Of The Week

The best pictures of the Festival, according to me and several other critics are *Miracle in Milan* (Italy) and *Yukiwarisoo* (Japan).

Miracle in Milan directed by De Sica is a combination of stark realism and fantasy; it is Chaplinesque comedy imbued with the humanism of Capra. It is the kind of satire and comedy which we have always pined to see, but seldom come across. It is the

story of poor people living in huts on a barren land; they reminded one of the labourers staying near Wadala in Bombay. After portraying the life of different people who stay there De Sica shows the capitalists, bargaining over the land. A crisis comes when oil is found and the land is sold. The new buyer who has been talking of equality and brotherhood decides to force the occupants to evacuate the land with the help of the police.

Upto this point the picture proceeds in realistic manner; then comes the fantasy. A young boy has miraculous powers. He fulfills any wish and satisfies the desires of his neighbours and friends on the one hand and keeps the new buyer away on the other hand, until in the end all of them fly towards heaven on broom sticks where "Good Morning" means really "Good Morning." Brilliantly directed, the beauty of the picture cannot be described in words. It has to be seen, not once but many times to enjoy its real beauty.

Yukiwarisoo is a picture made in Hollywood style. First, you are shocked to find how Americanised Japanese life has become today. But the picture is more brilliant and moving than any Hollywood picture. It is the story of a young boy who goes to a certain house with a letter in his hand. He meets a woman who is shocked to learn that the boy is the son of her husband. Yet, she cannot help loving him. Later when the husband returns, it appears that the couple would part company. But the boy re-unites them in a moving climax. Sensitively directed, this picture is a personal triumph for the five year old kid who gives a wonderful performance the like of which no child star, either in Hollywood or in India, have ever given. Technically also the picture is superb. Apparently, after the war, both Italy and Japan have made remarkable progress in the film art.

The other pictures I saw during the Festival are *We Go To Paris*, a frothy musical comedy of the usual style; *On the Circus Arena*, a documentary but spectacular and thrilling circus story; *Bountiful Summer*, a simple but inspiring tale of the village life in the New Russia; *Blue Beard*, a colourful and spectacular French story of the historically famous bigamist;

Trap, a Czechoslovakian anti-Nazi film full of suspense and thrills; *Naples Millionaire*, a story of ten years of the people living in one street in changing times and changing fortunes and *Daughter Of The Sands*, a French picture of a Laila-Majnu type of legend told against an authentic Arab background without the distortion and glamour which marks Hollywood and Indian pictures. All of them were interesting in their own way but not as outstanding as the two masterpieces mentioned at the outset.

News Of The Week

—On 31st January Filmkar launched their new picture *Maan* starring Chitra, a new comer from Hyderabad, Leela Chitnis, Kumar, Nawab, Karan Dewan and Durga Khote. On the same day Variety Pictures' *Hamdard* went on the sets at the same studio with Nimmi and Shekhar in Stellar roles.

—A countrywide search is being made for a girl who will play the role of Anarkali in *Mughal-E-Azam*. Mr. Zaidi is visiting Hyderabad, Lucknow and Delhi where he will meet aspirants for the role. The candidates selected by him will be personally interviewed by Dilip Kumar and K. Asif who will make the ultimate selection.

—Raj Kapoor who was given a great reception when he visited Madras last week, immediately after his return has started the shooting of his picture *Aah* in three languages—Hindi, Tamil and Telugu. In fact, he engaged Tamil and Telugu writers in Madras and brought them to Bombay with him.

—On Friday 1st February Dillip Kumar performed the muhurat of Nihal Film Corporation's *Aaghosh* at Shree Sound Studio (Bombay). Bibhuti Mitra is also reported to have started his new picture for Filmistan.

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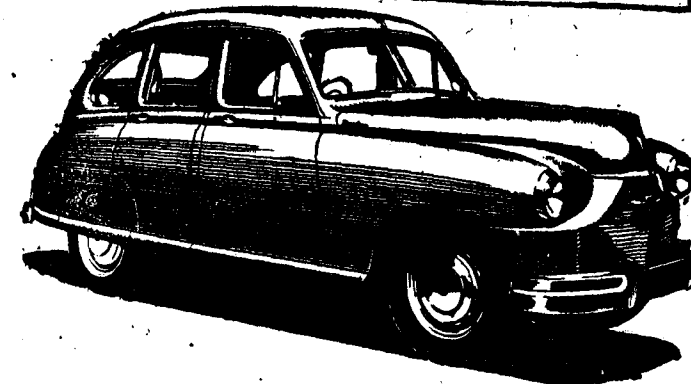
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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will visit India this month at the invitation of Prime Minister Nehru.

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt was Governor of New York State from 1928 until 1932, a phrase common in his intimate discussions



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

of state matters was "Eleanor and I." It was a term highly respected by his associates because of the charm, dynamic personality and brilliance of the woman who so influenced him—Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

When Roosevelt took office as the 32nd President of the United States March 3, 1933, Mrs. Roosevelt went with him as an untiring helpmate and counsellor and the nation got a First Lady whose achievements in world affairs climbed to even greater heights after her husband's death.

In her first year at the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt began her famous press conferences, the first of the kind ever held by a First Lady. Because of the demands of his office, the President was unable to visit all the government projects initiated by the New Deal and to observe and absorb public

opinion in various parts of the country. It was left to his wife, therefore, to go on extensive tours throughout the nation to bring back her impressions and reports. Mrs. Roosevelt took keen interest in a number of humanitarian measures of the New Deal, such as the National Youth Administration, slum clearance, nursery schools and playgrounds.

After the death of her husband on April 12, 1945, Mrs. Roosevelt intensified her interest in international, social and political affairs. On December 19, 1945, she was appointed by President Truman to the U. S. delegation to the U. N. General Assembly and is the only U. S. delegate to be appointed to every subsequent session. On April 29, 1946, she was elected chairman of the preliminary Commission on Human Rights, which, upon its establishment in January, 1947, again elected Mrs. Roosevelt as its chairman. Here Mrs. Roosevelt played a leading role in formulating the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which was adopted by the U. N. General Assembly on December 10, 1948.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a versatile columnist and author. In addition to writing "My Day"—a daily syndicated column—since 1941, she has been conducting a *Ladies' Home Journal* question-and-answer page, "If you ask Me", in which she has discussed women in politics and public life, advocated child welfare and higher wages and greater prestige for teachers. She has written three books for children: *When You Grow Up To Vote*, *A Trip To Washington With Bobby and Betty* and *Christmas, A Story*. Her other works include her autobiography, *This Is My Story*, *The Moral Basis of Democracy*, and *It's Up To The Women*.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a member of the Women's National Press Club, the American Newspaper Guild, the New York State League of Women Voters, and numerous other organisations and

clubs. By 1940 it was estimated that she had travelled 280,000 miles.

A *Life* magazine article said of Mrs. Roosevelt: "Her faultless courtesy contains a barely perceptible tautness of its own. Self-discipline has also made her indifferent to the amenities of life, has left little room for the trivial and frivolous." There is little time for recreation except for occasional long walks. Mrs. Roosevelt likes to read poetry aloud, enjoys John Steinbeck's novels, looks particularly for Van Gogh's paintings in art galleries, and names Wagner and Beethoven as her favourite composers.

Mrs. Roosevelt holds an honorary D. H. L. degree from Russell Sage College, an honorary LL.D. degree from John Marshall College of Law, and honorary degrees from the Universities of Oxford (England) and Lyons (France).

Among the other awards she has received is the 1939 award from the Humanitarians, the 1939 Churchman's Award, the first annual Nation Award in 1940, the first annual Franklin Delano Roosevelt Brotherhood Award in 1946, the bronze plaque of the Jewish Philanthropic League of Brooklyn in 1948, and the nomination of the "Honour Roll of Democracy" drawn up by the *Chicago Defender*, a Negro newspaper, in 1949.

A poll taken by the *Woman's Home Companion* revealed that the five-foot-eleven Mrs. Roosevelt with graying brown hair is the most popular living American of either sex. In another poll taken by the Institute of Public Opinion in late 1948, Mrs. Roosevelt topped a list of 10 as the "most admired woman living today in any part of the world."—*USIS*.

PARIS—THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

By Mrs. KAMLA MANI

Mrs. Kamla Mani, wife of Mr. A. D. Mani, Secretary of the A.-I.N.E.C., has lately returned from a visit to France.

PARIS is in every sense of the term a city beautiful. I can quite understand why the French decided to declare it an open city when the Germans broke through the line at Dunkirk and advanced on Paris. When I had a glimpse of Paris from the air in the early hours of the morning, it looked like a canvass studded with a million stars. The lights of Paris presented a most fascinating spectacle from the air. My anticipations about the charm of Paris were fully borne out. The *Place de la Concorde* is probably the most beautiful square in the world, with a hundred lights lighting up the thoroughfare in the nights and numerous roads branching off from the square. The Parisians have a great sense of symmetry. You can see the *Champs de Elysees* from the *Concordes* as it is known for short, running straight ahead to be topped by the *Arc de Triomphe*, the famous triumphal arch of Napoleon. Many people whom I met in Paris and

who have visited other countries in the world told me that there is no other *Champs de Elysees* in the whole world. It is so well laid out that it looks like a ribbon stretched out on a straight line. On both sides you see Paris fashions at their height, the famous night clubs and the posh hotels.

Some of the other beauty spots are the *Tuilleries*, the *Luxemburg Gardens*, the park at *Buttes-chaumont*, the *Bois de Boulogne* and the zoo at *Vincennes*. Paris has not only been the centre of revolutions and fashions but it has also inspired great architects, builders and engineers. The *Eiffel Tower* is a feat of great engineering skill.

Paris is pre-eminently a city of chivalry. Chivalry is sometimes carried to embarrassing extremes. Whenever I got out of lifts, I used to find gentlemen waiting to go up or down the lifts, taking off

their hats and courtesying formally. It happens not only to an Indian lady but to any lady. Women are treated with special consideration. Women go in first and have everything their own way. Not being knowledgeable about the streets of Paris, I used to cross them in the beginning when the lights were not with me. But a flashing saree always paid dividends. The cars used to draw up and allow me to pass. Wherever I went I always got whatever help I wanted although I did not know any French. The French always speak with a lot of gesticulation and if you have an observant mind you could follow their meaning.

The people of Paris have been schooled and groomed in those fine arts which go to make up gentlemanly ways of living. But unfortunately the masses are very poor. Living in Paris is very expensive. A breakfast consisting of rolls and coffee costs about four shillings, or in terms of Indian money, three rupees. A lunch will cost about 14 shillings and a dinner will cost about 16 shillings. In Paris, you are expected to tip for every service rendered. And no tip is worth taking if it is less than twenty francs. In taxis tipping is expected to be in the neighbourhood of 50 francs.

Clothes are very expensive in France. A wollen jacket which will cost about 30 rupees in Nagpur is sold for five thousand francs (75 rupees).

Sandals which are available for 3 rupees a pair are sold for 50 rupees. Underwear which is considered an essential item of clothing in cold countries is not available for anything less than six thousand francs. I often wondered how people could live under conditions determined by a fantastic spiral cost of living. I made enquiries and found that the average wage of a waitress is about ten thousand francs and she gets another ten thousand by tips every month, making in all 20 pounds a month. A stenotypist of the efficient variety will be paid 25 pounds a month and within this salary it will be difficult to get a good stenotypist in Bombay or Calcutta. I have seen how these

people struggle to maintain a standard of living. They all dress well and make up well but they cut down on their food. Many a time their lunch consists of a sandwich or an apple and a cup of coffee. Many of them have turned vegetarians because of force of circumstances as meat is very expensive in Paris.

The French have to maintain certain traditions with their meals. Water is seldom drunk in this gayest of gay cities and the excuse offered, that the water supplied in Paris is undrinkable, is true in a way, but not fully. There is a sordid side to the beauty of Paris too. The drainage system is very bad and all drains open on to the streets. There were many streets in Paris which reminded me of Nagpur. The water from these drains naturally goes to the river Seine and I wouldn't blame anyone if he refuses to drink the water supplied by the Seine. Hence Parisians of all descriptions, rich and poor, order only wine. And wines there are in plenty. Surprisingly the country as a whole has a low percentage of alcoholism. It is this tradition of good living and keeping up appearances that weighs down on the poor people of France.

The French have a keen sense of humour. On the day I arrived, my husband took me to a restaurant where he used to take his evening coffee, where he said he had many friends, none of whom spoke English and he knew no French. He said that they had made themselves fully understood in that restaurant by gestures. It was an attractive restaurant, presided over by an attractive bespectacled lady with Grecian features and a charming French waitress. I was introduced to them and they spoke to me volubly in French. One of them who knew a smattering of English told me, "I am glad to know you, madam. Your husband used to come often for a cup of coffee and used to look sad. Alone, not with girls" she added with a roguish toss of her head. I was delighted to have a peep into the sense of humour of this place and I hope the lady spoke the truth.

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DATE	Minerva Talkies	New Elphinstone	Crown Theatre	Select Talkies	Sagar Talkies
8th Feb.	MAN IN WHITE SUIT (U. K.)	ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN (U. S. A.)	FALL OF BERLIN (U. S. S. R.)	FORBIDDEN CHRIST (Italy)	AMAR BHOOPALI (India) (In Marathi) Do.
9th Feb.	AMERICAN IN PARIS (U. S. A.)	ON THE CIRCUS ARENA (U. S. S. R.)	YUKIWARISOO (Japan)	JEANNOT L'INTRE-PIDE (French)	
10th Feb.	MIRACLE OF MILAN (Italy)	BARBE BLEUE (French)	BRIGHT VICTORY (U. S. A.)	MONSIEUR VINCENT (French)	MAGNIFICENT YAN-KEE (MGM-U. S. A.)
11th Feb.	WE ARE GOING TO PARIS (French)	MRS. DERY (Hungary)	VICTORIOUS WINGS (Czechoslovakia)	LIFE OF BUDDHA (Japan) and ONE INDO-NESEAN DOCUMENTARY	WHITE HAIRED GIRL (China)
12th Feb.	MUSSORGSKY (U. S. S. R.)	IBN-EL-NIL (Nile Boy) (Egypt)	LES NOCES DES SABLES (French) (Desert Wedding)	JOUR DE FETE (Big Day) (French)	LIBERATED CHINA (U. S. S. R.)
13th Feb.	THE TRAP (Czechoslovakia)	OPEN CITY (Italy)	GRAND CONCERT (U. S. S. R.)	PATH OF HOPE (Italy)	GIRL OF THE MAESH (Italy)
14th Feb.	MAGIC BOX (U. K.)	CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY (Alexandra Korda—U. K.)	REVES D'AMOUR (French)	NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY (U. S. A.)	PATHALA BHAIKAVI (India)

Daily Two Shows — 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. CINE TECHNICIANS OPEN AIR THEATRE

DATE	FIRST SHOW	SECOND SHOW
8th Feb.	UN GRAND PATRON (French)	UN GRAND PATRON (French)
9th Feb.	GREAT UNITY OF ALL NATIONALS IN CHINA (U. S. S. R.)	NAPLES MILLIONAIRE (Italy)
10th Feb.	EXHIBITION SHOOTING (Tamil) with Leading Artistes & Technicians.	AMAR BHOOPALI (India)
11th Feb.	YUKIWARISOO (Japan) Motion Picture Co.)	ON THE CIRCUS ARENA (U. S. S. R.)
12th Feb.	VICTORIOUS WINGS (Czechoslovakia)	LEILET GHARAM (Egypt)
13th Feb.	EXHIBITION SHOOTING (Telugu) with Leading Artistes & Technicians.	LIFE OF BUDDHA (Japan) & ONE INDO-NESEAN DOCUMENTARY
14th Feb.	BABLA (In Bengali)	GRAND CONCERT (U. S. S. R.)

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Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Debunking Nehru

In *Swatantra* dated 26th January last, Mr. H. Sunder Rao tried to defend a "debunked" Nehru. The charge of debunking has been squarely laid at the doors of "Vighneswara" in particular and *Swatantra* in general. Indignation running riot cannot see things in their proper perspective as calm appraisal can. It is a basic fact under democracy that the ruled have the right to criticize the rulers whom they have installed in power.

Newspapers and journals should be the mirrors of public opinion and guardians of the liberties of the people. Democracy can function successfully from the viewpoint of public welfare only when there is strong and healthy opposition to it in the Assemblies of the people, in the public forums and, last but not least, among the newspaper fraternity. In this country, democracy has suffered more through a servile and sycophant press than by any individual debunker or group of debunkers.

Swatantra is well known for its objective journalism. It is not bound down to this party or that. It is not an appendage of the powers that be, but an impartial assessor of their acts and deeds. Every matter of public interest is dealt with purely on merits. It has sometimes praised Nehru, and at some other times it has pierced him with selected shafts of scrupulous criticism. In fact, some of the best articles on Nehru have been published in *Swatantra*. Therefore, it should be clear that this journal does not indulge in criticism for the simple pleasure it affords.

"Vighneswara", who has been the target of Mr. Sunder Rao's wrath, is a nationalist whose scintillating witticisms, brilliance of thought and elegant English have established for him a vast group of admirers. His writings have been in keeping with the ideal of free and fair journalism cultivated by *Swatantra*.

He is justified in his charge that the Congress has been mostly responsible for rending the country in two. Apart from the Congress and the Muslim League, no other political party appears to have been a party to it. That the Congress leaders did not anticipate the untold horrors which followed in the wake of Partition, does not speak well of their sagacity and political sense.

Rightly or otherwise, having agreed on Partition, both the principal parties should have allowed time for the tempestuous tempers of their respective adherents to

cool down. The tocsin of communal orgy should have been well tempered down before the Partition was implemented. Except Gandhiji, and a few other notable worthies like Nehru, no Congress leader has been totally free from the communal virus. The Congress had elevated Jinnah to the exalted position of sole arbiter of the fate of the Mussalmans long before the latter had accepted him as such. Jinnah was a Congress creation even as the League was a creation of the British. Both the creators have lived to rue the day.

But, Mr. Sunder Rao speaks of "a tragic necessity brought on by the inexorable developments which suddenly took place," as being responsible for the acceptance of Partition and the horrors that followed it. Real statesmanship is not in tamely succumbing to circumstances, but in making the best out of a bad situation, conceding that the situation cannot be successfully circumvented. If Partition was a thing they could not have avoided, the holocaust which followed in its train could have been minimised. For these lapses, not only the Congress leaders but also the leaders of the Muslim League were to blame. Demagogues had their field day; innocent people perished in innumerable numbers; administration was paralysed; the survivors were asked to keep their noses open for the sweet tang of freedom!

In this connection, it is not out of place to mention how C. R. had anticipated Partition as early as 1942. Congress has always had a fine string of intellectuals in its fold. C. R. is an intellectual as well as a man of wisdom. His "formula" was rejected by the League after the Congress had announced that it had nothing to do with the formula. The necessity for separation might have been vaguely apparent even then, but presumably, it was not "tragic" and "inexorable" enough to warrant fulfilment.

Muslims and Hindus were destined to part as enemies; much blood was destined to flow in spate in the plains of the Punjab, in the beautiful delta areas of Bengal and in the verdant valleys of Hindoostan; masses of people were destined to perish or perform deeds which have made predatory chieftains like Tamerlane and Chenghis Khan turn several times in their graves. The responsibility of the leaders in all these cannot be gainsaid, despite what any number of Sunder Raos might asseverate.

Mr. Sunder Rao himself admits, gra-

ciously of course, that Nehru has made a mistake in the matter of the North West Frontier Province and the Khan Brothers. This mistake or miscalculation, irrevocable as it is, cannot be set right by Pandit Nehru's periodical lament over their fate.

If it was indecent on the part of Dr. Mukerjee to have harped on this, it was equally indecorous on the part of our Prime Minister (cum-Congress President) to have villified the Mahasabha and the Jan Sangh as the murderers of the Mahatma, when a duly constituted court of law had exonerated them from complicity in the crime. Mr. Sunder Rao blames "Vighneswara" that such irresponsible "debunking" of Nehru should not have been indulged in while elections are being held. He may perhaps even blame it on "Vighneswara" for the Congress reverses in some parts of the country!

Whether Nehru can help it or not, the Kashmir problem continues to baffle solution. "Vighneswara's" warning against Partition in Kashmir is not an accusation of Nehru but is in the nature of an admonition intended to prepare the leaders to resist such a denouement. For all we know, one fateful day we may be informed that Kashmir is to be shared between India and Pakistan and friends and champions of Nehru may adduce "tragic necessity," and "inexorable developments which suddenly took place," as the very reasons which have brought about such a consummation!

Democracy is an ever-growing plant. Criticism is a sort of garden-scissors, which keeps the plant well pruned and in proper symmetry and fettle. Critics are impartial observers following the plant's progress. "Vighneswara" is the right type of observer.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Who Is The Communalist?

I am a regular, cover-to-cover reader of the *Swatantra* from its very first issue down to this day. I am one of the thousands of admirers of its talented Editor's writings. I have been noticing a persistent attack on the Dravida Kazhagam, which I think is mainly due to wrong understanding.

In the issue of February 2 are published Mr. K. Santanam's remarks on Communism, wherein he has dragged in the Dravida Kazhagam. He has dubbed the Blackshirts as "communalists". Well, I am myself a Blackshirt, and I am proud of it.

The Kazhagam is not a communal body. It is out to destroy communalism in any form. If the Brahmins have not discarded Brahminism, i. e., their narrow sectarian outlook and joined the Kazhagam for the creation of a separate Dravidanad, it is their own fault. If the Kazhagam has any personal hatred towards the Brahmins as a class, it would

not have supported men like Mr. R. S. Sarma, Mr. C. V. Rajagopalachariar and a few other Brahmins (by birth) during the present elections. The Kazhagam's founder and leader, Periyar E. V. Ramasami, is even today one of the best friends of the great Congress leader, Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar.

If we fight for the Communal G. O. in college admissions and the services, it is not to oust the Brahmins, but to lift up the downtrodden and uncared-for communities. If all caste distinctions were to go in all spheres of life, at one stroke, the Dravida Kazhagam would be the first to welcome it. In fact it is an important goal of the movement.

It is an irony that Mr. K. Santanam who was one of those who resigned in protest on the inter-dining issue in the notorious Seramadevi Gurukulam, should call us communalists. Is it not a case of the pot calling the kettle black?

Whether it is the case of a Mattaparai Iyer, or a Mayuram headmaster, or a Mysore lawyer—communalism has always exhibited itself from the other side. And never from our quarters.

For instance, we do not support the Madras Ministers because they are non-Brahmins. What we are fighting for, is the immediate eradication of all castes, root and branch. We encourage inter-marriages, not by mere words, but in action. We want a casteless and classless society. The Constitution is against this; and the Central Government is against this. We want a real self-government as found in Burma. And again the Central Government is against this. "Delhi is distant." And so we want a separate State. In fact, South India had always been a separate State until the Britisher came.

Ours is a cent per cent economic issue, and has nothing to do with any racial theory. We want to do away with the North Indian exploitation. We do not want the Goenkas and the like to be permanently exploiting the South. Exploitation by anybody, even by one's own brother, is as bad as exploitation by the Britisher.

So far as communalism is concerned, we are not at all communalists; we are the relentless enemies of communalism. We hate the Brahminism (caste arrogance) among the non-Brahmins, as much as we hate it among the Brahmins. But as Vivekananda said, "the Brahmin must suck out his own poison." Whoever wears any mark or symbol of caste superiority and arrogance—whether he be a Brahmin or a non-Brahmin, he is an enemy of our principles. He is an enemy of equality. He is an enemy of progress.

S. GURUSWAMI,
General Secretary, Dravidian Federation.

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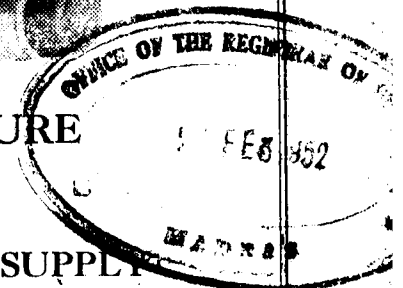
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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII NO. 2

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1952

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Vijay Hazare, the Indian Captain and Carr, the M. C. C. Captain tossing the coin for electing to bat. —Photo By R. Krishnan	
EDITORIAL COMMENT ..	2
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara ..	4
ALY MAHER PASHA: NO STRAW MAN, BUT A WEEK REED—By Andrew Roth ..	6
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad ..	9
PLIGHT OF JOURNALISTS IN HYDERABAD—By A Journalist ..	11
ELECTION LESSONS: PROBLEM OF A STABLE MINISTRY—By Major D. V. Raja Rao ..	13
PROBLEMS OF POLITICS ..	17
WHY CONGRESS WAS ROUTED IN ANDHRA—By K. L. Narasimha Rao ..	21
TOO STRAIGHT AND FAIR—(Short Story)—By Babru ..	23
THE CONGRESS DEBACLE IN MADRAS —By An Experienced Educationist ..	26
PREMNATH—By Daulatram Parshuram ..	28
FEAR AND YOU—By Amy Selwyn ..	31
ELECTIONS AND OUR DESTINY—By K. G. Sivaswamy ..	33
FOUR ARCHITECTS OF VICTORY—By N. S. R. ..	35
PROUD MOMENTS AT CHEPAUK —By P. N. S. ..	36
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe ..	38
THE PROBLEM IS SKIN DEEP—By Santha Rungachary ..	41
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka ..	44
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..	46

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SWATANTRA

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THE COMPETITION FOR POWER

IT is a pity that Congress leaders in Madras State have not been shocked into a sense of realities by the results of the election. Pandit Nehru made a feeble effort to get coached about the reasons for the Congress reverses, but nothing came out of it because he applied to the wrong persons for information. After all that has happened, nobody in his senses could have turned to Sri Sanjiva Reddi for light on the Andhra political situation. Unfortunately this is precisely what Pandit Nehru did. The defeat of Sri Sanjiva Reddi is not an accidental defeat traceable to the uncertainties of the poll as such, that may at times bring disaster to the political fortunes of any man, however eminent. It is in the nature of a public judgment on the whole record of the Andhra Pradesh Congress organisation. It was not merely the President of the Andhra P. C. C. that was defeated in the election. The Vice-President, the Secretary, the members of the Executive Committee and the entire body of the Parliamentary Board, were routed. The electorate practically wiped out the Andhra Congress Executive from access to the legislature. Such an executive will pull the whole organisation down into deeper depths and destroy it altogether if permitted to continue at the helm of affairs. The choice before the Congress President now is quite clear. If he wants to save the Congress in those States where the electorate has demonstrated its lack of faith in the outstanding Congress leaders, the least he can do is to ask the defeated leaders like Messrs. San-

jiva Reddi, Santhanam and Kumara-swami Raja to take their hands off the Congress machinery and seek for less ruinous successors to take their places. Pandit Nehru can indulge his fascination for the defeated and the discredited only at the cost of the Congress.

If the Congress in Madras is to recover its lost position, it must not repeat the follies and crimes of the past. We use the word *crimes* deliberately. It was the criminality of the Congress regime that has given to the Communists their staggering electoral successes in Andhra and Malabar. The Communists themselves claim that it was their own good work that has made them the favourites of the masses at the polls. But the claim is not quite sustainable. Communist energies in probing local grievances and fighting for their redress were in greater evidence in the war years before they changed their policy and went in for outbursts of violence. Yet in the elections conducted in the period of peaceful propaganda of the Communists, the party could not capture more than two seats in the Madras Assembly. When the Communists embarked on murders, loot and arson, the savagery of the police retaliation was so appalling that it enraged the public and made them turn sympathetically to the Communists as to martyrs. If the Communists committed one murder, the police committed twenty. Instead of pinning guilt to the Communists by placing them on trial, the Government by its policy of detention without trial gave the benefit of doubt to many a guilty Communist.

All this, combined with the nepotism of Ministers and the tyrannies of their pampered cronies in the districts made the name of the Congress hateful to the masses and impelled them to throw out Congress candidates in large numbers when they got the opportunity at the very first elections.

As a result of the elections the Congress and the Communists have entered into the fray for capture of office. As the murders in the past were committed not only by the Communists but also by agents of the Government, the violence of the one side cancels out that of the other. The question to consider is, which side is likely to give a better deal to people, if given the chance to rule. If we felt that under Communist rule, the people would be happier, we would unhesitatingly plead for the replacement of the Congress by Communists. But we do not have this hope. Communist ideology is inimical to democracy and is wedded to one-party rule with no quarter to critics. The sign of democracy is replacement of one party by another through criticism and the verdict of the polls, but there has been no instance of the Communists, once placed in power,

ever having allowed any other party to survive and compete with them for power. Sri Panikkar declared at a press conference that in Communist China, no newspaper is allowed to criticise the ruling party. Moreover, the Communists are tied to Moscow, and wherever they have come to power, they have acted as agents of Moscow embroiling the States ruled by them in the wars and quarrels of Russia.

It must be conceded however that prospective evils traceable to Communist domination will not materially affect the present political position. Only that party which emerges superior in a competition of doing good to people in distress, will prevail over its rivals now and hereafter in any State of India. Congress in Madras, being still the largest party, will find it easier to form a Ministry than any other. But survival is more difficult than forming the Government. Congress cannot check Communist advancement unless it deals with corrupt Ministers mercilessly and immediately improves the character of its administration and organisation substantially.

Sotto Voce

THE NEW BACCHANALS

I was probably the only person in all Madras on Sunday who was totally unconscious of the supreme event of the century. Those devout souls whose days and nights were supposed to be given to the Upanishads had their ears glued to the radio. Those who had never bothered to note the natal hour of their first-born registered on the sensitised plate of

memory the precise moment to the fraction of a second at which stumps were drawn. And so, though belatedly, I sing the Ashes that India got, after having tried and tried again four times as often as Robert Bruce of Scotland. Who dare deny that our victory was four times more precious than his?



I am told that thirty-five thousand ardent spectators were assembled at Chepauk. They were but a millesimal fraction, you may bet, of the multitude that were present in spirit on that classic ground—our Lord's—and the discomfiture of the visiting team must have been hastened by the ghostly booings and cat-calls that the winds carried from the ends of our Indian earth. For, though the notorious gentlemanliness of our cricket-fans has won the plaudits of foreign correspondents, you and I know how we let ourselves go in the bosom of our families and particular cronies. We have not won just one Test; we have routed decadent England for all time.

When my little lie-abed nephew surprised chanticleer by crowing before he did—over the discomfiture of Britain—I felt like spanking him because he had spirited away the morning paper. But at that moment A. I. R. solemnly assured me that the President of the Indian Union had congratulated the victors on their magnificent achievement. And on the flood-tide of Presidential goodwill my nephew sailed in and offered me the paper with beaming casualness. I see him confidently stretching out his hand for the price of a ticket for the next fixture.

Wise men spend their time, said the old gnome, over a tale of gaming in the morning, a tale of women at midday and a tale of thieves after sun-down. We in the week that is just past substituted a far more satisfying regimen. The day began with a delicious regurgitation, at street-corner symposia, of the delights provided by the wizardry of Hazare and Mankad the previous day. Then followed six solid hours of class cricket (though the curmudgeons muttered that the English team was far from being the best of the bunch). And at vespers you sallied forth to feast your eyes on the visiting film celebrities or sate your emotions on as many of their splendid pictures as you could contrive to pack in the all too brief hours before closing time. Poor Keats who talked of loading every rift with ore—what did he know about it?

I don't know what the visiting cricketers thought of the films or what

the visiting film stars thought of the cricket. But on a *priori* grounds I can make a tolerable guess. The English cricketers, I suppose, absorb films as they absorb beer, without giving much thought to it. They may even be slightly contemptuous of the snobbery that looks for art in entertainment. But ace-producers, if they be Americans, can hardly be expected to take seriously a game in which they can't be A 1. And their compeers from Soviet Russia are bound to denounce cricket as escapism if they are not themselves to fall under the horrid suspicion of deviationism.

But they may both be pardonably puzzled at the unnatural catholicity of the Indian mind which has fallen for the cinema at least as violently as it has fallen for cricket, and that is saying a great deal. Cricket is bourgeois and British: even brutish, if a near-pun may be permitted, in the supercilious satisfaction with the world as it is, which it is apt to induce in its votaries. But celluloid wins souls. Rivals for world-mastery set as much store by it as by the atom bomb. Naturally they do not like to laugh—at themselves.

The crusaders, whether of the Right or of the Left, may see in our unlimited attachment to all things new and strange a Machiavellian design. They perhaps wonder, "Are they countering the Balance of Power game of the Big Powers with a Balance of Attachment of their own invention?" Our Foreign Office would not be averse to such a flattering impression being created. How delightful it would be if we could truthfully say, "With cricket and an extra holiday for the King's funeral—though in the King's own country they are content with two minutes' silence—we manage to keep well with John Bull; with Metro-Goldwyn we applaud private enterprise and beguile the Yank; and singing hallelujahs to Peace *a la Russe* we manage to make Bear and friend drunk on honey." But alas! the unflattering truth is that we are not Machiavellis but promiscuous feeders on fake. We are the victims of a vast boredom. And perhaps our polite but percipient visitors know this too.

VIGNESWARA

ALY MAHER PASHA: NO STRAW MAN, BUT A WEAK REED

By ANDREW ROTH

THE British Foreign Office may be clutching at straws in their enthusiasm for Egypt's new Prime Minister, 69-year-old Aly Maher Pasha. But he certainly is no straw man. The tough, wiry and efficient elder statesman is the best of the remaining group of palace politicians. The question is whether the best palace politician, even when backed by King Farouk and the Army, can stop the flood of nationalism and social revolution or must be swept away by the tide.

Britain's enthusiasm for Maher Pasha is bounded only by the necessity for keeping quiet about it: it is still no recommendation in Egypt to have the British enthuse about you. But the Foreign Office cannot help but regard him as a virtual "deus ex machina," even though the "machina" was King Farouk's Abdin Palace. His appearance on the scene, in the wake of the Army's intervention, halted the development of what *The Times* flatly described as "a revolutionary situation." The British killing of over 30 auxiliary police in Ismailia on "Black Friday" (January 25) stimulated the bloody incendiary riots that gutted central Cairo on "Black Saturday" (January 26). Had King Farouk not intervened with the Army and Maher Pasha, the British military who were pressing to occupy Cairo and Alexandria, would probably have carried the British Cabinet.

Not only did Maher Pasha bring militant extremists under control in his first days in office, but almost immediately he began speaking of "negotiations" with Britain as if he really meant it. The Foreign Office knows that if it can negotiate with any man in Egypt it is with Aly Maher Pasha.

Historical Irony

It is one of the supreme historical ironies that Britain should now consider Aly Maher their virtual savior, since a dozen years ago they considered him rather satanic because of

his pro-Axis sympathies. He was Prime Minister in 1939, when World War II broke out, and strongly resisted British demands. When war was declared, under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936 Egypt was supposed to declare war on Britain's side. But Ali Maher limited himself to severing diplomatic relations with Germany. When Italy entered the war in June 1940 and directly threatened Egypt from its Libyan bases, he said there was no point in Egypt's declaring war since its army was insignificant. When the small town of Solum on the Libyan-Egyptian border was bombed and some Egyptian soldiers killed, he said this had been provoked by the British who had bombed Libya from Egypt and could be settled through diplomatic channels. When he was pressured to resign the same month he put it about that he had fallen because he had stood up for Egypt's rights against the British Army. In 1942, when Britain succeeded in installing Wafdist leader Nahas Pasha as Prime Minister—because of his support for the war effort—Nahas soon jailed Aly Maher Pasha for reasons "connected with the security of the State." He was released when his brother, the late Ahmed Maher Pasha, became Prime Minister in 1944.

This ejection of Aly Maher and the installation of Nahas Pasha were subsequently cited before the Security Council in 1947 by Aly Maher's friend, the late Nokrashi Pasha, as being examples of British interference in Egyptian internal affairs. Britain's Sir Alexander Cadogan, in replying, freely admitted that they "did to some extent partake of the character of an interference in Egypt's internal affairs." But, he explained, at these "two well-known war-time crises, during both of which the Axis Powers were advancing on Egypt.... certain very highly placed Egyptian personalities, sympathetic to the Axis, were actively obstructing the Allied war effort." He added that he could pro-

duce the documentary evidence, but the Egyptians did not invite him to. A letter from General Lord Wilson, Commander of the Army of the Nile, to Aly Maher Pasha's Minister of Defense about the defense of the Siwa oasis was found among the effects of a captured Italian general in Lord Wavell's first desert campaign. And in 1942 the British discovered Maher Pasha was receiving Axis funds through the Dresdner bank.

The Egyptian Triangle

The current contrast of Britain's welcome to Aly Maher after the ejection of Nahas Pasha illustrates again the operation of the peculiar triangle which has dominated Egyptian politics until now. At one corner is the Wafd with its majority support among the politically articulate; at the second corner are the British; at the third corner is King Farouk and a small coterie of plutocratic politicians. Depending on the circumstances, Britain tends to switch its support back and forth.

