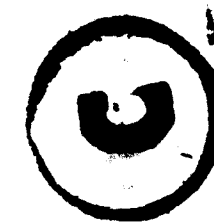


Swatantra
1953
Vol.
May 8 13 to 17.
h

DIGITIZED

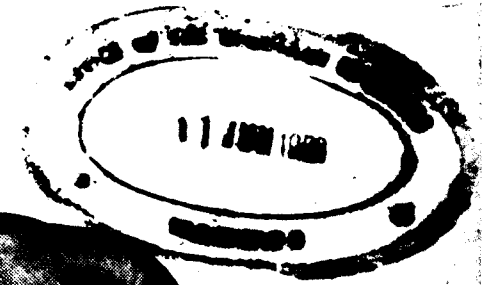


JL
m2, N46
NS3.8.13-17
93648

671
2-522

SWATANTRA

Verified
12



COTTON YARNS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

FOR HANDLOOM, POWERLOOM & HOSIERY FACTORIES

MADURA MILLS CO., LTD.,

Phone: 250 (4 Lines) — MADURAI — Grams: "HARVEY".

MILLS AT

MADURAI, TUTICORIN AND AMBASAMUDRAM

5,00,000 Spindles

Counts up to 80s

SPECIALITIES

WARP YARNS COMBED YARNS

HOSIERY YARNS

SINGLE & FOLDED YARNS:

CONES CHEESE OR HANKS

ropes for the Manufacture of
ROPE — HEALDS — CANVAS — TAPE

Sewing Thread Yarns & Multi-ply yarns

CORD YARNS FOR TYRE MANUFACTURE

Managers :

A. & F. HARVEY LTD.,

MADURAI.

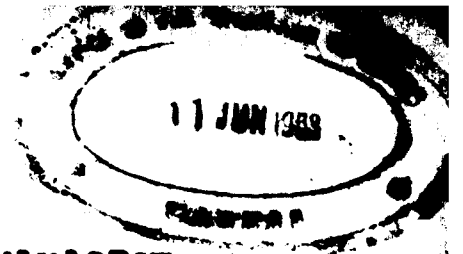
PHONES :

Madurai 420 (4 Lines)

(S. I.)

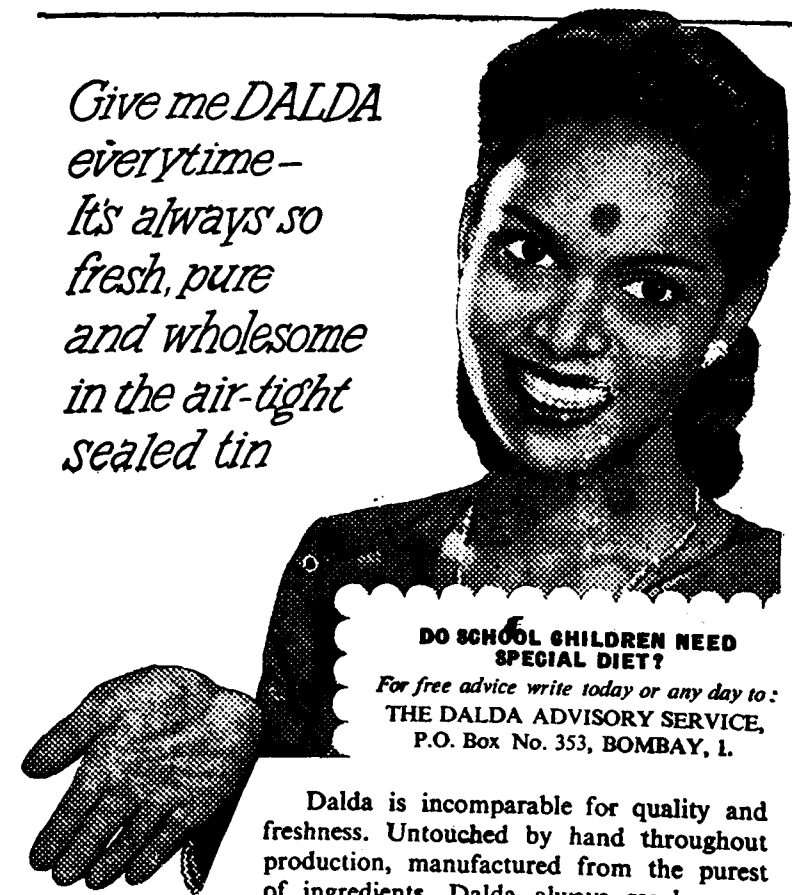
GRAMS :

"Harvey" Madurai.



**HERE'S WHY DALDA VANASPATI IS
THE BEST VALUE YOUR MONEY CAN BUY**

*Give me DALDA
everytime —
It's always so
fresh, pure
and wholesome
in the air-tight
sealed tin*



**DO SCHOOL CHILDREN NEED
SPECIAL DIET?**

For free advice write today or any day to:
THE DALDA ADVISORY SERVICE,
P.O. Box No. 353, BOMBAY, I.

Dalda is incomparable for quality and freshness. Untouched by hand throughout production, manufactured from the purest of ingredients, Dalda always reaches you pure, fresh and wholesome in the air-tight sealed tin. And it is so economical too.



DALDA

AVAILABLE IN 10lb., 5lb., 2lb. & 1lb. PACKS

HVM. 189-50

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII. NO. 13.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1953.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	3
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	5
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	7
RAILWAY REMINISCENCE—By D. N.	9
STUDENTS OF TODAY THINK INTERNATIONALLY—By Violet Welton	10
PAKISTAN'S MALAISE—By M. Madhava Rau	12
GANDHI AND HIS APPROACH TO JUDAISM—By Abraham Rosenthal	15
"THANK GOD FOR IKE," SAYS BRITAIN—By Andrew Roth	17
SUEZ CRISIS REACHES A CLIMAX—By Matthew Halton	19
THE GIFTS—(Short Story)—By M. Krishnamoorthy ..	22
COLOUR—By N. Jaganadh	23
INDIAN DANCING—By Enakshi Bhavnani	25
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	28
CREATIVE MARXIST—IV—By V. Subramanian	30
MME MILLY-VANEZ'S CONCERT—'Lykos'	33
KHADI VERSUS MILL CLOTH—By G. Srinivasa Raghavachariar	34
NOTES ON THE NEW ERA—By P. G. Krishnayya ..	36
UNIVERSITY AUTONOMY—By P. Kodanda Rao ..	39
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS—By Roy C. Kepler	43
HOME FOR HOMELESS	48

ON THE COVER: Mme Milly-Vanez. (See page 33)

Amritanjan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII. NO. 14.
SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1953.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL COMMENT	3
SOTTO VOCE—By <i>Vighneswara</i>	4
SIDELIGHTS—By <i>Saka</i>	6
PROSELYTISM IN INDIA—By <i>S. Rajagopalan</i>	9
DR. C. E. M. JOAD—By <i>Dr. R. Ramamurthy</i>	12
SHY DIPLOMAT AT U. N. HELM—By <i>P. G. Krishnayya</i>	14
THE AMERICAN CHARACTER—By <i>Alfred S. Schenkman</i>	17
FILIBUSTER—By <i>V. S.</i>	22
WOMAN—NOT WIFE—(Short Story)—By <i>D. R. M.</i>	24
SEDIMENTATION—By <i>P. V. C. Rao</i>	26
DAYS WITH KOINANGE IN KIAMBU—By <i>Fenner Brockway</i>	27
WAR AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS: ANCIENT AND MODERN—By <i>Dr. B. Mukerji</i>	28
BRIEFING AND BUSINESS—By <i>V. Subramanian</i>	30
FILM FARE—By <i>V. P. Sathe</i>	32
"OVER A. I. R."—By "Z"	35
3,000 INDIANS STUDYING IN BRITAIN—By <i>Francis Watson</i>	37
PALLAVARAM HILL—By <i>D. N.</i>	39
MID-DAY MEALS IN SCHOOLS—By <i>Leela Jog</i>	40
NEWS-GATHERING IN EUROPE AND U. S. A.—By <i>Jan M. van Gindertael</i>	41
ACCESS TO NEWS IS LONDON PROBLEM—By <i>William McGaffin</i>	43
"HOW TO TREAT AMERICANS IN INDIA": A REPLY—By <i>S. P. Mishra</i>	45
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	47

ON THE COVER: Picture taken on the occasion of the opening of a new ward at the Government Ophthalmic Hospital, Egmore, by Governor Sri Prakasa.



PORTLAND CEMENT

For
**SOUNDNESS
STRENGTH
STABILITY**

*Make it the concrete feature
in all your building plans*

Manufacturers :

THE INDIA CEMENTS LTD.

*Regd. Office: 11-12, Second Line Beach, MADRAS-1.
Factory: Sankarnagar, Tinnevely District.*

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII NO. 15.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1953.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL COMMENT	3
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	5
THE SHASTRY AWARD—By P. N. Sampath	7
DELHI EXHIBITION OF WORLD CONTEMPORARY ART —By Shibdas Banerji	10
REPORT ON BANGKOK—By Prof. K. C. Peter	14
TEST CASE IN ASIA'S MILITARY COUNTER-REVOLUTION —By Andrew Roth	17
TUBERCULOSIS PROPHYLAXIS—By "Caduceus"	20
EAST EUROPEAN TRADE WITH ASIAN COUNTRIES—By John Cardew	22
AMERICA AND THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICA—By P. G. Krishnayya	27
CORONATION WILL PAY ITS WAY—By Monroe [†] Johnston	32
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	35
THE TOY TRAIN—By B. T. Sampath	37
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	40
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	42
INOCULATION BY QUESTIONNAIRE—By Alfred S. Schenkman	43
LIBERALISM IN INDIA—By P. Rajeswara Rao	47

ON THE COVER: Mr. Paul Sherbert, Cultural Officer of the U. S. I. S., Madras, greeting Mr. Adlai Stevenson on arrival at the Meenambakkam aerodrome.

Amrutanjana

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII. NO. 16.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1953.

CONTENTS

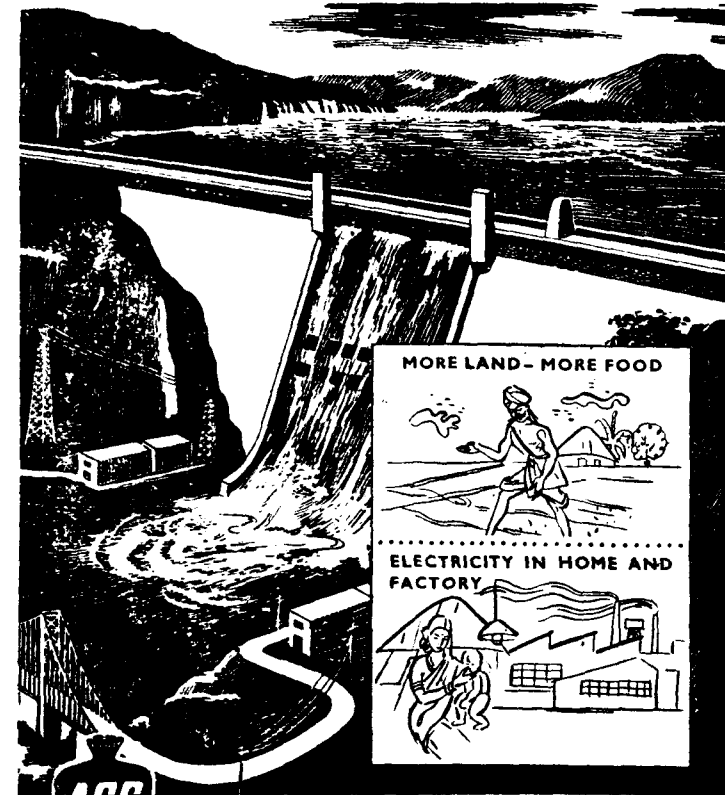
	PAGE
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	3
SIDELIGHTS— <i>By Saka</i>	6
SOME BEST REMEMBERED BOOKS: A HAPHAZARD SKETCH — <i>By C. L. R. Sastri</i>	8
MINNESOTA'S MIRACLE FARM— <i>By Dr. P. G. Krishnayya</i>	13
A LETTER ON LAOS—TO. MR. DULLES— <i>By Andrew Roth</i>	17
EXPERIMENTS IN RAINMAKING— <i>By K. V. Karantha</i> ..	23
LOVED AND LOST—(Short Story)— <i>By Theo. W. La Touche</i>	28
AMERICA AFTER STALIN— <i>By S. Krishniah</i>	32
POWERS BEHIND THE THRONE— <i>By Matthew Halton</i>	34
ERNEST HEMINGWAY— <i>By Dr. R. Ramamurthi</i>	37
FILM FARE— <i>By V. P. Sathe</i>	39
IN THE BOOK WORLD	42
A CINEMA AND A CIRCUS—Z	43
LINGUISTIC DIVISIONS— <i>By G. Srinivasa-raghavachariar</i>	44
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	46

ON THE COVER: A recent photograph of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

BHAKRA-NANGAL PROJECT

Built to last with ACC Cement

The colossal Bhakra - Nangal scheme will harness the waters of the river Sutlej for irrigation and power. It consists of two mighty dams, at Bhakra and Nangal respectively, and five power stations. When completed it will bring millions of acres of land under irrigation and will supply electric power to the surrounding areas. In this task of increasing the economic wealth of the country, ACC Cement is playing a vital part.



THE CEMENT MARKETING COMPANY OF INDIA LTD.

Sales Managers of

THE ASSOCIATED CEMENT COMPANIES LIMITED

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII. NO. 17.
SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1953.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	3
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	5
ORIGIN OF BHOODAN YAGNA—From A Correspondent ..	7
IN THE BOOK WORLD	8
"...OVER A. I. R."—By 'Z'	9
THE CURSE OF OVER-CENTRALISATION—By Medico ..	11
UNIVERSITIES IN THE UNITED STATES—By Alfred S. Schenkman	13
CHURCHILL TO MOSCOW—By Andrew Roth	17
BILINGUALISM FOR INDIA—By P. Kodanda Rao ..	21
THE SCHOOL MARM—(Short Story)—By Magha ..	25
VICTORY AND THE VICTIM—By V. Subramanian ..	29
FILM FARE—By V. P. Sathe	32
FREEDOM FIGHTER THOMAS PAINE—By S. Natarajan ..	35
POPULATION AND THE FOOD PROBLEM—By P. Rajeswara Rao	37
CORONATION CRESCENDO—By Andrew Roth	41
THE GREATEST REPUBLICAN	43
NEW DELHI DIARY—By V. V. Prasad	44
LIGNITE: NEW FACTOR IN INDIA'S ECONOMY—By Jaibhoy Joseph	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

ON THE COVER: Sri Jaya Prakash Narain and his wife snapped at a hilly village in Telangana which they toured in connection with Bhoodan Yagna early this month.—Photo By D. S. Naidu, Hyderabad.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII.
No. 13.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1953

ISSUED
WEEKLY

A NEW APPROACH

ONE of the resolutions moved at the annual session of the Southern India Journalists' Federation last week, advocated that the Union and State Governments in India should be guided by economic considerations in dispensing advertisements. The resolution was opposed, and when put to vote, lost. It is a pity that the story of this resolution and of the eventual fate it met did not find a place in any of the reports of the proceedings of the Conference published in the daily press. Yet it seems to us that the defeat of the resolution was an event of portentous importance and deserved to be given the widest publicity, if only for the glimmering of a new light it shed on an old practice based on false premises and outmoded superstitions.

The Times of India controversy has brought to the fore the question of the principles on which Government advertising should be based. In the matter of private advertising there are no principles at all though an elaborate machinery is at work for assessing the economic value of column space in the various journals. Principles come into play only in a very narrow margin left over after favouritism and antipathy have had their fullest scope. We have reason to believe that the highest advertisement patronage in the whole country is enjoyed by a journal which has practically no subscribers.

Even from private advertisers who respect no rules for themselves, there is considerable pressure exercised that Government advertisements should be bestowed in accordance with specific principles. It used to be

insisted that circulation should be taken as the sole criterion, and preference should be given in the placing of Government advertisements, only on the basis of circulation. In opposition to this view, it was pointed out at the S. I. J. F. Conference, that some of the newspapers with the largest circulations, have social objectives of questionable value, and do not deserve to be strengthened financially by any Government guided by social considerations. We would like a new approach, based on the social and public content of a newspaper, to enter into Government policy as a determining factor in the placing of advertisements.