Aly Maher Pasha has long been one of the "King's men." He comes from a long line of aristocratic Turks, who have served Egypt's rulers. His father, Under Secretary of War to Khedive Abbas II, was removed by the Earl of Cromer as a "bad adviser, a cause of strife and an obstacle to harmonious cooperation" between Britain and the ruler.

Aly Maher himself at first seemed contented with an easy legal life, becoming a lawyer at 17 and a judge five years later. Then he suddenly became ambitious and went into palace politics under King Fuad, Farouk's father. Even then the struggle between the popular-nationalist Wafd and the ultra-conservative Palace went on. Aly Maher served in several Palace-sponsored cabinets, being Under-Secretary of State for Education (1924), Minister of Education (1925-6), Minister of Finance (1928-9) and Minister of Justice (1930-32). As Prime Minister for a brief three-month period in 1936 when the country was in a disturbed condition following the student riots, he added to his reputation as a man of stubborn determination and became one of the most unpopular men in Wafdist and leftist circles.

Aly Maher Pasha has been credited with being one of the most import-

ant autocratic influences shaping King Farouk, who ascended the throne in 1936 as a slim and malleable young man of 16. In 1937 King Farouk appointed him as Chief of the Royal Cabinet, where he became the power behind the throne. Nahas Pasha, then heading a Wafd Government, strongly objected to this appointment, alleging Maher Pasha was aligned with the dignitaries of el Azhar University—the center of Islamic conservatism—in sabotaging Wafdist policies.

Maher Pasha is a stubborn opponent. Although he resisted Wafdist pressure to eject him as the "power behind the throne", on more than one occasion he submitted and then withdrew his resignation as Chief of the Royal Cabinet when he was not getting his way. He finally resigned in April 1939 to become Prime Minister the following August.

Although a palace politician rather than a party man, he has shown sympathy in his cabinets for the Saadist Party, formed by his brother, Ahmed Maher Pasha, and Nokrashi Pasha, both of whom have been assassinated. This is a rightwing party, considerably influenced by Egyptian industrialists, much as the Liberal Constitutional Party is influenced by the biggest landlords. Aly Maher Pasha himself is one of the richest men in Egypt, his most recent economic efforts having been as a director of the British-founded National Bank of Egypt.

Maher Pasha has the reputation of being one of the most efficient men in Egyptian political life. But the fact that he was able to produce a cabinet list of outstandingly able personalities within hours of his appointment indicates that he had at least forewarning that he would be called on in an emergency. He certainly was sponsored by the King. But it is not clear whether he was previously favoured by the Foreign Office, some sectors of which have long advised the covert sponsorship of "strong men" in Egypt and Persia.

Barring The Revolution

"Even his worst political enemies cannot accuse him of being pro-British," commented *The Times* diplomatic correspondent on his appointment. This was echoed by Nahas Pasha who said Maher Pasha is "as



Shri Ratanchand Hirachand, M.A., J.P., Managing Director and Chairman of the Indian Hume Pipe Company, Ltd., Bombay, who sponsored the idea of holding the International Industries Fair and organised the same very successfully.

opposed to the British as I." Maher Pasha certainly wants British troops withdrawn from Egypt. And he wants to see the Sudan come under the King he helped groom. In fact he was one of the only two palace politicians who participated in the impressive "silent march" of November 14, the largest anti-British demonstration in Egyptian history. But he does not want to secure national demands at the risk of bringing to the surface the mass passions revealed by the "Black Saturday" riots.

Aly Maher Pasha must look abroad for the concessions to reinforce his regime. He has the support of the Palace and the Army and the tentative backing of the Wafd-dominated Parliament—as long as he accepts their programme. But he has no popular following. It is no accident that two days after his appointment he hastened to inform the *News Chronicle* correspondent: "...I am ready to discuss the Middle East Command with the four powers.... The important thing is that it should be on the basis of the United Nations Charter." He meant, presumably, that Britain will have to agree to withdraw if it wants a Middle East Command

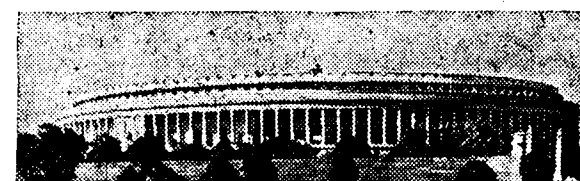
embracing Egypt. But he wants to achieve this by negotiations.

As a life-long palace politician he rejects the "appeal to the street" on which Nahas Pasha and the Wafd depend. Maher is unlike the *new* pashas of the Wafd who unleash nationalist passions against the foreigners for the short-range objective of diverting attention from their own corruption and inability to solve social problems. He, as one of the *old-style*, aristocratic pashas fears more for the very survival of pashadom and the status quo. After all, on "Black Saturday" crowds started surging toward King Farouk's Abdin Palace and some of the striking auxiliary police started shouting: "Long Live Russia, friend of Egypt!" In his first speech to the Egyptian Parliament Aly Maher emphasised: "There will be no mercy for troublemakers!" In the first week of his reign the police arrested an estimated 3,000 "troublemakers" who included, apart from arsonists, looters and national-socialist Ahmed Hussein, a wide sprinkling of trade union leaders and suspected leftists.

Egypt's Prime Minister is intelligent enough to realise that the sky-racketing cost of living produced many of the passions which ignited almost every symbol of luxury in central Cairo. Before his Government was five days old he assembled twenty ministers and permanent under-secretaries and told the latter he would hold them "personally responsible" for reducing the "horrors of the high cost of living." He said there could be no social stability if the poor classes found it difficult to buy basic commodities. Several days later increased rations of sugar appeared at lower prices.

Stern security measures and control of living costs can certainly give Aly Maher Pasha a breathing space as the tide of nationalism recedes temporarily in the wake of the Cairo riots. But to survive in the full flood of nationalist demands, Egypt's wiry older statesman clearly needs the support of considerable concessions by Britain. Without these Aly Maher Pasha may soon be as wistful a memory in the Foreign Office as was Persia's General Razmara.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

RULING circles in Madras and Bengal are at sixes and sevens because six Ministers have been defeated in Madras and seven in Bengal. Mr. T. Prakasam pointed out to me that in Madras also seven Ministers have been defeated, Sanjeeva Reddi ceased to be a Minister only a few months before the General Elections—when he became President of the Andhra Congress Committee. Even in this Minister-defeating department Madras will not yield place to anyone else.

Acharya Kripalani is needlessly nervous about a future election in Madras. "I hear," he says, "that the refusal of the Congress to form a Government is based on the idea that the other parties will try to form a Government and they will fail and in that event the Congress can have a fresh election." The Acharya may rest assured that the Congress Party will be the last Party in Madras to want a fresh election. Another election will mean that the Congress Party will secure only half of what it has secured in the Madras Assembly today. The white caps number 152 now. They will not be more than 76 after the next election, whenever it may come. The Congress will only annoy the electorate by holding another general election in Madras immediately. The defeat inflicted on the Congress Party will be more thorough if an election is held within the next twelve months. Acharya Kripalani, not being from Madras, does not know the temper of the Southern masses. They will not tolerate Congress nonsense any more.

As soon as Mr. Prakasam can assure himself of the support of more than 152 members, the Governor of Madras will be constitutionally bound to call upon him to form a Ministry. It will then be for Mr. Prakasam to say whether he can or cannot form a

Ministry. All the Congress stunts in Madras will be of no avail when the majority of the electorate have clearly pronounced their verdict that they will have none of it. The Congress in Madras should learn to die gracefully. This foolish hankering to continue to lord it over the people of Madras will merely result in the hastening of its death.

There can be nothing more unconstitutional than the spectacle of Mr. Kumaraswami Raja sticking to office, despite the electors defeating a majority of his colleagues as well as himself. In fairness to him, it must be admitted that he declared long ago that he proposed to stick to office even if all his colleagues in the Cabinet (and himself?) were defeated at the polls.

Pandit Nehru is devoting some thought to the formation of his own Cabinet after all the results of the election to the new House of the People have come through. One of his problems will be to find a suitable portfolio for his sister, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit. She has already declared from Washington that she will not accept the Health portfolio. She will have to be given National Resources and Scientific Research or Foreign Affairs. Although her own preference is to be Foreign Minister, she may get Information and Broadcasting. Are there to be two women in the Cabinet then, asked an esteemed friend. I personally see no reason why there should not be half a dozen women in the Central Government, provided, of course, they have the necessary ability and character.

A previous suggestion made in this Diary that Pandit Nehru should have a Coalition Government at the Centre, consisting of equal numbers of Congressites, Communists, K. M. P. members, and Socialists has brought out a threat from a friend that he

will stop reading the Diary. He does not like Communists. He thinks that they are agents of Moscow. But I like Communists. I think that they have the good of the country at heart. They alone can and do put their professions into practice—unlike Congressites. They are practical people, who know how to improve the plight of the masses in India. This talk about their being agents of Moscow is balderdash. It is like saying that Jawaharlal Nehru is an agent of the British. The Communists in India are Indian first and Communist next—just as Chinese Communists are Chinese first and Communist next, and Russian Communists are Russian first and Communist next. Western thinkers talk about Communists as though they are automatons. Bertrand Russell went so far as to say that Communists are stupid. This is due to the inability of even Bertrand Russell to appreciate the psychology of those who do not belong to his class and to his country.

Nehru has done much to deserve praise. But all that was before he assumed office in New Delhi. Since then he achieved not a single thing for which he can confidently come to me or you and ask, "What do you think of that?" I cannot believe that the Congress Party can ever do anything that will result in the benefit of the masses in India. They have made mess of things throughout the country. Only a revolutionary change can bring hope to our peoples. A revolutionary change can be achieved without a bloody revolution. But Pandit Nehru will have to put his shoulder to the wheel if he does not wish to be run over by that vehicle. We do not want him to be run over.

Bernard Shaw was a great exponent of this kind of revolutionary change without, if possible, a bloody revolution. The Shaw Society of Delhi gave a reception to the Eric Elliott Company of London, which produced three plays of Shakespeare and one of Shaw in different cities of India. Whether Shakespeare is better than Shaw, or Shaw better than Shakespeare, Eric Elliott's Shaw is definitely better than Eric Elliott's Shakespeare. I frankly think that this particular company would be a far greater success

if it gave three Shaw's and one Shakespeare instead of three Shakespeares and one Shaw. The plays presented by the Shakespeare, Sophocles and Shaw Productions (for such is its name) are: Merchant of Venice, Othello, Hamlet; and Captain Brassbound's Conversion.

There is a popular but erroneous impression that Shaw claimed to be better than Shakespeare. He never made such a claim. He said that the right to criticise Shakespeare does not involve the power of writing better plays. He added: "And in fact—I do not be surprised at my modesty—I do not profess to write better plays." Shaw never claimed, of course, that Shakespeare wrote better plays than himself!

Mr. Elliott thinks that Shakespeare is a great dramatist because Shakespeare was an actor (like himself). I think that Shaw is a great dramatist because Shaw was a playgoer and dramatic critic. It is possible that an actor derives greater satisfaction from his production of Shakespeare; but theatre-goers who saw the Elliott Company's plays derived greater satisfaction from their Shaw. Shakespeare seems to have written from the actor's point of view; but Shaw wrote from the point of view of a certain kind of theatre-goer, who did not go to the theatre until Shaw began to write his plays. It is this kind of theatre-goer that goes to the theatre in Indian cities.

We must appreciate Mr. Elliott for giving us fairly full versions of Shakespeare's plays instead of editing them for our benefit. Shakespeare, after all, knew his job. His unstageability during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was due to the fact that every actor-manager took out of Shakespeare what bits he thought fitted him, and proceeded to call that Shakespeare. Daly and Irving very nearly finished Shakespeare for good, but Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson saved him by playing Hamlet almost in full—as Mr. Eric Elliott does. I do not, of course, wish to tread on dangerous ground by comparing the acting of Forbes Robertson with the acting of Mr. Elliott for the simple and excellent reason that I have not seen Forbes Robertson.

Elliott's company has given us an

opportunity to judge our own productions in Delhi in comparison with his, and see what our defects are and what our strong points are. We will no doubt learn a great deal in stage-technique from the Elliott Company. But our players should learn even more from the thoroughness of the company. What strikes me most is the excellent memories which the players have in the Elliott company. Most of our own actors and actresses keep on forgetting their lines! The person who speaks most lines in our productions is the prompter.

The reason why Elliott's Shakespeare does not quite come off is the

way they have been trained to recite blank verse. It is read as though it is prose. The word-music of Shakespeare therefore completely disappears from the scene. The production drops to the ground, as it were. In Bernard Shaw, the players did not have the difficulty of contending with blank verse. It is true that Bernard Shaw thinks that it is easy to write blank verse. If you want to write a play, and you don't have much time in which to do it, Bernard Shaw suggests that you should write it in blank verse. He himself adopted blank verse under similar circumstances for his *Cashel Byron's Profession*.

PLIGHT OF JOURNALISTS IN HYDERABAD

By A Journalist

VERY little is known outside the State about the Hyderabad press and the working conditions of the journalists. It is not an exaggeration to say that the "existence" of the press in Hyderabad was known for the first time in other parts of the country when the news about the murder of Shoaibullah Khan, editor of the Urdu daily *Imroz*, was flashed across the borders of the State before the Police Action. Later, when the first All Hyderabad Journalists' Conference was held in June 1950, over which the veteran journalist K. Rama Rao presided, people everywhere thought that it would bring about far-reaching changes in the conditions of the journalists here. But the hope was soon disillusioned. (Even the Hyderabad Journalists' Conference which started off in glorious circumstances had an unceremonious end)

The present day conditions can be better appreciated in the background of the past. The press in Hyderabad never paid a glorious part, not to speak of fulfilling its duties, either in shaping the political life or correctly representing the popular feelings. Hyderabad in the past, being a cradle of personal rule, the press played second fiddle to the ruling dynasty and the persons in power. Further, as the Government even supplied news

gratis the local papers were virtually paid pipers "with the Director of the Information Bureau as the conductor of the orchestra." Hence, as an old journalist wrote, it was no wonder that all and sundry fell over one another to enter the field of subsidized journalism. And the local journals confined themselves to interpreting Government to the people exactly "as Government desired themselves to be interpreted" and the vital function of interpreting the people to the Government and guiding public opinion along fruitful channels was entirely left to the outside news papers and people naturally depended for support on them.

Police Action has not brought about any perceptible change in either the management, standard, character or status of the local papers. The main reason for this sad state of affairs is that the press here is not in the hands of the right type of persons. Generally speaking, the persons who either by accident or otherwise, are holding the reins of the fourth estate are the most ill-equipped for the task. They have neither the education, nor the right background nor do they even possess the capacity to run newspapers. The papers cannot claim to have any principles or policies. Permission is granted indiscriminately, by the Gov-

ernment. It would have been a real boon, if instead of enacting the much unwanted Press Bill, the Central Government had made some provisions for preventing every unqualified and illiterate person from becoming an editor. If so, at least half the Urdu newspapers in Hyderabad would have had to close down and that would be a good riddance too.

The papers are brought out without adequate finances and the Urdu editors are the worst sinners among the sinners. The Urdu papers just lead a lingering existence by blackmailing. The standard of payment is deplorably low. No journalist in Hyderabad whatever be his standing in the profession, gets even the minimum basic wages assured even to a fresh recruit outside the State. The working journalist is always kept on starvation wages. Very few papers are self-supporting and only two or three make any profits. But even those proprietors who make considerable profits and who can be reasonable, if not benevolent, are niggardly.

The offices being understaffed, there is no division of duties at all. A sub-editor has frequently to do all the surdury reporting jobs. And all this for a paltry sum of Rs. O. S. 150, which comes to nearly Rs. 125 in Indian currency.

Unfortunately here, there is no organised professional opinion and the working journalists are left to the mercies of the proprietors. A move was made nearly eighteen months ago to organise a union and the All Hyderabad Journalists' Conference was the result. But it had only a short-lived glory. Many non-professional journalists slowly made their way into the organisation and sought to exploit their positions of vantage. After the All India Federation of Working Journalists was formed in Delhi, efforts were again made to form a working journalists' body on trade union lines and even that did not acquit itself creditably. Rivalries soon cropped up and self-seekers tried to trade under the banner of the union. Hence two rival organisations were formed and the result is that the working journalists are worse off than ever. And it is here that the

help of the veterans in the profession outside the State is now sought. It would be better if the Federation of the Working Journalists can send an office-bearer to study for himself the conditions of the journalists here and save them from their present plight. Otherwise, even if the Southern India Journalists' Federation can take the initiative it would be welcomed. Something must be done immediately for ameliorating the conditions of the journalists—fixation of minimum wages and better service conditions are the pressing need.

The State Government can also institute an enquiry into the working condition of the journalists and there should be some sort of regulation of service conditions. After all, as Mr. K. Rama Rao said, "if agricultural labour is to be given the minimum wage, if similarly the coal or gold miner is to be looked after by the State, there is no sense in saying that the journalists alone should be left to the tender mercy of the so-called law of demand and supply."



Firestone

**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

ELECTION LESSONS: PROBLEM OF A STABLE MINISTRY

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE people have chosen and their choice is as confusing as our politics and political parties are. Obviously local, personal and caste or communal considerations played a greater part than political and economic issues or party principles and programmes in the choice. However, taken on the whole, there are some very significant conclusions to be drawn and lessons learnt by our political leaders and governments.

The failure of the Congress to get a majority in Madras State is the most outstanding feature of the elections. That all the prominent members of the Madras cabinet and most of the prominent leaders in the provincial Congress were defeated is an unequivocal condemnation by the people of the misrule of the Government and the political misbehaviour of the provincial leaders. A ministry accused of nepotism, corruption and inefficiency managed to keep itself in power by flouting all principles of democracy and political decency and the Congress abetted, connived at and supported them. Feeling too confident of its strength the Congress ignored public opinion in its choice of the provincial leadership. In running down the strong and popular leaders, the discipline and morale of the Congress broke down. Stronger and greater as the Congress is than the tallest individual in it, it is not stronger and greater than the people themselves. That is why it failed to impose an unwanted leadership on Andhra. That is the first lesson of these elections which the Congress will do well to digest.

The attitude of the Congress, and its President in particular, towards the question of a separate Andhra State was disastrous to the popularity of the Congress in Andhra. The non-chalant manner in which the Congress President dealt with the problem in his Andhra tour on the eve of the elections alienated the little sympathy still lingering here for the Congress. While people hoped for a helpful

declaration of policy, they got abuse and threats for claiming their legitimate right. In these elections the Andhras have expressed in the most unequivocal manner and in the most democratic way their rejection of the J. V. P. report and their lack of confidence in the Andhra P. C. C. to serve their interests. Every advocate of the J. V. P. report lost his or her election. If nothing else does it, the defeat of Srimati Durgabai in spite of Sri Nehru's special personal pleading should open his eye to this fact.

Various and fanciful reasons are being given by the leaders to explain the Congress failure in this State. But Sri Gopala Reddi in his statement immediately after his defeat inadvertently spoke the truth when he said that the troubles people were put to by petty officials were attributed to him and besides, the community had betrayed him. Sri Gopala Reddi may think it unreasonable but the people are right in judging their Government by the behaviour of their officials and it only shows what a poor appreciation of his responsibilities as a minister, Sri Gopala Reddi has. The services during the last five years have become absolutely corrupt and irresponsible. Difficult as the food and cloth situation was, it was made worse by the greed and arrogance of the officials. They became exasperatingly indifferent to the difficulties and interests of the people. Ministers cannot absolve themselves of responsibility for the corruption and irresponsibility of the services and if the behaviour of the services affected them adversely in the elections, it is what they deserved.

It is an irony if not nemesis that Sri Gopala Reddi who had asserted on the floor of the Assembly, though in a light vein, that his was a Reddi Government for Reddis, should complain of the casteism of Kammas. Unfortunately, casteism, the creed of the British-sponsored Justice Party, has come to stay with the Congress in this State. The British encouraged caste-

ism for the political purpose of mobilising the non-Brahmin intellectuals against the Brahmin intellectuals who were threatening their imperial interests. But now there is no such political purpose to be served by it and it has degenerated into an unseemly scramble for Governmental power and Government jobs on the basis of caste. Ministries are formed on the basis of caste, recruitment to services is made on the basis of caste, efficiency and discipline in the services is allowed to suffer for considerations of caste, and even education is doled out on a caste basis. This exploitation of caste for purely materialistic profit soon made every caste, even amongst the non-Brahmins, fanatically caste-minded. In the absence of any public interest to be served and an organised direction for that purpose, casteism ran wild during the elections and it explains the defeat of many a deserving candidate and the success of many an unknown non-entity. It is nemesis indeed that casteism should recoil on its own advocates.

The one party that was benefitted most by the confusion created by casteism is the Communist party. Most of their candidates are drawn from the now well recognised backward non-Brahmin castes and the scheduled castes or their leaders. While caste rivalries are well pronounced amongst the forward non-Brahmin castes, the backward and scheduled castes are still so backward that they are not divided amongst themselves yet and they pull together. In an electorate based on adult franchise while no caste can be numerically strong enough to monopolise the polls, these backward and scheduled castes pulling together gained a decisive position. They cannot be expected to vote with an intelligent appreciation of the issues involved and the merits of the candidates. Steeped in casteism as our politics and political leaders are, they failed to give a strong and rational direction to the political thought and outlook of the poor illiterate masses and they fell an easy prey to the false, unscrupulous and opportunist propaganda of the Communists. The casteists amongst our politicians in and out of the Congress should thank themselves for this

deplorable political ignorance of our electorate.

Another factor that helped the Communists immensely was the indiscriminate police atrocities committed in the name of putting down Communist lawlessness. An unpopular and unimaginative Government incapable of mobilising public opinion against Communist thuggism relied on an illequipped, ill organised and inefficient police force who knew no better than antiquated mediaeval terrorist methods to put down the Communist lawlessness. A small Communist gang raids a village, kills a landlord and loots his house, and long after they left, a posse of police go to the village, beat the people indiscriminately, pilfer whatever comes handy, ill-treat women and terrorise everybody for information about the raiders. Then a contingent of M. S. P. or S. A. P. would be stationed in the area in anticipation of further raids as if the Communists are something like a tiger that invariably returns to its kill. The misbehaviour of those police forces was exceedingly reprehensible. Even professional prostitutes were shocked at their indecent and bestial behaviour. The Government were content with a bare faced denial to all protests and representations made against such behaviour of the police. Respectable and rich agriculturists in 'Home Guards' were constantly subjected to police high-handedness and arrogance with a view to extracting money and other emoluments from them. On the top of all these came the indiscriminate shooting of Communists at sight which shocked the whole country. A people ill-treated and harassed by the police like that cannot be expected to appreciate the Government objective and co-operate with them. For every atrocity committed by the Communists on a single person, family or village, the Government earned the hatred of the whole people of a village, firka or district by the terrorism of their police force. The Congress that rode home to a nation-wide popularity on the crest of the tidal wave of suppression practiced by the British and with its creed of non-violence and love should have known better than to give a free hand to the crude and brutal terrorism of the police. The relative popularity of the Communists at the polls

is more the reaction of an oppressed people to the police atrocities than an appreciation of the Communist ideology or the work of the Communist party for the benefit of the people. These poor ignorant voters do not even know that under a Communist Government they will not have the liberty to vote down the Government in case it misrules and misbehaves. They do not know that in voting for the Communists they are forfeiting the sovereignty of their vote. Much less they know about human dignity and individual liberty and their value. The common man struggling hard for his daily bread has no time to contemplate these things and appreciate their basic importance. The Congress and the Government of India seem to be worried more about the Communist success than their own defeat here. If they appreciate the causes for it in their true perspective they need not be worried so much. Given an efficient and popular Government and more humane and civilised methods of dealing with lawlessness, there is not much likelihood of the Communists profiting by their spectacular successes at the polls now.

Forming a popular and efficient Government does not seem to be an easy proposition as the election results stand. That the Congress is the largest single party, though most of its leaders and ministers were defeated, has a significance which should be correctly grasped. The Congress principles are still dear to the people but the leaders in the Congress and the ministers in the Government who failed to stand by these principles are not wanted by them. What the Congress President has been promising to do but failed to do ever since the Nasik Congress, the people have done for him. The people have given the Congress a clean slate to start afresh with. The Congress will do well to make good this opportunity to reorganise itself so as to gain the confidence of the people. The discredited ministers are asked to resign. Thus far it is good. What next is a 'dead secret'. But is the secret so dead after all? The Congress does not favour coalition with any party to form a stable Government. Coalition, it is feared, would weaken the Congress politically. Obviously it is hoped that the non-Congress parties will not be able to unite to form a

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ministry and with the prospect of re-elections in the immediate future a number of independents and others will rush to join the Congress giving it an absolute majority to form a ministry by itself. It is difficult to imagine how the addition of a number of political opportunists would help to strengthen the Congress or its Government. The only advantage of such a step is that the leaders discredited by the people but still holding positions of power in the provincial Congress can influence and direct the Government and may get in some of their stooges into the ministry by devious ways. If that is the Congress idea of strength, it is a very poor idea indeed. If the Congress were to be truly democratic it should respect the verdict of the people and refrain from bolstering up the prestige of its leaders discredited by the people. Standing on prestige that is lost, does not help towards regaining the confidence of the people.

The non-Congress parties seem to be making a herculean effort to keep the Congress out of office. Keeping the Congress out of power cannot be an end in itself. The real thing is to give the people a good Government. No sacrifice, personal or of prestige, is too great to achieve a good and strong Government. It is obvious that a non-Congress Government cannot be formed without the co-operation of the Communists. The Communists, if they come into the Government at all, will not come in to work it constitutionally. If they do so, it will undermine the very basis of their political ideology. They can never establish class dictatorship by constitutional and democratic methods. In the meantime the myth of their false and fantastic election promises will be exposed. Their only interest in coming into the Government can be to spy and infiltrate into the services, particularly of law and order, in pre-

paration for a future revolution. To attempt to form such a Government would be the worst disservice to the people and the country. The K. M. P. party has a special responsibility in this respect. After all, they came out of the Congress not on a question of principle, but as the Congress failed to live up to its principles and it was not possible for them to reform it from within. Now that most of the corrupt and demoralising elements in the Congress got eliminated in the elections, the K. M. P. party should not have much of an objection to work with the Congress. Seeking co-operation with the Communists would be unpatriotic and suicidal. May be, they would not like to be in a Government directed by Pradesh Congress bodies which are still dominated by leaders discredited at the polls. If the Congress means well by the people and would respect their verdict, it should make it possible for the K.M.P. and similar parties to co-operate with it in a coalition Government rather than insist on their signing the party ticket. May be such co-operation at Government level will help reorganisation of the Congress on a sound and popular basis when the seceders can have no objection to identify themselves with it again.

If the Congress and the parties that seceded from it fail to get about this happy adjustment by standing on their party and personal prestige, the political confusion in this State, bad as it is, would become worse confounded making it ever so much easier for the Communists to exploit the bewildered masses left without a cogent leadership. Forestalling such a calamity is of vital importance to the unity and stability of our country in the present critical times. It is a testing problem to the wisdom and statesmanship of our leaders. It is to be hoped they would rise up to the occasion.

The problem of how to stand alone is one of the subtlest challenges which ever confront human beings. It is with us all the time. We come under the influence of others. We cannot avoid doing this. Neither can we avoid affecting still others. Above all, we want to be free. Yet the yearning for freedom is often haunted by specters of insecurity, by the fear that when we have cut ourselves loose from the supposed or actual dominance of some other human beings, we shall have no one to turn to in our hour of need. The thought of this kind of aloneness can be extremely frightening to those who have the habit of leaning psychologically on others.—*Manas*.

PROBLEMS OF POLITICS

EVILS OF CENTRALISED BUREAUCRACY

An examination of Socialist theory from an original angle is attempted in this article reproduced from MANAS, the American weekly. Socialist theory maintains that basic human good is economic in origin. This amounts to saying that comfortable, well-fed people are bound to turn out to be wise, considerate and useful human beings. "This is simply not so", says MANAS, "the wisest, most considerate, most useful human beings are very often those who do not get enough to eat; or they are people who give very little attention to their economic welfare." The article concludes with the remark that "the only revolutionist of modern times who seems to have had a grasp of the actual processes of constructive social change is M. K. Gandhi."

THE really practical issues before the modern world are not political issues at all, but moral issues, having to do with the basic philosophical questions. It is fairly obvious, moreover, that genuine political issues usually turn on philosophical issues. That is, a man's politics depends upon the sort of respect he has for himself and others—for human beings generally.

Historically, the polar opposites of Western political thinking are represented by Rousseau and Hobbes. Rousseau seemed to think that practically everything that is wrong with people can be traced to the influence of institutions, bad institutions. Free the people from these evil institutions, he argued, establish effective public education and constitutional government, and their troubles will be over. Hobbes, on the other hand, was skeptical of the capacity of the people to govern themselves. He wanted authoritative and fear-inspiring institutions to restrain the disorderly tendencies of the great majority.

In general, political opinions, regardless of party, arrange themselves along a line between these two extremes. In periods of oppression, the truth in Rousseau's position tends to inspire movements of revolt, while after a cycle of undisciplined democracy or unruly mob rule, the views of Hobbes find many champions.

Of course, by "political opinions" we do not mean the sort of opinion which determines whether a man is a Democrat or Republican. Self-interest of one sort or another is far too characteristic of both the major

parties in the United States to dignify either one with supposed philosophical connections. Both have a vast institutional apparatus, staffed by personnel apparently without the slightest interest in theories of human nature.

One reason why it seems to us that no political party, new or old, can for long retain philosophical orientation is that the exigencies of winning elections soon overshadow the basic philosophical issues, which are then forgotten. Genuine candor is virtually impossible in modern politics. An honest man is bound to recognize that there are extraordinary differences among men—moral differences as well as differences in capacity. These differences are without any real explanation, and are politically unmentionable. When someone attempts an oversimplified explanation, and tries to found a political party on it, the final product is a movement like Communism, which maintains that men are wholly made by their environment—the political theory of the communists being that revolutionists must seize power and proceed to build the "correct" environment. The older generation, "conditioned" by the old, "reactionary" environment, must either be liquidated or frightened into conformity to the plans for the new. This is clearly a mass theory of human nature, in which the individual counts for little or nothing. In practice, however, the suppressed fact of individuality asserts itself in the extraordinary hero-worship of the "Leader," who plays the part of an extra-cosmic deity and occupies the

place of a deity in the minds of the people.

Another political oversimplification results when men devise a programme which is almost entirely concentrated upon correcting the abuses of the existing system, without giving serious attention to the more general problems of government and justice. Such political reformers see the evils clearly enough, and are able to imagine what a society without those evils would be like, but they fail, it seems to us, to trace the evils to their origin. We do not suggest that it is "easy" to find the origins of economic and social injustice, but only that the political reformer or revolutionary has a grave responsibility to think this question through, lest his revolution lead not to justice but to large-scale catastrophe.

This brings us to a letter from a subscriber who is concerned about certain of our observations concerning revolutionary movements:

It has long been on my mind to ask you why you sometimes intimate that socialism is materialistic. It seems to me quite the reverse,—a release from materialistic considerations. Certainly capitalism is worship of the material; socialism makes such worship irrelevant or meaningless. I refer of course to democratic socialism, a co-operative commonwealth, not State "socialism." "Give us this day our daily bread"—was Christ a materialist? "There is no ethics separate from soup, and there is no morality unlinked to bread." The early socialists were altruists, self-sacrificing—they really suffered so much for humanity, not for selfish, material gain. Marx, whatever you may quote of his, gave up his wealth and position for an unpopular cause....

We can certainly agree with this correspondent if his statement be amended to read that socialism has meant a release from materialistic considerations for some socialists. And we agree, also, that many of the early socialists were self-sacrificing altruists. The socialist movement in the United States, from the days of Edward Bellamy until the split into the Communist and Socialist Parties after the first World War, contained men of extraordinary character. We may mention two who were prominent enough for biographical material about them to be easily available. The life of Eugene V. Debs is given in

Irving Stone's *Stranger in the House*, and Oscar Ameringer has told his own story in *If You Don't Weaken*. A still earlier period in American Socialism is covered by Arthur E. Morgan in his life of Edward Bellamy. These books should be read by any who imagine that American socialism has been led by a few disgruntled or neurotic individuals who were unable to appreciate this land of opportunity. But this is by no means a blanket endorsement of their political opinions or the programmes which they supported. On the contrary, it seems to us that their lives were often in notable contradiction to certain aspects of their political credo.

Take Debs, for example. Debs was the sort of man who would go hungry in order to feed other people, if they needed food. He cared absolutely nothing for his own material welfare. His life was one long consecration to his fellow human beings. He learned about socialism in jail, where he had been put by the injustice of the Pullman Company and the corruption of the courts. He became a socialist because he became convinced that only a socialist revolution could bring justice to the under-privileged of the world, who are by far the majority of the world's population. Debs' motives, by no stretch of the imagination, could be called "materialistic."

Socialist theory, however, is different. Socialist theory maintains that basic human good is economic in origin. This amounts to saying that the best human beings result from the best economic system, which means that comfortable, well-fed people are bound to turn out to be wise, considerate and useful human beings. This is simply not so. The wisest, most considerate, most useful human beings are very often those who do not get enough to eat; or they are people who give very little attention to their economic welfare. This is not a complaint against the socialist demand for economic justice, but an assertion that economic justice is neither the sole nor the major way to the good society. Economic justice is important, but it is not all-important. That is, the concept of economic justice should not be allowed to replace other factors of the good life which have to do with the ends of living. Econo-

mics is a means to living, not an end. To make an end out of an economic goal is to distort one's philosophy of life. Debs didn't do that, whatever his politics. Debs' philosophy was one of service to his fellows. He didn't require to be well fed. In short, he was better than his philosophy proposed he could be.

What is humanitarian materialism? It is the theory that human beings can be shaped into better men by something other than the individual will to be better men, and the individual intelligence to learn how to become better. It is quite true that a better material environment may often enlarge human opportunities. But there is nothing in any social environment that can make a man use his opportunities. That is why education is a more important factor in human life than the economic environment.

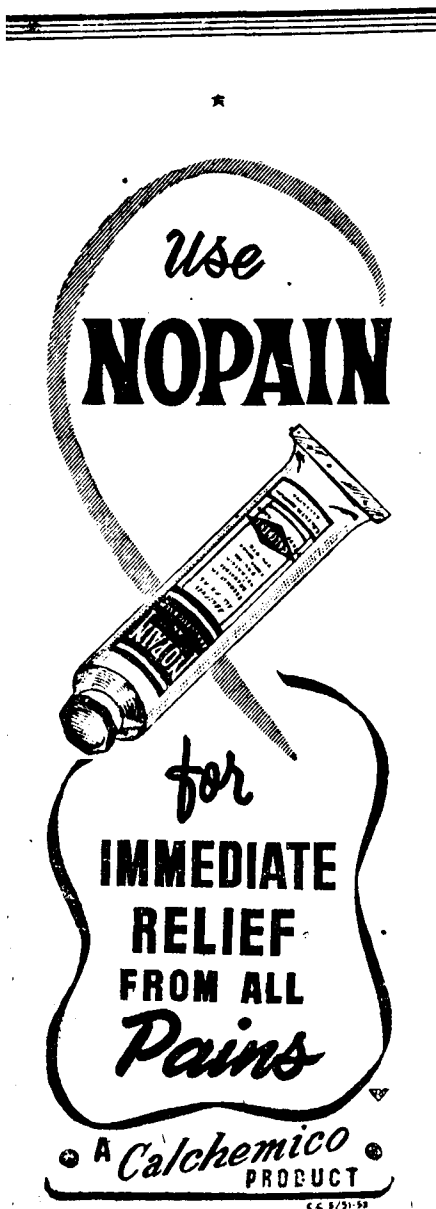
Even education—the best education—often fails to cause a man to use his opportunities. The fact that Judas was a follower of Christ does not indicate the weakness of Christ as a teacher, but only the freedom of human beings to choose whom and what they will serve. Socialism, insofar as it is allowed to become a total philosophy of life—and for most working socialists it is their total philosophy—is one variety of the conditioning theory of human betterment. And conditioning theories implicitly affirm that man is the creature of his environment—affirm it in the face of the fact that great socialist leaders were not themselves the creatures of their environment, but men who adopted quite other ideals and purposes.

We should repeat, perhaps, that this criticism of socialism is not to be taken as a criticism of socialists as men, but only of the theory of social progress they have adopted. Nor is the criticism of socialism to be taken as in any sense an approval of what is termed modern "Capitalism." Capitalism shares with socialism the view that the highest human good is to be found in economics, differing only in the view of how that good is to be attained. The sole advantage of good capitalism over bad socialism—so far as we can see—is that under democratic capitalism the traditional civil liberties may still be exercised in

some measure, although the time may come when this distinction will be lost. This is another way of saying that capitalism, even if barbarous, is better than a corrupt and autocratic socialism with centralized government and bureaucracy.

Freedom has been too much defined in terms of its insignificant forms. Often it means the right to be untrained in acquisitiveness—to gain rewards to the extent that our sagacity outruns the cleverness of our fellows in piling up wealth. This is the economic individualist version of freedom. It elevates to almost the level of supernatural revelation the doctrine that the man who sits up nights thinking about ways to make money has the right to the money he makes. Suppose he does? With everybody sitting up nights, the going gets difficult, and because of this competitive struggle—to which many otherwise sane men respond—the making of money becomes a practical obsession. It is this strenuously pursued delusion which creates the inequities of material existence, and thus, in turn, creates the psychological strain of economic insecurity for the great majority who are not notably successful in the competition for economic achievement. Men who resist the drive to economic distinction simply from inherent character and good taste are usually poor, often very poor; likewise the millions whose abilities are in other directions, or who are simply not able to make what we call a "comfortable" living. When these differences in economic status become marked, and the sufferings of the many are contrasted with the luxury of the few, the time is ripe for a radical revolution.

Men who are skilful in acquisition and who concentrate upon applying their skill betray their fellows arrogantly, justifying their supposedly superior position by claiming to be the "elect"—the "elect" of God in a religious society, or the "elect" of the competitive struggle for survival in a society dominated by pseudo-scientific notions concerning evolution. The socialist doctrine counters these claims with the equalitarian dogma, asserting that all men have the same inherent rights, and ought to have also the same economic rights and



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privileges. The only way to obtain these rights and privileges is for them to be dispensed by an all-powerful and all-possessing authority, which turns out, in practice, to be the State. In default of *voluntary* sharing, some powerful authority must intervene to compel economic justice.

But the men who dream of equal rights and freedom for everyone—they do not foresee the tyranny of the all-powerful State. In his biography of the young Leon Trotsky, Max Eastman tells of the people who made the Bolshevik Revolution:

A wonderful generation of men and women was born to fulfil this revolution in Russia. You may be traveling in any remote part of that country, and you will see some quiet, strong, exquisite face in your omnibus or your railroad car—a middle-aged man with a white, philosophic forehead and soft brown beard, or an elderly woman with sharply arching eyebrows and a stern motherliness about her mouth, or perhaps a middle-aged man, or a younger woman who is still sensuously beautiful, but carries herself as though she had walked up to a cannon—you will inquire, and you will find out that they are the "old party workers." Reared in the tradition of the Terrorist movement, a stern and sublime heritage of martyr-faith, taught in infancy to love mankind, and to think without sentimentality, and to be masters of themselves, and to admit death into their company, they learned in youth a new thing—to think practically; and they were tempered in the fires of jail and exile. They became almost a noble order, a selected stock of men and women who could be relied upon to be heroic, like a Knight of the Round Table, or the Samurai, but with the patents of their nobility in the future, not the past.

This book of Eastman's was published in 1925. Some ten years later, the purge and execution of the last of that generation began, in the Moscow Trials. These trials, perhaps, fulfilled a just if ruthless retribution for the violence and terrorism of the revolution, for terror and violence reaped the harvest of the Russian Revolution, and not the love of freedom for which the early revolutionists worked and lived.

The only revolutionist of modern

times who seems to us to have had a grasp of the actual processes of constructive social change is M. K. Gandhi. Gandhi never for a moment separated economic benefits from inner human growth. He always tried to make these values serve each other. He wanted no well-fed materialists living in an economic paradise, even were it possible to achieve. Gandhi put first things first. The Gandhian way may not be the way for the modern West,

but the principles Gandhi embraced and worked to apply are surely the principles for the true revolution, all over the world. And we dare to believe that if his predecessors in the revolutionary spirit could stand in the present, and read the lessons of recent history, they might now be at work, attempting to formulate new applications of his principles, which are not really "his"—but belong to all the world.

WHY CONGRESS WAS ROUTED IN ANDHRA

By K. L. NARASIMHA RAO

THE Congress ministry had a very difficult task before it, after it took the reins of government. The Congress Ministers were mostly inexperienced men and were dependent upon their I. C. S. secretaries for the formulation of their policies. Even if they had entirely depended upon their secretaries, that would have been something, but they had their own pet fads which they wanted to enforce. One of such fads was prohibition. It is well known that though there is prohibition, drink is prepared in every village and is available for sale to the addict—only it is more costly and more harmful to the health as it is prepared from noxious drugs. Drink, though an evil, was giving the Government a very good income and the total prohibition policy in Madras even against the wishes of the Central Government has drained the treasury of a very lucrative source of revenue. To fill the gap the Congress Ministry resorted to all sorts of taxes, the chief amongst them being the sales tax. Finance under an incompetent, arrogant and self-willed Minister has been completely mismanaged. Finance requires an able and experienced Minister, well versed in economics. Our Prime Minister is no fool to have placed finance in the hands of such eminent men as Shanmukham, Matthai and Deshmukh. Madras finances were completely wrecked and

the Finance Minister, in his greed to grab the sales tax at every point of sale, has brought the Congress Ministry into contempt. If any one man more than any other, is responsible for the downfall of the Congress in Andhra, the credit must go to the Andhra Finance Minister.

The Congress Government, instead of being a people's raj has become a police raj. The indiscriminate beating of the people by the police, the tortures committed on innocent people in the name of law and order, the shooting of the so-called Communists by the police after they are caught, and lastly, the naked processions of men paraded before women in Yelamarru and Katur villages of Krishna district, put the Advisers at the time of the Quit India movement of 1942 in a far better position than the Congress Ministers in a National Government. Innocent men and women were caught by the police in the name of Communism and were put to untold miseries. The Home Guards were abused and kicked by the police even when they were doing their duty. The present vote against the Congress is a direct result of the fear inflicted on law abiding citizens by the police during the Communist trouble. The Ministry closed its eyes to the atrocities committed by the police and would do nothing to alleviate the sufferings of the general public. The

Congress Ministry was a total failure as far as law and order in Andhra was concerned.

Controls have also had devastating effect on the vote of the people. Even during the war period when controls were in force, sugar was sold at 12 annas per viss but now the control price of sugar is Rs. 1-8-0 and the black market price is Rs. 2-8-0. Sugar mills are now given a free hand to deal with a portion of the stocks produced by them, and this brought them fabulous profits in the black market. It is generally known that the sugar mill in the Krishna district has made a profit of Rs. 70 lakhs in one year. Is Government blind to this? Cannot sugar be given at a cheaper price to the people and the mills allowed only reasonable profits? Sugar is needed both by the rich and the poor but its inaccessibility to the poor has made it a rich man's commodity.

The food policy is again one of the major blunders of the Congress Ministry. Everywhere there is black market in paddy and rice. Nobody is dying for want of food. The policy of rationing is an utter failure. The cut in the ration from 12 to 6 ounces and no ration in some towns and villages has earned the Government a notoriety for blundering. There should be a very strict control and food should be rationed, providing for rich and poor alike, or food should be decontrolled. A bag of rice in some places is sold anywhere from Rs. 100 to 150 and in the surplus areas it is available at only Rs. 45 or Rs. 50. It is funny that the control price of rice per bag is Rs. 52 in Delta areas including surcharges but the black market price is only Rs. 45 and whereas the control rice is of very

inferior quality with dust, stones and chaff, the black market rice is of very good quality. The voter who every day has been managing his needs in food in the black market, evidently remembered the stupid policy of the Ministers and cast his vote against the Congress in the elections, thus kicking the Ministers out of office.

After food, the thing most needed is cloth. Cloth which was sold in war time at one rupee per yard now costs Rs. 2-12-0 per yard. This state of things is abominable. Controls have demoralised the public as well as the officials. Corruption has become the order of the day. The result is that the man in the street is put to the utmost inconvenience and his vote naturally went against the Congress.

During the Congress Ministry no office was safe. Any officer with independence was either immediately transferred or asked to go on leave. Congressmen used their influence with the high-ups and used the officers as tools. Even the judiciary was not safe from the depredations of the Congressmen. People saw how the Congressmen were misusing their influence and became fed up with them.

The land assignment committees set up for disbursement of lands to politicals were employed for harassment of Congressmen of rival groups. Real Congressmen were ignored. Ministers and M. L. A's got lands in spite of the opposition of the officers as well as the public but the average Congressman though poor got no lands, or only lands which were useless. This policy alienated many Congressmen from the Ministerial party.

Many interesting facts on natural history are recorded by the noted American scientist-explorer Roy Chapman Andrews in a book just published. Dr. Andrews notes some surprising things:

A certain moth can smell another moth at a distance of nearly two miles; the horned toad, as legend has long said, can squirt blood from its eyes to a distance of several feet; robins can hear worms as they move underground; baby seals squall as their mothers teach them to swim; electric eels generate charges strong enough to knock down a horse; when the young of some kangaroos are born they are no larger than an aspirin tablet; vampire bats don't suck blood, they pierce small holes with their sharp teeth and lick the blood as it oozes out (of humans as well as animals); chameleons sometimes change colour not to camouflage themselves but simply out of emotional excitement, much as humans blush.

Short Story

TOO STRAIGHT AND FAIR

By BABRU

"MISS PADMA, I brook no opposition," rapped out the Headmistress. "It is not even a year since you joined our staff. You have little experience of this locality nor do you know anything about the old bandicoot of an Inspector who visits to-morrow?"

Padma winced. But she bit back nevertheless. "Miss Manohari, may I say, with all respect to you, you have totally missed my point. Most of the parents are living on the starvation level, and several of our pupils are content with just one meal a day."

"Well, what of that? How are we better?" retorted Miss Manohari, her beady eyes glaring at the young teacher of eighteen through her glasses. "We also haven't received our pay these two months. But what is your point, please?"

The other three assistants of Miss Manohari stirred uneasily in their chairs and glanced nervously at Padma. For, when Miss Manohari fixed her beady eyes upon anyone, it was the glassy stare of a serpent at its victim.

"My point is this, Miss Manohari," bleated Padma, rather timidly. "It is not proper on our part, whatever our difficulties, to ask the pupils each of them to bring a lime, a rose and one anna by way of contribution. Is it not cruel to demand such a levy?"

"But Miss Padma, don't you know we utilise it all for the occasion of the Inspector's visit?"

"I agree all the roses go to make a garland or two."

"And what do you think happens to the lime and the anna?" asked the Headmistress.

Padma rose up, mustering all her courage, and glared round at her colleagues. "It is not for me to say that. But since you are asking me such a blunt question I will give my answer

in the form of another question: How comes it that after every inspection you all have lime pickles and a lot of mysterious change jingling in your handbags?"

The Headmistress was dumb-founded and turned pale. So did the three sycophants. But Padma jerked her head saucily enough, and walked out of the room. She was already late for her class. The class-room was just a pandemonium with some of the children fighting, some others playing and tossing their books and slates, and the rest squalling.

"Silence, girls! Silence!" shouted Padma, rapping a small cane on the table.

In a few moments all the children with hushed voices tumbled and fumbled for their seats and sat up with their ears pricked up. Some of the kids were neat and tidy, the majority of them were shabby and one or two of them were in miserable rags.

But Padma forgot all about the tiff with her head, and beamed upon them all. "My dear children, are you all present?"

"Yes, Missie, we are all here except Janaki," shouted the children in chorus.

Padma started. "Why, what happened to Janaki? Is she ill or her car is late as usual?"

The sudden noise of something like a bark scared everyone in the class-room. Padma turned round and frowned at the intruder standing at the entrance and laughing at her.

"So it is you, Janaki, late as usual? You are making this a habit and setting a bad example to your classmates, aren't you?"

Janaki looked penitent. "I am sorry, Missie. But excuse me for the last time, won't you? Father started his car late and I told him you would

scold me. He said he would come and tell you in person to-morrow."

"That is the excuse you are telling me everyday. I will come to your house one of these days and tell your people about your bundle of tricks."

"Oh, please do come, Missie. I will be delighted to see you at home!" cried Janaki.

"Shut up, you pert little thing! Who asked you to bring that big doll?"

"It is a brand new woolly dog, Missie! Father bought it for me for fifty rupees. I said to father I must show it to you, and he allowed me to take it. See, if you pinch him like this he barks loud and wags his tail. Such a dear little creature!" cried Janaki with joy and hugged her pet which barked again, noddled his head and wagged his tail.

This unexpected demonstration provoked a good deal of merriment among Janaki's class-mates who laughed loud and clapped their little hands.

Padma jumped from her chair and dashed up towards the mischief-maker. She wrested the dog from her hands and pinched her on the arm. "Now go to your seat, you naughty girl. This dog is not yours anymore."

The class was hushed again, and the teacher announced that since inspection was taking place on the morrow everyone of them must come to school ten minutes earlier.

"What shall we have to bring for the Inspector, Missie? Last year it was one anna...."

"No, you need not bring anything."

The bell went and Padma walked out of her class with the dog tucked up under her right arm. And Janaki wept.

At eight o'clock that night Padma was walking fast through a slum area in the city. Turning into a by-lane and groping her way up a hundred yards, she stopped in front of a shop. Drawing aside the faded curtain, she stepped in.

"Come in, lady. How is it I haven't seen you for a long time?" asked a bewhiskered Marwari with a huge paunch that rubbed against the box before him. "What have you brought today?"

Padma's face was scarlet with shame as she silently produced from her handbag a nosescrow set with a ruby. "Appraise this, Seth, and pay me in cash quick. I am in a hurry."

The fellow scrutinised it with a sinister smile. "Little gold in it, lady, and what there is of it is inferior stuff. Won't fetch more than four rupees."

"Only four rupees, Marwari? I want at least five for it," said Padma in a faint voice.

"Not worth five at all, lady. But, for your pretty face and regular custom I shall pay eight annas more. Ha, Ha ha!" chuckled the cunning sowcar with his paunch bobbing up and down and threatening to rip open his muslin shirt.

He counted the coins and handed the coins to Padma. The latter hurriedly left the shop with a feeling of revulsion at this pawning business. She raced her way home.

Early next morning Padma went to school with a tray of roses, lime fruits and thirty-six annas,—the exact number of which was the strength of her own class. The Headmistress just nodded recognition and accepted the tray with a word of thanks.

The teachers were busy as bees running here and there, tidying up the class-rooms, dusting up the benches and the tables and changing the position of the map and the portrait to greater advantage. They giggled and shouted, whispered secrets, and exchanged knowing glances when Padma was nearby and talked at her to the latter's annoyance. Sometimes they were too nervous and on the tiptoe of expectation. The mere hooting of a horn would send them into hysterics. They would immediately draw themselves up and look cold and austere. "I am positive it is the old man's car," each would whisper to the other.

Then word came that the Inspector had postponed his visit by a month. The teachers were overjoyed and were their old selves again.

Padma was feeling out of sorts the whole of that day.

The young woman did not turn up at the school the next day also. The children were wondering what had happened to her. Sad, and concerned were they over her absence. Not one

of them made noise. Not one of them laughed or played that day.

At nine o'clock that night Mahendran, Janaki's father, was coaxing his car into action from his garage. With his daughter next to him, and himself sitting at the wheel, he started the vehicle which rumbled and grumbled, went up to the gates of the bungalow and came to a dead stop.

"Damn the car! Throw it into a big ditch!" cursed the owner as he got out again to look for the cause of the trouble.

"Papa! Look there! My teacher is standing at the gate!" shouted Janaki, clapping her hands in glee.

Surprised, Mahendran stepped forward to greet the visitor. "Come in, madam. In fact, my daughter and I were starting for your house."

Padma was scared at this revelation. "I owe you an apology, sir. I ought to have returned this costly toy to your daughter two days back. I forgot all about it and I have come here to return it to her mother."

Mahendran laughed. "Oh, it was not to get this doll back I wanted to see you! You did the correct thing in detaining the dog. I wish to talk to you about something else. Would you mind stepping into the hall?"

"Not at all," said Padma, though she was bashful enough.

Janaki clutched her right hand and all the three walked in.

A powerful bulb spread its rays in a tastefully decorated hall. Padma was suddenly overwhelmed with shyness as she glanced at her pupil's father and as he in his turn surveyed the pretty maiden, so slender and soft. She looked at him again and reassured herself that he was a gentleman. He was sturdy, dark-complexioned and not without a handsome face that radiated kindness and courtesy. He was neatly dressed; everything about him was spick and span. He might be on the wrong side of thirty.

He requested Padma to be seated on a sofa. "Miss Padma," he said, "I am obliged to you for this visit. But it is a late hour in the night and I shouldn't detain you much longer. I wanted to see you in connection with my little daughter. You perhaps

don't know Janaki is a motherless child?"

"Is that so? I am distressed to hear she is an orphan. I am ashamed I didn't know of it before!"

"My wife died when Janaki was just a two-year old toddler. But this little one is the most precious possession of my life. Indeed I prize this even more than my own life."

"I agree," chimed in Padma. "I feel there can be no prettier, no more intelligent child than Janaki."

"Thank you for the compliment. I haven't married for fear my daughter may be ill-treated. But duty takes me away from home. I am the chief representative of a toilet firm, you know. With the result that Janaki's education suffers as she hops with me from place to place."

"Have you no near relation to whose care you can entrust the child?" asked Padma.

"I have any number of relations. But I dare not entrust her to them. I wished to consult you regarding her guardianship."

Padma looked surprised.

"But, sir, I don't know anyone here who can take charge of your daughter. I am sorry I can't be of any help to you in this matter."

Mahendran smiled. "Miss Padma, I know more about you than you are aware. Every night my daughter would tell me all about what you did for her and spoke to her. Because she didn't see you these two days she was restless and itching to go to your house. May I make a suggestion? You are just the lady to take care of my daughter. I learn also you are an orphan. I am leaving on tour soon. So why not come over to my bungalow and reside with my daughter? She can accompany you to school everyday. You will have lifted a great burden of anxiety off my mind. Do you accept my offer?"

Padma looked at Janaki. The child had fallen asleep on her lap. Presently the young woman covered her face with her hands and began sobbing, the tears trickling through her hands.

Mahendran was alarmed. He bent over the weeping girl. "Miss Padma,

why are you crying like this? Forgive me if you feel I have insulted you by making this offer. I am extremely sorry. I apologize."

"Sir, I am grateful to you for the offer," said Padma, between her sobs. "But I am the most unlucky girl in this world. I can't accept your offer though I would lay down my life for your daughter."

"Then, why can't you?"

Padma gently laid aside the sleeping child and rose up with tears still running down her cheeks.

"Please let me go! May God bless you and your child."

"But Miss Padma, why in the name of goodness are you refusing my offer?"

"I have lost my job, sir! They have dismissed me. I am in disgrace," sobbed out Padma, turning her face

away from him and covering it again with her hands.

"That is the reason, eh?" asked Mahendran. "Damn that school of idiotic spinsters! What is their loss is my daughter's gain. Don't give another thought to it."

He looked at her face again with the shrewdness characteristic of him. "Miss Padma, when did you take your last meal?" he asked.

But Padma didn't reply. She dropped down into a faint. For two days she had been starving. Mahendran picked her up and put her to bed. He hurried into the kitchen and fetched a cup of hot milk. He poured it down her throat and rubbed her hands and feet.

Padma revived after half an hour. The man and the woman then talked on far into the night, finding many things of interest in common....

THE CONGRESS DEBACLE IN MADRAS

By An Experienced Educationist

THE Congress debacle at the present elections in Madras State has come as a big shock. A careful analysis, however, of the Congress reverses and their causes, would show that the election results are no matter for surprise, and could have been anticipated. As a matter of fact, the Congress leaders in this State, it is said, did expect the reverses but not to the extent that we have actually witnessed. They thought they would secure at least a narrow working majority, say, 200 out of the 375 seats in the Madras Assembly. That even this humble hope has not been realised, is evidence of the fact that they took a superficial view of the situation and did not probe deep.

It is unfortunate that the only organised party which could give a stable government has failed to get the necessary majority. A political impasse has thus been created by the first election on the basis of adult franchise. Some people have already begun to question the wisdom of the introduction of adult franchise, but

the election results in all the States except Travancore-Cochin and Madras are an effective refutation of this theory. The majority of the electorate are no doubt illiterate. But they are certainly not ignorant.

What, then, is the cause of the Congress rout in Madras State? To find an answer, we must go back to 1947. When the two top leaders of Tamil Nad and Andhra could not sink their personal differences and could not work together, and when C. R.'s services were practically lost to Madras State on account of cliques and cabals in the Congress party, and when in due course Sri Prakasam was ousted from leadership, the way was made clear for the enthronement of second or third rate politicians of not very scrupulous character. The annual change in the personnel of the Ministry caused a great deal of demoralisation. It was like change of horses in mid-stream. Whereas in Bombay, Madhya Pradesh and Uttara Pradesh, the local Congress parties chose tried and able leaders as their

Chief Ministers and have loyally supported them up to this day, the best men in Madras have been practically excluded from government and the principle of continuity of leadership was given the go-by. On account of these political machinations, the Congress went down immeasurably in popular esteem.

If the State were deprived of its proper and natural leadership, what shall we say of the rank and file of Congress legislators? Having been elected without a contest, some legislators clean forgot their electorate and concentrated their attention in furthering their own individual ends. The controls and licences—necessitated by the shortage of food and clothing—came in as a handy instrument in the hands of these legislators. They interfered in the working of the day-to-day administration, got permits for their favourites and incidentally enriched their pockets. The Ministers seemed to be powerless to call their colleagues to order. Naturally, the people identified these selfish M. L. A.'s with the Congress party and became completely antagonistic to that organisation.

As for the Congress organisation, it became a branch without trunk or roots. In the flush of an easy victory, the party organization in the towns and villages was completely neglected. In the heyday of its fight with British Imperialism, the strength of the Congress was its living touch with the villages and it derived its power from popular support. Since 1947, there has been no contact between Congress M. L. A.'s and their constituents. The village and town Congress committees were practically dead and seemed to be alive only when a public meeting was got up to felicitate a Minister on tour.

Some of the Congress members of the legislature wore the cloak of nationalism very thin and were really communalists at heart. This has been carried to such a length as to circumvent the rulings of even the Supreme Court. The intelligentsia were naturally disgusted with such a lot and kept more and more aloof from the Congress.

The personal and regional rivalries and cliques within the party have their own tale to tell. In Andhra-

desa, the Congress became a thoroughly weakened and discredited force on account of the interminable wranglings over the Andhra State formation, the creation of rival parties by erstwhile Congressmen and the growth of Communism. Again, some so-called Congressmen whose candidature was rejected by the *ad hoc* committee, either openly set themselves up as independent candidates and fought the official Congress nominees, or they secretly worked against Congress candidates and encouraged their opponents.

The aftermath of the second world war, the failure of the monsoons over successive years, the scarcity of food and clothing and the sky-rocketing prices have been effectively exploited by the well-knit and dare-devil Communists, in systematically poisoning the mind of the people against the ruling party.

These, then, are the causes of the disaster to the Congress in the elections. What next? A stable, popular Government has to be installed at Madras. The Congress has no overall majority: it is however the largest single group. Without it, no Cabinet could endure for three weeks. So, it is the duty of the Congress, with the co-operation of the saner elements in other parties, to form a Government, without compromising on fundamental national principles. The Communists with their violence and destructive programme should be excluded.

The next item of work is the purging of undesirable elements, the selfish and the communal, from the Congress party. The Andhra State must be formed at an early date, as otherwise, the question will be a constant head-ache to the Madras Government. The party organization in town and country should be revived and work regularly. The M. L. A.'s should cease to meddle with the administration and should keep up contact with their constituencies. They should represent the people's needs to the Government and explain Government policy and measures to the people. In this way the electorate will become enlightened and the Government will become popular. Will the local Congress leaders, the High Command and the educated classes, rise to the occasion?

PREMNATH

By DAULATRAM PARSHURAM

YOU may as well know the actual truth about Premnath.

He is not a dashing cavalier, rushing to the aid of damsels in distress, as popular notions would have it for granted. He is not a reckless spend-thrift, as most popular film stars are supposed to be. He is not in the least unapproachable. Nor is he the personification of a great big ego, strutting in full plumage and throwing his weight about.

Only if you knew him well enough would you, know that Premnath, in fact, is a level-headed, sober, thrifty, modest and friendly person. And he does not wear his simplicity as a pose, as some famous persons do. Without any reservations, he is actually as he appears to his close friends. To a large number of people, he remains unknown, and various conjectures are naturally made about him.

Pleasant Company

It has always been very pleasant for me to visit Premnath on the sets of any picture he has been working in, and it must be remembered that visiting the sets in our Indian studios is not a very heartening prospect, what with their heat and stuffiness! Premnath is never too busy for a friendly chat, on the sets or anywhere else.

I left a note for him a few days back, at his room in Firdaus, Marine Drive, saying that I wanted to have a lengthy chat with him before writing to the press and asking him to dine with me the next day. He gave me a ring in the morning, accepting my invitation. When I went to his room in the evening, he already had seats reserved at the *Liberty* where *Dastan* is showing. We dined at the West End Hotel, saw *Dastaan* in the last show, and then moved on again to his room where we sat talking until late after midnight.

"They transported me to the Andamans when I was barely one month old!" Premnath smiled as I stared at him in bewilderment.

"Yes, they took me to Port Blair,

Andamans," he continued, still smiling. Man of few words that he is, he generally uses short, clipped sen-



Prem Nath and Nutan in Varma Films 'Parbat'.

tences. "My father, you see, was stationed there as Superintendent of Police," he explained.

"How long did you remain there?" I asked, recovering from my stupefaction.

"Until I was four years old," Prem said. "And for six years after that they continued to call me Kaalu; deriving the name from Kala Pani" (Andaman Islands).

Born in his maternal grandfather's house in Peshawar on 21st November, 1926; transported to the Andamans almost immediately, brought back to Orchha State in India at the age of four; educated at Nagpur, Jaipur, Jubbulpore and Allahabad, trained for the military at Indore, pursuing his dream avocation in Bombay, Prem-

nath has, in more senses than one, covered a lot of ground in his life.

Today, at the young age of 24, Premnath is in the top-bracket of film stars in India, a man of means, a sound investor, an entrepreneur just breaking into independent production of films; indeed a far cry from the Kaalu whom his father, Rai Saheb Kartarnath Malhotra, had meant to be an advocate.

Premnath has rebelled, indeed, in more ways than one. When you see the musical instruments ranged about his room: the sitar, the tabla and the harmonium, you know that you are looking at the mute witnesses of his rebellion. They were absolute taboos in his father's house, and Premnath had to suppress his urge for music until he broke away from his father.

Now he devotes as much of his spare time as he can to the study of music. In *Our India* he has sung a song himself. And, during his recent sojourn at Kolhapur where he had gone for the outdoor shooting of Varma Films' *Badal*, he incidentally played a bit role in Raj Kapoor's *Awara* (also being shot at Kolhapur then) which required his joining in a chorus song. They took the sequence without any rehearsals and without a single 're-take.'

Prithviraj Is His Hero

Music is in Premnath's blood, and the urge to act. He used to see, as a youngster, the films in which Prithviraj appeared—Prithviraj, incidentally, is his cousin—and he used to dream of the days when he too would be a dashing and romantic hero, a towering personality dominating the screen? Prithvi's *Daku Mansoor*, more than any other film, inspired Prem; and he made up his mind that he would try and be like Prithvi, come what may.

While he may not attain Prithvi's stature and indomitable character, he has, otherwise, very nearly attained his mark. He is already a well-known star, earning as fabulous a figure for each picture as Prithvi ever did, and in bodily proportions too he has reached very near to his dream. Five feet, ten inches tall and weighing 164 pounds, Prem is a very well-built, athletic and handsome man and, quite an imposing personality. The roles he has in *Naujawan* and *Badal* are after

his own heart, and the picture he will himself produce will be *Sohrab and Rustom*, the legendary tale of the great heroes.

To be what he is, was always his aim, even when he was studying in the Maharaja's High School in Jaipur or later in the Robertson College, Jubbulpore (where he passed his Intermediate) and the Morris College, Nagpur (from where he graduated). In line with his father's plans for him, he joined the Law College in Allahabad—but by then he had decided it was time he broke away.

And the earliest method he could find of breaking away was to join the army. Accordingly he joined the training school for a regular commission, at Indore. In a way it was good that he did, for army training is most essential for every youth in the country. And it has certainly stood Premnath in good stead.

After a year, in 1946, when he had finished his training, Prem came to Bombay and joined Prithvi Theatres. Apart from the fact that he was related to Prithvi and could not have done better at the time, he had in fact joined the best school for a career in the films. Anyone who has been keenly interested in the film industry over a period of years knows that Prithvi Theatres has provided the film industry with a large number of first-rate artistes. Prem is one of them.

While he was acting in *Deewar* (the first play in which he appeared) on a salary of Rs. 75 per month, he was offered the hero's role in producer-director M. Bhavnani's *Ajit* which was the first colour film made in India for a long time. For his work in this film, Prem received Rs. 1100 per month. It was a matter of luck that *Ajit* (for some reason into which we will not delve here) was released actually after Raj Kapoor's maiden independent venture *Aag* had been shown all over India. And in this film, though it was entirely dominated by Raj, Prem attracted quite a bit of attention. I have always felt (and Raj agrees with me) that *Aag* was better than *Barsaat* but the second venture carried Raj to the pinnacle of glory as a film-maker and firmly established Prem in the front rank of stars.

Prem's story thereafter is a record of mounting success. Immediately

after *Barsaat* he appeared in DUI's *Our India* in which he was in the distinguished company of a galaxy of frontrank stars.

Other contracts had begun to pour in by then, and very soon Prem was indeed a very busy man; so much so that, because it would have required his going abroad for some time, he had to decline an offer to appear in producer Mceldownoy's *The River* (based on a story about India and shot partly in this country).

A Crowded Programme

Of the list of ten films in which Prem currently appears, Famous Pictures' *Do Sitare* (co-starring Suraiya) and Varma Films' *Sagai* (co-starring Purnima and Vijayalakshmi) are nearing completion. Actively under production are: Varma Films' *Badal* (co-starring Madhubala), Filmarts' *Buzdil* (co-starring Nimmi), Meh-boob's *Aan* (the first Indian technicolor picture, starring Dilip Kumar and Nadira, a new find), Kardar's *Naujawan* (co-starring Nalini Jaywant and directed by that great master Mahesh Kaul), and D. D. Kashyap's maiden independent venture *Aaram* (again co-starring Madhubala). Prem has already signed contracts to appear in: Kidar Sharma's next *Shokhtyan*, producer Talwar's *Saqi* (yes, co-starring Madhubala) and producer-director Sadiq's *Khazana*.

Indeed a crowded programme, you will agree. And one that would be very much upset by any serious accident befalling Prem. That a recent mishap (on the way to Kolhapur) did not affect him disastrously is an indication of how fortunate he is. True, he returned with a broken nose and his Packard car was smashed completely on one side, yet it could have been worse. His nose (which looks all right, except for a slight discoloration) will have to be operated upon whenever Prem is free for ten days' running.

"It had to be," said Prem with whom I was having my formal interview on the evening immediately after his arrival from Kolhapur. "If it was already decreed, I am sure it couldn't have been avoided." He affirms that he is a fatalist.

A busy man, Prem leads a rather

sequestered life. He is quiet and peace-loving by nature and hates crowds. Often he goes for solitary walks and would rather spend a quiet evening at home with a friend or go for a movie, than go to parties or clubs. He has no time now for sports, but he is fond of wrestling, boxing, swimming, football and cricket.

He has close ties with his family (his father and step-mother, seven brothers and five sisters, all younger) and with his cousins Prithvi and Tri-lok and his nephew Raj (who is also his brother-in-law, married as he is to Prem's sister Krishna).

Of his co-stars, Prem likes Nargis, Suraiya, Nalini Jaywant, Nimmi and Madhubala—specially Madhubala. Dilip and Raj are his favourite male stars. In his opinion, Mahesh Kaul rates top honours as a director. And, in fact, Prem thinks that *Naujawan* will be his own best vehicle.

With his own venture coming up, Prem is going to be busier still. Amid such a whirl of activity, he has no time to think of love or marriage.

"Tell me," he questioned me earnestly, "would it be fair on my part to marry when I can't possibly lead a normal life? Wouldn't it be unjust to the girl? Besides, as he says, he hasn't come across the right girl yet. "Not the sort of girl," explained, "about whom I would irresistibly feel that this is the one and no other".

But he is not taking any chances: nor does he believe in taking undue risks. The money he has earned so far, he has already invested wisely. He owns a flat in Shivaji Park, on the sea, which he has let out on rent; he is buying a bungalow on Pali Hill, Bandra, where he will himself stay, and he has a large piece of land in Satna, a hundred miles from Jubbulpore where his father stays. If and when he retires, he can always go to Satna, set a tractor on his lands and become a farmer!

With his future thus well and wisely provided for, Prem sits comfortably on his perch. There is nothing at all to disturb his sleep—neither worry nor love—and in his film career, which is his work as well as his hobby, he finds thorough engrossment.—Copyright.

FEAR AND YOU

By AMY SELWYN

NOT long ago, a Nebraska insurance agent decided he was tired of his wife. He insured her life in his favour and, one Wednesday afternoon, took her for a ride in the country. On the way he killed her, using for a death weapon a length of iron pipe. He then drove the car to a steep embankment and jumped to safety as the car reached the brink.

Local police questioned him briefly and released him for lack of evidence. He might still be a free man if a wise Chicago scientist named Leonarde Keeler hadn't been up on the latest scientific findings about fear. As soon as the police let the man go, Dr. Keeler strapped him to a big, black machine which the doctor had invented. Two hours later, the man was spilling the full story of his "perfect crime."

This machine was not a torture rack but an intricate device called a polygraph, which is designed to expose and measure people's hidden fears. Behind this amazing alibi-cracker is the recent scientific observation that, when a man is suffering from intense fear or guilt, he may show no outward signs, but there occur within him far-reaching biological and physical changes over which he has no control. His liver pours hormones into his blood stream; his skin discharges invisible flashes of electricity; his blood clotting time quickens; his blood pressure rises; his heart beats more quickly. By inventing this machine which registers these internal changes and records them with automatic pens, Dr. Keeler has succeeded in trapping upwards of 100,000 poker-faced criminals who were sure they'd never get caught for their acts.

In investigating the causes and effects of fear, experimenters have found that fear is the most powerful of all human emotions, stronger even than love. Fear is the most universal emotion. During the war, Dr. John Dollard of Yale University questioned hundreds of combat soldiers and found only a handful who were absolutely without fear. Dr. Dollard

could get none of the soldiers to talk until he had assured them that army chiefs of staff actually wanted the men to be afraid—because they knew that fear would make them better soldiers and might even save their lives.

When a man is in danger, whether he's on a battlefield or in the path of a speeding automobile, it is fear which enables him to fight back or to flee. Fear gives him extra strength and extra acuteness when he is faced with danger.

Scientists proved this in a dramatic experiment at Harvard University. A dozen Boston youths were ushered into a dark room and locked in without explanation. Suddenly, thin spirals of white smoke began seeping into the room. From outside came the screech of fire sirens. The boys, shrieking and choking with smoke, pounded frantically on the door. Just then the experimenters calmly unlocked the door and explained that it had all been a joke. They hoped the boys didn't mind, but they had scared them half to death so that scientists could find out just what happens inside a man when fear hits him.

Prompt physical examinations of the youths, plus subsequent laboratory tests, proved that intense fear does many things to a man. It pumps him full of extra energy, by increasing the sugar content of his body. It also makes his heart pump more powerfully. It makes his metabolic rate jump. Blood rushes to his brain and skeletal muscles, making the senses sharper and muscular reactions quicker. Abdominal muscles tighten, drawing the stomach closer to the spine and making it less vulnerable to injury.

Last year, in British Columbia, a freight train accident proved dramatically what fear of danger can do. Without warning, the train lurched off the track and began rolling down a steep incline. Eleven of the twelve men aboard were able to gather the strength and wits to jump off safely. One man died in the wreck. When the company doctor checked the dead man's history, he found he

had been suffering from a heart and blood vessel disorder. His heart beat weakly and his blood vessel had lost their elasticity. When the fear impulse struck him, his heart could not respond with faster, more powerful beats and his blood vessels couldn't rush blood to his brain and muscles. So he sat quietly at his post and died.

Since no human being can live without fear, nature provided that all babies should be born with a built-in fear instinct. All babies are also born with three specific fears; they fear sudden noises, they fear being left alone; they fear falling. As babies grow up, this trio of original fears broadens into five fears, which you and all normal healthy adults possess; you fear loneliness; you fear failure, you fear being dominated or mistreated by someone stronger or more powerful than you; you fear pain, injury or disfigurement, you fear death.

You may not be consciously aware of these fears. You may repress them or push them back into your subconscious mind, but they subtly rule your life.

While scientists are trying to give us a new respect for our fears, they don't give their approval to all fears. They do not stand up for those shivering souls who are hounded by torturing fears of everybody and everything, even of themselves. There may be serious emotional instability in people who are trapped by morbid anxieties and phobias, especially if they can give no logical explanation for their overwhelming fears. Such persons, doctors point out emphatically, may be in urgent need of psychiatric treatment.

But the outlook may be dangerous, too, for the man or woman who clamps a tight lid on all fears or who feels that admitting fear means admitting humiliation and disgrace.