If the general drift of the matter printed in a newspaper is destructive or subversive of sound economic principles, it deserves no consideration as a medium of advertisement. If such a paper has a large circulation, it represents a social and public menace, and should be treated as such. The assumption that circulation as such has high sales—promotion value may sometimes be overdone. For the purpose of business how many persons read a newspaper is generally not so important as the sort of persons that read it. If the readers of a newspaper are mainly drawn from gamblers and speculators who aspire for a rich prize at a low cost, and lay themselves out in endless labour solving crossword puzzles, they are not likely to prove to be the pillars of commerce. They are apt to be improvident people bent on profiting at others' expense, and millions of them may not turn out to be as valuable for business as

a much smaller number of steadier citizens brought up to live unspectulatively and to seek value for money in their purchases.

The characters of newspapers have a cumulative sustaining effect on the support given by society to trade and industry generally, and money spent in strengthening newspapers of wholesome influence is money well spent. We would like the Central and State Governments to realise the value of the character of the press as a whole as a stabilising factor for the promotion of trade and commerce, and set out boldly on a policy of encouraging quality and desisting from backing with advertisements papers given to tricks and spurious methods and low playing-to-the-gallery techniques for catching circulations.

—
"Arise, Sir"

WHEN Tennyson was made a peer, Swinburne burst into scornful verse;

"Stoop, Chaucer, stoop;

Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down."

A more temperate critic lamented, "It is really so sad that I hardly like to speak of it. Compare that with Milton's ending and mark the difference." This sense of pitiful anticlimax must afflict the student of history and letters as he contemplates the portent of Sir Winston Churchill. It appears grievous that the Thucydides of his age, the Pericles of his epoch should consent to sink to the level of

"Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jam-ramjee,

Two stock-jobbing Jews and a shuffling Parsee."

A baronetcy may elevate the successful ironmonger and the prosperous greengrocer, but, even when it is accompanied by the Garter, it can add nothing to the most illustrious career in contemporary history. It is surprising that Mr. Churchill, pos-

sessed as he is of such a vivid historical imagination, should consent to be so dubiously honoured. However, these are only first reflections. The truth, of course, is that a more grandiose title will probably bring Mr. Churchill's political career to a precipitate end. Further, the great dignity of the Garter must make some amends. It may be believed that, when he retires from politics endowed with the gratitude of his nation, a more magnificent title will adorn the descendant of Marlborough, who won more momentous victories than Blenheim, Malplaquet or Oudenarde. Even so it is difficult to rid one's mind of a sense of anti-climax. To attempt to honour Mr. Churchill is like gilding the lily. It would have been historically more appropriate if he had remained plain Mr. Churchill, the representative of the second Elizabethan age, just as a mere strolling player gathered in himself all that was noblest and best in the first great Elizabethan epoch.

Defeated Candidates

THE credit of British parliamentary parties is built with the sacrifice of the fortunes of many an erring member that had incurred disrepute with transgression of some kind or other. The transgressor was cast out in order that the party might be saved. The Congress Party in India seems to have learned nothing from the example of British parliamentary leadership though the whole Constitution has been modelled on the British system. We do not hold that defeated candidates should remain defeated for ever and should not get a chance of winning back their lost positions in the legislature at subsequent bye-elections. There is nothing inherently objectionable in Sri Bhaktavatsalam who was defeated in the Assembly elections last year contriving to get elected to the Council at the first opportunity that presented itself this year. The objection lies not in the

earlier defeat, but in the revelations of character that were brought out at the time in the course of relevant court proceedings. A Minister shown to have used his official position to secure the disqualification of a rival candidate is not fit for parliamentary life, and if nevertheless he should be restored to it by the party bosses, it will be registered as a black mark against the party itself in the inexorable judgment of the public. Much the same can be said of the selection of Sri H. Sitarama Reddi as Congress candidate for the Kurnool seat in the

coming Assembly bye-election. His election was set aside by a tribunal the other day not on technical grounds but for reasons connected with abuse of position. These restorations of discredited individuals are hard to digest for the critical public and they will cost the Congress Party dear. The incorrigible preference of Congress leadership both in Andhra and Tamil Nadu for defeated politicians of bad repute will pull the Congress down and pass on the favour of the electorate to other parties.

Sotto Voce



THE BLUE RIBAND

AT the age of seventy-eight Mr. Churchill has become a Knight of the Garter. People will ask incredulously, "Has he succumbed to that last infirmity of noble minds?" Of course precedents can be found in plenty both for and against. Mr. Gladstone preferred to remain "plain Mr. Gladstone" to the last, but not, as his enemies were not slow to point out, because of any excess of humility. No man who aspired to a fourth term of office when past eighty or could invest a political campaign with all the aura of a moral crusade could be supposed to have had any doubts about his own worth.

I for one would like to think that that was the dour old man's way of getting even with his icily polite Queen. On the other hand there were P.M.'s like Dizzy who expanded in the sunshine of Imperial favour. They confounded the scoffers with the off-hand remark, "When my Queen deems

me worthy of her royal regard, should I boorishly say no?" That incidentally was what the great tribune, whom admirers in an inspired pun called "Surrender-not", said when he became Sir Surendranath Banerjee, bending that stiff knee to receive the alien accolade. We in our salad days were sombrely agreed that it was a sad come-down.

The elder Pitt became Earl of Chatham. But history knows him, and not his brilliant son, as the Great Commoner. The House of Commons has a great tradition of agitation, of inspired demagoguery, which makes it in the recollection the spiritual home of the Pym and Camdens, the Brights and Cobdens, the Cobbetts and Wilkeses rather than the manoeuvring ground of the Cecils and Marlboroughs, the Pulteneys and Carterets who compose the shining muster roll of England's Prime Ministers. And Mr. Churchill, Sir Winston though he has become, will always be

remembered among the great agitators. It was no mere accident that he dominated the Second World War as Lloyd George did the first.

There was about both more than a touch of the charlatan. It was this alloy that hardened their metal for the rough usage of war. The extravert is a born showman. And when to histrionic talent is added a great capacity for hard work and the gift of the warm and coloured phrase the gods will that he be born in the dynasty of Demosthenes. And Mr. Churchill was let into the plenary heritage, stutter and all. The bulldog face and the laughter-provoking hat, the cigar smoke ever ascending, as from the bowels of some perpetually erupting Etna, the deeply meditated phrase drawn out with an air of tentative regard, as if it were the half-recognised inspiration of the moment,—all this carefully composed negligence had the detonating effect of stylistic *bravura*.

The great actor is never more truly himself than when he acts. The great demagogue translates his life into one long acting. When Mr. Churchill is arrayed in due course in the insignia of the Garter it will be found that the shabby coat and slouch hat of legend has undergone the same natural and inevitable transformation as the Ugly Duckling. "The dark blue riband, and the star scintillating to eight points, the heavy mantle of blue velvet, with its lining of taffeta and shoulder-knots of white satin, the crimson furcoat, the great embellished tassels and the chain of linked gold, and the plumes of ostrich and heron uprising from the black velvet hat—these things

had for him little significance save as a fine setting, a finer setting than the most elaborate smoking suit for that perfection of respect which the gods had given him."

Could Max Beerbohm, when he penned that portrait of the exquisite Duke, have seen the ghostly mantle of the Garter on the then slim shoulders of the young Winston? We have no means of knowing. But we shouldn't be surprised if genius had once again prefigured destiny. Mr. Churchill, for all his dandyism, is an incurable romantic. But, unlike that other romantic of the Conservative tradition, Edmund Burke, he has rarely known the illumination of general ideas. Of him it may be truly said that he gave to mankind what was meant for party.

Burke would have been horrified by the disrespectful remark of Lord Melbourne that he had accepted the Order of the Garter because "there was no damned question of merit about it." But he would not have thought it necessary to decline it if it had been offered him by a political rival in office. Mr. Churchill who refused the honour when Mr. Attlee would have conferred it showed that he was less sure of himself. Nobody doubts that the honour has come to him now, not because of the office he holds, but because of his sovereign's regard. Why should he have supposed that the mere instrumentality of Mr. Attlee must mute that regard in the world's estimation? Mr. Churchill, the politician, unlike his great exemplar, never forgets himself wholly in the statesman.

VIGNESWARA.

More than three years ago, Mr. Rajagopalachari suggested that children should go to school only on three days in the week, and help the family on the remaining four with domestic chores, odd errands and baby-sitting. A commentary on the merits of the suggestion is provided by the fact that the Governor-General's scheme could not be put into practice until he became the Chief Minister of Madras. By encouraging the pupil to follow the ancestral trade or occupation, the incidental—or is it intentional?—consequence would be to make the prevailing social stratification and occupation to occupation which is a condition preceding economic progress. Even the most ardent supporter of basic education would not wish that the choice of the pupil's vocation in life should be decided on birth.—*The Times of India*.

SIDELIGHTS :

ONE remarkable feature of the fifteenth annual Conference of the Southern India Journalists' Federation held in Madras this year was the complete absence of any representative of the Government at the session. Not one of the Ministers attended it. Our Ministers are furious tourers. Neither distance nor expense deters them. There is scarcely a day when one of them does not go out to some spot somewhere in between Srikakulam in the north and Tirunelveli in the south to officiate at some function and deliver there a speech duly reported the next day in all the daily newspapers. The all-India record for Ministers in the matter of tireless touring must, I believe, be awarded by any body of judges to Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, the Education Minister. He seems to have pledged himself to peripatetic activity of the widest range and given it the first priority among the duties of a Minister. Ever since the Prime Minister made his announcement about the Andhra State, administration in Madras has become swiftly compartmentalised, and though the Ministers hold their portfolios for the whole State they have ceased to have equal representative capacity over the whole of it. They are no longer for practical purposes Ministers for the whole State, they are either Andhra or Tamil. The thread of continuity with the outlook of earlier days when there was no such distinction, is being maintained only in the matter of tours, by all the Ministers except the Chief and by none so indefatigably as the Education Minister.

As for the Chief Minister, he has dropped the Andhra area completely out of his tour programmes. So noticeable has been his distaste for direct physical contact with the Andhra districts, that it has resulted in a considerable perturbation in the minds of Tamil officers who feel they are likely to be posted in the new State under the partition arrangements now going on. If even a Chief Minister with the whole authority of the police force at his command,

should be so nervous about setting foot in these districts, what is likely to be their fate with no such resources, they seem to think. In order to check the infectious spread of panic and create an atmosphere of reassurance, the Chief Minister would do well to abandon his present policy of boycotting the Andhra districts in his tour programmes. Nor is there any reason why he and his colleagues should be so unanimous in their attitude of indifference to so important a body connected with the working of the press as the Southern India Journalists' Federation.

In other States the relations between the Government and the press are cordial and social. At the Hyderabad Journalists' Conference last year, presided over by the President of the Southern India Journalists' Federation, I was struck by the keen interest taken in the proceedings by the members of the Cabinet. Almost all the Ministers and the top-ranking officials of the Secretariat were present. The Chief Minister, Sri Ramakrishna Rao, who was once a journalist, took a cheerful interest in the deliberations of the session and went so far as to make a goodwill grant to cover its expenses. Official cars were lent to the organisers of the Conference to enable them to look to the comforts of guests and visitors the more efficiently. It was as though the State Government felt they had a joint responsibility for the success of the Conference. I wish Madras Ministers take a leaf from the example of their compeers in Hyderabad and other civilised States and deal with journalists and representative organisations of journalists in a less chilling and stand-offish way.

The memorandum presented to the Press Commission by the S. I. J. F. came in for some comment during this year's session. Sri A. G. Venkatachari led the view that the Federation should organise itself definitely on trade union lines like the All-India Federation of Working Journalists. Sri Raghunatha Aiyar, the

President of the Federation, is pledged to the conception of journalism as a profession and not a trade, and it is his view that now prevails with the Federation. The distinction between the two standpoints is not merely academic. It will affect vitally the whole future of the press in the country. Emphasis on wages, working hours, increments, security of tenure, and the like is the essence of the trade union outlook. It is related to a background of employer-profitteering. The trade unionist is interested in putting an end to the profiteering of workers by capitalists and seeing to it that a substantial portion of the profits of trade and industry is passed on for the benefit of those who with their labour contribute the major share to the building up of the profits. The trade union attitude in journalism is evidently provoked by the fabulous fortunes that are being made by some of the newspaper owners. It is no doubt true that these appropriate to themselves the bulk of the revenue and spend only a negligible fraction of it on their employees. But the economic problems of working journalists are not, in the main, related to the extraction of concessions from prosperous employers, they are connected with the bolstering up of struggling papers and saving them from mortality. The income of the press is very unevenly distributed among its various organs. There is excessive concentration to the advantage of a small number of papers which, with overgrowth and prosperity, tend to develop all the defects of capitalist vested interests, disqualifying themselves correspondingly for risky adventures involving protection of underdogs and challenges against the oppressions of the mighty. The social conscience of the community is reflected more faithfully by a large body of precarious newspaper ventures which can only offer unattractive terms of employment. For the sake of the social objectives of the press there is still need of a spirit of defiance of economic considerations on the part of the majority of its votaries. The better elements of the press subserving idealistic aims of great social value would collapse and break down, restricting the scope of employment still fur-

ther, if the attitude of measuring work by wage were to make any considerable headway in journalistic organisations. In a poverty-stricken country employment must take precedence of increments. If the worth of journalists is to be measured by what they earn, it would mean that the press can cater to the rich alone, and the poorer sections will have to go unserved. The fact is that there is not at present enough of prosperity going round for trade unionism to take deep root in the ranks of working journalists. There is only poverty to divide. It is not for nothing that for all the ado about trade unionism made by the All India Federation of Working Journalists, its President is content and happy with congenial work that gives him only a fraction of the income which he could easily have earned elsewhere.

Sri Prakasam in his inaugural address at the S. I. J. F. Conference raised a point that seems to be greatly exercising the minds of the Andhra leaders now. They want a press of local origin and ownership to nurse democracy in the new State. They are afraid that before local enterprise gets going, the owner of some newspaper chain from somewhere outside will forge a new link to the chain in the new State, erect machinery, start one or two new dailies, forestall regional initiative and establish himself before all others with all the advantages of first coming. Sri Prakasam gave the stern warning that in the Andhra State to be formed, no rush of commercial magnates from outside to its territory to establish themselves as the lords of the press will be tolerated. I have it on the authority of a former Chief Minister of Madras that a chain newspaper baron once issued a threat to him that if he failed before a certain date to tender an apology to him, for some administrative act that had angered him, he would do his worst and put the whole destructive puissance of his press machinery into full gear to bring the offending Chief Minister down. That is an indication of the spirit of aggression at the bottom of the newspaper chains, and the less we have of the chains, the better.—SAKA.

RAILWAY REMINISCENCE

LOOKING back upon one's childhood brings the mind up against the mists and clouds that surround early memories. I remember very little of the first ten years of my life and so much of the next ten. All attempts to summon up remembrances of my infancy are rewarded by little more than a few pictures of faces and favourite toys and a few more sounds of voices and—most distinct of all—railway engine whistles. The heaven that lay around me in my infancy was filled with these whistles that thrilled my mind with impressions of super-human speed and power. I remember lying awake at nights, with eyes tightly shut and listening intently to the frequent whistles that came from the marshalling yards of Mysore station. But for those reassuring whistles, demons and witches, created by my fairy tale-fed imagination, would have swooped down on me and carried me away to their boiling cauldrons.

With the passage of years and due to the process called growing up, we shed many of our childish fads and tendencies and pick up new ones. But, there is one fixation that no amount of growing up can knock out of my system and that is my love and admiration for engines and trains. In fact, this has grown steadily during the years and now hardly an evening passes without my strolling out to the railway tracks to see the incoming trains.

When I have to catch a train at the Central Station at Madras, I always prefer to be there an hour ahead of time, stuff my things into the compartment and stand on the platform with eyes wide open and ears tuned in to the mounting crescendo of noise that culminates in the long whistle and hiss of steam as the train departs. I cannot understand those people who make it a habit of dashing up at the last minute to catch a train, so indifferent to the great station and its atmosphere.

To stand for half an hour on the platform at the Central is to get a true sense of the vast unseen distances of our country, the variety and diversity of the people who live in

this sub-continent and to identify yourself with them. Ten minutes before time, a mild and scarcely perceptible jerk announces the fact that the engine has been attached. Off I go to inspect the engine that is to haul me to my destination. Nearly always I come back satisfied at the spick and span appearance of the engine and slightly exhilarated if it is of the YB class. The anticipation of travelling behind a highfalutin YB gives enormous pleasure to me. On all visits to Central, whether to receive people or to give them a send-off, this brief mystical *tete-a-tete* with the engine is a ritual for me. Away from the platforms one can see the shunting engines tenderless, stumped, ugly ducklings on rails, chugging backwards and forwards, or at times pulling local trains. It is strange how engines become endowed with life and evolve character.

Watching the effect of rail travel on human character can be a source of endless amusement. I have observed that the atmosphere of the railway carriage always heightens certain traits in individuals. Meek, docile men become meeker; aggressive, bristling males become more; talkative men become alarmingly loquacious; and the gregarious person begins to ooze with the milk of human kindness. The aggressive type enters the compartment quarrelling with the porter, looks at his fellow-travellers with suspicion and seems to be inwardly convinced that half of them are ticketless and the other half are pick-pockets and thieves.

By far the most appealing sight is the behaviour of a pair of newlyweds. They are usually seen off by a crowd of relatives, the parting scenes being pathetically tearful. Once in the train the tears vanish from the bride's face as she demurely responds to the attentions of her husband, who, with the aid of the latest film-magazines, is doing a fine job of it. Later the pretty head drops softly on the young man's shoulder and the bride dozes lulled by the wind and young love; strands

of hair blowing across her face. The atmosphere surely breeds such a sense of affinity and human brotherhood that one can hardly bring oneself to push down the beggars that board the carriage from the wrong side.

Conversation in trains may not be stimulating, but it is always interesting. I have never travelled long distances and therefore not made more than a casual acquaintance with the people who happen to sit next to me. Being more a listener than a talker, I sit silently listening to the discussions. Current political developments provide the springboards of discussion to the educated classes, business matters for the

tradesmen, and common family and personal affairs for the rest.

The poorer classes have a habit of opening their hearts in trains. You can hear the most incredible stories of confidence tricks, accidents and such misadventures as have befallen them. Often a quaint piece of folklore hinged around a rural tragedy or feud has reached my ears, that seems to contain the distillation of the spirit and temper of our countryside. All the while our train has been galloping ahead over the rails, past groups of screaming village urchins who seem to say, "O listen, for the vale profound is overflowing with the sound," when they hear the long, deep whistle from the engine.—D.N.

STUDENTS OF TODAY THINK INTERNATIONALLY

By VIOLET WELTON

IF it were possible to look upon the whole of present-day humanity, to see the countless millions, to look into their minds and to know the forces to which they respond most readily, it is probable that one main current would impress the viewer—the persistent struggle for freedom and the consequent acceptance of the great burden of responsibility, of personal choice and decision, which is of its essence. But how often, alas, is that burden rejected.

In this respect, the attitude of young men and women in centres of higher education is of the first importance, for from them are thrown up most of the leaders of tomorrow. Are they taking up the challenge? The evidence points that way. In spite of the many terrors threatening modern youth, there is a fast-growing and widespread awareness that they can and must help themselves, and each other, to achieve that liberty of the spirit which is the basis of a free society.

Through their unions, in association with other bodies and as individuals, students are attacking com-

mon problems, exchanging information and ideas, and, above all, taking action which is producing some formidable practical results.

Since the end of World War II, there have been strong tendencies towards the establishment of co-ordinating agencies, of which United Nations, with its specialised agencies, is the supreme example. Not all these efforts have been successful. Some have departed from their original principles, and, having submitted to the domination of a specific political outlook, have disintegrated or "splintered". This is markedly so in the youth field, where the World Federation of Democratic Youth has become the Communist Youth International and has directly resulted in the foundation, in London in 1948, of its more comprehensive counterpart, the World Assembly of Youth.

Two things were apparent to students in the free world (and no doubt to many behind the Iron Curtain, too): that the World Federation was at the service purely of Moscow's political aims, and that it

was not concerned, except in a superficial, propagandist way, with the real problems of students throughout the world.

The International Union of Students has been a primary cause of the creation of a most significant and vital organisation, the International Student Conference, which met for the first time in 1950, in Stockholm, and has met twice since, in Edinburgh, in 1952, and at Copenhagen, last January. The international secretariat had been set up at Leiden, in the Netherlands.

The object of the Conference is "to foster international co-operation among students and to promote students' interest in society." Its work is of a strictly practical nature, and its activities are undertaken on a basis of "delegated responsibility"; various tasks are allocated to the different national unions, which report on their progress to a Supervising Committee (on which seven national unions are elected, by an annual rota) and to the annual conference.

Delegates went to Copenhagen from 35 countries, and returned charged to ask their unions to carry out jobs which arose from conference recommendations. Brazilian students will, for example, investigate training exchanges and travel, including a survey of hostel accommodation in South America. The German National Union of Students will take up the question of student self-government in universities. Israel and Denmark are studying the best ways of producing pamphlets on technical organisation, including the administration of student hostels. The United States Union is going into the possibilities of arranging an international cultural festival in association with Latin-American unions, while Norway is finding out how to ensure that a student's identity card could be recognised internationally and carry clearly defined benefits.

These conferences have revealed common problems and have shown how it lies within the competence of students and their unions to take steps to solve their own difficulties. Such practical after-effects have an immense value in wiping out that sense of impotence and frustration so often discernible in international gatherings, which pass quantities of inflated resolutions, 90 per cent of which cannot be implemented in existing circumstances. Students thus begin to understand how freedom may be achieved, in terms of personal responsibility.

There are many other means by which co-operation is being developed. It is a kind of bloodless revolution against paternalism, even the paternalism of the most well-meaning of governments. In the World Assembly of Youth, for example, students are working alongside manual and professional contemporaries to get things changed; they are forming links with world organisations. In Europe, during the past 18 months, student delegates of varying political or confessional allegiances have played their part in the campaign for European unity; in Vienna, hundreds of socialist students took part in the great rally of Socialist Youth; at Villach, Austria, the equally large International Assembly of Youth Christian Democrats brought together large numbers of students, including many from behind the Iron Curtain; at Compiègne, just outside Paris, students and professors joined in an international conference on university studies. This year, Britain's National Union of Students is paying particular attention to Commonwealth relations.

There can be no doubt of the importance and value of these exchanges and of the need to expand them, so that it may become increasingly possible to build up that mutual trust and confidence which is the most realistic, indeed, the only true foundation for a world at peace.

PAKISTAN'S MALAISE

By M. MADHAVA RAU

THE *Times*, London, states that the survival of Pakistan in the early stages was a miracle. So, in the opinion of *The Times*, this infant State, which was made out of two ribs of mother India, was a weak infant, whose ailments have not had a mortal ending due to Divine Grace.

If one however studies the matter a little closely, it does not require much intelligence to strike him that Pakistan's survival, and the political and economic crisis of the first magnitude which she is now suffering from (to quote the *Financial Times*) is traceable to the same cause: hatred and unscrupulous treatment of India and of Hindus. The Pakistan Press and politicians have organized an incessant campaign of *Jehad*; while the streets of Karachi and Lahore have echoed to the refrain 'Haske lenge Pakistan, ladke lenge Hindustan' (Laughing we secured Pakistan—fighting we shall annex Hindustan). It is said that large numbers of the intelligentsia now regret the cultivation of such hostility towards India.

We can understand the helmsman helping the rowers with intoxicants, which will stimulate them to row harder; but if the helmsman helps himself to a large quantity of these intoxicants, the boat will be drowned. This is exactly what will happen to Pakistan, unless her statesmen become sober in time.

Jehad and the *haske ladke* street ballad paid some dividends, as long as there was the property of rich Hindus and Sikhs to be confiscated, and distributed among the faithful, (or was it among only the upper ten of them?); but when this source was exhausted, when the Pakistan merchants, doctors and lawyers failed to develop the resources of Pakistan with this illgotten wealth, the trouble began. Infant Pakistan was saved by the miracle of unpunished plunder of Hindus; juvenile Pakistan can be saved only by the miracle of very hard work, in which

sober statesmen must lead by the hand their disillusioned followers. I shall give one concrete example to illustrate my statement. Dr. Quereshi of Delhi shot a Hindu doctor, and was awarded the extreme penalty of the law. The Indian Government took a lenient view, and handed him over to Pakistan in exchange for non-Muslim convicts from West Pakistan. As soon as Dr. Quereshi came to Karachi, the building and dispensary of a prosperous Hindu doctor, who was temporarily absent, was handed over to him, the Hindu doctor being declared an evacuee. Have Dr. Quereshi and the hundreds of Muslim doctors who have replaced Hindu doctors in West Pakistan treated their patients well, made money, and invested the same in new industries in Pakistan? Evidently not. It is the unsuccessful ones that went over to Pakistan, and many of them would want to raise themselves in the political sphere, by making tub-thumping calls for *jehad*.

We know only of those things that trickle through Pakistan censorship, which, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, is effective though unadmitted. Russia has an iron curtain; China has a bamboo curtain; Pakistan has a jute curtain. Jute is not used in its Hindustani meaning, but we know very well that people on the Pakistan side of the curtain are induced to believe that Muslims are being persecuted in India, while on the Indian side news of the 'naked confiscations of Hindu property that are going on merrily every day in Pakistan is not allowed to leak out. Only the other day a Karachi journal protested against Hindu landowners of Pirgo-jath being bundled out to oblige vagrants from Bahawalpur. Asia being a poor country has no iron curtains; but we know that thick jute curtains are much more effective than bamboo curtains.

The tragedy is that the Cabinet Ministers of Pakistan have allowed the strong wine of *jehad* to befog their own minds. With reference to Indo-Pakistan relations their actions

have been guided by the spleen of the refugee, rather than the brain of the statesman. When raw jute was freed from export duty in the case of all countries, a heavy export duty was retained only in the case of export to India. Lest the peasants of East Bengal should circumvent this duty, a whole army was deployed on the East Pakistan frontier to prevent smuggling of jute. But for this tariff curtain, strengthened by rifle and gun, crores of Indian money would have come to Pakistan, with which the East Bengal peasant could have bought clothes and other necessities. The Indian jute worker and trader with their increased earnings would have gone in for the fish and other produce of Eastern Pakistan. But in their obstinate folly, the Government of East Pakistan prevented this, and is now reaping a harvest of poverty and utter misery. Only after India appealed to GATT against this discriminatory duty, the duty was removed, and India has made a more than conciliatory gesture by making Indian coal cheaper for Pakistan than for other foreign countries. Indian planes were not allowed to fly over Pakistan on their way to Kabul, though this would have meant increased facilities for Karachi merchants for contact with Afghanistan. It was after an appeal to the international aviation organisation at Montreal that Indian planes were permitted to fly over Baluchistan on their way to Kabul. With regard to the overvalued Pakistan rupee, the World Monetary Fund, out of a desire to appease Pakistan, did not show a disposition to interfere though appealed to by India. As the *Financial Times* points out, the result has been financial disaster for Pakistan in a time of falling prices. The official value of the Pakistan rupee is 100 rupees to 140 Indian rupees, but in the Calcutta market 100 Pakistan rupees fetch only 90 Indian rupees. There is no more effective barrier to the flow of trade than an overvalued currency. And yet, to save their face, Pakistani ministers will stick to this overvalued rupee.

What has the Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mahomed, who has struck down Nazimuddin as responsible for this economic deterioration,

himself done to prevent it? In his last budget as Pakistan Finance Minister, he set aside more than eight crores of rupees to form the nucleus of a fund for setting up a factory for manufacturing tanks. Before becoming self-sufficient in death-dealing tanks, did Pakistan become self-sufficient in cotton and jute textiles? In 1947, Pakistan proclaimed her intention to establish 17 textile mills but only three of them have been started and Pakistan's only jute mill was recently destroyed by fire. Dalmia's Cement Works have been taken over by Pakistan Government; the jute curtain has not allowed information to filter as to how much the production of cement has suffered as a result of the Pakistan Cabinet stepping into Dalmia's place.

A sound education is the basis of all industrial progress. How much has education advanced on the Pakistan side of the jute curtain? Beyond taking over, amid a flourish of trumpets, the great colleges built up by Hindu and Sikh philanthropy in West Punjab and Sind, the Pakistan Government has been able to do precious little either for general or technical instruction. Mr. Suhrawardy complains that even the Engineering College at Dacca is being starved. The Pakistan Government has been spending a great deal on projects to generate hydro-electric energy in the Frontier Province. It is putting the cart before the horse. Where are the industries that will absorb this electric energy? If half of this money had been spent for harnessing the Karnaphuli river that flows into the sea near Chittagong, industries might have been set up at Chittagong which would have fed large numbers of refugees.

Among the many physicians that have proffered advice—unsolicited by India, though it may be much advertised by Pakistan—is the *New York Times*. It says that if the Kashmir problem, the canal waters question and the evacuee issue are decided, the political tension that has caused the downfall of the Nazimuddin ministry will be relieved. How can the evacuee problem be solved unless Pakistan is prepared to disgorge the wealth of the Hindus and Sikhs

which is now in the possession of its citizens. Pakistan is not prepared even for a valuation of this wealth. The canal waters controversy assumed prominence only a month or two ago. If India had not let out the Sutlej waters Pakistan would not have been able to export wheat and rice as she did in past years. In this year of scarcity, the volume of water let out has been smaller on the Pakistan side; it has been smaller also on the Indian side. Bahawalpur on the Pakistan side has suffered; so also has Bikanir on the Indian side. The Sutlej and Ravi are responsible for only 6% of the Indus Basin water. India with her great food deficit is entitled, as upper Riparian owner, to use all the waters of the Sutlej for the parched plains of Karnal and Rohtak. In 1959, when the Nangal Bhakra works are fully developed, they will suck the last drop out of the Sutlej, and Pakistan will have to use the much greater resources of the Indus at Kala Bagh, which will give her at least five times the quantity of water that the Sutlej can give. And lastly, with regard to the most burning question of all, the Kashmir dispute, how can we be a party to a plebiscite arrangement before we solve the elementary question. Can an appeal to religious passion be permitted to influence the voting?

If Pakistan cannot see eye to eye with India on the issue whether in the second half of the twentieth century people can be allowed to influence a plebiscite by appeals based on religious passion, Mr. Nehru by his offer of no-war declaration, has given them an opportunity to

maintain the status quo. Our armies will not drive them out of 'azad' Kashmir, which is one-third of the State and contains one-fourth of its population. Pakistan has proportionately a much bigger slice of Kashmir than she got out of pre-partition India. Her resources will not be able to develop even this smaller part of Kashmir, while India can spend crores to tunnel through the Bannihal Pass, a railway which will bring Srinagar within the reach of even the lower middle classes of North India, and add vastly to the wealth of Kashmir. As for the Canal waters, it is now admitted by a high ranking Cabinet minister of the N. W. Frontier Province that 60% of the lands irrigated by the Sukkur Barrage has been left fallow by the peasants of Sind. India has no control over the Indus waters, and Pakistan cannot blame her for this. If production has fallen below normal in West Pakistan, it is because the agrarian problem has not been solved. As for evacuee properties the Government of India has expressed itself as always being ready for complete restitution on both sides on a Government to Government level. Every one knows how much of the butter each country will get in a reasonable mutual settlement; why should Pakistan ask the cat to intervene, in the hope that she will get a larger portion of the butter? The cat may give guns on the sly; but she will keep the butter for herself. The only salvation for Pakistan is in treating India as Canada treats the United States as a senior partner in the development of the continent.

How is the name of the new Secretary-General of the United Nations—Dag Hammarskjöld—pronounced?

Linguists at the U. N. Headquarters give the following guide for persons who speak English:

Dahg HAMmarshiuld.

The "a" in the first name is broad. The slight accents in the surname are on the first and last syllables. The final "shiuld" comes close to the Swedish diphthong "oi". The "i" and the "u" are pronounced quickly together.

Mr. Hammarskjöld himself suggested in an interview at Stockholm that English-speaking people might prefer to pronounce his name, "Hammershiuld." This, he says, tells exactly what the name means and is easy to say in English.

GANDHI AND HIS APPROACH TO JUDAISM

By ABRAHAM ROSENTHAL

THE great biographers of our time have been trying to decide whether Gandhi was a revolutionary, a saint, a reformer or just a statesman of exceptional quality. Certainly, the suitable answer to this question will not be given during our lifetime. Yet, no one has characterised this unusual personality, better than Professor Einstein. "For generations to come, it may be hard to believe, that such a man like Gandhi, ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."