If boys and girls among peasants or other working classes are not able to find opportunities for work at the levels at which their parents worked, they go down unhesitatingly to lower levels, they do not prefer to remain idle or allow themselves to become dependents and parasites on others. They find no shame in working for wages under others and they struggle and rise again if they can. If boys in the congenial middle and upper classes do not get a desk-job, they starve, borrow, beg and suffer and their distress is only relieved by the acceptance by those among their kith and kin who happen to be more lucky, of the obligation to help and maintain them. But all this cannot last and while it lasts, it is intense unhappiness.

The fellow who brags that he has never been afraid may really be crippled or killed by fear. Recent psychiatric studies among dare-devil speed racers, mountain climbers, circus acrobats, ski jumpers, stunt pilots—people who are apparently without fear—indicate that many persons take up reckless vocations not because they enjoy them but because they insist on proving to the world that fear cannot touch them! Now psychiatrists are saying: the more fearlessly a man acts, the more he may fear fear. The steeplejack in your town might swap his risky job for a safe one behind a desk if only he knew that fear is no disgrace and that no normal man or woman can dismiss fear from his or her life.

True, not many men or women take up mountain climbing or steeplejacking in order to bury their fears. But choked down fear hurts its victims in other ways, too. Several prominent doctors have proven lately that, when a man or woman is afraid and fails to express or release his fear, he may create a state of tension and strain in his internal organs which can result in serious illness. Dr. Flanders Dunbar has recently studied many cases of heart disease at New York's Presbyterian hospital and has found evidence of repressed fear in eight out of 10. A Philadelphia doctor has found that repressed fear may be an important factor in precipitating arthritis, the most serious and widespread chronic disease. A western doctor finds that buried fear can cause thyroid disorders. A Montreal specialist said recently that repressed fear is an important cause of high blood pressure.

So if you value your health and your life, don't go around boasting that you have no fears. Don't be ashamed of your fears. In other words, don't be afraid to be afraid.

ELECTIONS AND OUR DESTINY

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

IT is a misnomer to think that the Leftists (Communists) have won. On the other hand, a large number of M. L. A.s who have recently won on the Congress ticket, cannot be trusted even to carry out the Congress economic programme. Out of the 63 Independents who have won more than 50 per cent want the removal of controls, a high price for food grains and an uncontrolled and unregulated landlord and industrial economy. The Krishak Lok party of Mr. N. G. Ranga comprising fifteen members, fought the election on the basis of removal of controls and high prices for agriculturists' produce. The Commonweal (6), the Muslim League (5), Justice (1), in all 12, are parties which consider the Congress as going far in affecting property rights and needing a brake. The K. M. P. comes nearer to the Congress and comprises 35 M.L.A.s. But many members of the K. M. P. are against controlled economy. It could, therefore, be said that the number which is to the right of the Congress is greater than that to its left. The Madras Congress Ministry was permitted to continue by the High Command, even though it consistently stood against Congress policies. The Congress in many states granted security of tenure to the tenants-at-will and reduced rents by 50 per cent. But Madras would not introduce this reform. The consequence was that in the delta areas of Krishna, Godavari and Tanjore, the tenants who form about a third of the village population were brought on block to the polls by the Communists who easily won in these areas. The distress caused by high prices was relieved in the adjoining deficit State of Bombay by continuing rural rationing, while it was deepened here by announcing a policy of rural de-rationing. Added to this were the terrorism, the inhuman cruelties, the third degree methods and mass punishments meted out to the Harijan class in these areas on the suspicion of harbouring Communists. Every family so maltreated had a personal

grudge to defeat the Congress and support the Communists.

What is, therefore, needed is the immediate enforcement of economic measures which would solve the problem of food, cloth, shelter, high prices and unemployment. The solutions lay in radical economic reforms. Internal tight procurement of food grains, and its equitable distribution and the rationing of all essential articles in short supply are unavoidable. The administrative machinery will need radical reorganisation as proposed by Mr. A. D. Gorwala in his report on Public Administration. The public will have to be associated at all levels in the administration of controls. A lowering of the general price level is impossible without bringing down the prices of food grains. The latter depends on the lowering of prices of the articles which the agriculturist has to buy. The price of cloth, sugar, cement, timber can be brought down only by controlling the profits of industries and costs of distribution. An inducement for food production means a lowering of the prices of non-food crops. All this means a regimented economy.

Food production depends on inducements to the tiller. The tenants-at-will should get security of tenure and relief in rents and by way of interest charges on debts. Agricultural labour needs free house sites, cancellation of past debts, cheap rations, and a higher wage and employment for the off-season. The small peasant-owner needs capital for short term and long term purposes and a cancellation of the debts which he cannot repay. A pervasive agriculturist organisation in every village assisted by a cadre of trained workers who will be the shock-brigades to generate enthusiasm and zeal among the peasants is another essential in this plan.

The Congress has learnt a bitter lesson. One hopes that it will tone up its Five Year Plan so as to make it a little more radical. The Congress suffers by internal conflict between upholders of property rights at the sacrifice of public welfare, and promo-

ters of public welfare at the unavoidable expense of property rights. It is today cashing on the past sacrifices of hundreds of public workers in this country. It is under the control of a few powerful industrialists and traders. In States like Madras, it has further degenerated into a caucus of big landlords and traders who set at naught even the Congress policies. Parties in the country will become clearer if the Congress is wound up, or it declared itself for socialist measures on a democratic structure.

There is no possibility of the various groups and parties other than the Congress combining to form a ministry. A major number of these groups fear that the Congress will bring expropriatory legislation. A smaller number of groups fear (Socialists and Communists) that the Congress, standing up for property rights, will fail to solve the economic crisis in the country. The Congress can come into power only by coalescing with the reactionaries. The Socialists will refuse to combine with the Congress so long as it has not declared itself for Democratic Socialism. The Communists will certainly not combine with the Congress as they are for liquidation of foreign interests and radical agrarian reforms. There is every danger, therefore, of the Congress growing reactionary and becoming a Chiangai-Shek Government in Madras State. There is a danger of their playing into the hands of Communists and hastening revolution and dictatorship of the State. There is a chance of saving democracy if the Congress declares itself for Democratic Socialism. Even if no definite declaration is made, a policy statement of what it will immediately do on the lines above mentioned should be issued. Such an announcement is sure to strike a hearty response from the Socialist and the Communist parties. It will be a glorious day for India if this happens. But the chances are slender. If abolition of feudalism and

control of capitalism are, however, not possible by the parliamentary method, the future is extremely gloomy for all of us. Those who believe in the democratic process for achieving and sustaining Socialism will have to plough a lonely furrow, fighting both the reactionary Congress and the Communist dictatorship. Public opinion among the peasants and middle class is, however, veering round to the need for a Democratic Socialist party, as a consequence of the recent successes of the leftists in Madras and Travancore. What is needed today is a party which, while standing for bold economic reforms in the structure of agriculture, industries and trade, will also stand against one-party rule and dictatorship and have an unwavering faith in democracy and civil liberties.

The Democratic Socialist party of India has a momentous part to play in spreading the ideology of elimination of landlord and capitalist exploitation without in any way destroying the democratic structure of government and civil liberties. The parliamentary method and lawful trade-unionism can save democracy and solve too the food and price crisis. Talk of democracy, the United Front of all classes, and civil liberties by the Communists, is only a temporary dope intended to achieve the first stage of their revolution. The China way is after all the Communist way. It is hoped that the enlightened middle class in our country will realise the great dangers inherent in their indifference and aloofness, and in their support to Congress reactionary policies.

Recruitment of a cadre of workers, training classes, and propaganda are sorely needed to spread Socialist ideas on a democratic basis. Democratic Socialism or Communist dictatorship are the two alternatives that await this country. The intelligentsia and the middle class should act now or never. I hope they will make the choice.

MADRAS CARETAKER MINISTRY

The outgoing Premier, though defeated at the polls, was asked to withdraw his personal resignation and form a caretaker Ministry. He has done so by filling all the posts other than his own, from the ranks of undefeated Ministers in the outgoing Cabinet. The reasons for this step, which seem to combine the worst of both worlds, are difficult to descry. The effects upon the public mind do not seem to have been carefully considered, though they may be important.

—The Statesman, Calcutta.

FOUR ARCHITECTS OF VICTORY

By N. S. R.

PINDAR'S odes, it is well known, were written to commemorate victories at the Olympiads. The modern method of celebrating triumphs in sport is less poetical, for it cannot be contended that philately is an adequate substitute for poetry. But the resounding success gained by India in the final Test match will be engraved in the memory of the thousands who witnessed the fulfilment of an age-long dream.

Lyrical appreciation of sport is attended by many dangers, as Mr. Neville Cardus discovered on a famous occasion. When he read to Frank Woolley his famous tribute to him, he was in consternation to discover that the latter had taken offence. It appeared that the great batsman felt that his skill at back-play had been directly or by implication criticised. Nevertheless, even with this warning before one, the poetical is the only proper method of recounting the late memorable triumph.

The main architects of this new arch of Indian glory, as it may be considered without committing the sin of chauvinism, were Roy, Umrigar, Mankad, and Ghulam Ahmed. Praise of Mankad may savour of supererogation, but at Chepauk even the eternal and ageless man surpassed himself. His flight was the seven deadly sins themselves. As they approached the batsman sinuously, they appeared to invite him to Sodom and Gomorrah. His spin was persistent and vicious, while his length was immutable and all-pervasive.

A batsman had needs be a considerable metaphysician in addition to being an accomplished player to have withstood these temptations. Every ball that left Mankad's fingers was as gnawing as a Socratic question. Each of them was an ambush as undeniably as if Chepauk were in Malaya. The batsmen were not so much dismissed as tormented out. Stretched on the rack of endeavour, they might have considered an over from this bowler less a series of six balls than the ap-

plication of some mediaeval torture, the thumbscrew or the boot. Only a man of the highest philosophical serenity, well versed in the intricacies of foreknowledge, will and fate could have stayed Mankad. The varied gifts even of Graveney and the stoicism of Watkins, who might have been pardoned were he to have imagined himself guarding Thermopylae like a second Leonidas, were not to the purpose. It is significant that it was the cloistered skill of Robertson alone that was able to prevail for a brief period. The rest was frustration.

Roy's innings was like the fluttering of an eagle's wings. As he stood at the end of an over cross-legged, he appeared to survey the field with benign contempt, especially for the poor, hapless bowler. A terrible scourge of bowling, a latter-day Attila of speed and spin, is in the making in Roy. His drive is thunderous and reverberating, his hook withering and final, and his glance purposive. In addition he is blessed with an equable temperament. He has a laugh for the supposed terrors of swing, while he mocks the pace off the pitch. He was not cast down when, at 98, he was dropped in the slips by, of all fieldsmen, Watkins. With true Sutcliffean imperturbability, he delivered himself of a vehement cover-drive to the boundary where lesser batsmen, with their hearts in their mouths, would have stolen to their century imperceptibly. The brave challenge to fortune was thrilling. Roy is a batsman born to command. He bats on his own terms, never on those of the bowler. The old heroic breed has found a modern representative in him.

I believe it is this largeness of conception that lifts him above those who may be considered his coevals, like Gopinath and Manjrekar. It is possible that Gopinath's gifts are even more varied; he is certainly a more delicate batsman. He brings a sense of fine art to his innings. But the manner in which he allows himself to be cut off in his prime, in the

thirties, is pathetic. This has happened thrice this year, against Madhya Pradesh and Mysore, and in the Test match. Roy is above this frailty. He appears at the crease determined to overthrow the bowler, and it is seldom that he is balked.

The whirlwind that had been Umrigar last season has now subsided into a gentle storm. Playing against the Commonwealth team, he upset the players, the umpires and the pavilion cat by his vehemence. Last week he was content to sap and mine. His batsmanship has become more disciplined, it is more willing to observe

the unities, and it is inclined to agree that something is due to the bowler. In a word, his art has come of age.

Ghulam Ahmed was a faithful auxiliary to Mankad, the sword-bearer to the grand knight. His spin was more honest and less sinful. The batsmen could take heart of grace from the fact that he was measuring his bat only against a ball, and not black magic. His success represented the triumph of solid parts. It was almost a mathematical problem; here was a bowler delivering good off-breaks and in a virtuous world merit must be rewarded.

PROUD MOMENTS AT CHEPAUK

By P. N. S.

A little before tea-time on the fourth day of the fifth and final Test match which ended at Chepauk last week, Brian Statham of England made a big swipe at a ball from Mankad and sent it soaring in the direction of Gopinath placed on the boundary at the entrance to the Pavilion. The ball came down on its course and the huge crowd waited anxiously while Gopinath stood still and intent for a time; the next moment the ball lay hugged in his cupped hands. It was a proud moment for the Madras colt, for that moment India registered her first official Test victory ever since she walked into the international arena at Lord's long back in 1932.

That was not the only proud moment for Gopinath in the match. The previous day, after Phadkar and Umrigar had taken the Indian total past England's, and after the former's dismissal he walked in to make his batting debut in a Test at Madras. He had waited a long time at the Pavilion, with pads on, watching the lengthening partnership of Umrigar and Phadkar. We all wondered whether that long anxious wait would have any adverse effect on Gopinath. Gopinath batted that day for only a little over an hour, to be exact, 77 minutes. But in that quick time he brushed aside all our doubts by the elegant sweep of his bat. He executed a cut off Tattersall that flashed to the fence in minimum time; he made two grand pulls

to square-leg and the Englishmen could only watch their course despairingly and without any effort to stop them. Well, as these strokes were made, Gopinath revealed in his drives through the covers the glory of his batsmanship. He moved up to the ball with the assurance of a master; the bat came down in a graceful curve at the pitch of the ball to send it twinkling on its way to the boundary beating the cordon of bewildered fieldsmen set to stop it. Gopinath scored only 35 runs, but his batting was well worth a century. Indeed it was only during his stay the game blossomed forth to its best that day. He even inspired Umrigar who suddenly added polish to the power of his batting; before Gopinath's coming it was only crude power.

The proudest moments, however, for the Indian batting were when Pankaj Roy of Calcutta was at the crease. We had heard before about the skill of this Varsity boy, but we little dreamt that his batting was pregnant with such possibilities as he revealed to us in the match. Short but stockily built, Roy's secret of success was the manner in which he placed himself for the execution of every stroke. Like all great batsmen he moved to the ball with perfect ease and nonchalance. What followed this was only logical; the bat met the ball in exact time and sped it on with maximum speed. In fact throughout the

long innings Roy timed the ball with such perfection that we could hear only a soft thud as the ball met the bat. India, indeed, has made a great discovery in Roy; there is little doubt that if all goes well, he will be one of her stars for many more years to come.

Yet another excellence of Roy's batting that day was the way he stole the honours from everyone of the champions that stood with him at the crease. He came out with Mushtaq Ali, who always dazzles and puts into darkness everybody else on the field the while he occupies it. But Mushtaq was content to play, perhaps seeing the new glory before him, second-fiddle. Then on his dismissal, the result of a new kind of impulsiveness on his part, Hazare stood for a short while at the crease. He began in a strange mood; with a gorgeous hook and a cover drive he announced his intention to devastate the English bowling. But strangely he went back into his shell, falling, perhaps under the spell of Roy's mounting glory. He seemed to get conscious of this retirement, tried a big drive off an innocent ball from Hilton and was bowled. Mankad took his place; he also played in a strange mood. He was content to jog along with a defensive bat, only now and then revealing the sweetness of his stroke-play in a drive or a cut.

Champion followed champion. Amarnath bustled in after Mankad. And even he was quiet till Roy was at the crease, except when he met the youngster, after the latter's century, in the middle to give a parental pat on his back. Only a flashing late cut presaged what was to come later on. Indeed only after Roy went proudly back to his seat in the Pavilion, Amarnath showed that the weight of age has not stolen all the skill from him. He crashed a long hop to the square-leg fence in his true style. He stepped out to Carr and on-drove him beautifully between the two fieldsmen in the deep; and after the stroke he stood proudly, disdaining to run—so sure was he of the result of his stroke. These were Amarnath's best strokes though he executed a few more in his short stay.

India won the Test not only because

of the total of her runs, but also because of the manner of her batting. There was always aggression in it; in spite of the splendid fielding of England fours came in numbers.

But the magnificence of Indian batting alone could not have won her the Test. In a larger measure it was the bowling of Mankad and Ghulam Ahmed that decided the fate of the match. It is difficult, indeed, to decide to whom the honours should go for their grand work. Perhaps by virtue of his superb work in the first innings, on a wicket which failed to respond even to the twirl of Ghulam Ahmed's fingers, Mankad should get the palm.

There was a marked difference in the manner in which the two approached their task. Ghulam Ahmed, once he found the pitch aiding his spin, danced with joy. He never tried to hide his feelings; when he beat the batsmen he leapt in the air. He was fully alive of his destructive power and lost no opportunity to impress it upon the Englishmen. Mankad, on the other hand, was the good man. It little mattered to him what manner of pitch he bowled on. He could always toss the ball innocently to the batsmen and draw them out to their doom. He knew he could hide its devastating power till the last moment and he took good care not to reveal the purpose beforehand. In his case the face was never the index of his mind.

India indeed won the Test because of brilliant bowling and equally brilliant batting. But there was one department in which the Englishmen stole the honours. The visitors were a superior fielding combination. It was exhilarating to watch their tireless work till the close of the Indian innings. And in this Poole and Graveny shone the brightest. But the Indian fielding too had its bright moments as when Mankad brought the two grand catches, and as when Phadkar, starting a little late for his effort, caught Spooner low down at cover.

At long last India has achieved her first official Test victory. It is our hope that this is only the beginning of a glorious chapter and that she will get to the top of the ladder in the coming English summer.



By V. P. SATHE

THE Film Festival in Bombay is over. According to some critics it has been a great fiasco; according to others it has been exploited by the Soviet Union and its satellites to propagate Communism to Indians. But to a dispassionate observer, the Festival has been anything but a fiasco. It has been a success as is evident from the crowds that thronged to see the Festival films and the numerous receptions and parties given to the foreign delegates. On the one hand it has opened the doors of Indian theatres for continental, Egyptian, Chinese and Japanese films; and on the other, it has paved way for the exhibition of Indian pictures abroad.

The remarks of Capra who said that the Indian stars would be a sensation in Hollywood, the comment of Jean Davis who said that Raj Kapoor is a brilliant actor who would be popular with French audience if he were to appear in a French picture, the keen interest manifested by delegates of the Soviet Union, Hungary and Czechoslovakia in Indian pictures and their exploitation in their countries are clear manifestations of the fact that as a result of the Festival there will be greater interest abroad for Indian pictures. Is this a small achievement?

Then I am told as a result of this festival in future the Italian, French and Russian pictures will be commercially shown in India. Mind you, but for this festival, we would never have been able to see pictures like "Open City" which ran for over 56 weeks in New York and "Bicycle Thief." And now we have not only been able to see such films but also we are assured that in future all Italian masterpieces

will be shown in India. This is a very welcome outcome of the Festival. Let us hope at least the Italian pictures will succeed in changing the taste of our picturegoers, corrupted and spoiled by Hollywood musicals, westerns and gangster films.

Besides, as the success of "River" which was produced by E. Macldoney with a foreign director in India reveals, the Indian subjects have an international appeal. Macldoney himself is back in India to produce more pictures with Indian background. Following his example, Forest Judd has also made "Monsoon" in India in an Indian studio. Then down South, Modern Theatres are producing "Jungle" with Hollywood stars in Salem. Both Ashok Kumar and Debaki Bose are planning to make pictures in co-operation with foreigners for the international market. All these efforts will get a spurt from the Festival, and what is more, a truly Indian picture made by Indians only shown abroad. For this, Indian producers must prepare from now on and take advantage of similar festivals held at Prague, Cannes and Venice. Through such festivals Indian producers can find a market for their pictures in the international sphere.

These are some of the vital advantages of this festival. It is a pity that our critics instead of stressing them should indulge in irresponsible criticism and magnify small errors which are inevitable in the circumstances under which the Festival was held.

Pictures Of The Week

I have seen five more Festival films—one French and four Italian, and I am convinced that the Italians can easily claim the leadership of the

world today. For, they make the best pictures. I saw Rossellini's six year old sensational film "Open City" and De Sica's world-famous picture "Bicycle Thief".

Now the subject of "Open City" is not new. The story of the underground partisan movement has been told so often by Hollywood, Britain and Russia that now it seems to have lost all novelty. In the Festival also we were shown "The Trap", a Czechoslovakian film dealing with the same subject. And yet "Open City" has its own appeal. For, in sheer realism and down-to-earth characterization it suppresses all other films on the same subject. Rossellini is so engrossed in narration of his tale, that he seldom allows his camera to linger on unessentials with the result that there is not a single beautiful composition of nature in the whole picture. Not only are there very few long shots, most of the drama is presented in mid-shots and close-ups.

The story itself deals with the partisan movement organized by a Communist, who is betrayed by an actress for a mink coat and a Catholic priest bound together by a common ideal of Liberation of the country from the Fascists. The Nazi tyranny is shown in all its cold brutal reality; today, it serves to remind us of the horror that was let loose in the last war. And as usual the story comes out of characters following no established pattern, and is woven out of the strength and weaknesses of the people with which it deals. The characterization of the Catholic priest is, of course, the highlight of the film. And, though unfortunately we are seeing this picture six years after it was made, we can well imagine the sensation it must have caused by its unorthodox treatment, realism and superb acting of the non-professional artistes.

De Sica's "Bicycle Thief" is a story of one day—rather two days. It is the story of a man who gets a job to stick the posters on walls on condition that he has a bicycle. He sells his bed-sheets and pillows to secure his pawned bicycle, gets on the job only to find the bicycle stolen. For the whole of Saturday and Sunday he searches for the thief; he finds the thief but not the bicycle. Ultimately

he steals one only to be caught and humiliated. All along he is accompanied by his six or seven year old son whose performance is as great as that of the Japanese child in "Yuki-warisoo". Since the bicycle symbolizes job, food, security, its hunt has a symbolic significance. And the streets of Rome provide a picturesque and realistic setting to this real story of the aftermath of a cruel war on the common people. It is a piece of poetry in realism.

Pietro Germi's "Path of Hope" reminds one of "Grapes of Wrath" narrating as it does the story of jobless miners from Sicily leaving their homes and going on an arduous journey to France in the hope of jobs. It is not the story of any individual but a group of miners told with emotional intensity and realism which seems to be even more pronounced than "Grapes Of Wrath." Rubi Dalma's "Girl Of Marsh" is a story of an innocent girl devoted to God. She prefers death rather than submit to man's desire. In her death, she is elevated to the position of a saint, and in spite of this religious streak, the picture is a very realistic presentation of the life of peasants and the hard work they have to put in to eke out their living.

All these four pictures are noteworthy for their individuality. Apparently, Italian directors are not forced yet to repeat themselves; they have enough original material to depict the various facts of contemporary social reality in an authentic and at the same time emotionally moving manner without of course resorting to melodramatic hysterics. The beauty of the Italian pictures lies in the fact that their characters come out of the earth and their inter-play provides drama. The climaxes for instance are not contrived; they just arise naturally out of the story. Similarly, the Italian masters have greater command of the camera and their 'silent' shots are more eloquent than the spoken word. The shooting on locations and the natural acting of non-professionals lend the requisite touch of authenticity and realism to Italian pictures which should serve as a model to all progressive film-makers of the world.

The French picture *Jour De Fall*

(The Big Day) is written, directed and acted by Jacques Tati, the French version of Chaplin. It is an amusing story of a postman but it has a tendency to drag at many places.

Anyway if the foreign films shown during the Film Festival serve as an impetus for our film people to discuss the problem of filmcraft in India and re-examine old formulas and values, the Festival would have served a great purpose.

Personality Of The Week

Among the selected few personalities who have been hailed as 'genius' the name of Kidar Sharma ranks high, though when I met him last time he admitted that he won't become a genius in the next fifty years. Yet, on his own admission, he believes that he was half a genius; and no wonder, for he has talent and egoism in equal proportions.

Kidar has never been a popular director in the sense of creator of popular hits. Yet he commands greater respect from the film people than the so-called hit makers. That is perhaps because Kidar has been a devotee of art and not the box-office. Kidar does not belong to any particular school, though he inherits the mysticism and philosophy of Debaki Bose in a great measure. It was in New Theatres that his talent was first revealed as a writer and a poet. Kidar is one of the most gifted poets and dialogue writers as manifested in "Vidyapati" and "Sapara" and other pictures. Later as a director he made a brilliant debut in "Dil hi To Hai" which in many ways, is his best picture to date. It is in this picture which was unfortunately better known as "Aulad" that Ramola came into prominence. In "Chitralkha" he excelled his 'guru' Debaki Bose who tackled the same theme in "Nartaki."

After making these two pictures he migrated to Bombay and though he turned out numerous pictures for Ranjit year after year, he did not create any impression until he started on his own and made "Sohab Raat." In "Jogan" he was in his best form. Since then he has made "Bawre Nain," "Bedardi" which in parts is very poignant and "Shokhiyan" which is awaiting release. Kidar has discovered many stars including Ramola,

Madhubala, Raj Kapoor, who is Kidar's disciple and Geeta Bali; and it was Kidar who re-discovered Meh-tab in "Chitralkha."

Kidar has always been original and Indian in his themes and treatment; his greatness lies in his handling of emotional drama and typically Indian symbolism. Being a poet himself, he has always been giving special attention to music, which is again Indian, composed of classical tunes. Roshan, the young and rising music director, was brought into prominence by him; and now he has introduced another promising music director in "Shokhiyan" which is also an Indian picture in every sense of the term. The weakness of Kidar lies in the fact that he lacks balance. Carried away by certain obsessions and ideas he is unable sometimes to weave a yarn which will sustain interest. That is why in "Bawre Nain" you find a queer mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous in his shots and stories. If he could only keep balance and consistency he would be a far more successful director than he is today.

Yet with all his faults, Kidar is one of those rare directors who make pictures for the sake of art and try to adhere to Indian culture and atmosphere in their pictures at all costs.

News Of The Week

—On Saturday 9th February Ram Daryani performed the muhurat of his new picture "Pahli Shaadi" starring Nargis and Nasir Khan.

—Zaidi has left for Hyderabad, Delhi and Lucknow in search of "Anarkali." On the 20th Dilip Kumar and K. Asif are leaving for Hyderabad and from there they will proceed to Delhi and Lucknow to interview the candidates selected by Zaidi.

—Nargis, Raj, Dilip and other stars are expected to visit Delhi and participate in the inaugural function of the Festival week.

—Kuldip, Agha, Neeta and Manmohan Krishna are the new addition to the cast of Manmohan Films' maiden picture "Akash" a murder mystery tale by K. A. Abbas, starring Nadir and Dev. It will go on floors in the last week of February.

—Manhar Desai is playing the male lead opposite Rehana in Jayant Desai's "Hazar Raatan" which went on the floor on Basant Panchami Day.

THE PROBLEM IS

SKIN DEEP

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

A significant first step towards promoting a better understanding and greater tolerance between the various races of the world was taken here last week in the inauguration of a new body of action called Racial Unity created by old, frail Mary Attlee, sister of Mr. Clement Attlee, Leader of the Labour Opposition in Parliament. The event, had been given wide publicity and the central Hall at Westminster was packed to capacity. It was the most mixed gathering London has seen for some time except perhaps for Trafalgar Square on election night. There were Indians present and Africans and Chinese and French and Americans and those were not all. The wide, huge dais was packed too—with visiting celebrities, some widely known and some not so widely known, but all earnestly bent upon seeing the small but sturdy bark that the few had fashioned, fairly launched upon the waters of public notice before the day was done. And presiding over the occasion rather like a mischievous schoolboy playing teacher in the classmaster's absence was Lord Hailsham with his round face and ruffled hair, better known to us all as Quintin Hogg.

From the time of Confucius down the ages we have had individuals, societies and organisations striving for the clearance of racial barriers and differences and for the recognition of all peoples of the world as born equal. Wars have been fought in the name of liberty and for the liberation of slave races. And constitutions of countries have been drawn as for all "irrespective of race or creed or colour." And yet there exist all over the world communities of men and women, some big, some smaller who feel outcast, neglected, held inferior. They are in all countries from Australia westward to the Americas. And the enormous difference in the standard of living between the western peoples and most of the rest of the world, including Asia and Africa, arises from a race conflict which has been going on through the ages.

What constitutes a feeling of racial superiority? Is it a group of physical attributes, the intellectual quotient or moral eminence? As far as physical perfection is concerned, biologists have come to the conclusion that we all stand about the same distance forward in evolution from our ancestors, the apes. To take two antithetical groups, for instance, it is said that the white races are most like their ancestors in the nature and texture of the hair on their heads and the quantity of it on their bodies and in the thinness of their lips, while the black races resemble in the colour of their skin and the forward projection of the lower part of their faces.

It cannot be intellectual excellence, for history tells us each race has made its own contribution to posterity through its great men and women. There are of course some backward peoples in the world but scientific and psychological analysis has shown that their backwardness is due almost entirely to the state of geographical isolation in which they had lived and the lack of opportunities they had suffered from and not due to any inherent dearth of mental stamina or absorptive capacity. And as for moral pre-eminence there seems to have existed even among primeval tribes a written or unwritten code of ethics which was adhered to strictly. To take a single instance from the vast coverage of thought and action which the word 'moral' implies, the marriage customs and habits and the relation between the sexes among some of the old tribes in India and the Australian aborigines offer a fascinating subject of study and reveal an understanding of human nature which is truly astonishing. It may be remembered that the early traders and planters on the West African Coast resisted the increasing demand for the release of slaves on humanitarian grounds by advancing the theory that Negroes were sub-human and incapable of moral feeling. And Mr. Long in his *History of Jamaica* says unflinchingly: "We cannot pronounce them unsuited to civilization."

since *even apes* have been taught to eat, drink, repose and dress like men. But of all the human species hitherto discovered, their *natural baseness of mind* seems to afford the least hope of their being so refined as to *think* as well as *act like men*. I do not think that an Orang Gutang husband would be any dishonour to an Hottentot female." I think white men have since learnt—the hard way—to refrain from making such sweeping and absurd statements.

What then makes some races feel superior to others? In the final analysis I think it boils down to colour. A different accent, a different language, different gestures or dress or manners, however inoffensive in themselves, instantly put us on our guard. It is perhaps a streak of inheritance from our ancestors the jungle men and the cave men who involuntarily crouched when they heard the growl of the lion or the swish of wild animals passing through the undergrowth. But difference in colour seems to arouse instant suspicion and dislike. White against black, brown or yellow. It is significant that the intensity of the struggle of the white races against coloured is far greater in the case of the South African blacks and the Negroes of America, than of the Indians or Chinese or Japanese. The lighter the colour of the skin, the less trouble having one's basic bonafides accepted.

It is incredible that a difference in the pigmentation—in the melanin and carotene compositions in our skin, determined entirely by geographical environments, climatic conditions, and food habits—can make men hate, despise and fight each other. The presumption of superiority associated with the white colour may perhaps to a certain extent be because white has always been regarded as standing for purity and virginity and other virtues while black stands for sorrow, evil, gloom and death (that is, in the West. In India, on the other hand, white is not associated with anything auspicious but that is another story). And there seems prevalent among white people, especially those dwelling in the colonies and rather isolated from Britain which is rapidly becoming far more cosmopolitan in outlook, a passion for preserving the uniformity of their whiteness without taint or mix-

ture. The white races have freely associated with one another, as for instance the English, French, American and German. But wherever they have had anything to do with coloured races, there has been trouble. There are exceptions, of course, as in Brazil, the British West Indies and in Russia. In North America itself people of a dozen different nations seem to live happily enough together but in the southern states the problem of white and black recurs again and again. One hears of lynchings even now. It is not due wholly and completely to incompatible differences in habits and customs though, admittedly, these do matter to some extent. Bacon and eggs do not mix well with witch doctors and ritual murders. But that does not explain the absence of any desire for the understanding of a different type of civilization or for the denial of those rights and privileges which are the natural birthright of all of us.

To return to the inauguration of Racial Unity, it was a representative collection of speakers which spoke on the resolution that "this public meeting, representative of all races and creeds in the U. K., welcomes the efforts of the organising committee to arouse the public conscience in this country to the evils of racial discrimination and is of the opinion that as the object of the Racial Unity movement is of vital concern to the world, the members of the United Kingdom Council should represent all sections of public life in the country." But all speakers, Tory and Labour and Liberal alike, emphasised the importance of individual effort in the putting down of racial barriers. More than 5,000 students from the colonies, said the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, Labour M.P., were in Britain pursuing their studies. It was tremendously important that these young men and women who in ten or twenty years' time might be leaders in their own countries should go back with happy memories of England. London could be a lonely place. The English people must take these young people who had come so far away from their families into their own homes and move with them in affection and friendliness and understanding. Mr. Dingle Foot, Chairman of the Liberal Party, brilliant and sure, called tersely upon the Government to

review all legislation affecting the liberties of subjects in the colonies. Mr. C. J. M. Alport, Tory M.P., austere, rasping, intense, called it simply "a moral problem." A problem affecting the relationship between man and man. If we gave it a political complexion, Communism would exploit it. The great spiritual movements of mankind, he reminded us, were the sum of the individual work of men and women. So what had to be done was to instil into the minds of people a new attitude towards the race question, a new sense of values.

I cannot naturally foretell if Racial Unity is going to achieve anything. But the formation of a body like this is an indication of the awareness being born in the minds of British people that unless they evinced a preparedness to do something about the problem of white and coloured—whether on economic, moral or humanitarian grounds—they would be getting on the wrong side of huge sections of people of two continents and Britain cannot afford to do so now. It is also hoped, I am sure, this movement may make people view racial discrimination as something which is 'not done.' And Britain sets great store on her unwritten dos and don'ts.

You would not think of Lord Hailsham as a religious man. He rather looks like an American Bevan at his most boyish and Alexander Woolcott at his least malevolent. But it was he who in effect broke the myth about the black races being the sons of Ham fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. God made man in his own image, he said, and it ill-beloveth man to dishonour that image. And so the solution boils down not to rights, privileges, equality, democracy, social manifestoes, or mass agitations, but love. Man love thy brother.

For, I may add in the words of that most universal of poets, hath he not eyes? Hath he not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as you yourself are? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die?

And though it reads ill in the midst of talk about Love we may add also—And you wrong him, shall he not revenge?



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SIDELIGHTS :

THE elections in Andhra have broken the back of the Ministerialist group. Sri Prakasam, despite his defeat in the Harbour constituency, has emerged as the strongest individual leader in the area. There is an unmistakable difference between the defeat of Sri Prakasam and that of the Andhra Ministers. He can get elected in any constituency in Andhra territory. The Andhra districts are his political stronghold and there he is undefeatable. Not so the defeated Ministers. They have been sent into the wilderness, and if the Congress too is not to follow them, it is desirable that they remain where they are, there to ruminate over their follies and expiate their iniquities to earn a better fate at the next turn of events.

Pandit Nehru however seems to be in a defiant mood. He has declined to see Swami Sitaram. As if the Andhra demand for a separate State can be disposed of so cheaply and arrogantly! He has made a start in finding careers for the defeated Congress leaders by making Sri Santanam, to begin with, Lieutenant Governor of Vindhya Pradesh. Follow it up by making Srimati Durgabai a High Court Judge, Gopala Reddi a Vice-Chancellor, Kumaraswami Raja an Ambassador, and Sri Tirumal Rao a Trade Commissioner perhaps somewhere, the process of exasperating public opinion would be carried to an extent that cannot but thrill and delight the hearts of Communists. Purifying the Congress is no longer in the programme of the Congress President now. Instead he has given the first priority to providing compensation to the discredited Ministers repudiated by the voters. When the Prime Minister of India resorts to special measures to flout and undo the verdict of the polls in this manner, making defeat more profitable than success, he forfeits the right to be classed as a democrat. No ace propagandist of the Communists could have served their cause better.

The Communists have revealed intelligence and understanding of the mass mind in going to Sri Prakasam and placing themselves at his dis-

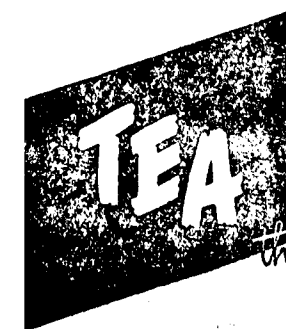
posal without conditions, so far at least as words go. The universal sentiment amongst the Andhras is that Sri Prakasam was very badly treated by a host of second-rate men who made themselves Ministers with the support of the High Command and betrayed subsequently every worthy principle for which the Congress stood. His own sense of injury, the public sympathy and the rout of his supplanters in office have combined to turn him into an avenging angel, and he goes about, like Samson, a formidable figure for good or evil whom no Delilah can rob of the source of his strength. All the other Andhra Congress leaders put together cannot hold a candle to Sri Prakasam in the pull he enjoys with the masses of the region. Pandit Nehru, if he had cared for Congress and country, should have set aside pride and false prestige and sought Sri Prakasam's aid to stem the rot of the past and renovate the Congress, and the overture would have paid rich results. Wiser than the Prime Minister, the Communists have done what he should have done and failed to do. Pandit Nehru is left with his Santanams and Sanjiva Reddis—broken reeds for the purpose of infusing strength into the decrepit Congress organisation in the South. Sri Prakasam had always a vast nebulous mass of popular goodwill in his favour. What he lacked was a competent hierarchy of lieutenants to galvanise mass goodwill into effective political striking power. With the Communists now coming forward to make good the deficiency, the combination between the two will give continual headaches to the Congress and make its work impossible. If the Andhra State is conceded the Communists will be in numerical majority in its legislature and can take over its Government immediately. If it is not conceded, the resulting illwill would be worked up into a fever heat of passion by the technique of Communist propaganda and exploited perfectly to fetch them millions of votes at the next election. If Andhra is to be saved to the Congress Nehru should lose no time in placating Sri Prakasam while he is alive.—SAKA.