Gandhi was the greatest non-violent rebel of our time, if not of all times. He would fight with the courage of a lion, but could be as humble as a lamb. He believed in telling the truth at any cost: to statesmen who did not relish it and to the masses, who through ignorance, were unprepared to accept it. On this point, as well as others, there is a striking resemblance between Gandhiji's lifetime work and that of Moses. Both fought for the same objective—to prepare their people to receive the gift of national freedom, and to destroy prejudices that reigned within the ranks. Both died on the threshold of the great event. And, as Moses entered history as a legislator and reformer, so will Gandhi be looked upon, with the passage of time.

So much has been written on Gandhi's role in the liberation of India, yet little is known of his efforts with Indians themselves, in order to free them from prejudice. The concept of untouchability has not yet been done away with, but great progress in this direction has already been obtained, and at present, untouchability is treated as a crime in casting out the theory of outcasts, and by doing so, he released from servitude 45 million human beings. Should we wonder that he is being worshipped?

Many opinions have been expressed with regard to Gandhi's stand on the Jewish problem, and ironically

enough, he had even been accused of—anti-Semitism. Naturally, he rejected this accusation. He, who loved even his enemies, how could he have hated a persecuted people, who already by the very nature of their suffering had come nearer to his heart? He used to compare the status of Jews with that of 'Harijans'. In 1938 he wrote:

"The Jews have been the untouchables of Christianity. The parallel between their treatment by Christians and the treatment of untouchables by Hindus is very close. Religious sanction has been invoked in both cases for the justification of the inhuman treatment meted out to them. Apart from the friendships, therefore, there is the more common universal reason for my sympathy for the Jews."

However, on some occasions, Gandhi outspokenly expressed criticism of the Jews, for their not fighting anti-Semitism by the non-violent method, which he had with success been employing in his public activity. He was of the opinion that the hardest tyrants could be returned to decency by means of non-violence. He even believed that Hitler could be influenced by his way. We know that in this he was wrong. But we have to admit that whatever he said was said in full earnestness.

What was his relationship to Zionism?

For many years, he was inclined towards the Arabs, more than towards the Jews. As an Asian, he feared that the Jews who had come from the West would treat the local population in the same manner as other Europeans who had come to Asia had done. He was against the "white superiority," and for that, he opposed the British *raj*. He was under the impression that the Jews, if given a free hand, might become persecutors, whereas before they had been the persecuted.

Mr. Pyarelal, who has been his secretary for about twenty years, and

who knew the inner thoughts of the Mahatma, wrote to me after his death:

"As a spiritual ideal, Zionism had Gandhiji's sympathy and approval, but he could not sympathise with it, if it led to the political or economic subjection of the Arabs by the Jews. A spiritual ideal could not admit of the use of any other means for its attainment, than spiritual. By the use of force, the Jews had vulgarised and debased their ideal. Peaceful settlement with the Arabs was the only solution compatible with their ideal in its purity."

Replying to this, in May 1948, (when I was in India) I stated:

"As I write this, the new Jewish State of Israel is defending its land against the combined onslaught of the neighbouring Arab countries. The Jewish resistance is violent, and heroic. On its outcome depends survival, or annihilation. Violence, as you know, is abhorrent to Judaism. It is alien to our Jewish tradition and way of life, and practically unknown to the Jew, as individual."

"The present violence of the Jews in Palestine is of a defensive nature only, and has been forced upon the Jews from without. Not wanting to submit to Islam, the Jews are left with one alternative only: to fight it out. Else, they would be cowards."

To my mind, this defensive form of violence, as distinct from what we could define a challenging violence, cannot be condemned by right-thinking people. I am encouraged in this conviction by Gandhiji's own words. In his "Non-violence in Peace and War" he says: "I do believe that

where there is a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence."

I have not heard from Mr. Pyarelal since. But with regard to Gandhiji's interpretation of Judaism, Mr. Pyarelal had earlier written to me in the following terms:

"Gandhi has made several references to Moses and Judaism in his writings and utterances. The most pregnant of them is that the Mosaic law of 'a tooth for a tooth' must not be understood to be the law of revenge, but a law for the limitation of revenge, so as to substitute justice for unlimited retaliation. His reading of Judaism was that it was a religion of peace, seen properly in its historical perspective."

And now, a question of actuality: if Gandhiji were alive today by the very powerful charm of his personality and his readiness once again to go on the altar, would he succeed in his efforts to prevent a new world conflagration? He who had conquered hearts of hard viceroys, would he be able to conquer the hearts of our present statesmen? Judging by what is going on in the world, the prospects of his success are doubtful, but then,—who really knows?

Fifty years from now, in the year 2,003, he will be considered the man of the past millennium.

For he had been the only one who had radiated hope to a frustrated humanity, at a time when all mankind had been threatened by the spectrum of radiations of quite a different brand.

Yes, in thousand years, a man like Gandhiji is born only once!—India and Israel.

"THANK GOD FOR IKE", SAYS BRITAIN

By ANDREW ROTH

"THANK God for Ike!" is the theme of substantial and growing chorus in Britain. Whatever his limitations he is increasingly being recognized as a vital balance wheel in the government which he heads. As such he counter-balances the crude nationalism of the U. S. Congress with his own broad internationalism. And he restrains the wildly erratic liberationist efforts of Mr. Dulles. The breadth of this feeling is indicated by the fact that the *New Statesman's* Editor, customarily critical of U. S. policy, has said of the Eisenhower declaration: "No one in high authority has ever put more vividly the cost of cold war.... Whether it is political warfare or statesmanship in the mouth of President Eisenhower..... depends on the actions that follow." Lord Jowitt, leader of the Labour Opposition, described the Eisenhower declaration in the House of Lords on April 23 as one of the greatest speeches of all times, ranking it with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He wanted Mr. Churchill, as the one man capable of making an equal momentous speech, to do so and capture for Britain the initiative in the rival peace offensives.

Mr. Churchill himself seems to be uncertain as to how best to play Britain's cards. His first reaction, speaking to Scottish Conservatives on April 18, was to promise "resolute and wholehearted support" for "the massive and magnificent statement of our case made yesterday by President Eisenhower" and to reaffirm that in the Anglo-American alliance "the best hopes, not only for securing peace today, but for the broadening future of mankind reside."

In the House of Commons two days later he made a notably more moderate statement, having had a chance to talk to the Foreign Office (of which he has been acting head during Mr. Eden's illness) which was clearly frightened by Dulles' efforts

to convert President Eisenhower's into a take-it-or-leave-it challenge. "It seems that patience is needed rather than haste," was the key sentence in Mr. Churchill's report to the House of Commons. "I did not read President Eisenhower's speech as a challenge nor should I expect the Soviet Government to give an immediate categorical reply to the many grave and true points which his remarkable and inspiring declaration contained...."

"I trust that nothing will be said here or elsewhere which will check or chill the processes of good will which may be at work and my hope is that they may presently lead to conversations on the highest level, even if informal and private, between some of the principal powers concerned." This was the first public hint that Churchill thinks a Big Three meeting may soon be fruitful. He would clearly feel it better to consult personally with Eisenhower beforehand because there is a small but nagging fear that the two giants, the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., may settle their controversy over Britain's head. *The Observer's* diplomatic commentator, Sebastian Haffner, emphasized the "deep conviction—a conviction that is debatable but not implausible, and very potent in American minds—that, since the polarization of world power, the two giants, America and Russia, can only be either real friends or real enemies, that they cannot coolly ignore each other and settle down to a balance of power and an agreement to disagree; that they must either order the world together or fight for the world against each other. Naturally, Britain prefers the traditional balance of power technique, preferably with Britain standing in the centre, throwing its weight decisively now one way, now another."

A large section of British opinion has decided that the best chance for progress toward peace is to back President Eisenhower against his

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R
E
G
D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 55254.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

Secretary of State. *The Times* (April 21) said acidly that "some of the remarks in the past few days by Mr. Dulles...are strangely hard to reconcile with the spirit of the President's speech as understood by Mr. Churchill and by many others. They seem to express the exact opposite of a patient and flexible approach...there seemed little to be gained by declaring that if there were not a 'very prompt response' by the Soviet Union it would be necessary to move ahead on all fronts, east and west, to develop a strong position. No country, whether it is the Soviet Union or the United States or Britain, would be induced to consider a peace move on peremptory terms...What of the present satellite system? Mr. Dulles was perhaps referring to distant hopes of an easier world, but to most people reading him he seemed to be putting the cart before the horse. Relaxation of the Soviet satellite system is likely to be the result of easier relations among the great powers, not the cause of such easier relations. At best, as President Eisenhower said, the two processes must go on 'concurrently'."

Ike's Restraint

Britain particularly appreciated President Eisenhower's action in restraining the hysterical exaggerations of Korean atrocities in his April 23 press conference. It had seemed to many here that a section of the U. S. press, in cooperation with a portion of Congress, was exploiting the brutalities of a bitter war as a means to keep the war going. *The Times'* cautious correspondent at Puumunjon cabled on April 23:

Controversy has arisen among American correspondents here (and is reflected in the American press) on alleged atrocities committed by North Koreans and Chinese on United Nations prisoners. American news agencies have sent graphic and almost lurid accounts of so-called 'death marches' and summary executions of wounded men, mostly relating to events in the first winter of the war, but it is noteworthy that the special correspondents of leading American newspapers have been more cautious, and have refrained

from generalizing on inadequate evidence.

Of 79 American prisoners handed over here up to today fewer than 10 have spoken of barbarous treatment inflicted upon them, while of 24 Britons none has complained of more than harsh conditions during forced marches northward to prison camps and of rough living and inadequate food in the early stages.

The British diplomats and missionaries who have been the first to return to Britain have been notably restrained and objective in describing the arduous Korean conditions they have survived, particularly after the Foreign Office had impressed on them the need to prevent any spokes being put in the wheels slowly grinding toward a Korean peace. The frail-looking Anglican Bishop of Korea, the Right Reverend A. C. Cooper, only slightly muted the arduousness of the "terrible march" in which he participated in October-November 1950 with 750 others, mainly American prisoners. On this march 96 died before its end and another "two hundred to three hundred perhaps" were to die of exhaustion. He could find no excuses for the Korean police major who was in charge of the march and, as Bishop of Korea, he could hardly admit that brutality is a Korean trait. "We don't want to say that there was any intention to be cruel," was the way he put it, and he later told of learning that the North Korean President had given orders that they were to be well treated. "I think the Koreans were giving us as good food as they were eating themselves," the Bishop said, recalling also that after the March a Korean doctor said that he would not come again for some time "because I am too ashamed we have not the medicine to give you."

The *Manchester Guardian* (April 23) drew the conclusion that "it has been a cruel war all over Korea. The greatest atrocity would be to let it go on unnecessarily. If the truce talks were to fail (and there seems no reason why they should) it must not be through any impatience from our side."

SUEZ CRISIS REACHES A CLIMAX

The problem of the hour is now facing Britain; how to protect the Canal zone adequately and yet satisfy Egyptian nationalism.

By MATTHEW HALTON

ONCE again, as so often in the last century, and in fact throughout history, the Suez zone of Egypt is in the news. Egypt again demands that the British withdraw completely from the Canal zone, though it is the strategic pivot of commonwealth, empire and free world defence. And the British are preparing to go.

The red is receding slowly down the map. At one outpost or another of the once vast empire the Union Jack is lowered at sunset for the last time. The ink is barely dry on the agreement which gives the Sudan independence when the Egyptian dictator, General Naguib, demands the immediate evacuation of the Canal zone, the most important 100 miles of water in the world. Britain says she will go—on conditions. And the climax of a famous story comes near.

Suez is much more than a canal. It is the biggest military installation on earth. For thousands of years before Ferdinand de Lesseps began his canal in 1856, this zone was a key to world power. In three world wars—against Napoleon, against the Kaiser's Germany and against Hitler—Britain has fought like a tiger to hold this area. It is just a few hundred square miles of arid sand and rock; the Sinai desert; it will hardly grow camel-thorn. But it has always guarded the lifeline of the empire. Today it is still the depot for British forces as far away as Korea, Hongkong and Malaya. And, more important, the Canal zone with its base is the key to the defence of the Middle East itself. The loss of the Middle East, with its vast reserves of oil, would be catastrophic for the free world. The Middle East is one of the main objects of Kremlin ambition. Yet Egypt demands that the British go.

Can a way be found of protecting the Canal zone adequately and at the same time satisfying Egyptian nationalism? That is the problem of the hour.

There is no question that Britain must go sooner or later. The Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936 allowed Britain to maintain troops and a base in the Canal zone until 1956. In only three years, then, the British are bound legally to leave. And the Egyptians, inflamed with nationalism, will hear of nothing else.

Two years ago Britain and the U. S. proposed to Egypt the creation of a Middle East defence pact. This would consist of Egypt, Turkey, Britain, the U. S. and France. The Canal zone would be returned to Egypt—but it would be defended by troops of all five powers. Egyptian pride would be satisfied and the Middle East would still have its strong base.

The inflamed Egyptians refused. "Get out!" they said. Let the British get out and then Egypt might or might not discuss the Middle East defence pact.

There followed the firm stand on Britain's part, the vicious but ineffectual guerrilla attacks by Egyptian terrorists, and the Black Saturday in Cairo when the mobs ran amok—perhaps the most disgraceful episode in Cairo's millennia of history.

Enter General Naguib. He deposed the worse than useless King Farouk. He threw out the corrupt and wicked oligarchy that had misruled Egypt so long. He looked as if he were going to give his country the first honest government she had had since Caesar. But while General Naguib would like a compromise settlement, the mobs are still squatting in the streets, and he, too, demands that the British should go at once and talk about the defence pact later. Will there be agreement or a bloody

struggle, ending with Britain being forced to occupy the Delta and Cairo once more?

That is the background of a crucial affair. Let us see what this man Naguib is like and what he is up against. Let us see what the Canal zone really means. Let us see if it is really so important.

The Canal zone is something much more important than a line of British sentries and a few groups of tents. And it is something much important than just the canal itself.

One atom bomb could make the canal useless. But we would still have a base from which to fight any war in the Middle East.

The British base at Suez is, as I said, the biggest military installation in the world. To build it and stock it, Britain has spent no less than \$1,500,000,000. The base has a supply dump 17 miles in circumference—holding not only the supplies for the 80,000 soldiers and airmen there, but those necessary for the Far East, and for war in the Middle East if it came. It has airfields, it has hundreds of miles of roads. It has great workshops of all kinds, elaborate radar systems, fixed installations of many kinds. It would be a bitter blow for Britain to see all that fall into the hands of the Egyptians, who have played such a shabby part on the stage of modern history and who could not run the installations themselves even if we trusted the defence of the Middle East to their hands.

But is there no other area in the Middle East which would serve as the free world's base in case of war?

Between the Canal zone and Russia there is Turkey, our staunch friend and ally, a member of NATO, a nation that can really fight. Why not simply transfer the base to Turkey? The answer is that it might be quickly overrun in war no matter how well the Turks can fight.

There is Libya. But the Libyans, too, are caught up in the tide of unthinkable Arab nationalism. There is Cyprus, a British island. But as it is an island it is unsatisfactory as a base, either for attack or for retreat. And there is Israel. Israel, now that

she is being hated by Russia, might consent to serve as the military base, but at once the Arab world would be united against us.

Finally, some say no base is necessary at all. If war comes, they say, it will be quickly decided by atomic and hydrogen bombs on the great cities and industrial areas of Russia, Britain and the U. S. Our strategists think not. In the words of General Sir Wilfrid Lindsell, who was Britain's supply genius in Egypt in the last war: "A base in the Middle East is an essential security measure against the possibility of serious military operations in almost any part of the world except possibly Western Europe."

In all the history of war only Belgium and the Po valley have been such important centres of grand strategy as Suez and Sinai. It must be defended even in the atomic age. If a friendly settlement with Egypt can be reached, Britain will not mind withdrawing her troops. But the Canal zone must remain as an administrative and supply base in which divisions can be equipped, and from which they can be deployed, in case of war.

The whole issue depends, in the coming weeks, on whether that remarkable man, General Naguib, who wants a settlement, can persuade his people—both friends and enemies—to accept a compromise.

General Naguib is the most fearless and honest leader to appear in Egypt in modern times. Study Egyptian history for the past century; read the ignoble stories of Mohamed Ali, of the fantastic King Said, of the Khedive Ismail, of Tewfik and finally of Farouk, and you will see that Naguib is like a fresh wind in a rotten hothouse. Naguib wants to do for his country what the great Kemal Ataturk did for Turkey 30 years ago; he wants to make her completely independent; he wants to clean the Augean stables of corruption; he wants to make Egypt decent as well as strong. His enemies say he is a Fascist. Certainly he has established a dictatorship and a one-party state. But his models are men like Cromwell and Ataturk, not Hitler.

Naguib's best friends are the Egyptian masses, whose lot he is trying

to improve. They have wretched lives. The fecund mud of the Nile makes the Delta the most productive soil in the world; but it was all owned by the corrupt and callous pashas. The average wage for most of the 22,000,000 people is only \$40 a year. Naguib has already made some notable reforms. Chiefly, he took the swollen estates away from the rich and divided them among the peasants who work the land. No man may now own more than 200 acres. Egypt is still a land of appalling contrasts of wealth and poverty. Starving and diseased mothers and babies still can be seen lying in the dust at the gates of palaces whose millionaire owners buy yachts at their whim. But Naguib says he will transform his country into a people's commonwealth.

His movement or party is called the Blessed Movement. It is certainly blessed by the teeming poor. General Naguib moves among the people like a friend and equal—an almost unheard of thing for an authority in Egypt.

The greatest danger in Egypt today—for Egypt and for us—is that Naguib may be assassinated. He has powerful enemies, both avowed and potential. The avowed enemies are the old gang, the dispossessed feudal landlords (still rich and influential), the tainted Wafd party he overthrew. Last January some of these enemies actually plotted to instigate new anti-British riots in Cairo and Alexandria in the hope that the British would be forced to occupy the capital and depose Naguib.

More dangerous are the fanatical nationalists of the Moslem Brotherhood. The fanatics are the loudest in crying that there can be no discussion of a Middle East defence pact until the British have cleared out of Suez. And it is feared that if Naguib tries to compromise he will be struck down by assassins. Three other able Muslim rulers—General Razmara of Iran, King Abdullah of Jordan and Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan—have been murdered for their moderation. If Naguib goes, there will be chaos. In Cairo people are saying: "If Naguib goes I shudder to think.... After Naguib, the deluge."

It is feared there would be riots and massacres that would make the Black Saturday of a year ago look like a jollification. And the last chance of securing agreement on the Canal zone would be gone. There would then be nothing for Britain to do but withdraw altogether or impose her will by force. That would be sheer disaster. The Arab world would be united against her, and the inevitable end would come in blood and misery.

The British know Naguib's danger. They know he is the best and perhaps the last chance for an amicable settlement.

If men were reasonable animals, it would be easy enough. The Egyptians—except for the Communists among them—want a strong Middle East as much as the British. But the fanatics of the Moslem Brotherhood are not ruled by reason.

Yet my guess is that agreement will be reached if Naguib survives. And another step will have been taken in the diminution of the British empire.

Someone once said, as we read in our schoolbooks, that "the British empire was founded in a fit of absence of mind." Presence of mind is causing its dissolution, in a deliberate and planned programme of creative abdication. Burma was given her independence, then India, Pakistan and Ceylon. Now the spotlight is on Africa. West Africa has been brought to self-government. A central African federation is on the way. Sudan is to be independent—and there Britain has given the world an example in nation-building as fine as anything in history.

Now comes the end in the Canal zone, which for a century the British have thought of as particularly their own. The Col. Blimps will storm, and many of us who are not Blimps will feel a pang. It has been a great story. But it could not last for ever. And, as abdication was inevitable, how much better is this creative abdication than a series of last-ditch stands, ending in catastrophe, obloquy and hate.—NNF.

THE GIFTS

By M. Krishnamoorthi

HE closed the door of the dressing room behind him. The good wishes and anticipatory congratulations of his many friends were still ringing in his ears. He laid the two packages on the dressing table and, starting to undress as a preliminary to changing into his boxing gear, he felt his mind wandering off into a train of thought concerning the two nice girls who had given him the two presents which he knew were within the packages. Muriel had told him that she was giving him a fine dressing gown which he had happened to admire in a show window when he had once gone out with her. The other parcel, a gift from Radha, he knew to contain a pair of boxing shorts; he had himself chosen them when the whole family had gone on one of its usual shopping jaunts. A smile flitted across his face when he remembered how shy Radha had been when she had asked him to select something he needed or fancied from the attractive materials on show at the shop; that, she had said would be her gift to him on his birthday—which was today.

Today was important in another way, too. He was to fight in the finals of the inter-university boxing tournament and it was widely known that he would win as a matter of course. He was indeed a darling of the gods. Success in the final university examinations was also expected on his behalf by his friends and others equally as a matter of course. If anything his brains were superior to his brawn; and, as far as the latter was concerned, it was well known that he was a champion athlete whose prowess was acknowledged by all the universities and in other sports fields, too. He looked like a Greek god; his health was perfect; and he was very, very rich to boot. As a matter of fact I don't know whether you could ever have come across such a perfectly adorable specimen of young manhood outside the pages of fiction. But yet here he

is, Hridayendra, beloved of Radha and Muriel—not to mention scores of other young maidens who sighed in secret; and, sometimes, not so secretly. These girls were, of course, in addition to the others paraded before him by scheming mammas and papas. And it is a tribute to his character that despite all this flattering attention from the softer sex he still had the gift for making many friends amongst his male contemporaries and holding such friendships firm through the years. He was a very perfect, gentle knight indeed.

Having undressed himself he went on to untie the gift parcels. His thoughts concentrated themselves swiftly on the givers of those gifts. He knew, with the quiet confidence of one who was favoured of the gods, that he would succeed brilliantly in his examinations and that a really good position in life would follow equally inevitably. Already his people were impressing on him the need for making a good marriage. And the choice of the family had fallen on Radha. They knew he liked her. She was beautiful and healthy, serene and dignified. Her parents were well-to-do and desired the alliance ardently. She was also of the quietly well educated type and, with her background, was certain to make a good wife for any man whom she decided to love. Hridayendra felt a momentary gush of pleasure flushing through his whole body when he reminded himself that she had shown many signs of her love for him.

But what of Muriel? She adored him and made no secret of it. Her vivacious beauty enchanted him. She would be more than a demure wife. Her zest in life rivalled his. If anything she was even better educated than Radha; but she was not a rich girl. His family would never approve of her; for she was not of their stratum of society. "Dash the family," he muttered to himself. Was he not master of his own destiny? Thank

goodness, he thought, for not being financially dependent upon anybody else. He would ask Muriel to marry him—and he felt a pleasant glow spread over him when he considered that her answer would certainly be a willing "yes". He would finish off this boxing championship fight, the crowning item in a remarkably successful athletic career at college, go on to finish off his examinations and then marry Muriel and take a good job. He smiled when he thought he was not quite sure about the sequence in which it would be preferable for the last two events to occur. Radha was certainly a splendid girl and he wished her all the best in life; but she was not for him. He put on the dressing gown given by Muriel, his mind made up about a major problem in his life, opened the door; and was immediately surrounded by his friends and admirers, who clapped him on the back and, making a triumphant circle around, led him on to the ring. By the time he had started on this short trek he had put Radha firmly

out of his mind; and pulled on his boxing gloves. He climbed into the ring and acknowledged with a cheerful grin the shouts of anticipatory triumph with which his following greeted him. He advanced towards the centre of the ring to be introduced by the referee to his opponent from a Northern university. The friendly preliminaries over he retired to his corner. The fight was due to start in about half-a-minute. He stood up from his stool and took off his gown. Instantly a storm of hooting, laughter and decisive cheering greeted him and he was astonished by this unexpected and unusual reception. For a moment he did not know what it was all about but by then his seconds had hastily thrown his dressing gown around him again. And then he knew that in putting Radha out of his mind he had also put aside her gift and had appeared in the ring, even though only for a brief moment, almost like the fabled Emperor in his non-existent new clothes!

COLOUR

COLOUR has arrived on the Indian screen—diffidently in *Aan*, deliberately and aggressively in *Jhansi-ki-Rani*.

Somewhere around a dozen or so pictures are in various stages of planning:

Raj Kapoor's *Ajanta*—in Technicolor—reinforced with authentic supervision and spiritual benediction of Buddhist monks.

Rajkamal's *Shiva Shakti*—Shantaram's ambitious conception—incubating for years. Shantaram is reported to be skinning his eyes for the ideal Shiva (apart from the publicity ballyhoo, what is wrong with Uday Shanker?).

Mehboob's next in Gevacolor.

Pamposh to be shot in Kashmir in Gevacolor.

Sahu Films' *Mayurpankh* in Gevacolor.

Veteran Chandulal Shah's *Taj-mahal* in Technicolor.

And another *Tajmahal* to be made by Alexander Korda not in mere Technicolor only but in 3-D Technicolor.

More ambitious still *Last Judgment* with Pathe Partnership in English, French and Hindi directed by Henrie Decorn.

Those and others, with their due accompanying publicity blurbs, special merits, unique conceptions, utilizing one or the other of several systems of colour cinematography.

Amidst all this claptrap and colour calisthenics, what is it that the Indian sound film can contribute either to the improvement of the public at home or to enhance the national prestige abroad. No doubt, every producer will swear what his picture will do. But viewing dispassionately can one come to that inevitable conclusion with respect to every one of these adventures?

When sound invaded the dumb shows on the screen, the character, the effect and every other aspect of

the motion picture underwent a thorough metamorphosis. Mr. Antony Asquith affirms that "the advent of sound was not just an enlargement of the silent film, but the birth of a new medium." His argument is that the silent film being visual appealed, attracted or engaged only the eye and left the other sense organs to amuse themselves otherwise, while the sound film has doubled the influence by necessitating the spectator to utilize both the eye and the ear.

And the new medium of sound film is draped with colour and developed with the Third Dimension. These alterations are necessarily altering the shape of things. Since even with these additions, the 3-D colour film with sound can appeal only to the two senses Mr. Asquith argues that no new medium is created.

The relatively important thing is not the theoretic aspect of whether a new medium is born or not, but of what practical help or harm these new developments are capable of, and what progress or perversion is being achieved.

When Technicolor triumphed through the travails of experiment and invention and was first made commercially practicable, Dr. Kalmus did the wisest thing for himself and for the audience all over the world, in restricting its use to a limited number of productions. This checked the misuse of the process and prevented imperfect colour pictures flooding the market, and at the same time kept the audience-eagerness at the necessary warmth, and satisfied their expectation by a limited supply of creditable achievements. After this healthy rationing was gradually relaxed over a period of years, and the number of colour films produced increased year by year, both the technicians and the audience were educated and tuned to handle and appreciate the invention, and its mature exploitation.

When once a concealment or a deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you once pressed in your hand.—H. W. BEECHER.

Colour had arrived without any repercussion or regret.

But the deluge of colour now developing in the Indian filmdom, is anything but auspicious. The race to cash in on this new device is faulty in its aim and decidedly fatal to the producers and will shortly ruin the proper use of colour in a creative style.

Though private enterprise and competitive freedom are capable of improving quality and stimulating individual efforts, a sudden spurt of competition produces only diminishing returns, and gives rise to cheap practices to vie with skilled craftsmanship.

Producers who resolved to exercise united effort in self-control and expect to do away with serious interference by the censor board should have the vision to restrict the yearly output of colour films to a healthy maximum, and endeavour to achieve an appreciable aesthetic quality in preference to exorbitant multiplication of productions in quantity.

It is desirable that mutual concession and sacrifice is voluntary and a general understanding as to how many colour films ought to be produced in a year is agreed upon by the producers (if necessary even by drawing lots).

The all-India market can comfortably absorb about three or four colour pictures in a year, leaving a healthy marginal period for proper exploitation of each picture. If egotism and rivalry among the producers were to flood the market in competitive and simultaneous releases and irrational advertisement expenditure, no material benefit is likely to result.

Apart from the aesthetics the mere economics of limited supply ought to convince the producers from being too rash or too greedy in the interests of survival, if not in the interests of idealism. The only alternative to good and limited productions by a few, is wholesale harakiri by all.
—N. Jaganadh.

INDIAN DANCING

By ENAKSHI BHAVNANI

DANCING, which is one of the expressions of emotions natural to man, has been largely influenced by nature and its surroundings. Man liked the musical tinkle of the forest stream, the delicacy of the song of birds, the roar of the wild animals, the sounds of the elements, and from these impressions sprang responsive feelings within himself. He also desired to imitate the rhythm of the dancing of peacock, the agility of the deer, the slow measured steps of the elephant, the grace of the swan, the fiery passion of the wild animals at war. Thus arose the creation and development of crude movements with vocal explanations, such as the dances of the savage tribes in the forests to celebrate festivals and ceremonies.

Only after years, however, did man succeed in getting his complete range of emotions expressed in movement and signs, together with a musical accompaniment, so that the performer could convey any sentiment without speech to his audiences. Nature therefore moulded his mind at first with its beauty, tremendous power, changing moods, harmony in its multiplicity, and the religious fervour of his simple mind made him associate every phase of nature with something sublime and heavenly.

In India, the Hindu dancer invented a beautiful scheme, where the outward movements combined harmoniously with the inner spiritual meanings. Out of his imaginative pictures of gods and goddesses, their heavenly minstrels and attendants, endowing these immortals with human attributes, he created perfect beings dancing with wondrous poses and gestures to express anger, joy, sorrow, fear, and the whole range of emotions.

For this comprehensive form of the dance, the whole body, the eyes, the face, the eyebrows, the limbs and the head were used, combined with hand gestures or language signs which would be used in the place of talk. And the accompanying music, too, had to have its origin in nature,

being associated with the cries of birds and animals, serving as concrete tests for the accuracy of reproduction. The seven notes of the main tonic scale are classified as follows: Sa (Shagda) the cry of the peacock; Ri (Rishaba) the sound made by the cow calling her calf; Ga (Gandhara) the bleat of the goat; Ma (Madhyama) the cry of the heron, the tonic note of nature; Pa (Panchama) the note of the cuckoo or kokila, the Indian nightingale; Da (Dhaivata) the neighing of the horse; Ni (Nishada) the trumpeting of the elephant.

Apart from this logical explanation of the development of the Indian dance, there is also the romantic one which gives to it a divine source. According to legend, Indra the Lord of Heaven asked Brahma the Creator and first of the Hindu Trinity to create a pastime that would appeal to the gods. Brahma took the exquisite lyrical matter from the first books of the *Aryans*, the *Rig Veda*; the music from the *Soma Veda*, the second sacred treatise; and the emotional flavour from the third or *Adharva Veda* and created the dance. He then had it taught by revelation to the great sage Bharata and his sons, who spread the art by teaching it to human beings.

The supreme lord of the dance, however, is Shiva, the third of the Hindu Trinity. There are three aspects of his dances, namely, the destructive, the yogic, and the gift-giving. In the first aspect, Shiva is the destroyer and he dances on the burning ground to destroy the ego of man and burn away all illusions and desires. In the second aspect, his dance is one of calm and beauty, as at sunset, when he calls to his followers to worship him with peace in their hearts. The soul of man drinks deep then of self-forgetfulness and is purified not by force but by the creative power of contemplation. The third aspect is that of Nataraja, the creator of cosmic movement, where he destroys evil, granting rewards in this world and

bliss in the next to the countless souls that love him, showing the dual significance representing the material processes of nature on the one hand and the subjective spiritual processes on the other.

In the dances of Shri Krishna, with Radha and the Gopis, the latter represents the eternal longing of the individual and the countless souls respectively to join the divine soul of God. Something good and beautiful underlies the idea of the dances of the gods for beauty alone can bring to the hearts of man goodness and love can move them to compassion.

In the Indian classical dance, four elements, drama, acting, music and dancing are considered inseparable. For in the dance we find dancing technique, acting, movements of the arms with hand gestures, flavour and mood. It is always divided into the *tandava* or forceful type of dance and the *lasya* or sweet and gentle style. The expression of the dance is detailed in the *mudras* or hand gestures—the *bhava* or mood tenderly described by the glances and head movements with facial expressions; the harmony of the postures; and the rhythmic timing of the feet. And it is a definite art where nothing is left to the creative impulse of the moment, but has to be mastered so perfectly that each dancer's individuality, grace and power of technique and emotional expression frees it from all monotony.