CTBQ/8A



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Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

State Election To Harbour Constituency

The comments of your New Delhi correspondent Sri V. V. Prasad, on the results of the election to the Harbour constituency published in *Swatantra* dated 3-2-52, betray a hopeless effort to glorify Sri Prakasam. Were it not for the fact that in this attempt your correspondent has branded the enlightened electorate of this constituency as criminals who had committed a sin against humanity, his "post mortem" verdict would have been ignored as puerile nonsense. But since he has gone too far—far enough to suggest that those who voted for the Congress had undergone 'moral degradation' under the corrupting influence of the Congress regime a protest is perhaps necessary. I am sure that with the latest post-election developments in Madras, the truth will now dawn on Sri Prasad—the truth as to what constitutes 'moral degradation'—whether voting for a principle, or the forsaking of principles for the sake of power. I allude to Sri Prakasam's present efforts at an unholy alliance with the Communist party. Is any better proof required to convince Sri Prasad that the electorate of the Harbour constituency exhibited remarkable understanding and political wisdom in rejecting the veteran leader at the polls? They are to be complimented on their performance, not condemned.

I am only sorry that *Swatantra* should have been the vehicle for this frantic outburst. Although the views expressed were certainly not yours, yet I, and many of my friends, wish that you had amended the article suitably, to make it less offensive and more in conformity with the spirit of level-headed journalism that *Swatantra* represents and has a reputation for.

W. S. RAJAGOPALAN.

College Education

One is surprised to read in the local dailies recently about a student seeking interference by the courts of law in a dispute regarding promotion in a college. Matters relating to the admission of students in a college, disciplinary action taken by the principal against the students and the like, have been of late very often brought to the courts. Education nowadays has become a matter of litigation.

The system of education evolved by the University of Madras combines both the Western type of university education and

the indigenous Gurukula system of our land. Here all students, **excepting those** who live with their parents, are expected to reside in the hostel where they lead a community life. In many colleges, especially in missionary colleges, the teachers and the students live together, and by the exemplary personal life they lead the teachers help the students not only in their studies, but also in building up good character. The progress of the students is keenly watched by the teachers, and they are promoted after their performances in the quarterly, half yearly and yearly examinations are carefully judged. Even to the public examinations students are sent up only when their day to day progress and the performance in the class examinations are found to be satisfactory. The principal, with the assistance of the members of his staff, judges the progress of the pupil, and he has unquestionable authority to finally decide the matter regarding promotion. No outside body, including the university, interferes in the decision of the principal. It is quite probable that all students are not sent up always. If all the students are to be sent up for the examination, irrespective of their attainments in the subjects of study, logic demands that all students appearing for the examinations should also be similarly declared to have passed without any valuation of their answer papers. To question this power of the principal in a court of law, or to challenge the validity of such a decision by him, is undoubtedly trying to exercise outside pressure in the affairs of an educational institution where complete freedom is desirable.

It is hoped educationists and public men interested in the real progress of students, will uphold the freedom and liberty of educational institutions in disposing of such an internal affair as promotion without the outside pressure of courts or political platforms. Otherwise, the very system of our education will have to face grave danger.

S. R. SASTRI, M.A., B.O.L.
Madras-17.

Teachers And Private Study

There is a provision in the Regulations of the Madras University by virtue of which teachers with not less than three years of service in recognised schools can appear for Intermediate and Degree examinations in humanities. This insistence on three years of service on the date of application to sit for the exami-

nation seems to be very severe. For example, a candidate, after passing his S.S.L.C. examination with eligibility for the University course, undergoes two years of training to become a secondary grade teacher. He will have to serve for full three years before he can think of applying for permission to sit for the Intermediate examination. In areas served by the Andhra University, any woman candidate after passing her S.S.L.C. examination can sit for the Intermediate examination provided she has taken up continuous residence for 2 years anywhere under the University's jurisdiction. But in areas served by the Madras University, it takes more than five years before any person who has taken up teaching as his profession can think of appearing privately for the next higher examination in Arts after leaving the high school. If this severity of the rules is relaxed a little, it will go a long way to help those persons who have adopted teaching as their profession, knowing well that at present this profession is the worst of all trades, to acquire higher qualifications and especially woman teachers deserve greater encouragement at the hands of the Madras University.

P. PADMAVATHI.

University Education

After saying many fine things and referring to the chaotic conditions prevalent in our universities, Mr. V. S. Mathur suggests 'an additional university admission test... to select only those students suitable for higher education, who are capable of gaining from it'. As he desires, this step, if accepted, may lead to the reduction of the number of shallow graduates; but my contention is that it cannot help our universities to turn out more learned graduates from their portals, because the doctor's business should be to attack the disease and not the outward symptoms. Mr. Mathur probably assumes that students alone are responsible for our universities working like factories fitted with the same kind of machinery producing exactly the same pattern of soul-less, foggy-headed clerks. But the responsibility for the alarming and progressive deterioration in our standards of education lies not only with students but also with the low-paid and non-co-operating community of teachers, the outmoded system of examinations and the apathetic, corruptible, and irresponsible society of parents. Therefore, to raise our standards of education, teachers' salaries should be revised, our system of examinations should be thoroughly changed, (the suggestions given by Mr. Mathur in this respect are acceptable) and parents should cooperate with the teachers instead of interfering with their legitimate duties and activities.

I do not mean that all students who leave their schools successfully should find a place in our universities. To admit the deserving only, our universities may fix a suitable percentage of marks for those who aspire to join the universities, instead of punishing them with a second examination and trying to prevent thousands from entering the universities. But this should be put into practice only after what I have pleaded for in the earlier part of this letter is achieved, and ample provisions are made to give vocational training for those who cannot join the universities.

A. PURUSHOTTAM.

Nidubrolu.

Extremely Undemocratic

One of the many reasons for the rout of the Congress from Malabar in the recent elections is the disappointment of the people with the Malabar Tenancy Amendment Act. Against this background of the electorates' disapprobation of this unpopular measure, the retiring Ministry's surprising post-election announcement of the date for bringing into force this obnoxious enactment, is extremely undemocratic. The ryots of Malabar demand a scrapping of the present amending Act and the substitution of a new, more ameliorative statute by the new legislature.

V. R. KRISHNA IYER, M.L.A.
Tellicherry.

Defeat Of Ministers And After

The defeat of the Ministers has not come upon us as a surprise though they seem to have been banking on their re-election. The fact is they were living in a paradise of their own and lost touch completely with the electorate, and forgot the most obvious of all truths in politics, that in a democracy sovereignty rests with the people and not the High Command. A Mahatma may for a time hypnotise the populace; a Patel may bluff or coerce a militant minority; but in the last resort, it is the will of the electorate that prevails.

Power "blinds" people—so it is said. One may add, it makes them "deaf" too. Within recent times many vigorous efforts were made to impress the Government at the Centre as well as in the States, as to the evil effects of control. People were always told the controls will not be continued a day after they become unnecessary. But who is to decide the necessity? The so-called "experts" who furnished the data and guided the programme of control never took the real interests of the people seriously.

To add to this, the sudden acquisition of wealth on the part of the sitting members and certain officials and non-officials

who control the distribution of "rationed" articles generally suggested which way the wind was blowing. A proposal that sitting members should explain their bank accounts did not meet the approval of Congressmen in any State.

It may also be remembered that sometime back serious charges were made against certain Ministers, by one who occupied a very responsible position. Instead of welcoming an opportunity to rebut the charges, every influence was sought to be used to burke it. It may well be that an open impeachment may have ended in an honourable acquittal, but the Ministers as well as the Congress High Command sidetracked the issue with the result that the normal presumptions were drawn by the man in the street.

The refusal of the Congress to consider the claim of the Andhras to have a State of their own, with or without Madras, the inordinate delay in pushing through the Ramapadasagar scheme and the pathetic sticking to a policy of Prohibition long after the Supreme Court had decided against portions of the Prohibition Act, and last but not least the policy of arranging political meetings with police bandobust are some of the further factors that have precipitated the downfall in prestige of the Congress regime.

The Finance Minister attributed his defeat to "over-confidence"; the Premier to his ignorance that his measures were so unpopular. Be they what they are, the most vital question is not who is to blame, but what next? Obviously not to suppress the present unrest, and invoke the bogey of "Red" menace in Andhra, and suggest that Visala Andhra may be the precursor of a Communist "Ulster" in India with dangerous potentialities.

A more sober view is to study the needs of the electorate and cater to them, or make room for others and wish them luck with the true spirit of a sportsman. Ongole.

B. SRINIVASA RAO, M.A., B.L.

Police Raj Cause Of Congress Defeat

Very many reasons such as controls, prohibition, scarcity of cloth and food and bad selection of Congress candidates are attributed for the reverses of the Congress in the south. If these are the main reasons for its defeat, it would have met the same fate throughout the country.

The man in the street knows fully well that the defeat of the Congress is mainly due to bungling in administration by undeserving Ministers and the use by them indiscriminately of the Public Safety Act to cover up their misdeeds against the common man who honestly criticised them. Where the Congress Government gave free hand to the police,

there it is utterly defeated. This is clearly evident in Andhra, Malabar, Travancore-Cochin and Telengana where the Congress is unseated. The Congress forgot the historical lesson to be drawn from the fact that the British repression against the Congress had only made the Congress all the more invincible. The main reason for its defeat now is the Police Raj that has been ushered in by Congress Raj.

CHIRANJIVI.

"The Poor And The City Improvement Act"

In the Mylapore division under the City Improvement Act a number of poor people are under orders of eviction and a few have already been thrown out. It is pathetic to see those thus stranded with tears in their eyes. From the manner in which the Act is being enforced it would appear that a military emergency is impending. Why the poor should be so harassed in these days of freedom, when every effort should be made to mitigate their distress, is hard to grasp. If they are a risk to public health, the more merciful and human way to obviate the risk would be to carry all civic amenities to them—not dislodging them or dismantling their shelters.

The poor also are the citizens of Madras, perhaps constituting the majority.

T. M. SUSAI.

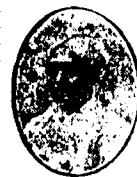


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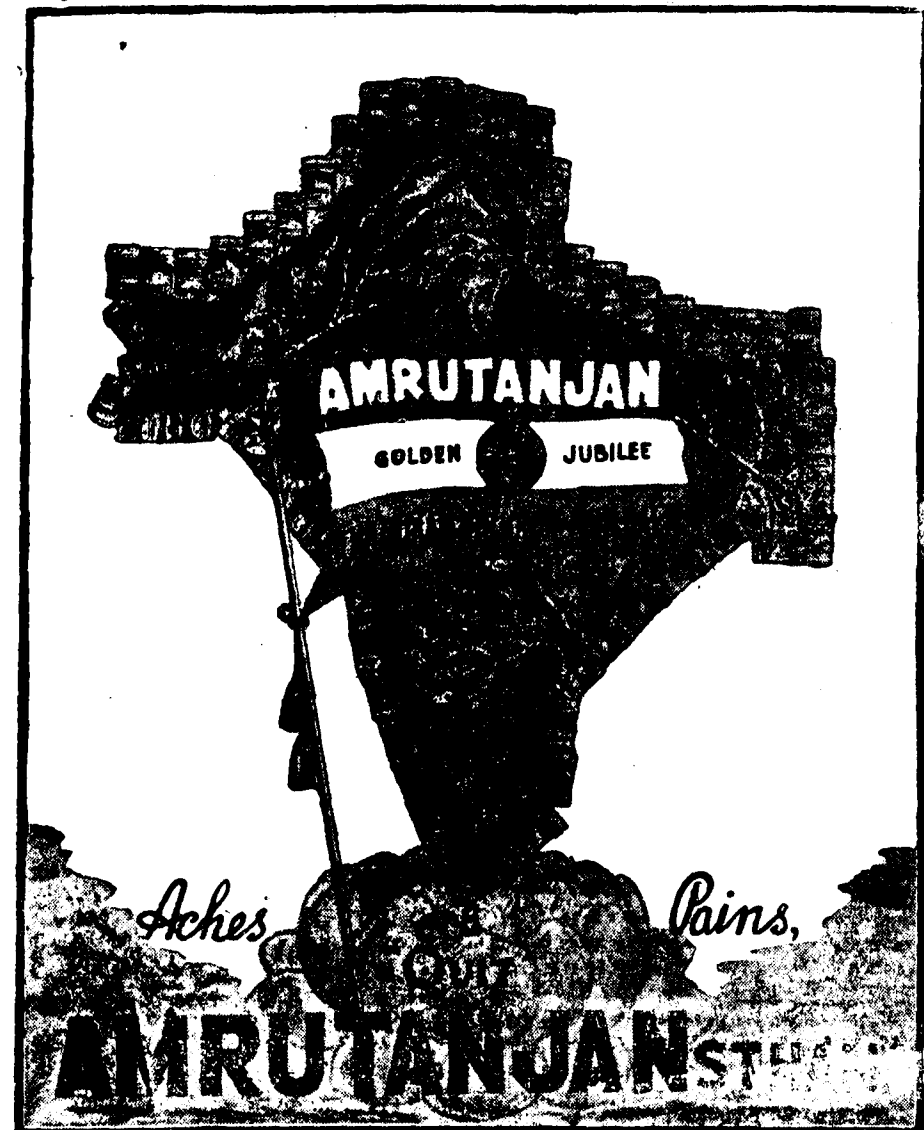
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER: Film Star Yashodra Katju—Photo by R. Krishnan	
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	3
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	4
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING—By Santha Rungachary	6
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	9
YEHUDI MENUHIN	11
NEW LIGHT ON "BLACK SATURDAY"—By Andrew Roth	13
POLITICAL SITUATION AFTER THE ELECTIONS—By P. N. Sampath	17
THE POET'S MEDALLION—(Short Story)—By E. Theodore King	20
RAMU STARTS HIS SCHOOL CAREER—By Sriram Trikannad	24
HYDERABAD AND KASHMIR—By P. Kodanda Rao	26
INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL—By "Nambs"	28
MUTUAL TRADE BETWEEN ASIAN NATIONS—By L. K. Jha	30
NUTAN—By Doulat Ram	32
THE STALIN CONSTITUTION—By Walter Kolarz	35
THE KRISHNA RESERVOIR PROJECTS—By M. Satyanarayana	37
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	42
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	45
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	47

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POST-ELECTION SET-UP

MINISTRY-MAKING in Madras has made no headway, for all the fanfare of trumpets with which the United Democratic Front went about in search of a common programme for non-Congressmen. The plain fact of the situation is that no non-Congress Ministry can be formed if the Communists are not included. The total strength of the non-Congress—non-Communist elements together in a House of 375 is 162. It does not suffice for forming a Ministry. If Governor's rule is to be averted, there must be a coalition, and no coalition can be effective for the purpose of forming a Ministry unless it includes either the Congress or the Communists. No coalition excluding both the Congress and the Communists can come up to the voting strength required for constituting the Government. The Congress would require 36 votes to make up this strength, and the Communists 127. In view of the fact that the Krishak Lok Party and the Socialists are averse to combining with the Communists, and the Independents are too independent to pursue any common line of policy, the Communists have to secure the support of practically every other party if they are to realise their ambition of getting into office. Most of their coadjutors would be parties to the right of the Congress distinguished primarily for their communal-mindedness. In order to meet the new situation, Communist leaders who in previous years had been priding themselves on their non-communal outlook, have lately been figuring as apostles of the Communal G. O. Only

a hotch-potch of parties with no affinity in principles and outlook, some to the right of the Congress and some to the left, can evolve the sort of coalition that will be required if the Communists are to abandon the Opposition and become a constituent unit of the Government. From such a hotch-potch no steady administration can ensue. The reactionaries will block progress and the Communists will know how to blame it on their partners to make themselves progressively powerful. It is because power is the aim, the Communists are not hampered by the character of their partners in the coalition of their seeking. The more reactionary the partner the easier it will be for the Communists to suppress him, and the swifter their march towards the desired seizure of power. Once entrenched in power, the Communists will follow the pattern of Communist rule everywhere in the world. Other parties will not be tolerated. No criticism of the Government will be allowed in the newspapers. There will be no civil liberties. We shall have a one party police State with the Communists in absolute possession using every vestige of power to regiment the thoughts of men, crushing as treason every attempt at freedom and originality. The whole nation will have been enslaved to totalitarian tyranny and terror.

Bad as Congress rule has been, it has the redeeming feature of periodical voluntary submission to the electorate's judgment. The supplanting of a ruling party by another more successful at the polls is the sign of

104

democracy, and it is to the credit of the Congress that the electoral machinery has been maintained by it at a fair level of integrity and efficiency. There is no hope if the Communists come to power of this requisite of democracy ever being allowed to be fulfilled; for there has not been in history a single example of a Communist party, once installed in office, permitting a competitor to challenge its position in free elections. On this ground, however, it will not be possible for the Congress to stem the advancing electoral strength of the Communist Party. While it is possible for the Congress at the moment to form a Ministry more easily than the Communists, it will not be possible for it to check further improvement in the Communist electoral position without a substantial improvement immediately in the standards of the administration.

Meanwhile it is the role of the Socialists to combine whatever is nationally desirable in the economic objectives of the Communists with the maintenance of democracy and its traditions. A strong labour movement under Socialist auspices is the only antidote to Communist totalitarianism when in the natural order of the democratic process, the time comes for the Congress to be supplanted

Folly Incarnate
C. R. is reported to have advised Congress absention from Ministry-formation in Madras State. Nothing could be more fatal. The Congress still remains the biggest party in the legislature. The initiative to form the Government belongs therefore more justly to the Congress than to any other party. There is only one way in which that initiative can be exercised: it is to seek out elements nearest to the Congress in aims and objectives and persuade them into a coalition. Can there be any doubt as to which these elements are? Obviously, the Krishak Lok Party and the K. M. P. Party are the nearest to the Congress, as their defection was due not to disagreement in creed but to defectiveness in its implementation. Now that the personnel responsible for the cleavage has to a large extent been eliminated in the elections, there is no useful purpose served in pursuing with rancour a dispute so easy to settle. Unfortunately, the Congress leaders are playing into the hands of the Communists by sitting quietly doing nothing, saying that they will not make any move for a coalition. They must give up their stiff-necked attitude and face the realities.

Sotto Voce

DEAD MOTHS



TO youths of my generation Manavendra Nath Roy was a remote and romantic revolutionary. (We did not know that it was the assumed name of Bhattacharya, a Bengali Brahman). He was hardly older than

ourselves, we had heard, and he was already a world figure. He had "waged war" against the foreigner in India and was still working for his downfall in the glorious company of Har Dayal, Shyamji Krishna Varma and

other splendid exiles. At the same time he hobnobbed with Lenin, gave the Comintern its laws and helped lay the beams of the Revolution on the waters of Mother Russia.

For years there has slept at the bottom of an old trunk, undisturbed, a proscribed copy of his book on the Indian Revolution. That was my gesture of defiance, my way of tweaking the nose of British autocracy. When I first acquired my fearful prize I made one or two attempts to spell out the gospel, but it was hard going and I desisted with a due sense of my inadequacy. In these latter years I have felt no urge to go back to that sealed book. Possibly, unlike Mr. Roy, I am one of those who love to hug their illusions; but my own defence would be that Mr. Roy of today is a very different man, and it is he, not his dead self, that matters.

Mr. Roy believed with Lenin in world revolution and the ultimate withering away of the State. That hope lies in ashes today and Stalin has triumphed. Mr. Roy liked to think that his own country would be freed of the Britisher and of her age-old 'superstitions' simultaneously. But secular India was the achievement of a saint and bears all the marks of schizophrænia. Mr. Roy's philosophy, however, will not allow him to be dismayed. Not for him the easy satisfaction of the paranoiac "reforming painful and depressing realities in conformity with a delusion." So he has started preaching Radical Humanism without rest and without haste.

Mr. Roy is an immensely learned man, but I suppose he is one of the dispossessed who discover the learning of other countries before they discover their own. I know that in Brihaspati he has found the seeds of doubt and denial. But when it comes to ferreting out the germs of Rationalism, it is in the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages that he looks for them, forgetting that our Nireeswara Vadas have a much longer antiquity. I am not blaming him on grounds of patriotism. I would merely suggest that if he had remembered the history of atheism in India he might not have been so ready to

affirm that religion or 'superstition' as he calls it is a later birth than philosophy.

Mr. Roy holds that reason and doubt are man's instinctive responses, not loving submission to the Divine Grace, and that freedom is the basic biological urge. Science was "born" in the womb of the dark Middle Ages, but so, too, according to Mr. Roy, "were the superstitions of the savage born in his instinctive rationality." At this point a doubt arises. If primitive man's reasoning could engender superstition how can we be sure that the Reign of Reason resulting in the atom bomb will not in turn breed a mightier superstition? There is, alas, no automatic catch to prevent man's spiritual backsliding.

Mr. Roy has, like the Logical Positivists, the slick habit of resolving thought into a verbal trick. "Even the mysticism of a revealed religion," he says with magistral authority, "is but a perverted form of rationalism inherent in human nature. Mysticism does not deny order in Nature but only ascribes it to the inscrutable will of God." To contend that the idea of a law-governed universe was native to primitive non-theological man but was overlaid by the hankering after other-worldly consolations engendered by the destruction of the antique social order, is to put the cart before the metaphysical horse. In a world of chaotic multiplicity, the conception of Order cannot have come as a biological instinct; it can have blossomed only as a metaphysical intuition.

Mr. Roy with his "Either—or" mentality cannot see that when he talks of the rhythm of the cosmos he is committed to the acceptance of coeval pairs of opposites. The will to doubt is and has always from the beginning of time been balanced by the will to believe. So has the will to freedom grown not as a gesture of repudiation of Divine Providence but in confiding exploration of Its illimitable love. Man expands in God as the lotus in the morning sun. But Mr. Roy's 'free' morality has crumbled like yesterday's dead moth.

VIGNESWARA

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING.....

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

SOME months ago I was witness to a rather unusual incident. In a picture-house, at the end of the day's run when the National Anthem was played, the whole audience stood up as one man except a small family group of father, mother and son who remained defiantly seated. People all round glanced at them and hastily glanced away again. Not a word of reproof was spoken, not one offended eyebrow raised. None of them would have dreamed of remonstrating with the little isolated group. Interfering is something which is just not done among the English.

There are some people in Britain like those three, men who avow themselves as being against the system of monarchy which, they feel, only perpetuates class distinctions. But those are an intellectual handful. The rest of England wants their king. They cannot tell you why. It is just one of those things.

Yes, it is just one of those things, like their homes and their families and dear, lovely London. The King is as much part of English life as bacon and eggs and the snows of winter and the repertory companies playing Shakespeare.

I have heard housewives discuss in an ironmonger's shop the health of the late King when he underwent an operation a few months ago. *He had a good night, and that is something.* Another said: *Isn't it strange they don't tell us exactly what is the matter?* And still another said: *The poor Queen.* I have met a man who saw the unforgettable scene during the Queen's visit on a local occasion a few days after the operation when an old and wrinkled dame smiled kindly at the Queen and said: *I hope your husband will soon be better, my dear.* And I remember a picture of Princess Margaret sitting at a table in a Paris restaurant with a cigarette between her lips, which was printed in a newspaper with a caption to this effect underneath: *Would any mother like*

to see her daughter like this? I have heard young women say crossly to one another over a photograph of Princess Elizabeth: Why she doesn't wear the right kind of clothes I can't think. And I have sat with friends and listened to the last Christmas message of King George VI. He had hardly spoken the first few words when a sharp sigh broke from the lips of my friends and they leaned suddenly forward and exclaimed as one: *What on earth has happened to his voice? That operation must have done it.* And when it was announced that the King was going to convalesce in South Africa, the confectioner round the corner shook his head and said: *He don't ought to do it—not with things as they are over there.* And when pictures of the King waving goodbye at the airport to his daughter starting on her journey to Kenya were shown in news-reels, I have heard a dozen women say in almost identical words: *My word, I said to myself, he don't half look ill.*

That is the British royal family for you. And that is the way the people speak about them, exactly as they speak of their immediate families. The King and the Queen and their children are a part of every Englishman's family.

That was the feeling that brought them, the young and the old, the common and the obscure, from the bylanes and backstreets of this huge historical forest that is London to pay their last respects to their dead King at Westminster and to say a silent goodbye to him from the frosty pavements when he went on his last journey to Windsor. I stood there with them in the three mile long queue to Westminster and braced myself as all the others round me did against the cold, bleak wind. They wrapped their coats closer, they stamped their feet to keep them warm, here and there a flask of tea or coffee was passed, old women leaned more heavily on their sticks. And they waited. They talked little and the air

was heavy with an unspoken sense of loss. The queue shuffled forward a few paces at a time and emerged into the Lambeth Palace Road. A woman pointed to the St. Thomas' Hospital and said: *He opened the memorial to the hospital staff who died in the first war. I remember it well. He was Duke of York then.* Little things like that, of how he came to their street during the blitz and spoke to them and put in his button-hole the flower a little girl had impulsively handed to him, little pictures of a man humble in his eminence, kindly without pride.

And when we at last reached the entrance door there descended on the queue a silence solemn and instinctive like the silence of people in a house of God. The police and the figures in black who entered by a private entrance and the long row of flags under the window of St. Stephen's porch, the dull stone walls and the high, splendid roof, the electric candelabra hanging from the hooks in the oak arches above and the intimations of the awful majesty of a past which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere, seemed to daunt them a moment, to make the picture unreal and alien. Then they descended the steps down into the hall and saw the six candles in their golden sticks casting a soft light round the coffin draped in the royal standard of scarlet and gold and the wreath of flowers on it beside the crown and the sceptre and the orb and round it all the guard in immobile attitudes of grief and the sight of death which had humbled a king and made him sceptreless, free, equal, unclassed, exempt from awe and worship, a mere man among men, kindled a last impulse of love and loyalty in the endless procession on either side. Men bent their heads, women knelt and crossed themselves.

The funeral procession reflected the pomp and pageantry, the grace and glory, the ceremony and spectacle of kingship weighed down by precedent and tradition. It represented the tribute from the four corners of the earth to the King of England and the guns in Hyde Park and the wreaths at Windsor, the parade and procession, the police and the motor-cycle patrols with their radio telephones, marked Britain's own formal display of grief

at the passing of the country's First Soldier. But the people who lined the sidewalks, the men and women who had slept on the pavements on the cold, winter night which preceded the funeral, the forlorn, common people, the dull, decent people, they were there not to pay formal tributes, they were there because one who had been one of them had died and it never occurred to them to ask whether it was all "worth the trouble, really."

He was their First Gentleman and as was stressed again and again by the common and great alike, a good man. And he was a good precedent to set for the kings and queens to follow, for England can hereafter have only good kings, not great kings. The days when monarchs ordered the heads of the unfavoured to be cut off and the women of the King's household scaled unchecked the heights of elegant infamy, are gone indeed. Nor even can a king or queen alone so shape half a century as Queen Victoria could do. "Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong...." said Walter Bagehot. And yet the paradox of the British way of life is that with their reason so mature and their judgment so unerring that they have become weather-cocks of political and social progress automatically turning in the right direction, the English have established Royalty more firmly in their midst.

Why do the English want their king? To most of us, in one thing or another, custom is all. It applies to the English more than to any other nation in the world. Their country is governed to some degree by a combination of horse sense and precedent. They have always had a king and they will continue to have a king as long as they themselves have a say in the government. Social revolutions have swept away royal families in Europe and heirs to ancient dynasties have danced to the tunes of reigning dictators. But the foundations of

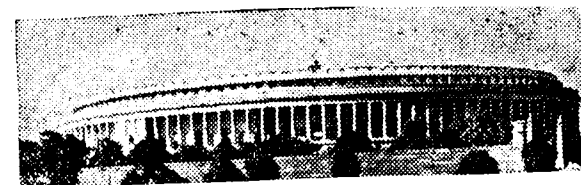
monarchy in Britain have not even trembled. Cabinets have come and gone but the King remains. It is a testimony not to the power of the King but to the power of the people. Kingship in Britain is a symbol of power, no longer power itself; it is the emblem of the peculiar gentle tyranny of the many over the one. Over generations, through successive reigns, the people have so changed the face and form of the Crown that while it retained its outward glories, its potential for harm-doing has been crippled. The Saxon kings fought with the Witenagemot. The barons bullied the Plantagenets. The Stuarts bitterly fought with Parliament and lost. More recently the House of Commons established its ascendancy over the Lords. So now neither the king nor the nobility can hurt the people. Only they can hurt themselves. Even the belief derived from the Divine Right that "the king can do no wrong" has been wiped out by the Crown Proceedings Act. The relationship between the King and his people has changed more than the relationship between the King and the Church so that a man can now say: *We support the Royal Family, don't we?* The people have become hard taskmasters and kingship a weighty responsibility. Being king is now a job for which a person has to be trained. Princess Elizabeth was *trained* to be queen, not merely born to be one. A king, in other words, may be said to be a glorified civil servant. To the colonies and the countries outside Britain, he is the one bond which holds the Commonwealth together in a camaraderie of spirit.

But there is something else. For this bald translation of kingship does not explain the quiet pilgrimage of the thousands from far and near who sent him with silent prayer and loving look to his Jerusalem beyond the river. It is that little quirk in human nature which drives men to seek symbols, examples for his conduct, moral and spiritual signposts to guide, cheer and stimulate him, something he can look up to. The King fills all these roles. And because it is so, mothers still tell their children of how the King had once stopped to speak

to them or shake their hand or smile at them. Others may worship their saints, still others their film-stars, but to the English the King is the stuff their dreams are made of. They will wait a whole night on a frosty pavement huddled in their two-pound winter coats bought at after-Christmas sales, blind men will go tapping their white sticks to stand with the jostling mass, cripples will drive their wheel-chairs across busy roads and policemen let all traffic stop to let them pass—to see their king. In solemn, silent groups they will stand and share his sorrow and hail with shouts and cries of exultation and waving of hands and hats, the victories they have won for him. They will put him in a place, dress him and his family up in fabulous clothes, grant him all the refinements money can buy so that he could be their next best thing to God. They will give him power but he must not abuse it. They will make him the highest among the country's peers and yet will not let him enter the House of Commons. They will give him privilege and his service is in the acceptance of it. They will grant him rights and turn them even in the giving to formalities. They will set him up almost as a god and he must shine forth from his pinnacle as a man, great in his humility. They will model their children on his children whom they have fashioned. They will give him secret police and body-guard so that he may make them unnecessary. They will be indulgent, critical, fond, humble in so far as he is decent, good and kind and human. They will die for his complete and self-effacing dedication to their service.

And the English will continue to have a king as long as people have ideals, as long as women love colour and gaiety and spectacle, as long as Shakespeare endures, as long as Cinderella and Snow White live in the children and mothers begin their stories with *Once upon a time there was a king...* and that is for a long, long time. For what is fundamental in a people's nature cannot change and the King of England has ceased to be monarch and became one of the people.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

A GASTYA-LIKE, Swami Sitaram has created a great stir among the tin-gods of Delhi without drinking the ocean. He but drank the waters of the Jumna and the fruit of Sabzi-mandi. He spoke the language of the saints. He was tranquillity itself. Never did he raise his voice once, as he explained the Andhra case to the Andhras in Telugu. As it was a public meeting, it was thought that Swamiji would speak in English; for there was no need to carry coal to the Andhras, who, for purposes of this saying, live in Newcastle. There was no arrangement for translating his speech into English, sentence by sentence. The meeting therefore turned out to be the despair of Delhi reporters. Mr. K. Rama Rao made a valiant attempt at the end of Swamiji's speech to explain the gist of it; but the gist was but gist.

I have great appreciation for the decision of Swami Sitaram to speak only in Telugu; for that at once enthrones the language as the subordinate of no other. We should have, however, made arrangements for the translation of the beautiful Telugu words of Swami Sitaram into the language of Shakespeare and Milton. The case for Andhra has thus gone unstated in the right manner. The reports which have appeared of the Swamiji's speech are full of platitudes. But Swami Sitaram spoke sense; and the points he made were as convincing as they were delightful. Never did he pause for a word. He created a profound impression on those who met him.

Swami Sitaram bears a remarkable resemblance to Socrates. He is a man of God. He has not yet formed any opinion on the political situation in Andhra. At one time he was not favourably disposed towards the Communists. But now he thinks that the people remember only the atrocities of

the police. He is still in the process of making up his mind about these matters. He told the President and the Prime Minister that Communism will capture the whole of South India if the Andhra State is not created forthwith. *The Statesman* story on the Andhra State pointed out that even if the Andhra State is conceded, the rest of Madras State will still not give a majority to the Congress Party. There was, therefore, no advantage to the Congress Party in creating a new Andhra State!

Some observers told me that Swami Sitaram does not really want an Andhra Province now because the Communists have been elected in large numbers. That is not the impression which I have got from my talk with the sage. The Swami is a believer in Sarvodaya. And, according to Dr. J. C. Kumarappa in the *Gram Udyog Patrika*, the Chinese Government under the leadership of Mao Tse-Tung is practising "Sarvodaya." If a top-ranking Gandhian gives such an analysis, we would be stupid indeed if we think that our own Indian Communists will not subscribe to the "Sarvodaya" ideals—which, incidentally, have been set down in the United Democratic Front's 12-point programme. Dr. Kumarappa says that in India "we have not yet got out of the bourgeois dictatorship stage. We have slipped out of foreign bourgeois dictatorship and are, at present, in the national bourgeois dictatorship. This has to go, yielding place to democratic dictatorship. Then we shall have two more stages to go." Dr. Kumarappa explains that these two steps will be (1) to attain Socialism where the State will run or control all activities; and then (2) to proceed to full-fledged Communism where the State will yield place to the people as a whole.

In fairness to Pandit Nehru, it must



Swami Sitaram talking with Mr. V. V. Prasad.

be admitted that he did act, and fairly decidedly too, at the Congress Working Committee meeting to hold consultation on the post-mortem of the Congress in Madras, and the paralysis of the Congress in other States. Kamaraj Nadar and Mallaya sent a written request to the Congress President asking him not to allow Rafi Ahmed Kidwai to attend the last meeting of the Working Committee. The impetuous Pandit is reported to have torn up their epistle on the spot. As usual, we endorse the action of the Pandit.

The dictatorial powers now being assumed by Pandit Nehru as Congress President will only result in his complete identification with the all-India blunders of the party machine. It will be difficult for Pandit Nehru to back out of the Congress Party later on. But it will not in any way result in giving a longer lease of life to this party.

Poet Vallathol's troupe of Kerala Kala-Mandalam gave an amazing performance of two Kathakali dance-dramas from the Mahabharata before an audience of connoisseurs from all parts of the world. Not since their appearance in the Capital six years ago has New Delhi witnessed such powerful ballet. The dancers presented the episodes of "Kalyana Saugandhika," which depicted the quest for the magic flower of Bhima at the

behest of Draupadi; and the episode of "Dussasana Vadha," which showed the elemental killing of Dussasana by Bhima.

Kathakali is probably the most completely developed technique of ballet in the world. It combines poetry with gesture, music with movement. Drama of a very high order, transporting the spectator into a world of super-human and supernatural beings and gods, is achieved with the help of masks and head-dresses which use bright colours of red and green, of gold and silver. Kathakali has an elaborate vocabulary of thousands of ideas, which can be conveyed by the dancer with gesture and movement, without uttering a single word.

Kathakali is open-air drama, as Greek drama was. This technique greatly helps presentation because it places no fetters on the imagination. There is happily no attempt to detract the mind by means of scenic balderdash. The weird costumes in Kathakali make it easy to secure the willing suspension of disbelief which is so essential for the success of any drama. The instrumental accompaniment to the dance drama consists entirely of percussion instruments—drums and cymbals and gongs. They combine effectively with the highly exaggerated head-dresses of the dancers to hold the audience spell-bound.

The first story represents the meeting of the two sons of Vayu Deva, Hanuman and Bhima. Bhima is searching for the "Saugandhika" flower, which has caught the fancy of the wife of the Pandavas. He comes across Hanuman, who has been doing *tapas* for the period of one *yuga* continuously, but mistakes him for a useless old monkey. Bhima asks him to get out of his way—the way of Bhima, the mighty warrior. Hanuman persuades him to remove his old tail out of the great Bhima's way, and proceed on his way. But Bhima is unable to lift Hanuman's tail, try as he might. Hanuman discloses his identity; and Bhima learns a lesson in humility. Hanuman is portrayed by the most outstanding Kathakali dancer of today, Kunchu Nair.