In South India, with its age-old carved temples and atmosphere of Hindu culture, the classic dance as described by Bharata in his immortal book the *Natya Sastra*, the pure dance has been best preserved. The perfect angles that arms and waistline take, the swing of the head, the combination of foot-work which passes from flat of foot to toes, toes to heels, and heels to ball of foot together with the explicit hand gestures supported with facial expressions; full of meaning, decorated as they are with the play of the eyes, eyebrows and trembling lips, make it appear as if the immortal sculptures have come to life.

The classical dance in South India is known as the Bharata Natyam, and it usually begins with the "Allarippu," or "the opening of bud into

blossom," making a prelude to the performance and introducing a general outline of the form and technique of the dance. It is followed by the "Jatiswaram," where the background music and dance movements become more technical, and pure dance composition is at its best. The third is the "Sabdham," a musical piece rendered in gesture language, where the acting ability of the dancer can be estimated; and then comes the "Varnam," the most highly elaborate dance conception, being composed of gestures with rhythmic cadences, containing many pure dance preludes, interludes and finales combined with excellent technique and emotional acting. The dance finally ends with the "Tillana," depicting feminine charm; here technique and grace, a perfect sense of rhythm and posture are essential.

In North India, the classic dance is known as Kathak. Here also, the themes are devotional and interpretive, though more of the swift movements are done on the flat of the foot, the toes and in pirouetting so that the wide glittering dance skirt spreads out. All the set rules of the South India classical form are recognised by the Kathak dancers, and here also the drummer keeps the main rhythm, and fits in at double, treble or four times the speed, little verses that are danced to embellish the technique and enhance the perfect balance of body, quick turns and lightning speed. A finished dancer in Kathak could trace blindfold with his feet the pattern of a peacock or an elephant on a floor covered with rice powder; or move the feet so delicately, that only a certain number or even a single ankle bell could be made to sound from the whole cunct of bells.

Kathakali, the dance dramas of Malabar, must also be considered with the classical schools, although they are performed for the most part by the people of the village, in the villages and for the village people, under spreading trees, lighted by little oil lamps flickering in shining brass candelabra. Whole episodes are danced from the epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Done to the accompaniment of music, in which the recitation of "slokas" connect the incidents of the story, and

"padams" explain the dialogues of the characters, the dancers can talk for hours with their hands, using a detailed gesture language that embodies about eight hundred in number, and dividing long conversations with pure dance interludes. It is a very forceful style of the dance, being mostly done by men, and comprises intricate foot-work, body poses, the spreading of the legs while standing on the edges of the feet, and powerful movements combined with strong fluttering of the eyebrows, and vivid eye movements. To heighten the dramatic effect, an elaborate facial make-up of rice powder, lime and certain paints is used, green being for good characters, and red or black for wicked or fierce ones.

The most graceful and popular form of traditional folk dancing is that of the Manipuri people (Assam). All their dance themes are taken from the legends concerning Shri Krishna, Radha, and the Gopis and Gopas as they are allegorically described to have lived and danced on the banks of the Jamuna river at Brindaban. The dance has no comprehensive gesture language, but its few hand gestures are very expressive. The elastic circling of the wrists, and undulations of the whole arm, lilting movements of the body and a gentle use of the head in a circular motion are its main features.

Folk dancing in India also has its roots in nature. It is seasonal, being closely associated with the varying times throughout the year, which are dedicated to the seasons, the festivals and particular village deities. Shri Krishna the incarnation of perpetual youth, is the favourite deity, and during spring, summer, harvest time, the rainy season, the festival of lights and during the new year, celebrations are observed with song and dance. Like the classical dance, folk dancing in India has a material yet symbolic depiction of religious conceptions with nature as the inspiration. Folk dancing is more spontaneous and free from rigid rules of technique; the costumes are colourful and the accompanying songs are simple and the outcome of a simple people. Together, the classical and the folk dances lend a meaning to Indian culture which has come down through the ages.—NMF.

THE ANDHRA BANK LIMITED

Estd. 1923.

Head Office: MASULIPATAM.
(A Scheduled Bank)

PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVES
Rs. 36,73,500.

TOTAL WORKING FUNDS EXCEED
Rs. 6,00,00,000.

BRANCHES AT MADRAS.

Mylapore Office: 77, Kutcheri Road.

Madras Branch: 322-23, Linghi Chetty St.

Thyagarayanagar Office:

87, Thyagaraya Road.

OTHER BRANCHES.

Amalapuram, Anakapalli, Arundelpet (Guntur), Bapatla, Bhimavaram, Chirala, Eluru, Governorpet (Vijayavada), Gudivada, Gudur (Nellore Dt.), Guntur, Kakinada, Masulipatam, Narasaraopet, Nellore, Ongole, Palakol, Rajahmundry, Srikakulam, Tenali, Tuni, Vijayavada, Visakhapatnam, Vizianagram City.

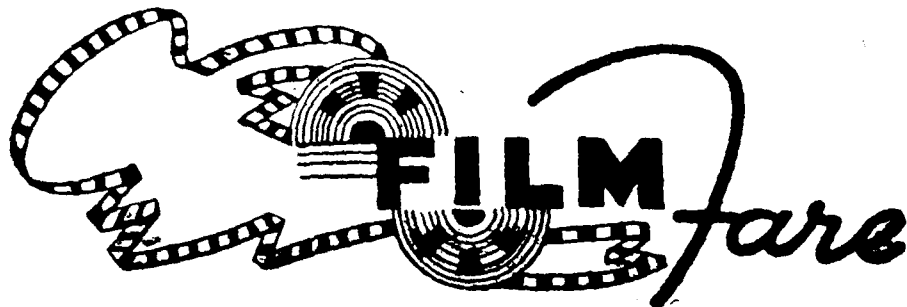
SUB-OFFICES.

Amadalavalasa (Srikakulam Dt.), Anantapur, Bellary, Challapalli (Krishna Dt.), Cuddapah, Duggirala, Gollaprolu, Ichhapuram (Srikakulam Dt.), Jaggayyapet, Kurnool, Maharanipet (Vizagapatam), Narasannapet, Nidadavolu, Parvatipuram, Pedana (Krishna Dt.), Peddapuram, Pithapuram, Ramaraopet (Kakinada), Salur, Samalkot, Tirupati, Vinukonda, Gandhinagar (Vijayavada).

All kinds of Banking Business
including Foreign Exchange
Transacted.

Tadepally Sriramulu,
Managing Director.

E. Ramachendramurti,
M. A., C. A. I. I. B.,
General Manager.



By V. P. SATHE

THE three-dimension craze has come to India. At least two producers—and very well-known producers at that, are reported to have decided to produce their next technicolor pictures in three dimensions. Unlike other critics who have blamed Shantaram and Mehboob for making this decision, I, for one, am happy that at least two of our best producers are abreast of times and would not allow Hollywood to steal a march over us.

The 3-D film is still in an experimental stage; but the terrific success of *Bwana Devil* assures that it has a future for some time at least. And whatever the standard process which Hollywood producers may ultimately select, there is no gain-saying that soon America, nay the whole world, will be flooded with films of this kind. While it is true to say that in the ultimate analysis it is the intrinsic value of the story and acting that will determine the quality of the picture, it is equally true that the sheer novelty of 3-D film would sweep the audiences. Not only that, if our producers refuse to take the plunge, the Hollywood 3-D film would capture the Indian market, as it happened two decades and a half ago. When the Hollywood talkie film came to India, it was shown at double rates and still got packed houses. Even in small towns where nobody understood one word of English, these films did extraordinary business. The very fact that people on the screen could talk and sing attracted millions. It was only after the advent of the Indian

talkie that the Hollywood talkie lost its glamour.

Star Of The Week

A veteran screen actor has decided to quit the screen and devote himself to the stage. His name is Baburao Pendharkar. To those film-goers and critics whose knowledge of Indian films is confined to Dilip—Raj—Nargis era, this report perhaps has no significance. They might have not have even heard of his name.

Baburao has been associated with the film industry almost since its inception. About thirty-five years ago he joined Maharashtra Film Co. First he worked as a representative and went round towns with tins of pictures along with him. Later, he became the company's manager—a post he relinquished when he took up the manager's job in Prabhat Film Co.

Brother of Bhalji and Vinayak and cousin of Shantaram, he has been responsible for bringing all of them into the film world. And though at one time Baburao prided himself on being known as the most efficient manager, I think he will be always remembered as an artiste. He was the first polished villain of the Indian screen. Prior to him, the villains were shoddily dressed and their acting consisted of shouting and making faces.

Baburao changed all that. Immaculately dressed, Baburao's conception of a villain was that of a soft-spoken wistfully smiling person who relied more upon his wit and intelligence rather than terror to achieve his evil designs. He first gave a glimpse of his subtle acting in the *King of Ayodhya* but his first great

performance as a villain was in *Chhava* (holy crime) in which he played a doctor who demanded a strange price from a woman to save her son. The story was awarded Gohar Gold medal and created a bitter controversy in those days. His performance in *Dharma Veer* in which he plays the subtle role of a man who pretends to be pious and religious to the outside world but who in reality is a selfish villain was a brilliant specimen of his histrionic art. Since then, he has contributed many classic performances both as a villain and as a good man. His portrayal of a cobbler in Navyug's *Amrit* and of Chinese General in *Dr. Kotnis* are among his outstanding contributions.

In private life Baburao has lived zestfully. Whatever material pleasure this world could accord he has always had it. He has been a gay cavalier like John Barrymore. He has formed many production units and brought into limelight many film people. Yet, it must be admitted that in spite of all his planning and methodical work, Baburao has not made much success as a producer. Today his business activity is confined only to the field of exhibition.

A colourful person whose life is full of adventures, Baburao's new love is the stage. It began when he formed a unit and enacted *Othello* in Marathi. This play was a success and Baburao, as *Othello*, won encomiums and realised for the first time that while an artiste is just a shadow on the screen he is the centre of attraction dominating the stage. The 'actor' in him naturally won him over to the stage and like Prithviraj who has spent a fortune on the theatre, he has now decided to devote himself to the stage.

While the Marathi screen will be the poorer since he has hardly been appearing on the Hindi screen for the last several years the Marathi stage will gain immensely by his belated conversion to the stage.

Picture Of The Week

These days when almost every second picture is flopping if a picture like *Alif Laila* has succeeded in not being a flop, its creator is certainly entitled to a bouquet.

K. Amarnath who has made many entertainers before, has drawn not from genuine *Arabian Nights* but a couple of Hollywood versions of the same for his screenplay of *Alif Laila*. The character of Nimmi who plays the female genii is obviously inspired by Columbia's *A Thousand and one Nights*.

The story is not new; it recounts the same old adventures of Aladin without the glamour of lush technicolor and harem beauties which invest a charm of their own to Hollywood productions. And its presentation is not particularly refreshing. Yet, it must be admitted that but for Amarnath's smooth handling, it would have been impossible to sit through the picture at all.

For neither the acting of Vijay Kumar and Asha Mathur nor the photography or sets are attractive. Unfortunately for the audience both Nimmi and Gope appear rather sparsely; in fact Nimmi's fans are likely to be disappointed. Gope's antics as well as Shyam Sundar's scintillating music enliven the otherwise stale picture.

News Of The Week

—With monsoon fast approaching, the producers of Bombay are finalizing their outdoor shooting programme and running away to hill stations, thus combining pleasure with work. Abbas has returned from Ooty while Premnath has just returned from Matheran where his unit had gone for the outdoors of *Shagufa*. Ramesh Saigal has gone out for the outdoors of *Shikast* while Dev Anand will be soon leaving with Navketari's unit to shoot *Beghar*, a new picture co-starring Kalpana Katrik. Shantaram is leaving for Kolhapur for the outdoors of *Surang* this week.

—The muhurat of D. D. Kashyap's third independent production *Vachan* was performed by Mr. Kapadia of Evergreen Pictures on Thursday, April 23, at Modern Studios.

—On Friday D. N. Madhok, the well-known screen writer and poet, launched his new directional vehicle *Rasiya* at Eastern Studios under its banner. The picture will star Munawar Sultana, Om Prakash, Balraj Sahni and Gope.

CREATIVE MARXIST-IV

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

STALIN answers Trotsky's arguments mainly by quoting from Lenin. The first quotation is from Lenin's "On Co-operation" of 1923: "As a matter of fact the power of the state over all large-scale means of production, the power of the state in the hands of the proletariat, the alliance of the proletariat with many millions of small and very small peasants, the assured leadership of the peasantry by the proletariat—is not this all that is necessary in order to build a complete socialist society.... Is this not all that is necessary for the purpose of building a complete socialist society?" The second quotation is from the Party conference resolution of 1925, obviously drafted by Lenin.

It says: "Generally the victory of socialism in one country is unquestionably possible.... The existence of two directly opposite social systems gives rise to the constant menace of capitalist blockade, of other forms of economic pressure, of armed intervention, of restoration. Consequently the only guarantee of the final victory of socialism, the guarantee against restoration is a victorious socialist revolution in a number of countries. But it does not follow from this that it is impossible to build a complete socialist society in a backward country like Russia without state aid of countries more developed technically and economically."

These quotations do not meet Trotskyan arguments and Stalin was painfully aware of this. Hence his argument was that the only way out for the proletariat was to develop socialism in Russia, for the theory of permanent revolution was a cry of despair, a cry of fatalistic passivity. The second more substantial argument was that the dependence of Russia and capitalist countries was mutual, and that the latter could not afford to ruin such a big source of supply and market as Russia, one-sixth of the world's area. They wanted Russia's exports as much Russia wanted theirs. But this did

not mean any capitalist control. The third argument, not openly expressed, was that the best way out was to talk about peace and co-existence but prepare for perpetual revolution. The Comintern functioned, while Litvinoff talked of indivisible peace. The Cominform functioned, while Stalin talked of co-existence, waging peace and of capitalist warmongers.

Let us now turn to Stalin's theory of the socialist state, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the problems of transition to the communist economy. Vyshinsky, one of the most authoritative jurists in Russia, says that this is Stalin's chief achievement. Lenin did not live to see the firm establishment of the Soviet state in Russia and its development. Hence the task of developing the Leninist theory of the state fell on Stalin's shoulders.

In this connection it is interesting to compare some of Stalin's earlier writings with his later utterances and policies. Writing in 1905, in his reply to anarchists, Stalin painted the period of proletarian revolution and the dictatorship in strictly textual terms, using quotations from authorities. The anarchists said proletarian dictatorship would be like all other dictatorships since the men who established it would have their grounding in the traditions of the whole of the proletariat over the state as it existed then. Stalin replied that it would be the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. He quotes Engel's examples of the Paris commune, where the dictators did not put themselves above the masses and the people were the rulers. Dictatorship of the proletariat, according to Stalin, is entirely different from dictatorship over the proletariat.

Events however have proved the anarchists were right. Even if we accept the rosy picture of the Paris commune, such a peculiar dictatorship was possible precisely because the area and population of the Paris commune were as small as that of a city state. It was a direct democracy. Once the necessity of repre-

sentative democracy of soviet or any other type is admitted, the distance between the rulers and the ruled increases, in spite of such devices as recall. And we have to remember that men grounded in the technique of the bourgeois state did make the dictatorship harsh in Russia during the dark days of intervention. Once established, the dictatorship has merely perpetuated itself.

Let us consider the Marxist-Leninist theory. Both Marx and Engels are clear about the order of the stages of the revolution. When the proletariat seizes the power of the state, it utilizes it fully to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. As socialism is being built up, the state power, which is essentially used by one class against another, slowly becomes unnecessary, and the state is not abolished but withers away. Lenin is equally clear about the stages in his "State and the Revolution" and in his address on the state to the students of the Sverdlov University. In both Lenin repeats nearly the same arguments. The state, whose power is essentially coercive, did not exist when there were no classes. It is essentially a class instrument, and is used by the bourgeoisie to exploit the proletariat. The revolution enables the proletariat to seize the state power, utilize it fully to socialize production and, finally, after having used it, relegate it to the rubbish heap. As Engels put it, after the successful establishment of communism, the state will be found in the museum of antiquities along with the spinning wheel and the bronze axe.

Vyshinsky claims for Stalin the credit of having extended Lenin's theory as found in his "State and the Revolution." Stalin himself said: "There can be no doubt that Lenin intended in the second volume of 'the State and the Revolution' to elaborate, to further develop the theory of the state on the basis of the experience gained during the existence of the Soviet power in our country. Death, however prevented him from carrying this task out. But what Lenin did not manage to do should be done by his disciples."