The second story shows Lord Krishna in the role of mediator between the Kauravas and the Pandavas. The

sweet reasonableness of Krishna cuts no ice on Duryodhana, who only becomes more and more enraged as Krishna's demands on behalf of the Pandavas become smaller and smaller—until he asks for one little hut for the Pandavas and their wife. Thereafter both the parties completely lose their temper. Comes the Mahabharata War. Bhima and Dussasana come face to face in mortal combat. In order to give an indication of the vast expanse of the field of battle, the dancers come right into the midst of the audience and run after one another from one end of the hall to the other. Bhima strikes the mortal blow. Dussasana collapses on the field of

battle. The killing of Dussasana is exhibited in epic detail. Death is dealt out with elemental passion. Bhima kills with frenzy. He runs amok. He pulls out the entrails bestially. For revenge is animal. And he moistens the matted hair of Draupadi with the blood of the insulter. And he ties her hair into a knot. An old vow is fulfilled.

Vallothol's troupe consisted of Ramankutty, Kumaran, Krishnankutty, and Govindan Nair besides Kunchu Nair. The arrangements for the performance were in the hands of Shankar the cartoonist—for he is a most important member of the Kerala community in Delhi.

YEHUDI MENUHIN WORLD-FAMOUS VIOLINIST

YEHUDI Menuhin, world-renowned violinist, and his wife will arrive in India during the last week in February for a series of concerts in Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore and Madras.

In Delhi, Menuhin will give two performances at the auditorium of the National Physical Science Laboratory on February 25 and 26, three performances in Bombay on February 28 and March 4 and 6, in Madras on March 19 and 20 and on a suitable day in between in Bangalore.

His farewell performances in India will be in Calcutta on three evenings, March 23, 24 and 25. Marcel Gazelle will be his piano accompanist.

One of the world's greatest violinists, Yehudi Menuhin's fame spans the globe. Critics the world over have hailed "the magnificent technique, the enchanting tone and the unerring taste" of this foremost master of the violin.

Born in New York on April 22, 1916, of humble parentage, Yehudi even as a child revealed his inborn genius for music. His parents took him to his first concert when he was a year old. At three he rejected a squeaking toy violin presented by his parents.

Instead of scolding him they gave him a real violin. He started his violin lessons under Sigmund Anker

and then with Louis Persinger. At eight he gave his first public concert in Paris with the Lamoureux Orchestra and two years later he returned after studies abroad with Georges Enesco and Adolf Busch to make his debut in Carnegie Hall, New York. Critics who came to sneer at the ten-year-old virtuoso stayed to applaud him. With chubby fingers he created exquisite music which thrilled everyone.

On this performance Olin Downes, one of the leading music critics of the world, wrote: "When the bow touched the strings, it was evident that an exceptional musical intelligence and sensibility was behind the performance."

When Menuhin was 11, after playing a Beethoven Concerto a bushy-haired man with electric eyes came backstage, lifted the boy and kissed him saying: "Yehudi, you have proven to me again there is a God in Heaven." The man was Albert Einstein.

On the advice of Georges Enesco, Menuhin's early tours were limited to 15 concerts yearly. They were gradually increased until by the time he was 18, he had made a world tour playing 110 engagements in 63 cities. He scored a fresh sensation when he gave sonata recitals with his gifted sister Hephziah at the piano. His

other sister, Yaltah, is also a talented pianist.

With the beginning of World War II, Menuhin uninterruptedly gave con-



Yehudi Menuhin

certs for troops or any organisation like the Red Cross which needed his help. At the special request of General Eisenhower, Menuhin played in Antwerp, Rotterdam and other cities while the cannons were still roaring in the suburbs. In all, he gave more than 500 benefit concerts and raised millions of dollars for worthy causes.

Menuhin was the first big-time Western artist to reopen the Japanese concert series which had been a regular feature until 1938. He performed over 22 concerts in Japan and the ticket-demand was so much that he had eventually to play more.

Due to scholarly and original research work, Menuhin has restored

many rare and neglected important classical and modern compositions. The best known and most controversial "discovery" was the epochal exhumation of the "lost" Violin Concerto in D Minor by Robert Schumann. He is the first violinist to perform Mozart's Seventh Concerto and the rediscovered "Adelaide" Concerto written when the composer was ten years old.

Menuhin has made over 185 recordings since he was ten. He has also appeared in three motion-pictures—"Stage Door Canteen," the British film "The Magic Bow," based on the life of Paganini, and "Concert Magic," a concert on film.

In a life crowded with bouquets and applause, to Menuhin the most thrilling experience is a kiss that the great master Arturo Toscanini gave him when he heard the boy Yehudi perform for the first time. Toscanini had stubbornly refused to hear Menuhin, saying, "Prodigies! They all make me sick inside." Persuaded by a friend he finally attended one of Yehudi's concerts. At the end, the great conductor shouting in Italian at the top of his high-pitched voice ran up the stage and kissed the boy virtuoso saying: "You are divine, Yehudi. There is no other violinist quite like you."

Handsome and well built, Menuhin has pleasant and quiet manners. He speaks and writes six languages. He can discuss art, literature and politics with grace and penetration, but he rarely discusses music. He has a quiet and dignified modesty and never measures success by the box-office yardstick.

Menuhin is married to the former Diana Gould of England. They have three children: Zamira, a girl, and two boys, Kroy and Gerard.

Government grows more elusive every day. But the traditions of humanity support humanity; and the central one is this tradition of Marriage. And the essential of it is that a free man and a free woman choose to found on earth the only voluntary state; the only state which creates and which loves its citizens. So long as these real responsible beings stand together, they can survive all the vast changes, deadlocks and disappointments which make up mere political history. But if they fail each other, it is as certain as death that 'the State' will fall them.—CHESTERTON.

NEW LIGHT ON "BLACK SATURDAY"

By ANDREW ROTH

"TONIGHT," wrote the *Sunday Times* correspondent on "Black Saturday" (January 26), "the sky over Cairo is like a scarlet mask, with flames soaring 30 feet high...." "For centuries," claimed British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden on February 5, apparently forgetting about New Delhi in August 1947, "there can have been no scene like this in a civilized capital in time of peace."

Although Mr. Eden's public reaction has been simply to deplore the brutalities of mobs in frenzied action, belated reports of the dynamics of that fateful day in Cairo have engrossed Middle Eastern experts in London. Britain is less likely to offer any such provocation as the killing of 46 Egyptian policemen in Ismailia on the day before the Cairo riots now that it knows such an action can ignite what *The Times* has described as "a revolutionary situation."

In the light of Cairo's burning buildings two separate and distinct forces could be seen at work on "Black Saturday." The first consisted of squads of 12 to 20 disciplined youths, under the leadership of well dressed young *effendis*, who proceeded with methodical exactness to burn out a whole series of symbols of "imperialist domination" from the center of Cairo including that Victorian-Oriental architectural monstrosity, Sheppard's Hotel. These youths, according to Charles Favrel, *Le Monde's* special correspondent in Cairo, were working under the direction of a central "high command" of ten or a dozen persons. The tendency to pick out Western places of pleasure has caused many to suggest this political arson was caused by the religio-political Moslem Brotherhood. But it was "Socialist" leader Ahmed Hussein, former leader of the fascistic "Green Shirts," who was arrested as having "top responsibility."

Although a number of the Britons who were killed, particularly in the Turf Club, were subjected to cruel torture including disemboweling

before their death the "Black Saturday," outbreak was clearly not meant to "kill the foreigners." Despite riots which lasted all day, only a score of foreigners lost their lives in a city whose foreign population exceeds 100,000. And only 13 Britons were killed of the 10,000 who live in the city. As an Associated Press dispatch noted on January 26, "in most cases (the rioters) did not molest onlookers, even those wearing felt hats, the usual distinction of foreigners."

Although all but a handful of Westerners escaped with their lives, scarcely any building the Egyptians consider symbolic of Western domination escaped the flames. Virtually every British, French and American business was gutted. This meant that much of the central business sector of Cairo because fully 77% of Egypt's registered capital is foreign, about half of it British.

Since so many buildings were set afire, it has been described as a veritable "miracle" that the whole of Cairo did not burn to the ground—a "miracle" due to the absence of any breeze and the concrete style of construction. But it is almost equally a "miracle" that the whole social structure was not razed to the ground by the spontaneous outpouring of Cairo's destitute and disinherited which characterized the second phase of "Black Saturday." To understand the pressures which propelled the slum-dwellers, it is only necessary to realize that, according to Professor Henri Neunier of Cairo's Ibrahim Pasha University, Egypt's average per capita real income has fallen by 40% from the £12 earned yearly by the average Egyptian in 1913. With the average Cairo family living on under £2 a month in a town of skyrocketing inflation, multi-millionaire pashas and wealthy foreigners, the social dynamite piles up, awaiting only the spark.

Everything which symbolized privilege was gutted by the mob which emerged on the afternoon of "Black Saturday" when it was clear that the

police had ceased to operate. Two targets were particularly striking. Soon razed was every agency selling automobiles, which have clearly become a symbol of privilege to the destitute not only of Cairo but of most of Asia. Another target was Groppi's, the well-known *patisserie* near the Egyptian State Broadcasting Studio, where this correspondent used to enjoy stopping for an ice cream and cakes after broadcasts. To the hungry and dispossessed of Cairo this large store, displaying delectable foods and usually crowded with foreigners was an innocent but obvious target.

The significance of this broadening out of the Egyptian nationalist movement from nationalist arson to a sharp expression of social discontent was not wasted on Albion Ross, the *New York Times*' acute Middle Eastern correspondent who observed that "it would appear that nationalism and a concept of social revolution have merged. What had started as an anti-British demonstration, which could be understood as pure Egyptian nationalism or patriotism, turned into an outbreak aimed against dispensers of luxuries for the more privileged groups... The destruction of new cars in display stores by angry crowds has been evidence of something besides nationalism stirring in Egypt, as in the rest of the Middle East. The resentment against foreign things is linked inextricably with resentment against privilege. New foreign cars, foreign clothes, foreign foods and foreign establishments have become symbols of privilege..."

Egypt might well have moved on toward a real revolution if its social revolutionaries had not been so few and if these few did not know that the three dominant elements of present Egyptian society—the Wafd, the Palace and the British—would soon combine against a social revolution, whatever their current differences.

Wafd-Palace Struggle

The fierce revolutionary resentment displayed in Cairo on "Black Saturday" only came to the surface because of the clash between two centers of Egyptian political power: the Wafd and the Palace over what should be their reaction to the British killing of 46 Egyptian police on the previous day in Ismailia. It was this Wafd-Palace

clash which allowed a semi-revolutionary situation to develop from its first, early-morning symptoms until the Army took over belatedly in the early evening.

The timetable of "Black Saturday" makes this absolutely clear:

From 9 a.m.: Auxiliary police break ranks to demonstrate with students. A demonstration of 20,000 marched down Soliman Pasha Street. It shouted before Prime Minister Nahas Pasha's residence: "We want arms! War!" "On to Ismailia!" Some auxiliary police, according to A. P., shouted: "Long live Russia, friend of Egypt!"

From 11-30 a.m.: Western clubs, hotels, cinemas, restaurants, shops systematically "purified" by fire by small bands of organized arsonists.

From 3 p.m.: Mobs become master of the streets.

From 5-30 p.m.: Army makes first move to prevent mobs from flowing over into residential areas, apart from a few salvos earlier to protect King Farouk's Abdin Palace.

The intriguing question is why the Wafd did not intervene sooner in view of the early-morning demonstration that it had lost control of its own auxiliary police and the clear evidence soon thereafter that the regular police would not fire on rioters. Nahas Pasha did broadcast, saying the rioting had angered him more than the British killing of Egyptian police in Ismailia the day before. He also ordered the arrest of National Socialist leader Ahmed Hussein. Wafdist leaders have since insisted—particularly in the banned February 10 issue of *Al Misri*—that they early called on the army to intervene, but that the Commander-in-Chief, General Haydar, refused until ordered to by his chief, King Farouk. There is still the lingering suspicion that the Wafd was somewhat willing to tolerate the rioting in its initial stages because it may well have hoped this would bring pressure on the King to sign the decree breaking off diplomatic relations with Britain. According to *Le Monde's* correspondent this decree, passed in the wake of the British firing in Ismailia, only lacked King Farouk's signature.

King Farouk, too, had a political game to play in declining to let the

Army restore law and order as soon as requested to by the Wafdist Premier. Farouk had made clear his own preference for a peaceful compromise with Britain a month earlier when he appointed two comparatively pro-British figures, including Amr Pasha the recalled Ambassador to Britain, as his advisors. On "Black Saturday" he clearly had an interest in rubbing Nahas Pasha's nose in the riots which his appeals to mass anti-British action had helped to stimulate. It gave Farouk the excuse he needed to unseat the popularly-backed Wafdist regime on the next day and to replace it with palace-politician Aly Maher Pasha on the grounds that it "failed

to maintain security and order." According to *Le Monde's* special correspondent, King Farouk only ordered his troops to take over security in Cairo when he learned via the U. S. Embassy that the British troops, two hours away in the canal zone, would occupy Cairo during the night unless the security of the foreigners could be guaranteed. *The Times* later said approvingly that "King Farouk's intervention... came just in time to redeem a revolutionary situation." But "Black Saturday" was a Sunday-school picnic compared with the sort of revolutionary upsurge which almost certainly would have followed on the occupation of Cairo by British troops.

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POLITICAL SITUATION AFTER THE ELECTIONS

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE incredible, yet long predicted has come to pass. Congress power has slumped deplorably in Madras State. Adult suffrage has recocheted on the Congress Party in Madras with deadly effect. It has not only washed out from power half a dozen of the personnel of the past Ministry, but it has also placed the party in an ineffectual position in the political landscape. It does not command a majority good enough to form a Government all on its own. The humiliation is profound; the loss of prestige enormous. This enormity is as hard to ignore as it is to assess.

Public opinion is the motive power on which democracy runs. Sometimes, public opinion is unpredictable and pliable even as an aspen leaf wafted by the varying winds. It is very often swayed by persons. Carlyle called the voters "mesmerised cattle." Adult suffrage is intended to give public opinion a proper vent. It is a vehicle through which public sentiment is expressed in unequivocal terms. Here in India, we are taking our first lessons in democracy. In democracy every citizen has the right to vote and also the right of being voted for. Adult suffrage is the birth-right of every democrat. It is communism in political power. Those who have been responsible for conferring adult suffrage on us must be undoubted believers in democracy.

While the Congress has come out successful in most States, reasons are not far to seek for its abject failure in Madras. The people of this State are a long-suffering people, endowed with infinite patience and good sense. Their enthusiasm for the National liberation movement was such that they plunged into it, reckoning neither cost nor consequence. They had twice voted the Congress into power, with sweeping majorities. What did they get back in return? An insipid administration blind to the needs of the people, ministerial arrogance of a most detestable kind, and downright nepotism short of every pretence or

make-believe. Some of the Ministers and Congressites have played a sorry role. They regarded themselves as a law unto *others*. They were impervious to opinions which did not accord with their own. They allowed indulgences to themselves which they interdicted to others. They preached Gandhism to the public which they themselves had half-heartedly endorsed in their minds and whole heartedly rejected in practice. If at least sincerity of intention had been evident, it would have atoned for infirmity of performance. There is no judge so searching as conscience conducting its own trial. Those who have been really responsible for the Congress debacle in the elections must be knowing how they had contributed to it.

Therefore, if Nature had been unkind to the Congress during its four-year term of office, the behavioural mistakes of the Ministers has turned out to be the unkindest cut sustained by the organisation. The electorate have done a signal service to the Congress in the purging of its unpopular elements. Many of these noxious weeds have been removed.

Organised opposition is the device depended upon to act as the automatic regulator of democracy. A true democrat that we believe he is, Pandit Nehru had expressed a wish, prior to the elections, that a strong opposition to the Congress should emerge from them. Madras has more than obliged him in that respect. Indeed, security of tenure is the breeding ground for complacency. The ideal set-up is a well meaning administration answerable to a wary public opinion and a vehement opposition. Madras has suffered most through lack of such an administration.

The emergence of the Communists as the second largest party in this State is a denouement which very few, if any, would have dreamt of. With their natural flair for making the best out of their opponents' difficulties, they have achieved this success with an apparent minimum of

effort and a maximum of effect. The Communists have no belief in parliamentary democracy. Lenin spoke of the demoralising effect of parliamentarianism on Socialism, "as it converted each Socialist party into a little Tammany Hall with its climbers and job hunters," (Tammany Hall, which is in New York, is a synonym for political corruption.) So much so, the election results have placed them in the anomalous position of having to parley and compromise with other non-Congress groups, some of them at least more reactionary than the Congress.

The policy of the Indian Communists does not lend itself to easy analysis. There have been too many shifts in it in the past to inspire general public confidence. They have been all things by turn but none for long. They had aligned themselves with opposite forces, now with the one and now with the other, and so on. Their extra-territorial patriotism is a regrettable fact. Their periodical spurts and sallies of violence have been blots in their scutcheon. It may be that they were driven to excesses by Governmental repression. But, the fact remains that they have done enough in that direction to make the public pause in a palsy of distrust.

Conditions in India are far different from those which obtained in Russia on the eve of the Revolution. This is a fact from which it is well for the Communists to take their start. Whatever one may charge them with, it is undeniable that they are a band of fine workers. They are never a dormant lot. Their enthusiasms are continually being stirred to fresh vigour through organisational excellence. It is the only party which moves on the level with the common people and tries to understand their problems.

The Congress organisation was also in good trim upto the time of taking over of power from the British and perhaps, a little after that also. Afterwards it has gone headlong to prove Acton's dictum that power corrupts. Its high objectives fell into desuetude. With the departure of its daily remembrancer Gandhiji, it has reached its nadir. The deterioration has been such that, to restore things, even Pandit Nehru can only give promises, whose fulfilment is in the lap of futurity.

Congress Governments in Madras and Travancore-Cochin have been brought to disrepute more by their inability to prevent corruption than through any acts of maladministration. How do the Communist States deal with corruption? Even they are not wholly free from corruption. But there is this difference, that in those countries, the corrupt are visited with condign punishment. Recently it was reported that in New China, two officials found indulging in corrupt practices were given the highest punishment under the law.

We are making so much of the British system of democracy. We have adopted many of their parliamentary practices. We have adopted their laws and their conventions. But we do not seem to have been observant of the admirable morality that pervades their public administration or of the standards of rectitude set up by the political parties. The Attlee Government, for example, has proved how complaints of corruption should be investigated and the guilty penalised.

The Congress seeks consolation in saying that the Communist successes grew only out of the hot-house atmosphere of blind public dissatisfaction against the Congress. Like the village schoolmaster, who "though vanquished, could argue still," Congressmen can put forth any number of explanations removed from reality. Whatever it is, the Communists have come to stay as a legislative party of importance next only to the Congress. Communism has caught the imagination of the lower strata among the public, at any rate. If conditions go on deteriorating at their present pace, no dam can stop its growth and no conduit can divert it.

If the Communist leadership is intelligent, it will seize this opportunity to mend the party's wayward ways and merit the confidence of the public. The father of Communism, Karl Marx, himself specifically enjoined on his followers to try their best to achieve their goal of a classless society "with the least wastage of human substance." Even in Russia, people are only on the road to Communism, which is still a goal to be reached. New China has made a start likewise. Even between Russia and China, the methods employed in supplanting the reactionary regimes

of the Tzar and Chiang, have been dissimilar. Their successes in the elections have opened up for the Communists a new line of action in this country. Let them work their way through constitutional means. Let them not worry about precedents. Let them not emulate Moliere's doctors who thought it much more honourable to fail according to rule than to succeed by innovation.

It is political liberty alone which gives access to the levers of power by which economic liberty can be won. The levers of power can be secured by ensuring political liberty for the people. Let the Communists rise to the occasion at least this once, and prove sufficient as realists. The parliamentary road is longer perhaps, but it is surer.

Ministry formation by the anti-Congress parties working in coalition, is hypothetical even though leaders may reiterate in each of their conventions to the contrary. There are plenty of vested interests among them. Any alignment of them with leftist parties cannot be one of love but only of convenience. Such disparate elements cannot normally fuse. The conflicting forces are hatred of the Congress on the one hand and fear of Communism on the other. It is therefore highly doubtful whether these divergent interests can be mashed together into a legislative coalition. Even if a Government is formed based on momentary agreement, it cannot last long. Doubtful friendships and ambivalent alliances cannot stay.

The Congress party in Madras has not tried to form a Government in coalition with others. It has allowed the non-Congress groups to talk themselves out. It is probably thinking that it will be in a better bargaining position after the other parties have tried to come together and failed. If, however, the Congress is adopting the non possumus of inaction in the hope that fresh elections will be ordered in the State following the failure of the parties to form a Government, its calculation is wrong. People cannot stand the inconvenience of another election in the near future. Communal rancours which the last elections had roused, and which are slowly subsiding, will be whipped up once again to fever pitch. Also, the Congress may not

get even their present majority.

A somewhat similar position obtains in Travancore-Cochin, with no one party commanding an over-all majority. Orissa is facing an identical situation. In Hyderabad, the Congress has secured a narrow majority and has agreed on an unanimously elected leadership, providentially passing over the first hurdle. In Bombay, Madhya Pradesh and Bengal it has romped home with rousing majorities. In most other places, their position is insecure.

The trouncing of the Socialists in the Bombay elections is significant. In Marx's day, Socialism and Communism were used as interchangeable terms. But today, they are as different from each other as chalk is from cheese. The Socialists of India are more of the academic type; action is not their forte. Their policy is becoming curiouseer and curiouseer. In Travancore-Cochin, they are adopting an unrealistic, dog-in-the-manger policy. In Madras State, they are following a very unhelpful attitude towards the convention got up by the anti-Congress parties.

The Jan Sangh, the Mahasabha, and parties of similar persuasion, have failed to impress in the elections. Theirs is mostly a tale of deposit forfeitures. Some comparatively new parties, like the Toilers' Party in Madras, the Ganatantra Parishad in Orissa, and the Peasants and Workers Party in Hyderabad have had a good haul of successful seats.

It is wrong on the part of the Centre to have consigned parts of the country to Caretaker Governments, especially where the elections have ended. Again, the policy of bringing in defeated candidates to the legislatures by the back door should be viewed with disfavour. Morarji Desai may have every merit combined in his person; still he has been rejected by the electorate in his self-chosen constituency. The unit cannot be of greater importance than the aggregate. He is not greater than the organisation to which he belongs. It is the prestige of the latter that will suffer if he is salvaged, even under exceptional circumstances. Another leader can be found among those already elected, if there is an honest search, without having to break conventions or set the people's verdict at naught.

THE POET'S MEDALLION

By E. Theodore King

HE did not look like a poet or a musician. He was tall and broad of shoulder and chest, with a deep glint in his eyes. The moustaches were curled haughtily and the long hair flowed down to his shoulders. He was dressed impressively. His steps were long and balanced and he carried himself royally, a little hauteur in his manner. He looked like a soldier, and everyone present felt the same. They felt uncomfortable to see a strong man who could fell an ox with a blow come to compete for the Poet's Medallion.

Swamidatta laughed. He laughed full-throatedly at the impressive figure before him.

"Pray, sit down, Sir Poet," he said mockingly, "I will hear your verses soon."

The court poets looked askance, and the court musicians grinned. It would be an easy victory to match their wits against this stranger and claim the Poet's Medallion and glorify their King and Kingdom.

From the small balconies, the royal ladies looked down. The Queen Mother and the Queen were in earnest conversation, talking rather vehemently. Seated apart, surrounded by her maids, was Dattadevi, Swamidatta's favourite child and the only one. She sighed as she looked at the strange man, and clutched the balcony to gather more of him in her glances. She was a pretty picture of a princess, bright, beautiful and soft. The court was always in a bright and wittier mood when she was there, for every one wanted to be the foremost in her good opinion. Of course they knew that Swamidatta would never present her as a bride to any of them, but they wished to penetrate that enigmatic heart and find out why she could not be made to love.

"What is his name?" she asked one of the maids by her side.

"We don't know—yet. The King will surely ask him."

Swamidatta's voice boomed. "What is your name, Sir Poet?"

"Sir Poet would do, Sir King," the man said audaciously, impudently.

"You have a very uncivil tongue."

"A genius does not acknowledge anybody but himself. He's not a superman but he's an extraordinary man. The things he does are always against convention."

The King was embarrassed. Then haughtily he shouted "Let the contest begin."

The court poets came forward. They were the most learned and the greatest of poets, who shamed the very bards in their immortal abodes. They sat down on the raised divans, and with the King's acknowledgment, commenced. Sir Poet looked at them and grinned.

The contest began. It was thrilling as the smooth, modulated words flowed rapidly, and each word carried a dubious meaning, and each couplet a confused idea. Sir Poet grinned the more. The court poets asked a question. He answered it. He, in turn, asked a query, they answered it, and the pendulum swung to and fro.

The contest raged for three hours, but time was not the prime factor. Everyone was absorbed in it, and were thrilled. They eyed the strange man with an odd look, and the first feeling which they had felt off. He was a great poet, Swamidatta marvelled. Yes, the man was a genius even if his tongue was uncivil.

Dattadevi, enraptured, whispered softly, "He is handsome." If anyone had heard it, they would not have had to penetrate her enigmatic heart. She had laid it bare herself.

When the contest closed for the day, to be continued the next, the court rose. Special arrangements had been made for the stay of Sir Poet, and everyone was astonished to see the gleam in his eyes. Truly, this was no ordinary man.

The whole evening and night, nobody spoke of anything but about the poet. The palace rang with his name, and his queerness, accentuating his great power over the poetic muse. It was one whole buzz, the King and Queen—Mother and the Queen chattering, the maid and the man chattering, the minor poet and musician chattering, the guard and the captain chattering, and the nobles prattling about it and exaggerating it no end.

Dattadevi sat before her mirror as the maids combed her hair and prepared her to bed.

"If he were not a poet, I'd think he was some prince or king. If not, why wouldn't he tell his name? He is mysterious about everything. Even his pose of haughtiness is assumed and not real," Chandra commented.

"Don't be ridiculous, Chandra," the princess retorted. "If he were a king, he wouldn't acknowledge father. He did."

"As one poet to a king, your Highness, not as one king to another. Yet, he carries himself nobly. He must have been bred in kings' palaces to be so accustomed to the court life. Did you ever see him frown? He was always grinning."

"He is sure of himself."

"But he is also handsome. I wouldn't be surprised if at the end of the contest, the King decides to buy him and make him the Poet Laureate of his court."

"I would be. He came here for the contest, not to be bought."

"And how do you know, your Highness?"

"I don't. I am guessing."

The maids retired, and Dattadevi rose and paced the floor. She stood near the window and gazed at the lovely moon, casting its glimmer on the garden below. On an impulse, she put on her blanket, and hastened to the garden. There she confronted the insolent but great poet.

"What are you doing in the royal garden?" she asked.

"That's what I want to ask you," the man replied, smiling. She was very beautiful and it made his heart proud and his throat dry.

"I'm Dattadevi, Princess of Kottura. I have a right about the palace."

"Oh! Then I will retire. I would not like to trespass on your lovely kingdom. It is lovely, isn't it?"

She moved a step nearer. "Stay," she said.

He looked at her with raised brows. "Who are you?" she said.

"A poet."

"I know. But you don't look it. You look like a king's son. May be, you are a king."

"You must have a wonderful imagination. Or, is it the moon that is affecting your mind?"

"I'm telling you what I feel."

"Is that the only feeling you have? I am disappointed. Being a princess, you ought to have so many."

"Like what, perhaps?"

"Like the riddle which remains unanswerable."

"Say it."

"Why the chakor soars towards the moon, why the moth likes to die in the flame, and why the bee flirts round the flower?"

"Why?"

"It is unanswerable."

She smiled, and the moon made the smile almost enchanting.

"I'm not much of a poetess," she said, "but I can coin a couplet or two. Would you hear it, and if you'd care to, correct it?"

"It would give me pleasure—much pleasure."

They moved among the flowers and stood by the side of a fountain. The water reflected the moon, and the moon above and the moon below seemed to light up the whole world, and two hearts.

"I'm waiting," he said.

She blushed. She turned round and faced him. Her eyes were strangely illuminated, and his were afire.

"If it were in my heart to say the say I want to say,

My tongue cleaves and croaks, but my eyes betray.

I ask the moon, I ask the flower, I ask the flame.

Is it some strange emotion that stirs the world, or some shame?"

He moved nearer to her and took

her hand. She trembled as he held it in his, but did not try to withdraw it or reclaim it. She cast her eyes on the ground, blushing and flushing. He lifted her chin with his finger, and the eyes looked into each other's.

"The moon is pale, the flower is dying,

The flame glows low and splutters about.

It's not shame that leaves you sighing,

But some force that lifts you out. If the eyes betray

What the heart has to say,

Then take this soul and crush it crying."

The lips were held out inviting, held out hungrily, thirstily, maddeningly. He took her in his arms and said:

"Life is to live but one must live. I could take, but what could I give?"

"Your heart, your soul, your lips, your passion;

And mould this self to your whim and fashion."

He kissed her, and she clutched his neck, tightening her fingers about him. They moved about hand in hand, drinking in the glory of love and the moonlit panorama.

The contest raged furiously this time. Wits were put to a severe test, and held the court spell-bound. The query and retort swung to and fro, and dazzled poetry and its users. Even those who questioned and answered were astonished themselves.

The time was drawing to a close, and the contest would end, and both sides seemed uncertain of victory. Then Jagannath rose. Jagannath the hissing poet who opened his mouth to let the numbers flow. An old sage, an author of many works, he held the beads in a trembling hand and said:

"The moon is bright and sheds its light

To warn the world and light the night.

The chakor flies with all its might, And dies half-way, a fluttering fool.

The flame is bright and sheds its light

To warn the home and brighten sight.

The moth circles into the red and white,

And burns itself, a spluttering fool.

The flower is bright and sheds its light

To warm the garden and the heart delight.

The bee will hum and drone and fight,

And lose itself, a muttering fool. Tell me the answer to this riddling theme

Why a chakor must die, a moth burn, and a bee insane seem?"

There was a deep hush as the resonant voice vibrated. The young poet rose and looked about. Then his eyes met Dattadevi's and studied her for a while. They were still but frightening. But he only smiled, and her heart leaped into her mouth. Would he think she had betrayed him. She had. He spoke:—

"It is the endless voice of nature, Some must remain, some grow in stature.

Oh, some must live and some must die,

And some must laugh and some must sigh.

It is a moral for human rearing, That transient things have eternal bearing.

The chakor dies to achieve a thing.

The moth achieves and burns its wing.

The bee betwixt shares the plight, But leaves some honey for our delight.

In chakor's death a raging passion,

In moth's achievement a staying caution.

From the bee we learn to see That life's to give and give it free."

He sat down amidst great applause. Tears of joy flowed down Dattadevi's eyes. Jagannath looked crest-fallen. Swamidatta was delighted. "You ask your query, Sir Poet, and we will close the contest. If its a tie, we resume tomorrow. I'm thrilled."

Sir Poet grinned. He swept the assembly with his piercing eyes. Then his eyes held Dattadevi's. He saw the

tears in her eyes and understood. His heart beat too fast. He was happy.

"Men are mortal, Man immortal. What is woman's part in this?"

He sat down and waited. The pandits and poets groused and mused, and Jagannath racked his brain.

Jagannath was honest. He was baffled. He gave up. Sir Poet was presented the Poet's Medallion amidst cheers and shouts and praises.

Swamidatta put his hand on the poet's broad shoulder. "I would like to give you something more—anything. Ask for it. I command you."

The eyes grew misty and the whole body grew rigid. Then slowly, he said, "Give me the hand of Dattadevi, your child."

Swamidatta staggered back. It was preposterous. He leaned on his throne and grew pale. He saw the princess in confusion, and the whole court buzzed at the poet's insolence. But the King's word was sacred. The King was unhappy.

The poet came to his rescue.

"I speak to you, not as a poet to a king, but as king to a king."

Swamidatta raised his eyes and blinked. The court was hushed again.

"King? What king?"

He smiled. "Magadha."

"Magadha! You are...."

"I am Samudra Gupta, son of Chandra Gupta and Kumara Devi."

There were gasps everywhere. There was consternation.

Dattadevi whispered, "Samudra Gupta!" and her head reeled. Her maids carried her to her apartments. Swamidatta made an obeisance.

"The king of kings is welcome anywhere. Accept my humble apologies and my kingdom."

Samudra Gupta smiled. "You are a wise king, Swamidatta, and I'm pleased. Become my father."

"I'm your slave, Sire."

"My father, not a slave. I'm proud of you."

And they embraced each other.

The gay caravan set out to Magadha. The jingling of bells on the bullocks, the creaking of carts, the clip-clop-clep of the horses were all a grand confusing panorama of sounds, and as the caravan toiled on its way, the chariots rushing about, the men laughing and shouting, and women humming and singing, two people sat on the cushions in the royal chariot, the biggest of all, gaily decorated, and exchanged confidences.

"Sometimes I feel I should hate you," the princess said.

"It's a big word to use and a hard word to say."

"Oh, you are incorrigible."

He took her hand and caressed it. She smiled at him.

"You captured my heart with your poetry, my soul with your music, and my body with your name. When I am a mother, you will have the greatest son the world has known. He will be a child of joy, of music, of courage and love." She leaned and nestled her head on his chest and looked up at him. He kissed her tenderly.

"Something worries me. Would you help me?"

"I'll try to," he answered.

"Men are mortal, Man immortal. What is woman's part in this?"

He laughed loud. He held her and cuddled her. Then he looked at her dreamily. "Don't you know?" he said softly. "I thought you knew."

"No."

"It's the love of a woman that makes the story of a man. Woman, therefore, is not immortal, but eternal."

She looked flustered, then blushed. She cuddled closer, then sighed. He was a handsome husband—in every way.

We must finally come to realize that war is outmoded as an instrument of political policy, that it provides no solution but international suicide. We must understand that in final analysis the mounting cost of preparation for war is in many ways as materially destructive as war itself. We must find the means to avoid this great sapping of human energy and resource.

Yet each war becomes increasingly savage as the means for mass killing are further developed.

You cannot control war; you can only abolish it.

—MAC ARTHUR.

RAMU STARTS HIS SCHOOL CAREER

By SRIRAM TRIKANNAD

ONE Sunday in the first week of June, a short and stout middle-aged man was reclining in his easy-chair with the morning newspaper in his hands. The time was midday and the heat was awful and unbearable. The short and stout gentleman, to wit, Mr. Gopalan of Messrs Markson & Co. (London, New York and Bombay), had divested himself of his shirt and was trying to mitigate the heat with a fan in one hand. As often happens, the early monsoon rains had played pranks and the temperature was rising steadily.

It was the first week of June, as mentioned earlier, and the city was humming with the buzz of the school-going children. The schools had reopened and haggard looking teachers were busy interviewing persistent parents who firmly believed that their children were fit for a class higher than the one in which they were actually placed. High words would be exchanged across the teacher's table and the parents would finally leave in a huff after promising the teachers that their action would duly be reported to the higher authorities. In the end, it would all fizzle out and the children remain where they were.

A lean and comely woman came out of the inner room to the verandah where her husband, Gopalan, was sitting on the easy-chair, battling bravely with the sweltering heat. She was Kamala. Kamala was the most virtuous woman in the world and, as Gopalan often pointed to his friends, she had but one fault. She thought that all tough problems in the house could be solved only by her much-harassed partner-in-life. As soon as Gopalan saw the grim look in her eyes, he sensed something was in the air. He lowered the newspaper and cocked a questioning look at his wife.

"Well?"

"Our Ramu has to be put to school,"

stated Kamala without any preliminaries. "He is already six and it is high time he attended the Children's School in the next street. Venkamma's children are going there. They are in the second class. Ramu can go with them."

"You are right," agreed Gopalan, though not very heartily, for he knew what was coming. He would have to take Ramu and interview the headmistress of the Children's School. Gopalan wanted to enjoy his well-earned Sunday but his wife had summarily disposed of all his plans.

Gopalan called Ramu from the garden where he was playing with his two younger sisters. Gopalan had no false notions about his six-year old prodigy. Every morning, before Gopalan left for office Ramu would set up, punctual to the very minute, a high-pitched, full-throated demand for a four-anna piece to buy a slab of chocolate or something. It was needless to state that Ramu would succeed in the end with his two sisters, aged four and two respectively, standing behind him like resolute henchmen and ready to join him in sympathy if he failed to gain his object. So, nearly always, Gopalan would leave for office minus a four-anna piece.

Wearing a winning smile on his face, Gopalan called Ramu aside and said to him: "Ramu, would you like to go to school like the children of Venkamma, our neighbour?"

"No," answered Ramu.

Some of the fondness waned from Gopalan's voice. But knowing full well the value of diplomacy, he kept all sign of annoyance from his voice. "And, why not, pray, tell me?"

"I don't like school," replied Ramu, more firmly than before.

"But why don't you like school?" This from Kamala who had come in.

"Because I don't like it."

"But listen, dearest," said Gopalan in a cajoling tone. "Do listen (for

Ramu had lost all interest in the subject and was about to return to play). There are wonderful things in the school. You can have many children to play with you. Your teacher is a great and good teacher. He tells stories."

"Then, let him tell them to the others," replied Ramu in a manner that suggested he was bestowing a great favour on the teacher. Gopalan realised that a change of tactics was necessary. But he was stopped by Kamala who took command of the field.

"Ramu, my dearest," she said in a most appealing tone. "Listen, your daddy is going to get you a brand new paddling car if you go to school. 'WHAT!' exclaimed Gopalan but was silenced by a look from Kamala). What do you say?"

"I have a lot to say," interrupted Gopalan with some heat. "Do you know a paddling car costs over thirty rupees these days and you have gone and..."

"Please do not be stingy about a matter of a few rupees," said Kamala sternly. "What is more important is Ramu's schooling."

Ramu had pricked his ears at the magic mention of paddling car—a thing he always wanted and never could succeed in getting. "Amma, will you give me a paddling car?" he said eagerly.

"Yes, my darling," replied Kamala, "your daddy is going to get you one. But you must first start attending your school."

"I am willing, amma" cried out Ramu in glee. "Come on, daddy, do not delay."

Gopalan rose dumbly. He felt stunned at the manoeuvre of his wife. "What is this you have promised that wretched kid, Kamala?" said Gopalan, pleading. "Please have some pity upon my slender purse. I had kept thirty rupees aside to buy a new suit that I wanted for months and now..." He left the sentence unfinished.

"Don't worry" assured Kamala cheerfully. "Remember, please, that Ramu is not a wretched kid but the apple of our eyes."

"Yours but not mine" growled Gopalan as he put on his coat and went after Ramu in the direction of the

school. Kamala meanwhile hastily dabbed a few powder puffs upon Ramu's face and made him ready.

"Come on, daddy," called Ramu. "Why are you lagging behind?"

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the single storied building that housed the Children's School. Gopalan's mind was filled with dark thoughts against womankind in general and Kamala in particular and his face wore a scowling look. They entered the schoolyard and were called by the office peon into the private room of the headmistress when their turn came round. Gopalan discovered the headmistress to be an eagle-eyed, grim-faced, middle-aged woman whose hair had turned a bit grey on the left side. He stood shuffling his feet in an embarrassed manner till the headmistress whose name, for no fault of hers, happened to be Mrs. Parvati, invited him to a chair in front of her. Awkward silence filled the room till Mrs. Parvati broke it.

"What do you want, please?" she asked.

"I have come to admit my six-year old child, Ramachandran, Ramu for short," answered Gopalan with as much dignity as he could muster up under the forceful bespectacled look of Mrs. Parvati.

"So, this is your boy" said Mrs. Parvati giving a critical glance at Ramu who was then busy exploring the hidden mysteries of a big cupboard near the door.

"Yes," beamed Gopalan.

"Will you please tell your child not to meddle with our files? As a rule, we do not allow new children, or even old ones, to peer into our confidential notes" stated Mrs. Parvati caustically.

Gopalan brusquely ordered Ramu to leave the cupboard and Ramu meekly obeyed and came and stood by Gopalan's chair, chewing his thumb thoughtfully.

"Is this the way you bring up your children?" said Mrs. Parvati contemptuously. "Why, he is nothing less than a mannerless boy."

"No madam," corrected Gopalan. "At home he is always quiet. After all, a child, you know."

"If that is your opinion of children, then I am not much for it" said Mrs. Parvati, glaring at Gopalan through

her horn-rimmed spectacles. Gopalan was tempted to hit back but he refrained from doing so. He only looked stiffly at Mrs. Parvati.

"What are your political tenets, Mr. Gopalan?" said Mrs. Parvati, the modern headmistress.

"I am a Congressman" answered Gopalan.

"What do you think of Socialists and their programme?"

"Socialists have no programme at all" remarked Gopalan.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvati, "so you think Socialists have no programme. Do you realise, man, that India's hope lies in a Socialist order only?"

Gopalan squirmed in his seat uncomfortably. He could not understand how their talk had drifted to politics. He said so.

"It is men like you, that lead this blessed land of ours to the dogs, do you know?" said Mrs. Parvati sternly. "You autocrats care not to trample upon the rights of the masses. But, beware, the day is not far off when your hoarded wealth will flow freely to the masses rotting in the dust." Gopalan protested that he was neither a wealthy man nor an autocrat though he would not mind being both.

Mrs. Parvati brought the discussion to an abrupt end.

"Say no more," she told him, "I know men of your type. I can only say this much—that I do hope your son will not grow like you... If your precious son is determined to break that rare vase, shall I bring him a hammer?"

Gopalan turned and saw Ramu fidgeting with a beautiful China vase. "Ramu, come here at once" ordered Gopalan and Ramu obeyed.

As Gopalan later pointed out to the raging headmistress, Ramu had an enquiring mind and he only wanted to know what was inside the ink bottle on her table. So, Ramu had upturned the ink bottle and... the ink splashed gaily upon the white table cloth, throwing a few drops also on the snow white saree of Mrs. Parvati.

"Take away your kid," cried Mrs. Parvati. "That fool of a boy has spoiled the best twenty-rupee saree I owned. I don't want to have the sight of that boy for the rest of my life. As to admitting him here, you may see my assistant about it tomorrow. God save my assistant and may he come out unscathed after seeing your Ramu!"

Gopalan caught Ramu's hand and legged it home.

HYDERABAD AND KASHMIR

By P. KODANDA RAO

ACCORDING to press reports, some of the Leftists in Hyderabad were advocating the deposition of the Nizam of Hyderabad and studying whether the instrument of accession signed by the Nizam stood in the way. From the point of view of justice, a much stronger case can be made out for the deposition of the Nizam than, say, the Maharaja of Kashmir, who has been deposed. The Maharaja was in favour of accession to India but was prevented from so doing by the then Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, while the Nizam was against it, in spite of the pressure of Lord Mountbatten. If the Maharaja's Dogra administration had its black spots, the Nizam's Razakar Government had

blackier spots. India had to fight to save Kashmir from outside hostiles, the raiders and Pakistan; she had to fight Hyderabad to save it from internal hostiles, the Nizam and his Razakars! Indeed, if the Maharaja deserved to be deposed, the Nizam deserved it infinitely more. And yet the Maharaja has been deposed, while the Nizam has been made the Rajapramukhi. While the Government of India have been chivalrous towards the hostile Nizam who defied them, they have been mean towards the friendly Maharaja, who sought their protection.

In so far, however, as the Rajapramukh is a constitutional, though hereditary, head of the State, there

is no special call to depose the Nizam, much less the Maharaja. The fact that the Yuvaraja of Kashmir has been made the Rajapramukh need not stand in the way of his stepping down in favour of his father. If a precedent were needed, Nepal furnishes it. Constitutional formalities will, and must, follow political decisions.

If the Maharaja was deposed to propitiate Sheikh Abdullah and his Muslim followers, and the Nizam was retained in order to propitiate some Muslims, it leaves a bad taste in the mouth of Hindus. While it is right to be just to the Muslim minority in India, it is unwise to be unduly partial to Muslims. Such a policy is not in the interests of the Muslims themselves. For, whatever Mr. Nehru may do in this respect, he will not be supported cordially by the majority of the Hindus, and the Muslims have to live with the Hindus and not with Mr. Nehru alone. Even-handed justice is the best policy.

As long as the accession of Kashmir is legally complete, Kashmir should be treated on a par with Hyderabad and other units of the Indian Union. If it is desirable that the Government of India should appoint Advisors or Councillors in Hyderabad, it is even more so in the case of Kashmir. Kashmir depends even more than Hyderabad on the benevolence of the Government of India. Indeed, because of its strategic position as a frontier outpost of India, it should be more directly under the control of the Government of India than Hyderabad. If the land reforms introduced by Sheikh Abdullah are good on merits, they should be introduced in the rest of India, even if it means a further amendment of the Constitution. If, on the other hand, they are not desirable, they should not be permitted in Kashmir either. The constitutional plea that Kashmir had acceded only in three subjects, and land reform was not among them, will not satisfy the many millions of people all over India who are far more interested in land reform than in the constitutional differences in the accession of Hyderabad and Kashmir.

Paradoxical as it is, the Praja Parishad of Kashmir consisting largely of Hindus, stands for complete integration of Kashmir with India like Hyderabad. And yet it is being treated as a hostile body by Sheikh Abdullah. The Praja Parishad does not want land reforms in Kashmir more radical than those in the rest of the Indian Union. It is rather surprising that Pandit Nehru should shun the Praja Parishad and hug Sheikh Abdullah, instead of persuading both to agree to complete merger of Kashmir with India and uniform land-reforms and administrative expedients in both.

To the extent that Kashmir is treated differently from Hyderabad and other Part B States, to that extent the moral value of Kashmir's accession to India is weakened. The need today is to repair the moral damage done to the accession by Lord Mountbatten's secret diplomacy rather than to accentuate it by conceding greater autonomy to Sheikh Abdullah than to the rest of India. Already the situation has been made worse by the election of the Kashmir Constituent Assembly claiming to be sovereign in virtue of her autonomy, and Pandit Nehru's repudiation of the claim, when he assured the United Nations that its verdict was subordinate to the plebiscite conducted by the United Nations! It was an unfortunate admission that the elections to the Kashmir Constituent Assembly, conducted by Sheikh Abdullah and countenanced by Pandit Nehru, were not good enough to be final. It was another surrender to Pakistan and her friends in the United Nations. In fact, there was no need for a Constituent Assembly in Kashmir, as there was none in any other of the States in the Indian Union. It is now too late to re-assert the sovereign status of the Kashmir Constituent Assembly and claim finality for its verdict. But, until and unless Kashmir votes itself out of the Indian Union, the Constitution and laws and conventions of India should apply to it as to Hyderabad in their fullness, with the only exception that, being a frontier unit of the Union, the Government of India should have greater control over Kashmir than over Hyderabad.

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

By "NAMBS"

THE most important and famous of the international film festivals have been held in Cannes and Venice every year; the second of these places being also the headquarters of the International Federation of Motion Picture Producers. In the past three years festivals have been instituted in Edinburgh, Berlin and Prague too. The first international film festival to be held in India commenced at Bombay on 24th January and then moved to Madras on 7th February, where it was held from the 8th to the 15th. There is a distinct difference between the festivals held abroad and in India.

For the film festival, pictures are invited from various countries and also delegates. One festival theatre exists in Venice where the festival films are privately screened to the festival committee and the delegates from abroad. Each picture is screened once and the pictures are judged from the artistic side of the film and prizes awarded. The public do not take part in the festival. The main purpose is to have a competitive valuation of the artistic development of the film in the various countries and then award prizes for the best pictures from various aspects like photography, story, recording, dramatization, etc.

The first film festival that India has held was done under the auspices of the Films Division of the Government of India. If they had taken the industry into full confidence and jointly organised it with the trade it would have been a grander show then. As far as the Indian festival goes no one has been able to say so far what the purpose was. One can only now see what the result has been. India's festival also started on the basis of awarding prizes for the best films produced after April 1950. Later on this idea fizzled out.

The films entered by twenty three countries from abroad, were to be shown in a few theatres in the cities of Bombay, Madras, Delhi and Calcutta for a week, except in Bombay

where it was to extend for two weeks. The delegates from abroad who attended the festival were given receptions at Bombay and at Madras, and they will get them in Delhi and Calcutta too. The festival which was to shift to Delhi on the 15th has been postponed to 21st February owing to the death of King George VI.

The films thus are shown to the public on payment at various theatres in the selected cities. People in the industry and outside have had opportunities of meeting some of the delegates who came from abroad to attend the festival. In the way in which this festival has been arranged some of the foreign delegates expressed the feeling that the men in the industry in India did not have enough opportunities to see these foreign films, for making a comparative study of the progress in the different countries. So much so, they did not have occasion to have a competitive valuation from their compeers in the Indian film industry. Also, while the delegates to the film festivals in Cannes and Venice get an opportunity to see all the films entered for the festival the arrangement in this festival did not give such scope, for on the same day six pictures were being shown in six different theatres. With the best will in the world one cannot see more than three of these films on a single day.

The film festival has been a platform on which countries with opposing ideologies have been represented at the same time. The functions connected with the festival created some diplomatic problems. Some of the delegates even felt that India was providing an opportunity—may be consciously or unconsciously—for certain ideologies to be given wide publicity which in the long run would harm India's own status and progress.

The Cine Technicians Association of South India has won admiration and appreciation from all for the very elegant, spacious, and novel open air theatre that they put up in the Con-

gress Grounds at Madras. Seating more than 4000 persons, with a screen 24 feet by 18 feet (bigger than most of the screens in India) the RCA equipment they installed in the theatre has won a name for the excellent way in which the picture and sound was reproduced in the theatre. The foremost producer from America in the delegation paid a tribute to this. Further, the theatre provided an excellent venue for the other functions connected with the festival. The voluntary effort of a band of enthusiastic men from the film industry in Madras has been responsible for this successful arrangement.

The festival opened at Madras on 8th February with the inaugural function held in the open theatre. Sir Clifford Agarwala, Chairman of the Central Board of Censors and Chairman of the Film Festival Committee, spoke first. Then Mr. A. Ramiah, President of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce welcomed the delegates to Madras. The Chief Justice Sri Rajamannar delivered the inauguration speech touching on various aspects. Sri S. S. Vasan then switched on the projector of the theatre after a brief speech. Cecil B. De-Mille's latest production 'The Greatest Show on Earth' in magnificent technicolor was screened for the inauguration function. This picture has not yet been released in America itself. It is said to be due in India only in 1953. Mr. Chester Bowles, U. S. Ambassador to India and Mr. Eric Johnston, President of the Motion Picture Association of America were responsible for arranging for a special copy of this unreleased picture to be sent over to India, with the specific idea of showing it for the festival.

From the 8th to the 14th February five other theatres in Madras City have been screening the festival pictures. Some of the delegations mainly from Russia and China have been arranging private shows of these pictures too.

Delegates from 'America, China, Italy, Egypt, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Russia and France were present at Madras, though the pictures had come from fourteen other countries also. Frank Capra, the famed motion picture director from Hollywood was one of those who had a known background of successful productions to

his credit. The Russian delegation had the largest number, namely thirteen, and they moved about attending many more functions than those organised by the film festival committee. The way in which the trade unions and the Communist Party members received the delegation on arrival at Meenambakkam aerodrome brought forth the comment that the delegation was 'more political' than artistic and merely film-minded.

Russia, Hungary and Czechoslovakia were all in one boat. The Chinese delegation did not sail with them all through, though they did not join the other group. It appeared as if they wanted to be by themselves, though more allied in ideology to one particular group of countries.

Italy and Egypt had much in common and the film industry there had also close links with each other, it was found.

The American delegates were only interested in the industry and in public contacts, and had no ideologies to push forward.

The films entered for the festival have been issued censorship certificates without any deletions, though some of them might have contained portions that would not be normally passed in India. The censors have made it clear that this applies only to showing the films for the festival. It has however been noticed that some countries have not been sticking to this gentleman's agreement.

The delegates from Russia, China, Hungary and Czechoslovakia have utilised the opportunity of the film festival in looking out in India a market for their films. These were found noting down the different sizes of bulbs used in the studios, the number of lights used, the type of cameras used and so on. They evidently looked at the whole affair as a trade survey under the Government of India's auspices. One of these delegations has been taking lot of documentary material in India which may come upon our country in a political colour later on.

Among the films exhibited there were many with ideological content, which has had various repercussions. One of the delegations said that they do not understand what is meant by "pure entertainment". Men in the

Indian film industry have had occasion to contact some of the delegates of the different countries, and this may mean fresh trade contacts too. Indian films may have a new market abroad, though more foreign films are likely to enter India in future.

Films from Egypt, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, China, Yugoslavia, Indonesia, Japan, France, were publicly shown in India for the first time through this festival. Japan comes third among the world's film producers and one of their films evoked a

great amount of artistic response in Madras.

The film festival has had results from the business, cultural, political and artistic points of view. While the business, cultural and artistic points of view are all likely to be for the good of this country, the political contacts and indications that it has led to, need to be carefully watched and dealt with. The film industry in Madras has put up a number of items for the festival to make the stay of the delegates pleasant, informal, interesting and useful.

MUTUAL TRADE BETWEEN ASIAN NATIONS

By I. K. JHA

NATURE has endowed different countries of the world with different kinds of resources. As a result, each country has a surplus of some commodities, while it is lacking in others. International trade is only a mechanism which enables a country to exchange that of which it has a surplus for that of which it has a deficit. One would expect therefore a greater volume of trade between distant countries, which would differ more in natural resources than between next-door neighbours. On this view, it seems but logical that the mutual trade of Asian countries should not be as important as Asia's trade with Europe and America.

One must not however forget that Asia is a vast continent and presents as much natural diversity with its four corners as any parts of the earth. Different areas of the Continent have different climatic conditions. In terms of natural resources, too, there is the greatest possible disparity between different parts of Asia. Pakistan and India have raw jute and raw cotton. Burma, Iran and Indonesia have petrol. China, India and Japan have large reserves of coal. Ceylon and India export enormous quantities of tea. Malaya and Indonesia have developed large rubber plantations.

The real reason why so much of Asia's trade has been with Europe and America is that Asia has been lagging behind the Western countries in

industrial development. The difference in technical progress has accentuated and magnified such natural differences as existed between them. The traditional pattern of trade has been for Asia to export her raw materials to Europe and for Europe to supply Asia's needs of manufactured goods.

To say that, is not to belittle the importance of mutual trade between Asian countries as it existed in the past. Even before the war, much of the international trade of Asian countries was within Asia itself. Thus, in 1938 more than half of Burma's exports and imports were to and from India. Similarly, a large volume of trade took place between China and Japan, between Malaya and Indonesia and between other neighbouring countries of Asia.

Nevertheless, in general it was correct to say that most Asian countries were exporting their raw materials to Europe for processing and getting a part of them shipped back for their own consumption. Even where one Asian country had the basic material required to meet the demand of another Asian country the intermediate stage of manufacture had to be undertaken in Europe. Cotton from India was converted into cloth in Great Britain before it could be consumed in Malaya. Crude rubber from Indonesia had to be finished and manufactured in Europe before it could be

used in Thailand. Lack of industrialisation in Asia meant that trade between Asian countries had to pass through the factories of Europe and America.

The only Asian country which was industrialised in the Western sense before the war was Japan. No doubt there were some industries in other countries too; and India and China were certainly more developed than some of their neighbours. Nevertheless in most Asian countries in the prewar period, only those industries which had to be located near their raw material supply had really got a firm footing. Thus, there were rice mills and sugar mills, refineries for oil and factories for smelting tin. The cheapness of industrial labour had to some extent helped the establishment of textile industries in certain parts of prewar Asia. But the more important heavy industries, whether engineering or chemical, were hardly of any consequence in any country except Japan and to a much smaller extent in China and India.

In the postwar period, a new factor is at work. Asia as a whole is no longer subject to foreign domination politically. With the Independence of India, Burma and Indonesia and with the political changes that are taking place elsewhere, Asia is determined to develop her own industries. A striking evidence of the change which is taking place is provided by the altered relationship between raw cotton and cotton textiles. At one time India was among the biggest exporters of raw cotton and a large importer of cotton textiles. In 1950 India was the largest exporter of cotton textiles in the world and it has now become a major importer of raw cotton. The tendency for more of the raw materials to be processed and manufactured in the countries in which they are found is growing.

The impact of this change which is taking place slowly but steadily will not be visible in actual trade figures for a long time yet. The figures of Asia's imports of finished goods will not diminish but may indeed increase for some time. But there will be one difference. The finished goods will not be consumer goods so much as producer goods. It is the import of plant and machinery which will from now

on feature increasingly in Asia's import programme. In terms of value the increase in the import of machinery for Asian countries amounting to approximately 400 million dollars in 1950 compared with about 200 million dollars in 1937 may not seem very striking when allowance is made for the increase in price. The point to remember, however, is that countries of the West are even now not in a position to meet all the demands for capital equipment which are being placed on them by countries of Asia. The Asian countries too are facing serious financial difficulties in giving effect to their programme for industrial development. Nevertheless, the determination of Asian countries to industrialise themselves will surmount the difficulties that are still there.

An important feature of Asia's industrialisation will be an increase in the mutual trade between Asian countries themselves. For let us not imagine that industrial development means a decline in foreign trade. The most highly developed countries of the world are also those which have the biggest share in international trade. As each Asian country begins to manufacture more and more of the commodities that can be produced out of its raw material resources, the overall volume of its trade will increase rather than diminish. As more of the abundant supplies of iron ore and bauxite to be found on the Asian Continent are converted into steel and aluminium, the prosperity of the producing countries will grow and so will their needs of those commodities which they cannot produce for themselves. Indeed Asia's trade with Europe and America too will probably not suffer in quantity, though it may undergo a change of quality as a result of Asia's industrialisation. Once the countries of Asia have made up their backwardness in industrial progress, the purely technological differences between country and country will narrow down but the natural differences will remain and these will result in a continuous flow of trade,—the more so between Asian countries,—based not on poverty on one side and wealth on the other, but on all-round prosperity.—*External Services, A. I. R.*

NUTAN

By DOULAT RAM

MY fingers drumming a light tattoo of the *teen taal* on the tabla, my body arched over the drums as their pleasing, pulsating beat created a



Nutan.

mood for music, I looked up from my position near her gracefully draped feet and said: "Do give us a song, Nutan! The keys of the harmonium are waiting to be brought alive by your touch and the atmosphere is aflush for your voice!"

A moment charged with expectation. And its promise was fulfilled when she slid gracefully from the sofa to the carpet, to take her position at the harmonium. Subdued at first, but gradually lifting her light, gentle voice, she sang: *Mere sapne bane aaj apne...*

A dreamy, though exultant, song: gentle in its tones and gently, sweetly sung. A song from the film *Hamari Beti* (the maiden independent venture of Nutan's mother Shobana Samarth) in which Nutan made her debut. A

song supposedly sung by Nutan in the picture, but actually rendered in playback by Lata Mangeshkar. A song that should have been rendered by Nutan herself, had not her mother considered the commercial aspect of its reception by the public: for Nutan's voice is not thoroughly modulated as yet, not-perfect in its timbre.

Perhaps that is why the producers of the three pictures in which she is currently starring have not permitted her to render her songs herself. In *Hamara Beti*, though, Nutan did render two songs: one in a chorus, and the other for her younger sister Tanuja who also appeared for the first time on the screen in that film.

A song that I shall always remember for the promise it held out; the promise of future beauty. Though that was the only occasion when I heard her sing, I am confident that, when she matures, Nutan will make a very good singer. She has had regular training in music over a long period—she got a grounding in classical music for over two years from Jagannath Prasad starting when she was five—and she keeps up her practice as I have found many a time when I arrived unannounced at Shobana Samarth's nicely appointed flat in Shah Bag, Pedder Road.

It's a friendly home—its very atmosphere exuding geniality—and they are friendly folk, the Samarths. Nutan herself: with her winsome smile, a charming, unsophisticated, lightly gay but withal a serious-minded girl. Shobana Samarth: very well-preserved, independent, worldly wise, acute-minded, and thoroughly genial. Nutan's grandmother who is a very pleasant though matronly person, and not at all like any of the other movie stars' grandmothers. Tanuja, Nutan's seven-year-old sister, who made such a hit in *Hamari Beti*, spritely, impish, restless, and almost like a tornado. Still more friendly and lovable is the youngest sister, Chatur, four. The rear is brought up by Juju, two, whose proper names are, alternately, Rajan and Jaideep.

Nutan, daughter of her mother, and fashioned largely by her environment, is well-set on the way to the fulfilment of her destiny. That she should in due course become a front-rank star seems so natural to everyone who knows her at close quarters, who knows too the drive and the personality of her mother. But it is not just that she is following the course that was pre-destined for her. She is herself inclined that way. *'Mere sapne bane aaj apne...*' she had sung that day.

In a way it is true: what she is today is, in part, the realization of her dreams. She really loves acting, she has often told me; and, having watched her mother acting, she is more or less imbued with the art of histrionics. From what I have seen of her in *Hamari Beti* and on the sets of her current starring vehicles, I am hopeful that given proper scope and direction, she will attain the heights.

To most people, however, all over India, Nutan is still merely a name, for *Hamari Beti* hasn't gone round the whole country as yet. What is Nutan? some people are likely to ask, people who do not very avidly follow film events and personalities. Who is Nutan? many others would like to know. What sort of person is she? What is it that makes her tick?

A Gilt-Edged Security

It is Shobana Samarth who makes her tick. To Shobana Samarth, Nutan is not merely an eldest daughter and protegee, the daughter in whom she sees herself reflected, in whom she realizes herself; to her, Nutan is also, if we accept facts for what they are, a gilt-edged security. Immediately after the release of *Hamari Beti*, Nutan's name in the credits list of a picture was valued at Rs. 30,000 and will be valued higher as the days pass.

Nutan is a name in lights on a widening circle of theatres all over India. Nutan is a sigh on the lips of the youth of this country. She is the envy of most girls of her age (or even above her age). She is the eight-by-eleven art plate or glossy print framed on the walls of a thousand homes throughout the country. She is the new wonder whom everyone is anxious to know, although she has been in the glare of publicity for only a year and five months now. I should know, for I published her first

full-page picture ever to appear in any magazine, in May 1950, and was immediately bombarded with letters from people all over India who wanted to know who she was and what.

For the public she is on sight at eight annas or a rupee or two, plus tax; no smoking in the auditorium, if you please!

To producers Chandulal Shah, Dalsukh M. Pancholi and Gope (likewise to directors Zia Sarhady, Ravin Dave and Ram Kamlani) she is the star of their current productions *Ham Log*, *Nagina* and *Hangama* respectively; and the girl whom many other producers and directors hope to feature in their bills, as soon as they can get her mother to sign on the dotted lines.

To Sajjan and to Nasir Khan (her co-stars, respectively, of *Ham Log* and of *Nagina* and *Hangama*) she is one of the many girls to whom they have to make celluloid love; a girl who is a refreshing contrast, though.

To Lata Mangeshkar she is one of the many female stars to whom she has to lend her voice.

She is all this and more.

It is very evident that she has been trying to reach the sky ever since she was born (4th June, 1936, in Bombay) for she is already 2 inches taller than her mother who, herself, is quite tall with her five feet four! At every successive stage of her life, Nutan has been taller than most other children of her age; and three years of growth still ahead of her, she is likely to dwarf many people around her!

She fervently prays, though, she doesn't grow even a millimetre more. Already, her co-star in *Ham Log* is finding it embarrassing to work with her, for when close-ups are to be taken he has to be given a prop under his feet to make him look appropriately tall!

I found it hard to believe that some of her childhood pictures I was looking at in their family album, actually represented her at the ages of three or five or six as the case might be. But one has to look at Nutan now at the age of fifteen, and at Tanuja who is by no means the average height, to believe that Nutan indeed has shot up fast.

She has shot up fast in more senses than one. At the age of five, as I

have already said, she was learning classical music. She appeared on the stage, at the Taj Mahal Hotel and performed a solo dance in a show organised by Atiya Begum when she was only four. At the age of twelve she learnt motor driving; making the beginning by taking out their Hudson car all by herself at Khandala, where she had gone with her mother for a vacation.

A little later she started experimenting with versification—which she indulges in even now when she has the leisure. In 1949, she was one of the troupe that entertained our fighting men in Kashmir. And at the age of fourteen she made a strong bid for stardom, though she couldn't have done this without the active help and the boost given her by her mother.

Nutan had her schooling at the Villa Teresa, Bombay; at the Baldwin School for Girls in Bangalore, when her mother had gone for a tour of the United States; and lately at the Hill Grange School near her home, where she studied upto Junior Cambridge. She knows Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, Urdu, a bit of Goanese, a smattering of Arabic (their upstairs neighbours are Arab nationals), and her second language at school was French.

The Statistics

Her hobbies are swimming, riding, badminton and music. She reads Shakespeare avidly, and has no preferences among the authors of the novels she reads. Most of her reading is done at night. She buys tons of comics, and when she curls up with a few in her lap, the world can go hang for all she cares!

She is very fond of dogs, and pos-

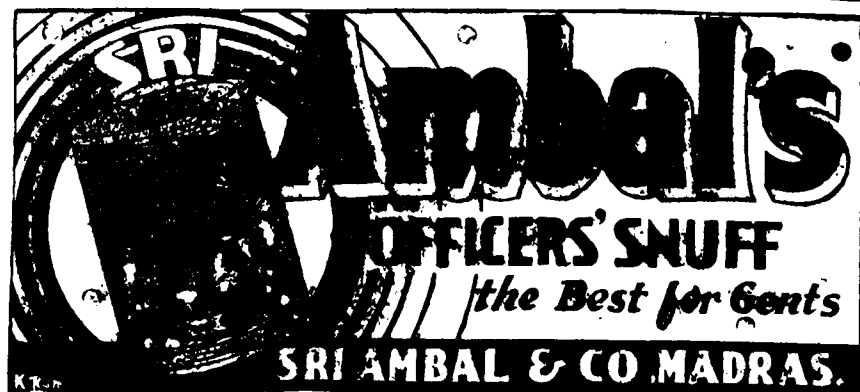
sesses two already. She does not go to the races or play cards or indulge in 'anything of the sort.' She loves picnics, though, and she feels sorry sometimes that she has not enough free time now to go out with a few friends and forget everything in the world.

By this I do not mean to suggest that she does not like hard work. In fact, she revels in it. And, as it is, in the studios it is not so much hard work as waiting, waiting, waiting. This alone tires the patience of any person and is likely to irritate him. But I have met Nutan at the end of a hard day's work-and-waiting, and have found her as fresh and pleasant as ever!

Her favourites among the film stars are Ava Gardner, Jane Powell, Olivia de Havilland and Nargis; Glen Ford, Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar and Nasir Khan. Of the heroes she has so far worked with, Nasir Khan is the best, according to her. He is, coincidentally, starred with her in two pictures: *Nagina* and *Hangama*. Among her directors she rates Zia Sarhady highest.

But in her personal life there's no one whom she could go ga-ga over. She has kept her emotions in place, and is not yet thinking of love. For the present, and for some time yet, I am sure, her career will be foremost in her mind. As I have already said, she is a serious-minded girl and is determined to make the most of her opportunities. Of these, considering her special circumstances and the new trends in the film industry, there are many.

Nutan's future is indeed very rosy! —Copyright.



THE STALIN CONSTITUTION: AN ANALYSIS

By WALTER KOLARZ

FIFTEEN years ago, in December 1936, the Eighth Extraordinary Congress of Soviets adopted the present Constitution of the U.S.S.R. This Constitution, which Soviet propaganda has frequently described as "the most democratic in the world", formally guarantees the political monopoly which the Communist Party enjoys in all 16 Soviet Republics.

Article 126 of the Stalin Constitution states that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is both the "vanguard of the working people" and the "leading core" of all its organisations. In point of fact, this Article 126 is the only one that really matters. All the other 145 Articles of the Constitution only explain by what means and by what "transmission belts" the Communist Party asserts its vanguard role and leadership.

Nevertheless, the Stalin Constitution appeared as a historic progress to many of those who had adopted it in 1936. After all, the new Constitution replaced indirect by direct elections. It no longer disfranchised the political opponents of the regime as the preceding Constitution of 1923 had done.

It also increased the number of the allegedly sovereign Soviet Republics. Many deputies of the Eighth Extraordinary Congress of Soviets who voted for the Constitution did not consider it as an ideal. They indulged, however, in the illusion that it might be a first step to the establishment of the rule of law in Russia, a first step towards democracy.

But let us see what happened 15 years ago. This might help us to appreciate more fully the disappointment of the optimists who had expected that the new Stalin Constitution would mark a change for the better.

The Speakers

A big report, which Stalin himself delivered on November 25, 1936, initiated the debate on the new Constitution. This report is still considered

one of the most important pronouncements which Stalin has ever made. It was included in the 11th edition of his *Problems of Leninism* and can be read there in full. I should like, therefore, to say a few words about those speakers who, although they participated in the discussion on Stalin's report, are no longer given any publicity in Soviet Russia today.

The first to take the floor after Stalin was the Prime Minister of the Ukraine, Panas Petrovich Lyubchenko. He welcomed the new Constitution on behalf of the most populous non-Russian Soviet Republic. Lyubchenko ended his speech with a violent denunciation of German Fascism in general, and Adolf Hitler in particular.

The speech was interrupted several times by stormy applause and after Lyubchenko had finished, the deputies of the Congress of Soviets rose to their feet and gave him an ovation. Lyubchenko remained Prime Minister until August 1937, when he committed suicide. According to the official Soviet version this passionate opponent of Fascism was himself a member of the Fascist organisation and in the pay of Nazi Germany.

Fate Of Statesmen

Whereas Lyubchenko died by his own hand, many of those Soviet statesmen who spoke after him were later executed by the N.K.V.D. (Secret Police) or disappeared in some distant forced labour camp. They included the Prime Ministers of practically all non-Russian Soviet Republics as well as the Prime Minister of the Russian Federation, Sulimov. In their speeches on the new Constitution they all expressed in enthusiastic and effusive terms their attachment to the Soviet State and their devotion to Stalin.

Isokheyev, the Prime Minister of Kirghizia, which the new Constitution promoted from an autonomous republic to a fully fledged Soviet Republic, became quite lyrical. He quoted a poem which said: "Stalin

The following scheme is suggested for implementation by stages. Any one of these as independent units will meet immediately the demand for food supply and also economise the expenditure.

Three reservoirs may be built on the river Krishna, one at Siddheswaram, another at Nandikonda and the third at Pulichintala. The Siddheswaram reservoir may be so modified as to supply water to Rayalaseema (Cuddapah and Kurnool) including Gandikota project. Instead of cutting the rock at Mittakandla at a cost of 14 crores for carrying 45 to 75 thousand cusees of water, a small tunnel may be made to carry 8,000 cusees of water for irrigating 5 to 7 lakhs of acres in this area and also giving an additional supply of water to Gandikot. The reservoir at Somasila may be abandoned and the size of the present reservoir at Siddheswaram with effective capacity of 210 units may be reduced to a size with an effective capacity of 120 units. This can serve 5 to 7 lakhs of first crop entirely of wet cultivation and also 4 lakhs of second crop in the existing Krishna delta. Thus the cost of the construction of this reservoir including the cutting, etc., will be brought down from 33 crores to 16 crores while the cost of digging canals will remain the same. Great economy will be effected by this, as huge cutting operations and several other devices will

be given up and conveyance of enormous quantities of water by an unnatural route to a very long distance from one reservoir to the other will be avoided.

Nallamala Hills separate the southern Krishna valley into two divisions, one having cultivated areas of 700 and above contour level and the other 500 and below. To by-pass this barrier provided by nature will mean a heavy price. Therefore to build one reservoir at Siddheswaram, the beginning of the formation of the barrier and the other at the end at Nandikonda is more natural and less costly. Pulichintala marks more or less the last hill on river Krishna before it enters the unprotected vast plains. A terminal reservoir therefore becomes necessary to harness the last drop of water for the benefit of humanity.

This is the over-all picture of the Krishna river valley scheme. Which of these reservoirs should be built first and which later will depend on the advice of experts on economics and engineering.

With the modification of Siddheswaram reservoir and also the construction of Nandikonda and Pulichintala, the following results will be achieved. The details are arranged in a tabulated form as independent units and also as combined scheme for comparative study with Krishna Pennar.

Name of the Dam	Expenditure In Crores		Acreage In Lakhs		In Lakhs	In Thousands	
	Dam construction and allied costs Rs.	Canals	1st crop (Acres)	2nd crop	Food (Tons)	K. Watts	Electricity Average Cost per acre Rs.
Siddheswaram	16	16	7	4	5.50	75	290
Nandikonda	15	50	22	2	11.000	100	280
Pulichintala	6	20	8	5	8.00	75	200
Total	37	78	37	29	24.50	250	250
Compare with Krishna Pennar	58	72	22	14	18	250	360

Note.—1. Each reservoir scheme has been worked out as an independent unit.

- Two lakhs of acres of new land under Sangam anicut in Nellore district have been added to Siddheswaram.
- Second crop under Nandikonda is possible, to the extent of two lakhs of acres under Krishna delta but it has not been included for calculating the total second crop acreage for the combined scheme.
- Out of 22 lakhs of acres under Nandikonda 2 lakhs is shown under the left canal irrigating in West Godavary and Krishna dry areas.
- The second crop is common under any of the reservoirs as the second crop can now be raised only in the existing delta.
- Second crop that can be raised in the new first crop areas has not been taken into account except two lakhs of acres in Pulichintala.
- Nandikonda can generate 2 lakhs of K. Watts but one lakh alone has been shown as Madras share.
- The total food value under the Krishna Pennar Scheme will be 53 crores while the value of food produced under modified scheme will be Rs. 72 crores.
- The annual revenue and the direct revenue under the modified scheme will be much more than the Krishna Pennar as the total capital out-lay is comparatively less and the yield is proportionately more.
- Drinking water under the modified scheme to all the small and big towns and also villages can be supplied including the city of Madras.