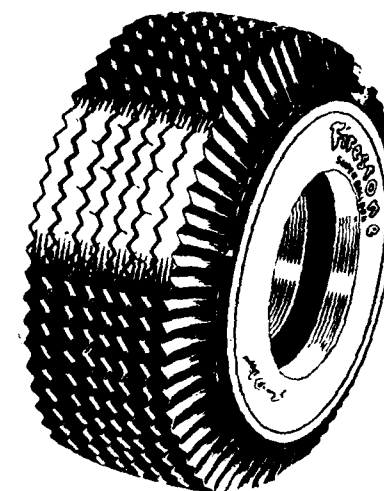
Lenin's own contribution to it was

his recognition of soviets as the best instruments through which the dictatorship of the proletariat could be made democratic as well as efficient.

Stalin himself (immediately after the death of Lenin) at the 15th conference of the C. P. S. U. (B) was modest in outlining the role of the party in the dictatorship. Denying Zinoviev's equation of the dictatorship of the proletariat to the dictatorship of the party, he said that the party's role was that of the guide, teacher and leader, but the party had to convince the broad proletarian masses of the correctness of its policy.

But as the Soviet regime became more strongly established, there were two apparently opposite tendencies evident in Stalin's mode of thinking. Vyshinsky points out that Engel's prediction of the withering away of the state is based upon the establishment of world socialism. If it is victorious in only one country to meet aggression from without, "it must have its own state strong enough to defend the conquests of socialism from foreign attack." Again the role of the party assumes increasing

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

importance, in fact such importance as to be included in the new constitution of 1936, article 126 of which clearly says (after guaranteeing freedom of association): "The most active and politically conscious citizen in the ranks of the working class and other sections of the working people unite in the Communist Party of the Soviet Union which is the vanguard of the working people in their struggle to strengthen and develop the socialist system and is the leading core of all organizations of the working people both public and state."

Along with this tendency to strengthen the state and the party, there is another tendency, to be more liberal in certain respects. Introducing the 1936 constitution, Stalin said that in the interval between 1924 and 1936 the Kulak had been liquidated and foreign intervention had virtually stopped. Five-year plans were successful and the basis of socialism was firmly laid. There were only two main classes closely allied together—the proletariat or the workers and the peasants.

The most important concession as a result of such achievements is the perfect freedom given to border republics in the U. S. S. R. to secede. This is emphasized at great length in Stalin's speeches. Again there is the elaborate list of rights granted to the citizens.

But, all told, the state cannot yet wither away. In Stalin's words: "Two basic functions characterize the activity of bourgeois state: at home to keep in restraint the exploited majority, abroad to extend the territory of its class."

The Soviet State however changed functions. By the end of 1936, "the function of military suppression within the country had died away,

for exploitation had been abolished, there were no more exploiters left and so there was no one to suppress." But three functions remained, that of fighting foreign attack, the detection and punishment of spies and assassins and wreckers—and the function of economic organization and cultural education by the state organs. Hence, on some pretext or other, the state was yet to remain and strengthen itself. The evidence of most observers makes it clear that far from withering away, the state is growing mightier each day in Russia. The vigorous activity of the MVD casts serious doubts on Stalin's assertion whether internal security and peace have been established quite so firmly. Of course the function of cultural education and economic organization are taken quite seriously in Russia, though the results of the former have been rather dubious. As regards the latter, Stalin's work on the economic laws shows statesmanship. Economic laws, like natural laws, are not abolished by the Soviet state but are put to proper use. Hence to expect miracles is to invite defeat. Commodity production and exchange have to be retained so long as there are two different sectors—the socialized industrial sector, and the agricultural sector run largely by cooperatives. When both are publicly owned, it is bound to disappear. This conclusion, as I see it, is far from inevitable. So long as exports and imports are required some form of commodity production and exchange vis a vis the outside capitalist world has to be retained. Secondly, so long as internal production is not quite sufficient in all sectors, some form or weighting of relative values of various sectors of production will be necessary.

(To be continued)

By buying piastres in Saigon for 8 francs and then selling them at the official rate of 17 francs in Paris, immense fortunes have been made, and "few public figures in Indo-China could resist the temptation to participate in this double-or-nothing game where no one ever lost." An official report of the Indo-China Exchange Control describes Emperor Bao Dai and his wife as among the first to benefit; as early as 1949 they transferred 176 million francs to Europe, bought a villa in Cannes and an estate in the Belgian Congo. This piastre traffic reached such proportions last year that two secret investigators made a report and no newspaper would publish it.—*The New Statesman and Nation*.

MME MILLY-VANEZ'S CONCERT

THOSE who attended the music recital by Mme. Milly-Vanez at the 'Stella Maris' College under the auspices of the Groupe Francals (French Group) on April 22 will not easily forget it.

Mme Milly-Vanez, Swiss born, lives in Paris. She was trained and guided by teachers in Switzerland, France, Germany. She is a teacher herself, besides the activity of the concert platform. First prizes in colleges and open contests and acclamation of her first performances of contemporary music all over the European Continent made her what we call so easily a 'star.' But she has nothing of stardom around her, it is all simple and natural. She wishes to contact us with good music and she succeeds, wherever she appears. All people sing and all sing differently according to natural disposition and temperament. Knowing this Mme Milly-Vanez's main aim was, from the beginning of her brilliant career, to acquaint people with the music of its neighbours and she travelled from town to town, from country to country in Europe.

A fullfledged singer, Mme Milly-Vanez toured Europe during the period between the two world wars, and endeavoured always to bring better understanding between the European peoples by making known to each the musical wealth and beauty of the other—for music appeals to the best in man. Under the ensign of cultural exchanges, Mme Vanez introduced new or little known pieces in all the music-loving centres of Europe. During the last war, she remained in Paris and regularly gave concerts during what had formerly been the season; and she found that her concerts were always well attended both by occupiers and victims.

She mastered French, Italian and German and learned several other languages because songs, lieder, etc., must be sung in their original language in order to retain their original flavour and character. Her concert which led us from the 16th to the 20th century embraced compositions by Italian, French, German, English, Spanish, Hungarian and Russian composers; each song was preceded

by a short gist-translation in English so that the selected audience had the full benefit of each piece and its essence, lullabies, dramatic, romantic, expressionistic, folk-tune-like songs, classical and sophisticated songs—all this was heard and we may say understood, although quite a few of us might not follow to the last, the western style of harmonisation. Yet, the contact and the tension were there and prevailed throughout the concert. That is the great merit—yes, of the composers first but not less the merit of the musical and human personality of Mme Vanez who remained, as a true artist in that modest, and equally highly prominent background. Really to Mme Vanez go all our thanks and all, what this simple expression can stand for.

European music needs 'accompaniment' because of the harmonisation. In serious music this accompaniment is as important as the song itself, overlapping trends of the musical line, the same tone appearing in 'major' or 'minor' chords, it is all one cast (or: cast in one) and the pianist Mr. Handel Manuel accomplished his task with great tact and feeling.

Mme Milly-Vanez is not just a singer, although that might be the denomination of her passport; she is a highly cultivated character. Musicianship embraces knowledge of life and of philosophy and, as a matter of fact, Mme Vanez came to India to study the teachings of Aurobindo. It is a perfection of technique and spiritual outlook which, quite apart from her great musicianship, that made the concert not only appeal to all, but spread that spirit of knowledge.

Madras is the place par excellence for Indian music, we cannot expect our town to become equally famous in Western music but a few concerts of the standard offered by Mme. Vanez (be it songs or instrumental music) are more than desirable, concerts in which music is the keynote rather than a social event.

We owe great gratitude to the Groupe Francals (French Group) of Madras which made this concert possible.—*LYKOS*.

KHADI VERSUS MILL CLOTH

G. SRINIVASA RAGHAVACHARIAR

I am an octogenarian. My qualification to write on the subject is that I am a spinner of about 30 years standing. I work on a time-honoured but slightly improved country charka during moments when I cannot do any other work, and spin enough yarn to meet my annual clothing requirements which come to about 25 square yds. As Assistant Registrar of Co-operative Societies I organised some weavers' societies.

The cloth problem can be solved in two ways: by developing khadi as a simple home industry and by exercising better control over power mill productions. The Government have no doubt been doing something in this direction but they are still experimenting. The policy pursued has either resulted in huge deficits in many years and surpluses in a few years.

What are the reasons for accumulation of khadi? They are two-fold. One is the generally inferior quality of the cloth and the other its prohibitive price. The inferior quality is due to spinners not giving the necessary twists to the yarn and not paying due attention to ginning, carding and slivering. People did not mind either the inferior quality or the high prices so long as khadi was a political weapon and there was scarcity of mill cloth during World War II. When swadeshi spirit waned and mills reverted to producing not only yarn but also clothes in abundance, the khadi and the handloom industries came to be seriously affected and there was cloth shortage again.

Gandhiji thought that the khadi scheme could no longer be worked as a commercial proposition and accordingly suggested that it should be changed into a simple domestic industry so that one or two members of each family, more particularly in the villages, might spin in their idle moments enough yarn to meet the clothing requirements of the family with cotton grown on their own land or backyards.

The Government, instead of carrying out this suggestion, continued to

work the khadi scheme on a commercial scale through a few agencies created by them; which had neither the necessary technical knowledge nor the enthusiasm and which therefore purchased yarn from spinners at high prices and paid the weavers also high wages from the large subsidies provided by Government to support the khadi industry. The scheme therefore proved a failure.

If the khadi scheme is to be a success, steps should be taken to so re-organise the industry that it may conform to Gandhiji's suggestion. There is yet enough enthusiasm for hand-spinning and what is required is a suitable organisation, similar to the private organization now functioning in Calicut, which can arrange to teach people spinning and other processes by providing them with cheap charkas. This organisation, which must be of a co-operative character, must bring all the spinners of a locality under it and function as the organization in Calicut is now doing.

Spinning is a simple work, requiring little or no capital and it is one that can be done at one's pleasure and convenience by almost every member of a family in their own homes. Few people will grudge to do this work, as it is to meet one of the three primary essentials of life, provided they are given the necessary facilities.

From my personal experience I find that if one person spins for two hours in the aggregate or two persons for one hour every day, enough yarn of 16 to 20 counts can be produced to meet the annual clothing requirements of a family of five members at 25 square yards per head. When a man like Mahatma Gandhi, who had plenty of work to do daily, was able to find time for spinning with clock-like regularity, no man or woman can plead lack of time.

According to Satyanathan's report on agricultural indebtedness 71% of the population live in villages, whose average annual income is Rs. 15 and they have practically no work to do

for six months in a year and for a longer period, if seasons fail, which is not infrequent. Even in the case of people living in urban areas, a large majority of women belonging to the middle and upper classes have time which they can utilize for spinning. Even as a full-time industry for people who have no job of any kind or are physically unfit to do hard labour, hand-spinning will be a paying proposition as it will enable them to earn not less than three to four annas a day.

Development of khadi in Andhra Desa is urgent as there is only one textile mill in that area.

There are about 500,000 country looms in this State. To earn about Rs. 1-8-0 per day, which is required to maintain his family, a weaver will have to work, as in textile mills, eight hours, during which he can weave six yards of cloth on an average and more if the country looms are fitted with fly shutters. At this rate the number of yards that can be woven on a single loom during a year, taking 250 as the number of working days, will come to 1500 square yards, and for five lakhs of looms the production will come to 7500 lakh square yards. Taking 1-5 lb. of yarn per square yard of cloth, the total quantity of yarn required for 75,00,00,000 square yards of cloth will be 1500 lakhs of lbs or 3.75 lakhs of bales of 400 lbs. each. There are about 65 textile mills in the State producing about 6 lakhs of bales of yarn annually. To keep the 5 lakhs of looms at work for the whole year, all that is necessary is for the Government to arrange for a regular supply through mills of 3.75 lakhs of bales of mill yarn to handloom weavers by bringing them all under a suitable co-operative organisation to be formed at various centres, which will have the necessary finances (loans) from financing cooperative central banks, with guarantee from Government, if necessary. If this course is adopted,

there can be no doubt that handlooms can compete with power mills in producing equally good, if not better clothes, possibly cheaper also, in view of the growing difficulties which mills have to face on account of labour troubles and increasing working expenses and of the need to charge higher prices for their productions, which are generally beyond the reach of our people. This is the only possible way of sustaining the present handloom industry on which depend 30 lakhs of people for their livelihood. Any other remedies by way of help in the shape of small money doles or gruel supply will neither be substantial nor permanent. And even the proposed levy of cess on mill clothes cannot solve the present weavers' problem which is very urgent. In considering the cloth problem the following observation of Gandhiji may well be borne in mind: "We have cotton enough, idle hands enough and weavers enough and cloth famine is a mockery."

It is hoped that the Chief Minister, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, who alone can deal with the situation with necessary foresight and courage and without any fear or favour, will take urgent steps to solve the cloth problem once and for all. To this end he should see that the Central Government gives up its present policy of distributing yarn or cloth on an all India per capita loom or population basis under which no weaver or individual gets his full share of yarn or cloth which he is entitled to from his own State production.

The proper course for the Central Government to follow is to allow as is being done in the case of food, each State to utilise all that is produced within it, for meeting its own needs before any portion of it is diverted to other States or countries for meeting their deficits. Such a policy will be in keeping with provincial autonomy vouchsafed to States by the Constitution.

While I was still at school I used to play all Shakespeare's boys at the Gate Theatre in Dublin, possibly because I had a very deep voice and very straight hair. We didn't dare tell my headmistress I was acting, so I always had to be away from school with one infectious disease after another. She once told my mother I was a very sickly child.—Peggy Cummins, the British film star, in a BBC talk.

NOTES ON THE NEW ERA

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

WASHINGTON: The big business lobbyist is the displaced person of the Republican revolution. In the time of the New Deal and the Fair Deal, he belonged to a lucrative, thriving profession. He got big sums to carry on the propaganda struggle against any phase of the menace described in the handouts as "creeping socialism." Now he is slinking sadly into the shadows, unwanted, unrecognized and unsubsidized. The special-interest groups that used to finance him are convinced he is expendable; they are sure they can get what they want without his help. We talked to one of these ideological unemployed at the National Press Club, that historic meeting-ground of Washington journalists and highly-paid agitators. This man had been a big figure in the lobbying business. Not long ago he was simultaneously serving the oil companies in their battle to seize "tidelands" oil, helping the American Medical Association combat what the hucksters call "socialized medicine" and campaigning on a variety of other fronts against some alleged threat to the American way of life.

Now, it seems, the American way of life is considered secure and the lobbyist's way of life has been ruined. "The big corporations and the other fellows who put up money don't feel they need us any more," the victim explained morosely.

"They figure this is a do-nothing Congress—or that anything it does will be okay for them. They know they've got the votes to put over the tidelands deal; they think the administration will do what business wants on everything else. So far they are right.

"It's a funny thing, too. I worked real hard for Eisenhower and I forgot to realize what would happen to my business if the Republicans got in." We wish the President could have heard the man's remarks. Undoubtedly Eisenhower would be shocked and pained if he were frankly told that his administration is regarded as safe ground for loot-

ing by all the special-privilege blocs that used to regard lobbyists as indispensable characters. But that is the prevailing mood here. The lobbyist we interviewed concluded on a curious note of hope. He said he thinks the GOP Cabinet is weak and that within a few months the new administration will be vulnerable on many domestic fronts. As a result, he said, the Democrats will score decisive Congressional victories in 1954, thereby providing a signal for the resurrection of business lobbyists.

Attorney-General Brownell addressed the editors' convention on Friday and spoke with great solemnity about the government "clean-up" being staged by the Republicans. Then Irving Dilliard of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asked him what the Department of Justice is doing about a certain report transmitted to it by a Senate sub-committee. Brownell, cautiously replying that the document is "under study," described it as "the report on Senator Benton and Senator McCarthy—in exactly that order. Several hundred pages of facts and exhibits deal with McCarthy, less than ten pages touch on one alleged impropriety of Benton's. But apparently the exposure of McCarthy may soon become known as the 'Benton Report' in respectable Republican circles.

Washington is investigation-mad. There are now eight Congressional investigations of something or other in progress, plus all the security-checks being staged by the FBI and other agencies. The saddest conversation we overheard was that of a highly-decorated aging naval officer who was asked how his son was doing in government.

"I don't know," he replied grimly. "They're still investigating him." He sounded as if he didn't know whether his son is about to be fired or whether he himself was about to lose his naval commission for being associated with the lad.