From the above figures, the construction of series of dams on the river Krishna at the above sites will not only prove to be cheaper than Krishna Pennar but also bring another 15 lakhs more of acres under irrigation for first crop. It may be argued while there is water only for 30 lakhs, how can 46 lakhs of acres be irrigated. It is normally estimated that to irrigate one lakh of acres, 18 T.M.C. ft. of water is required. If it is second crop, less water will be consumed. If it is irrigated dry crop, still less water is required. How best the available water is to be distrib-

ed over this land, what should be the first crop area, second crop area, irrigated dry crop area, is to be determined by agricultural experts who have first hand knowledge of the dam as well as the irrigation problems and lands. Possibilities alone are indicated here.

There is nothing in the above paragraphs which has not been examined by expert engineers after proper investigation and scrutiny.

All the details given regarding the cost and the acreage are taken only from Government reports.

Progress is a very recent invention. In the age of Thomas Bastard, which was also, incidentally, the age of Queen Elizabeth and William Shakespeare, men believed that the race was in a state of chronic decay. In spite of printing, the compass and gunpowder, the earlier was considered the riper world. Those who actually lived through what we have learnt to regard as one of the most brilliant and progressive epochs of all history regarded themselves as men of the decadence. We, on the contrary, regard ourselves as men of the dawn and the threshold, an army in advance, not in retreat. It remains to be seen what the judgment of future historians will be.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

has infused a dying body with a living soul. He has brought happiness to every Kirghiz village". The last time Isakeyev was heard of was in June 1937, when *Pravda* criticised him heavily for alleged shortcomings in his Republic.

The Prime Minister of Uzbekistan, Faizulla Khodzhayev, was also among the speakers on the new Constitution. He was executed in March 1938, together with Bukharin and Rykov, the Russian Bolshevik leaders. After him, the Tadzhik Prime Minister, Rakhimbayev, expressed approval of Soviet Russia's new fundamental law. He ended his speech by exclaiming "Long live the creator of the Constitution, the leader of oppressed humanity, Comrade Stalin!"

The description of Stalin as leader of oppressed humanity sounds rather ambiguous, but Rakhimbayev seemed to have been sincere in his eulogy. None the less, in the autumn of 1937, he was charged with a large number of crimes, including high treason.

Deported From Homeland

But at least the republics, on whose behalf the Prime Ministers of the Ukraine, Byelorussia and the Central Asian Soviet Republics addressed the Eighth Extraordinary Congress of Soviets, were not the object of wholesale victimisation. In the purge of 1937-38 they lost a substantial part of their intellectual and political elite but the masses of their peoples were not affected by the big shake-up. The situation was different with regard to some of the autonomous republics which had likewise proclaimed their adherence to the new Constitution through their Prime Ministers.

One of the first deputies to speak was Samedinov, the Prime Minister of the Crimean Autonomous Soviet Republic. He said that under the new Constitution Tatars, Ukrainians, Germans, Jews, Greeks, Bulgars and Armenians would live together in the Crimean Republic like one happy family. Since those words were spoken, most of the nationalities whom Samedinov had mentioned are no longer living in the Crimea. Samedinov's own people, the Tatars, were deported from their homeland, lock, stock and barrel, and the whole Crimean Republic was disbanded.

Samedinov had made his speech on November 26. On the following day the Prime Minister of the Volga German Republic, Welsch, addressed the Congress of Soviets. Amid stormy applause from his fellow deputies, Welsch stated that "the toilers of the German Republic (Nemrespublika) ardently loved both their homeland and the glorious mighty Red Army". Welsch, too, was sacked in 1937 and, what was worse, the whole Volga German Republic was abolished by a Decree of August 28, 1941, because of the alleged treachery of its inhabitants.

Among the remaining speakers on the new Constitution were the Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Navy, Orlov, the Minister of Justice, Krylenko, the President of the Ukraine, Petrovsky, and many more who since then have been removed from their posts, arrested, and executed.

Vyshinsky's Influence

There were others, it is true, who are still alive today, and still holding high office. Andrei Vyshinsky is one of them. His speech made little impression on the audience and was not received with any particular applause. *Pravda*, which printed portraits of most of the prospective purge victims who had made speeches at the Congress of Soviets, failed to publish a picture of Vyshinsky. After all, Vyshinsky, although Public Prosecutor of the U.S.S.R., was at that time still fairly unimportant. He had not yet been awarded a single Order of Lenin.

The editor of *Pravda* could not know, of course, that the Public Prosecutor would have more influence under the new Constitution than all the prime ministers, presidents, ministers and generals who were still in the limelight at the end of 1936. It was the joint task of the Public Prosecutor and of the N. K. V. D. to rid the country of those who, from the orthodox Bolshevik point of view, had expected from Stalin's Constitution "too much democracy" for the Union as a whole and "too much independence" for the so-called member states of the U. S. S. R.

This is exactly what happened in the months and years which followed the adoption of the Stalin Constitution of 1936.

THE KRISHNA RESERVOIR PROJECTS

By M. SATYANARAYANA

THE Krishna and Godavari are the largest rivers in the State of Madras discharging annually on an average 5443 T. M. C. ft. of water. Out of this, Krishna discharges 1957 T.M.C. ft. and Godavari 3486 T.M.C. ft. Madras State is utilising hardly 10% of Krishna water and 7% to 8% of Godavari water for irrigation purposes, and the rest goes into the sea unused year after year. Of all the States in India, Madras is the worst sufferer from rice deficit. Water is the most important element in the production of rice. There is plenty of cultivated land in the State of Madras but this available land is most undependable for production for want of irrigation facilities. If the waters of Godavari and Krishna are properly harnessed, more than 10 million acres of land will become cultivable and out of this 8 million acres of land can be brought under irrigation. This means roughly 40 lakhs of tons of food which is not only sufficient for increasing the food ration from 6 oz. to 16 oz., in the State of Madras, but is ample enough to feed the neighbouring States which are suffering from food deficit.

There have been many schemes to build reservoirs on these two rivers. The Madras Government, during the last 40 years, has been considering several schemes, some to protect the present irrigation facilities and some to increase the acreage under irrigation. At no time in the past the need for the increased irrigation facilities and increased production of rice was felt so much as it is now being done. The Planning Commission has included in its plan a few of the small irrigation schemes at the instance of the Government of Madras. These schemes are to be completed within 5 years. The food that will be produced as a result of the irrigation schemes incorporated in the Five-Year-Plan for execution will be very insufficient. Hence the Planning Commission has decided to include one or two big schemes of the Madras

Government which will be capable of producing larger quantities of food.

Among the schemes investigated, the most important are the Ramapadasagar, Krishna Pennar and Pulichintala: Ramapadasagar on the river Godavari, Krishna Pennar and Pulichintala on the river Krishna. The State of Hyderabad, the next door neighbour, is also having a few schemes on these two rivers which are common to both. Among the schemes investigated by the State of Hyderabad, the Lower Krishna scheme at Nandikonda is the best and the largest. This scheme is capable of irrigating large tracts of land in the States of Hyderabad and Madras.

For the purpose of examining and reporting to the Central Government on the soundness and also the possibilities of immediate execution of these schemes within a reasonable time, a committee of engineers under the chairmanship of Sri A. N. Khosala is visiting Madras State in the month of February. This Committee appointed by the Natural Resources Ministry will tour in the State of Madras and visit the sites at which the reservoirs are proposed to be built. The main object in appointing the committee is to get reliable advice on the question of inclusion of a scheme, which is sufficiently large for producing food, in the second part of the Five-Year-Plan to be executed by the Governments of the State as well as the Centre. It is understood that the Government of India will help the State Governments in financing and executing these schemes.

Irrigation projects have recently been arousing great interest among the people of Andhra. The possibilities of increased prosperity, production of additional food, generation of electricity and the consequent advantages of having greater scope for starting new industries have naturally attracted the attention of the people in Andhra. Any moderate multi-purpose project, executed either on the river Krishna or the river Godavari,

will bring to the people living in their valleys considerable relief from food famine and will enable them to increase their standard of life. Therefore the people living in the valleys of Krishna and Godavari will naturally look forward to the visit of the Khosla Committee with very great expectations. They therefore would like to work for harnessing the waters of these rivers with all the enthusiasm and energy they command.

The following is a brief summary of the details of reservoir schemes on the river Krishna:

PULICHINTALA: This project was investigated in the year 1908 by two eminent and most reputed British engineers, Col. Ellis and Col. C. T. Mallings, who also designed and advised the construction of the Mettur Dam. Their report on this project was printed in three big volumes containing nearly 2000 pages. This reservoir on the river Krishna is to be constructed at the place called Pulichintala, 40 miles above Bezwada. An upland canal taking off direct from the reservoir on the right side will irrigate 6,10,000 acres and another canal on the left side will irrigate 2,00,000 acres. With altered designs and also with application of modern and improved engineering science, the cost of the dam can be brought down very much. The construction work can be completed within 3 to 5 years. This reservoir can also irrigate 7,00,000 acres of second crop under the existing Krishna delta. In all, 15 lakhs of acres of second crop under the existing and 7 lakhs of second crop can be brought under irrigation. This acreage is expected to yield at least 8 lakhs of tons of food per year. The reservoir as well as the digging of canals is expected to cost about 26 crores. In addition to these irrigation facilities, 60 to 75 thousand K. Watts of power can be generated. This reservoir will protect the existing delta against any scarce supply and also assure steady and earlier supply of water for irrigation. The average cost of this project per acre will be Rs. 200.

KRISHNA PENNAR: After giving up Ramapadasagar on the Godavari, the Government of Madras have been very vigorously working on this scheme. The project has undergone many changes since its first publica-

tion. The latest form of the project is as follows:

SIDDHESWARAM: Two reservoirs will be built, one on the river Krishna at a place called Siddheswaram near Kurnool and the other on the river Penna at a place called Somasila. The Siddheswaram reservoir will be three times as big as that of Mettur. Water will be drawn from this reservoir through a cutting of big rock called Mittikandla, the deepest of this cutting being 115 ft. Nearly 45 thousand cusecs of water during the flood season will be drawn through this reservoir from the river Krishna and conducted into the Penna and impounded in another reservoir at a place called Somasila which will be slightly bigger than Siddheswaram. An anicut will be built 4 miles below this reservoir and water will be drawn from this anicut towards South and North. A total acreage of 5 lakhs in Rayalseema will be irrigated (2/3 of which will be irrigated dry crop) on either side of the present Cuddapah Canal before the water reaches Penna. Water will also be supplied to Gandikota project on Penna which is an independent proposal. Water for the second crop to the extent of 7 lakhs will be supplied from Siddheswaram reservoir to the land and under the delta area in the districts of Krishna and Guntur.

SOMESWARAM: This reservoir built at Somasila will supply water to 17 lakhs of acres (a portion of which will be irrigated dry crop) of the land lying in Nellore and Chingleput districts. This includes 50 thousand acres of land belonging to Chittoor lying in between these two districts. This scheme is expected to supply water in all to 36 lakhs of acres (14 lakhs of second crop and 22 lakhs of dry and wet crop). The scheme will be implemented in two stages during a period of 15 years. This is expected to cost, according to the present estimates, Rs. 130 crores. The main items of expenditure being 41 crores on reservoirs, Rs. 15 crores on rock cutting, etc., Rs. 2 crores for putting up an anicut on Penna and the balance of Rs. 72 crores for digging canals and building up aqueducts, etc. The whole scheme will yield 18 lakhs of tons of cereals on an average, the cost working at more than Rs. 360 per acre.

This Someswaram reservoir will submerge very rich and fertile lands and also fruit gardens in the district of Cuddappah for which heavy compensation has to be paid. The submergence in Siddheswaram reservoir also will be very large. Several villages and a big town called Alampur will be submerged.

LOWER KRISHNA: This project was investigated by the Government of Hyderabad nearly 25 years back. The location of the project is at a place called Nandikonda, opposite to Macherla in the District of Guntur. A dam with a height of 350 ft. will be built. The site was found to be excellent with bed-rock across the whole river. This was started with the object of irrigating areas in the districts of Nalgonda and Warangal. On investigation and examination at the dam site, it has been found possible to take a canal from the right side also a little above Macherla. This canal will be probably one of the greatest and the most useful as this will be taken at a contour level of 510 and will run through, at the foot of the Nallamala Hills, upto Somasila in the river Penna. The length of this canal will be 238 miles and it will irrigate areas where rain is very scarce and drought is very frequent. These lands belonging to the taluks of Palnad, Sattenapalli, Guntur, Narasaraopet, Vinukonda, Bapatla, Markapuram, Darsi, Podali, Ongole, Kanigiri, Kandukur, Udayagiri and Atmakur can be brought under irrigation. This area needs the greatest relief as this is found always in the grip of famine. This is practically the area which is expected to be covered by a scheme called Kortikanuma.

The people in the dry taluks of Kurnool, Nellore and Guntur have been agitating for a long time for irrigation facilities through Sangameswaram (Siddheswaram Reservoir) project. Their demand is that water should be supplied from Sangameswaram either by a tunnel running through Kortikanuma mountain which is approximately a distance of 19 miles or by power-lift irrigation. Water can also be supplied to Kam-bham and Badvel which cannot get gravity flow on account of their situation on higher contour levels.

Water can also be taken by a canal

from Somasila through Rapur, Kalahasti, Ponneri upto Madras.

The cost of the construction of Nandikonda dam is expected to be Rs. 26 crores. Reasonable apportionment of this cost for the State of Madras for the right canal may be put at 15 crores. Digging of canals may be calculated at, on an average of Rs. 250 per acre. This canal can supply water to 20 lakhs of acres. The total cost of this scheme, when completed, for the State of Madras will be round about Rs. 65 crores. The left canal will run through the districts of Warangal and Nalgonda, the irrigation channels of it touching the borders of Chintalapudi, Tiruvur, Nuzvid and Nandigama taluks of West Godavari and Krishna. The irrigation facilities of this left canal can also be availed of by the Madras State to the extent of 2 lakhs. In all, this project can irrigate for the State of Madras 22 lakhs of first crop covering ten districts, namely West Godavari, Krishna, Guntur, Nellore, Kurnool, Chittoor, Chinglepet, Madras in Madras State and Nalgonda and Warangal in Hyderabad State, at a cost of 65 crores, on an average cost of less than Rs. 280 per acre. The yield is 11 lakhs of tons of food.

All those schemes appear to be quite good as far as they go provided we have the necessary funds and required quantum of water. There are limitations to both. In the Inter-State Conference held in the month of July 1951 at New Delhi, certain allocations for the utilisation of Krishna water have been made. According to the agreement reached between the States, namely, Madras, Hyderabad, Bombay and Mysore, the State of Madras is entitled to use only 470 T. M. C. ft of water. This is hardly enough for irrigating 30 lakhs of acres. The people living in the Krishna valley have a natural right over this water and claim first priority on this water. There is enough of land in the valley (valley being determined as an area lying between two rivers) which needs irrigation facilities immediately. Therefore, to meet the ends of justice and also to save the tax-payer's money, certain modifications have to be made in the plans prepared by the Government of Madras on the Krishna river reservoir projects.



By V. P. SATHE

REPORTS from Pakistan—West Pakistan to be exact—indicate that the film industry is facing a crisis there. This crisis concerns mainly the three or four hundred exhibitors and distributors; and more than any one else the film producers of Pakistan are responsible for the crisis. Unfortunately, most of these producers are evacuees from India and to safeguard their own interest they have been clamouring for all sorts of restrictions on the import of Indian films. The worst part of it is that, thanks to the narrow-minded policy of the Government, these producers have succeeded and the result is the heavy taxes and penalties imposed on all films imported from India. The 20 per cent sales tax plus the charge of one rupee per foot amount to about Rs. 35,000 per picture. Surely no distributor who pays a lakh of rupees for the rights of a picture would agree to pay 35 per cent of the potential profits to the Government unless he is sure of its tremendous success; and there are hardly a dozen pictures produced in India every year for which the distributors in Pakistan would not mind paying such a heavy tax.

But the dozen Indian pictures cannot keep the theatres running for a year. They could, if Pakistan producers could increase their production. But as it is, the experience of the last five years is very disappointing; the output of Pakistan's film producers is almost negligible. But for Nazir and a couple of other producers no producer has been able to make more than one picture. Shaikat Hussain who is reported to have built an up-to-date studio has not produced a single Urdu picture so far. Apart

from the quantity, the quality of the pictures produced in Lahore is so low that they cannot stand the competition of the Indian pictures. But the problem cannot be solved only by improving both the quality and quantity. Really, it is a great pity that in spite of such a big array of talent like Noorjehan, Shaikat Hussain, Swarnalata, Nazir, Khurshid, Imtiaz Ali, Taj, Ghulam Haider, Fazli, Shamim, Hakim Ahmed Shuja, Khurshid Anwar, Feroz Nizami, Tanveer Naqvi, Mumshil Dil, Neena, Charlie, W. Z. Ahmed, Shahnawaz, Najma, Najmul Hussain, Attaullah Shah, Shakil, Zahur Raja and many others, Pakistan has not been able to produce a single good picture during last four years.

Had some of these artistes remained in India after partition they would have minted money. But today their talent seems to be lost in a maze; and if the authorities in Pakistan are serious about supporting the film producers, they must find ways and means to ensure "regular" supply of pictures from the Lahore studios; and at least as long as the indigenous producers are not able to feed the theatres, they must keep the doors wide open for Indian pictures. The present policy will ruin the film trade in Pakistan and create unnecessary bitterness between the two industries. The best way is to abolish the sales tax and penalty and keep the films on the Open General Licence list of imports. For, ultimately, it is the free flow of films from India to Pakistan and vice-versa which will benefit the producers of Pakistan. Surely, the producers of Pakistan are not so blind that they want to lose the rich Indian market for their films by

insisting on the present suicidal policy.

Indeed, the crisis can be best resolved if the spokesmen of the two industries get together and bring pressure upon both the Governments to have a uniform policy regarding export and import of films. It is a pity that the motion picture has never been included in any of the Indo-Pak trade agreements so far. Meanwhile, the American distributors seem to be reaping a rich harvest in Pakistan since in the absence of Indian pictures, the exhibitors are forced to exhibit Hollywood pictures.

Personality Of The Week

The man in the news this week is producer-director Abdul Rashid Kardar. On Friday when I met him at Liberty (Bombay) he was looking particularly jubilant. He said that after seventeen months of trial and tribulations he had a good sleep the previous night. Reason, he had won the appeal against the Additional Custodian of Bombay who had declared him an intending evacuee. This order was set aside by the Custodian General of Evacuees Property and Kardar became once again a full-fledged Indian citizen:

In his order, the Custodian General observed:

"...the investment of a small sum of Rs. 7,000 for the bonafide purpose of opening a distribution office at Lahore is not at all sufficient to bring the appellants within the purview of the term 'intending evacuees'. The statement by Kardar that he had assets of over 20 lakhs in India invested in a large number of films and the entries in pass books showing several lakhs of rupees he had brought from Pakistan to India were considered material for arriving at the conclusion in this case."

Be it as it may, one is happy that Kardar has won; for he is among the very few producers in India who has maintained a certain standard of quality. Today, he has perhaps the best equipped studio in India with the latest camera and tape-recorder. And in Divecha and Ghosh, he has the ablest technicians. Unlike other great directors, Kardar has been able to make quality pictures in lesser time, because of his methodical work.

Recently, he sponsored the Kardar-Teresa-Kolynos contest as a result of which he has signed several new artistes who will appear in his forthcoming pictures.

Kardar started his career as an artiste in Lahore about twenty-five years ago. He was one of the pioneers of the film industry in Lahore and made *Heer Ranza* in the silent days. In the days of talkies, he migrated to Calcutta and joined East India Film Co., and produced such fine pictures as *Chandragupta*, *Baghe Sipahi* and *Milap*. Like most of his comrades from Calcutta, he came to Bombay and made several pictures for Ranjit, Circo and National Studios, the most remarkable among them being *Pagal*, *Puja* and *Thokar*.

In 1943, he launched his own production company under the banner of Kardar Productions and his very first picture *Sharada* met with unprecedented success and brought Naushad into limelight. Since then Kardar has been recognised as one of the most successful producers and is today considered among the top three or four producers in India. Yet, after the first two pictures, though Kardar turned out productions with amazing regularity, somehow his pictures did not receive any particular attention. It was only when he made *Shahjahan* which somehow did not prove a great box-office success, that he won critical accolades. Since then he has been riding on the crest of fame and popularity.

Apart from technical finish, music by Naushad has always been a great asset of Kardar. The only weak point of Kardar is the story; and unable to find good 'original' material, of late he has been depending much on Hollywood films for the story material. Though he is frank enough to admit it, it is hardly the right approach. If and when Kardar finds the true-to-life Indian story suitable for his purpose, he would be able to turn out real masterpieces of motion picture art. Till then, he will have to be content with producing just good films.

Picture Of The Week

The lack of originality of story material is again evident in *Filmkar's*

Ghungroo which is obviously inspired by an American picture "Wonder Man" starring Danny Kaye. But this lack of originality is somewhat compensated by the novelty of the subject as far as at least the Indian screen is concerned.

For, as far as I remember, this is the first modern ghost story to enrich our screen; and the ghost is the real attraction of the picture. It is the story of twin brothers—one of whom is a celebrated stage actor and the other a shy youth. The stage actor is killed by the 'vamp' actress and her accomplice after a scuffle; and his ghost returns to take revenge on the murderers and finds in his twin brother who is engaged with another girl a suitable medium.

Possessed by the ghost of his brother, the shy youth poses the dead man, joins the stage and shocks the 'vamp' and her accomplice who mistaking him to be the dead man they killed, try to murder him all over again. The way in which the ghost foils their plans and the manner in which the ghost almost ruins his living brother's love-life provide a series of amusing situations in the picture.

Amusing, the picture however gets confused in the climax and the ghost seems to get lost in the confusion with the result that the strangling of the vamp by her own accomplice appears itself to be very tame and the 'finale' rather weak. Similarly, in the beginning, before the ghost arrives on the scene, the picture appears to be rather dull. Hence the conclusion that the ghost is the life and soul of *Ghungroo*.

The characters of the twin brothers appear to be quite different on paper but not so in the picture. Yet Om Prakash has succeeded in giving the two characters a different individuality though one feels that Motilal or Raj could have done wonders with the role. Sumitra is like a picturesque statue; and it is not her fault if she does not look like the girl who is in love with Om Prakash! Kuldip is at home as usual in the vamp's role and K. N. Singh looks ferocious enough as her accomplice. But it is Badri Prasad who steals the acting honours

as lovable theatre manager. Murad ruins his performance by shouting too much.

Since the story revolves round stage and dances, the picture would have gained great popularity if Om, Sumitra or Kuldip could really dance. How one wishes that Rajendra Jain had chosen real dancers for this picture. As it is, the dances, though elaborately staged, fail to attract because there is hardly any dancing in it. The songs are catchy; at least two or three tunes are bound to be hits. But it is again unfortunate that C. Ramchander has started repeating himself rather too often.

Since the ghost dominates the picture, there is plenty of scope for camera tricks, most of which are cleverly done. The direction is nothing special; it lacks imagination and fire to inject the spirit of hilarity in comic situations. Yet, all said *Ghungroo* has many entertaining moments and a rather delightful ghost.

News Of The Week

—Pran is playing a straight, serious role for the first time in Raj Kapoor's new picture *Aah* co-starring Nargis, Raj and Vijayalaxmi.

—Bimal Roy has been signed up by National Films to direct *Jagir* (formerly entitled *Saya*) starring Kamini Kaushal.

—Vijayantimala is reported to have been signed by two Bombay producers, Jagat Pictures and Shanti Kumar. While she will appear in a costume to be directed by Jayant Desai, she will play Noorjehan in Shanti Kumar's picture of the same name.

—Goel's next picture is entitled *Aas*.

—Hemchander will soon start a picture for New Theatres entitled *Navin Yatra*.

—Tagore's 'Home and the World' and Tarashankar Banerji's "Na" are being filmed in Calcutta.

—Deepak, a Bengalee artiste, has been signed by Filmistan to play the lead in Bibhuti Mitra's new picture. Vajahat Mirza has been also signed to write and direct a picture for Filmistan.

SIDELIGHTS :

AN esteemed friend who, on all occasions hitherto, has proved to be a very shrewd and correct observer of politics and events, writes:

What you have been writing about the Communists and Prakasam pains me. Your praise for Prakasam may show your devotion to him. But it doesn't show reason. He has spent the best part of his political career in Madras and not Andhra. Again if he has it in his power, he will provide some job for a defeated candidate. So why should anyone find fault with the Congress leader for not letting down defeated candidates? Attlee and Churchill have not disbanded their parties and chucked out defeated candidates, simply because there were electoral reverses. The enthroning of Prakasam by Communists is artificial. It is not because the Communists have suddenly discovered that Prakasam is their idol but because he has 35 legislators behind him. They wouldn't have hesitated to go to Ranga, hat in hand, if he had 35 behind him. In any coalition between the anti-Congress parties, the Communists must get the Chief Ministership. If they are not insisting on it, it must be self-effacement, in which case your criticism of them is ill-founded; or it must be a strategy, in which case one must beware of them. You are also cruel in your estimation of the Communists. If they solve the food problem, all their other faults must be overlooked. But they are men of reason. The linguistic provinces problem which was the cause of so much wrangling between Andhra Congressmen and Tamil Congressmen, and Andhra Congressmen and Oriya Congressmen, has been settled amicably between comrades of various linguistic regions.

It is part of the trials of a journalist that he gives at times pain to friends by what he writes. It is one of the troubles of the profession that praise is so frequently mixed with devotion, and adverse comment with personal likes. The true journalist must have objectivity enough not to allow his inclinations to triumph over his judgments. It is not wrong to cherish devotion to Sri Prakasam or any other. The wrong lies in seeing through the colour of devotion public issues that should be seen through no colour. If readers hold that this journal has committed this wrong, denials from

me will not count. One fact however is relevant. Along with a lot of appreciation, nowhere else has criticism of Sri Prakasam's acts and policies been so unsparing as here.

As for defeated candidates, it is not contended they should be permanently consigned to the wilderness. In government by democracy, elections are held in order that representatives commanding the approval of the elections may be placed in positions of responsibility. The whole purpose of the election is lost if the defeated are placed on a par with the successful in filling up the top positions of responsibility. There is a difference between Party and Government, the exceptions being the totalitarian regimes. The party may be organised in whatever way the leaders choose, as it is a matter between them and their followers. But all parties are subject to the electorate's will in a democratic system. It is hence undemocratic to elevate a defeated partyman to a responsible position in the Governmental set-up.

As for the Communists, they know how to wield reason as a formidable weapon when they are so minded. They can also drop it unceremoniously when it suits them. There is no cruelty in stating the blunt fact of the many-sidedness of the Communist "fronts" making it hard for others to decide which to hold on to and which to reject. Can anything be more cruel than to say of a party that you do not know whether a course adopted by it is strategy or self-effacement? In the past ten years Communist policy has been a succession of somersaults from one vociferous attitude to its exact opposite. And always they have been most intolerant to those who took their arguments seriously and were converted by them, but failed to follow them when they changed and fashioned other arguments suitable to the change. It is because the past has proved that there is potential disagreement and ill-will in every alliance to which the Communists are a party, that the need is paramount now to beware of them to save a lot of future disillusionment and pain.

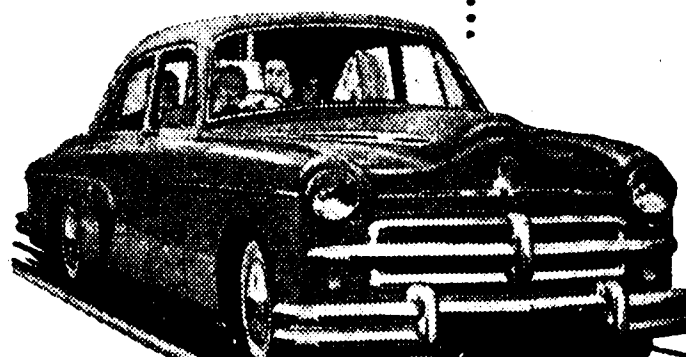
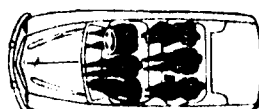
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Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and rewritten.

Assault On Election Officials

The presiding officer at Akavid polling station, Cumbum taluk in Kurnool district, Sri P. Samuel John (Senior Deputy Inspector of Schools, Giddalur) filed a complaint with the police on 17th January 1952 that he and his assistant presiding officer Sri S. Krishnayya were assaulted and another assistant presiding officer, Sri Devadanam (Senior Inspector of Co-operative Societies, Giddalur) was intimidated in the polling station while on duty by Sri P. Ranga Reddy (sitting M. P.) Congress candidate for the State Assembly from Cumbum constituency and Sri S. Rami Reddy, Congress candidate for Nandyal Parliamentary constituency. The next day after the complaint was filed, the Deputy Superintendent of Police, and the Revenue Divisional Officer, followed by the unfortunate victimised officials, visited the scene of offence and investigated into the facts. Subsequently, the Collector and the District Superintendent of Police, Kurnool, visited the village and made enquiries.

Though several weeks have passed no action has been taken till now and rumours are afloat that undue influence has been brought to bear upon the authorities concerned.

As a Congressman for over 20 years I wish to stress the fact that if Government officials are assaulted publicly while on important State duties and nothing is done to afford them redress and protection and bring the offenders to book, the prestige of the party in power (which has much dwindled of late) and consequently that of the Government, whose motto is (Satyameva Jayathi) will sink down further in the public estimation. Giddalur.

(Dr.) S. G. SARMA.

Political Advisers In Part 'B' States

The reported decision of the Government of India to appoint Political Advisers to the Governments elected by the people in Part "B" States is not consistent with the spirit of the times, and will only add to the popular resentment against the Congress. These Political Advisers will function just like the much-hated former Residents of the British Crown. That Mr. M. K. Vellodi, an incumbent of the new post in Hyderabad resented any comparison with the former Resident, as has been reported, shows how unwise it is on the part of the Government of India to offer old wine in new bottles and how unavailing is the veil of new names in mitigating the repulsive nature of the old British methods.

The office of Political Adviser is not only superfluous but also anti-democratic.

It is not unusual for Ministers in democratic countries to have Advisers to advise them on important matters, but the advisers are always of the Ministers' free choice, and are appointed only if they (Ministers) need them. But here they are appointed even before the Ministries are formed. An obvious inference is that in the opinion of the Government of India the party or parties returned by the people in a majority are incapable of running the administration without the aid of external talent, which is simply an insult both to the candidates and the electorate that returned them. Are the electorate so ignorant and foolish as to elect incompetent persons to the Assemblies? Do they deserve such downright condemnation at the hands of the Government of India?

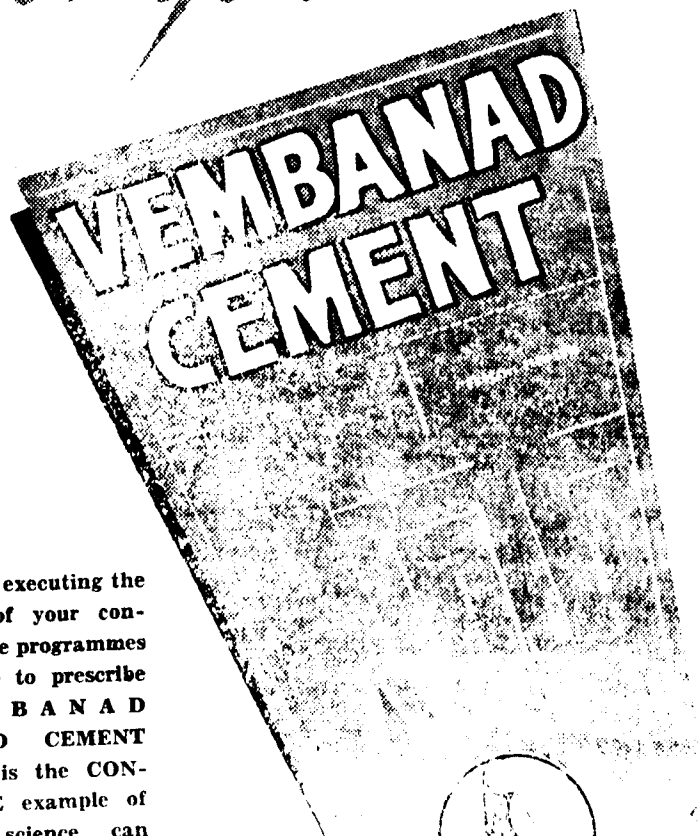
Their argument that they have to appoint Political Advisers to Part 'B' States since under the Constitution they are the "special responsibility" of the Centre is on the face of it absurd. This argument is a fantastic misinterpretation of the intentions of our Constitution-makers in so far as the "special responsibility" clause is concerned. Being former princely States, most of them are economically and industrially most backward, and the people in these States are the poorest. So, the Centre has been burdened with special responsibility in regard to the development of these States. This special responsibility should be, therefore, expressed in terms of financial and technical aid for the development of the States and for the betterment of the living conditions of the people, and not in terms of the imposition of officers on the popularly elected Governments, which cannot but be considered as a self-assumed, unnecessary and even unwanted responsibility. It is enough that the Government of India assumed special responsibility in safeguarding the interests of the Nizam, despite popular clamour for his deposition.

In welcoming the appointment of a Political Adviser to the Popular Government in Hyderabad State, Mr. D. G. Bindu, President of the Hyderabad P. C. C. failed to realise that he condemned himself, the Congress legislators and the people that voted for the Congress legislators. He virtually told the public that the Congress legislators are not capable of running the Government without the advice of an "experienced officer" of the Government of India. He should have made this fact (?) clear to the public before the State went to the polls.

Hyderabad.

K. S. S.

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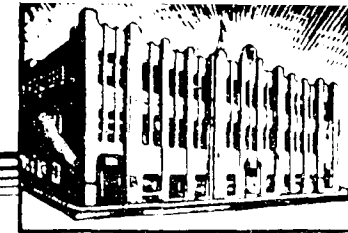
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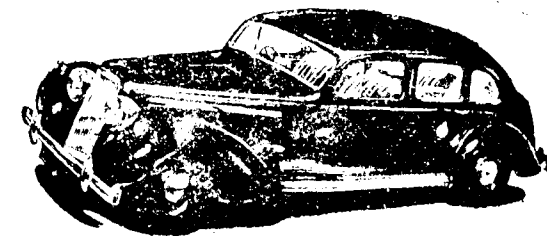
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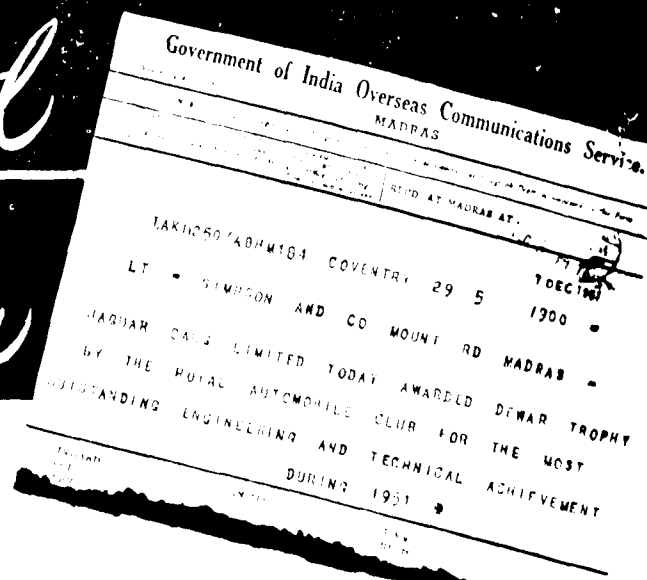
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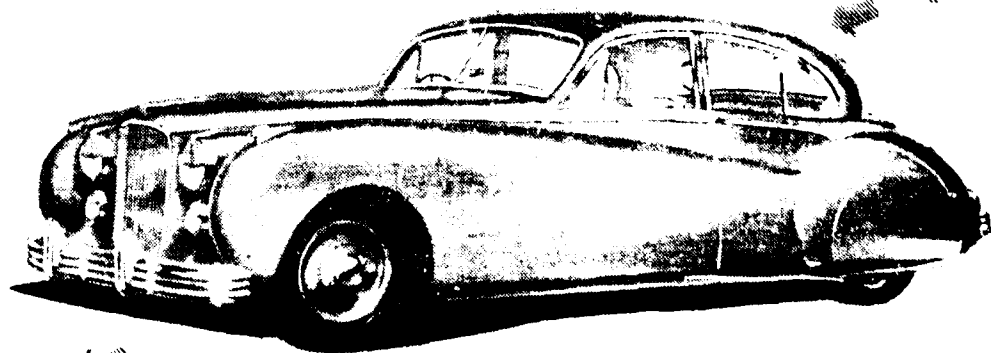
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