We learned long ago that any President is many men. He is the

target of conflicting, violent pressures; his batting average—or his golf score—at the end of a season is more meaningful than any single day's endeavour. Certainly the President who addressed the newspaper editors' convention here bore little resemblance to the irresolute man who has yielded so meekly to Joe McCarthy and who surrendered only the other day to the clamours of the Formosa Firsters. President Eisenhower's speech to the press was in our judgment his most distinguished performance since he assumed the Presidency. We wish he had delivered his earnest, thoughtful response to the Soviet "peace offensive" at an earlier date. We are aware that future deeds are as important as present words, in Washington as in other capitals. We have yet to discover whether the President will firmly adhere to the positions he took yesterday when the know-nothings begin to snipe at him. Having said that, we welcome both the spirit and substance of his address.

This was America's voice at its best. At the risk of provoking the charge that Adlai Stevenson is Ike's ghost, we hereby confess that we were applauding more vigorously than a lot of Republican journalists when the President finished his remarks.

He might have confined himself to the usual banalities of the moment. He might have merely said that we await tangible Soviet actions such as the acceptance of an honourable truce in Korea and the signing of an Austrian treaty. But he said a good deal more than that. He said first that real relief from the anxiety that shadows our century can come only through effective disarmament and the prohibition of atomic weapons.

He said, secondly, that, if such an arms agreement can be reached, the U. S. is prepared to devote "a substantial per cent of the savings achieved by disarmament to a fund for world aid and reconstruction." It was not too long ago that such a vision was denounced in many Republican circles as "globaloney." Indeed, not many hours ago, John Foster Dulles, in a new effort to appease his Congressional critics, virtually wrote off the Point Four pro-

gramme. We shall not underline the seeming inconsistency. We assume that the President knew what political dynamite he was playing with when he advanced the concept of a "world fund" to combat human misery. As notable as what Eisenhower said was what he carefully omitted saying. To a significant Republican battalion on Capital Hill, Formosa is the centre of the universe and Chiang's army the decisive military force of our time. The President conspicuously avoided any rhetorical sorties against the Chinese mainland. While he made it perfectly plain that there can be no dismantling of the free world's defences unless and until some enforceable disarmament programme is achieved, there was no sabre-rattling in his text. He articulated as clearly as any man could the desperate longing of free men for some glimpse of true tranquility in our generation. Without naivete or innocence, he expressed the prayer that the Soviet leaders are genuinely groping for a way out of the terrible deadlock that haunts the world. Notable, too, was the President's refusal to blame all the world's post-war ordeal on Harry Truman. In his review of recent history he might have won a big hand here and there by asserting (like an aged editorial writer) that it was Truman and Dean Acheson who have caused all mankind's troubles. Instead he suggested that Joseph Stalin was responsible for the collapse of the postwar dream. He paid tribute to the positive accomplishments of the European recovery programme. Perhaps in deference to some of the pro-McCarthy editors in the hall, he did not refer to it as the Marshall Plan, but the point was inescapable. An American President must deal simultaneously with Congress and the rest of humanity. Too often D. D. Eisenhower has seemed more eager to win a popularity contest among the Old Guard Republicans on Capitol Hill than to convince the world that our goal is a just and decent peace. But April 22 was a different, brighter story.

Bowles Says India Turns To America

When former Governor of Connecticut, Chester Bowles was appointed

Ambassador to India in September 1951 he was asked by President Truman to "find out if that fellow Nehru (the Indian Prime Minister) is a Communist at heart."

That hitherto unrecorded conversation, strange as it sounds now, reflected the strain of Indo-American relations. In contrast, Ambassador Bowles, now en route home, reports that Communist power in India has lessened and that India's attitude toward the U. S. has taken a decided turn for the better.

An important reason for a more favourable attitude toward the United States, Mr. Bowles added, is that India has begun to appreciate the fact that America gives aid "without applying any pressure, and without asking for deals."

These views form a part of an exclusive report on Ambassador Bowles's sixteen months' diplomatic service which was cabled in answer to questions submitted by an American reporter. This month, the Eisenhower Administration announced acceptance of Bowles' resignation. He has been a life-long Democrat.

His exclusive report follows:

Q.—Has the Communist threat in India been arrested?

A.—Communists in India are at present confused and less effective than a year ago. Ideologically, the major pull of the Indian Communists is still toward Moscow, although pressure for adherence to the Communist leadership in Peking is likely to increase.

It is a matter of historical record that communism has succeeded in taking over only when there was occupation or the threat of occupation by the Red Army, as in the case of the Eastern European satellites, or as in the case of China when the Communist movement was under the direction of a tough, competent, indigenous Communist leader such as Mao Tse-tung. So far as India today is concerned neither of these dangers exists.

The tight and very visible direction from the Cominform, present-day Communist international, does not encourage the growth of effective local Indian Communist leadership, as there is a deep-seated suspicion

among the common people of foreign influence.

It is true, however, that the basic conditions in which communism thrives still exist throughout India—poverty, ill health, hunger and the frustration of students and intellectuals. From the point of view of India's internal conditions, the most important determining factor of the success or failure of communism will be the success or failure of the economic Five Year Plan, which has the target date of 1956. If the Five Year Plan goals are reached, India will have taken a long step toward a dynamic and democratic system. If the plan fails, we can expect rapidly increasing confusion, a weakening of the government and an increase in the Communist danger.

United States aid is absolutely vital to the success of the Indian Five Year Plan.

Q.—Could you select some important points for optimism or for pessimism in India today?

A.—After 200 years of colonialism, India retains a certain degree of super-sensitivity and suspicion vis-a-vis the West. They are determined to maintain their freedom.

(And Ambassador Bowles has frequently argued with Washington that it may well prove to the best interest of the United States that India pursue a so-called independent line because any overt alignment with the West would subject the Indian Government to charges of being a "tool of the imperialists" and thus make it more vulnerable to Communist charges along this line.)

"The next three years will be the crucial test of United States' ability to be patient and moderate, even though in matters of international policy we may be faced with apparent frustrations. If India fails in her internal experiment, as China failed, then Asia, Africa and the Middle East have been undermined, and the world balance of power has been dangerously upset. Thus the free world has an enormous stake in India's success. We cannot afford to consider economic aid to India and Pakistan as a simple act of generosity which we can give or withhold according to the emotional moods of the moment."

UNIVERSITY AUTONOMY

By P. KODANDA RAO

THE Government of India's proposal to create a Central Council to regulate the standards of Indian universities has been criticised largely on the ground that it would affect the "autonomy" of the universities. Autonomy is a blessed word. Every body wants it. Most often it means that one should have autonomy to spend money which another had raised! Most Indian universities are examining pupils whose main work is examining pupils of teaching colleges, which are managed by Government or private bodies. They claim an autonomy from the State which the education departments, which manage nearly nine-tenths of the education in the States, from primary to college level, hardly make, on the ground that a university is more than a mere department of Government. No institution has a special claim for autonomy simply because it is called a university. Higher education and research are not the monopoly of universities. Indeed, most Indian universities do very little of these. The teaching colleges do most of the teaching and some research, while research institutions do most of the research and some teaching. If the Government is competent to manage institutions of higher teaching and research without conceding autonomy to them, there is no convincing reason why it should concede it to an examining university. Indeed, if the Government is competent to manage its numerous and varied departments of public activity, including most of the education departments, there is no reason why it should be considered incompetent to manage the universities as well. If the Government is incompetent, then there is an argument to replace it by a more competent one, and not to rescue only a few universities. When, in the pursuit of the welfare state, Government has undertaken planning of not only the public, but also the private, sector of activity, it seems untenable that universities should demand an autonomy which others do not claim or get. Under

planning for the welfare state, even private institutions, which neither ask nor receive state grants, have to fall into line. Universities which seek and get large Government grants, cannot claim exemption on the ground that they are "temples of learning," as if even a primary school is not a "temple of learning." As the American President's Commission on Higher Education, in its report, *Higher Education for American Democracy*, said "Public responsibility for the support on education implies public responsibility for the policies which are supported." (Vol. V, p. 57). This applies to all stages of education, from primary to university. Indeed, the same Report advocated centralised control at all levels of education in a state. It said:

"The unbroken continuity of objectives of education at all levels makes it highly desirable for the State to vest in a single State department of education whatever jurisdiction the State should exercise over all education from the nursery through the university." (Vol. III, p. 71).

There seems to be no administrative justification for the distinction between "higher" education under an autonomous university and "lower" education under a subordinate department of Government. If autonomy is desirable, all education in the State should be under an autonomous board, and not the university alone. In any event, autonomy and the begging bowl go ill together.

Often the analogy of England is quoted in support of the autonomy of Indian universities. Sir Ernest Barker, in *British Universities*, British Council, 1949) emphasised that the British universities were "essentially autonomous" (p. 17) and were not controlled by the Ministry of Education, though Government grants amounted to nearly two-thirds of their budgets in recent years. But he also added that "democracy in education meant maximum freedom for each educational

society—for each school as far as possible, but certainly for each University” (p. 23). Mr. H. C. Dent, in *British Education*, said that British education was characterised by the “autonomy of the school and the professional freedom of the teacher” (p. 10), that up to 1944 these were “more pronounced in the secondary than in the primary schools” and that they were at their “fullest and most complete form in the universities” (p. 11) that the autonomy of the primary and secondary schools was protected by their management-boards, who gave the “utmost freedom” to the head-teachers, who, in their turn, extended it to their assistant teachers. “For a head teacher to dictate to an assistant how he or she should teach a subject or conduct a school society is rare and always resented” (p. 11).

The universal autonomy was not without limitations. The assistant teacher cheerfully accepted the advice of the head teacher, which was readily given. The head teacher enjoyed autonomy provided he retained the confidence of the board of management. The universities enjoyed autonomy subject to the authority of Parliament (p. 11). *It seems that each institution enjoyed autonomy limited by its superior at the latter's discretion.* In this sense, autonomy seems universal in all human activities, educational and other.

Dr. H. W. Dodds, who made a special investigation of the autonomy enjoyed by British universities, said:

“Nevertheless, the universities (in Britain) are not free in the sense of self-determination they enjoyed twenty-five years ago.” (*Government Assistance to Universities in Great Britain*, H. W. Dodds and others, Columbia University Press, 1952. (p. 24).

Mr. Dodds quoted Lord Simon, chairman of the University of Manchester and of the editorial board of the *Universities Quarterly*, to say:

“Today the State is entering an field of University affairs with almost explosive force.” (ibid. p. 97)

In America there are about 1,800 institutions of higher education, two-thirds of which are private founda-

tions independent of government control, but increasingly receiving grants from Government. As regards the relations between Government and the universities, the President's Commission on Higher Education, in its report, *Higher Education for American Democracy*, said:

“Sound public policy demands, furthermore, that State and local bodies are able to exercise at all times the right to review and control educational policies in any institution or agency for which public monies are appropriated and expended.” (Vol. V. p. 57)

It is often maintained that the autonomy of the British universities was not affected because Government grants were distributed by the University Grants Committee and not by the Government direct. It is noteworthy, however, that the University Grants Committee is appointed by Government and not elected by the universities, and it is appointed by the Ministry of Finance and not the Ministry of Education, and that increasingly government assistance takes the form of earmarked grants as distinguished from block grants. Regarding the effect of the last, Lord Simon said:

“This whole procedure marks a revolution in the relations of the Government and the universities. Hitherto, with quite minor exceptions, the University Grants Committee has given an annual block grant to each university to spend as it wishes. Now for the first time the large additional grant is given for a specific purpose, subject to the approval of detailed proposals from each university as to how the money is to be spent. This is the first example of real planning and control of the Universities by the Government. (*Government Assistance to Universities in Great Britain* p. 15)

The British University Grants Committee visited the universities frequently, interviewed students, staff and management, and acquired an extensive knowledge of their affairs, and tendered advice without seeking to interfere with the autonomy of the universities. The latter, while free to reject advice, almost invariably found it prudent to accept it, lest

the grants be not renewed. In fact, the British universities have just as much autonomy as the University Grants Committee chooses to give them, and the University Grants Committee has as much autonomy as the Chancellor of the Exchequer allows. According to Mr. Dodds, the success of the University Grants Committee rested fundamentally upon unwritten conventions and personal and social relations unmatched elsewhere, and any attempt to formalise them would destroy them. Mr. Dodds came to the further conclusion that the principle of greater accountability to Parliament would in the long run come out victorious even in England.

Most of the British and American universities are teaching institutions and originated as private foundations, which subsequently received State charters, and inherited strong traditions of autonomy. Their autonomy was affected when they asked and received state assistance. Except for Shantiniketan and the Karve

University, which started as private foundations, and were given State charters long afterwards, most other Indian universities were the creations of the State and dependent on State grants from the very beginning and never attained the autonomy of the British universities at its highest. Further, in England and America there are private organisations to maintain standards, evaluate the work of the universities and accredit them. In India, the universities are largely dependent on Government even for such purposes. The need for State intervention is, thus, greater in India than elsewhere.

It has been repeatedly admitted that the standards of education have been falling since independence. The Indian universities, individually or collectively, do not seem to have been able to stem the tide, much less reverse it. Such facts as have to come to light about the inefficiency and corruption in the universities are sickening to a degree. The Inter-University Board does not seem



The fifteenth annual conference of the Southern India Journalists' Federation was held in Madras on April 25 and 26. Picture shows Mr. T. Prakasam, who inaugurated the conference, Mr. N. Raghunatha Iyer, President, and Mr. S. Sarangaratnam, Chairman of the Reception Committee.

to have done anything in the matter; it was Government that instituted enquiries and published reports. For instance, the Mysore Government requested the late Sir C. R. Reddy to report on the education system in the Mysore State. His Report exposed in restrained but unmistakable language some of its very grave defects at all levels, including the university. During the debate on the Agra University Amendment Bill on the 6th November 1952, the U.P. Education Minister made revelations which do no credit to the university or other autonomous bodies. *Thought of Delhi* had not exaggerated when it said on November 15, 1952 that some universities positively reeked with the kind of petty scheming and intrigue one would have associated with the court of some decadent princeling, rather than with a centre of enlightenment.

The U. P. Education Minister said that, while Government had no intention to disturb the autonomous character of the universities, it could not remain a helpless spectator of corruption and nepotism in the universities. It may be that the Government themselves are not altogether above board and free from personal, political and communal influences. As political bodies, they are bound to face such pressures. But the University, which is an academic body, has no excuse for it. In any event, the Government is responsible to the legislature, the electorate and the tax-payer in a way and to an extent that the university is not.

Nobody was a greater advocate of university autonomy than the late Sir C. R. Reddy, who was Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University for several years. In his Report on

Mysore education, he pleaded for greater autonomy for the Mysore University, which is a State university unlike most other universities in the country. Paradoxically enough, he advocated that the Syndicate should consist only of Government servants and nominated members! In effect, he recommended autonomy in a Pickwickian sense: a Government-dominated Syndicate, with an appeal to Government! His reason was that only thus would the university command the confidence of the Government! While his paradoxical recommendation has been criticised in some quarters, his reflections on the university have not been denied.

If in the interest of securing common standards between the several affiliated colleges, it is necessary that the university should control them, it seems equally necessary that somebody should control the several universities to secure minimum common standards and parity of value for the degrees conferred by the several universities. If each university should claim autonomy from the State to maintain its individuality, it seems equally reasonable that each college should have autonomy from the university to maintain its own individuality. It is much more useful to stress mutual cooperation than individual autonomy.

It seems desirable that the Central Government should exercise effective control over all the universities. It is only of incidental importance whether it is exercised through a new central board, or a university grants committee, or by the more frequent and effective use of the visitorial powers already vested in the Government. It is the deed that matters, not the tool.

The writings of Mrs Franklin D. Roosevelt and of the defeated presidential candidate, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, are under scrutiny by the State Department security office as possibly "communistic or sympathetic to communism."

Their names are included in a list of those authors whose works may be banned for overseas libraries under a directive issued by the State Department.

As a result of the directive—which informed circles in Washington assert has been issued to appease Senator Joseph McCarthy—only a few hundred books are being sent every month to the 196 libraries maintained by the State Department abroad, as against an earlier average of nearly 3,000, according to the Washington Post.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

By ROY C. KEPLER

LAST year I had the good fortune to be in Europe for ten months. I was able, with some leisure, to reflect upon my own attitudes and opinions about the United States, as well as those of Europeans. Since that was my first trip abroad, I was amazed at the new perspectives that were opened to me toward my own country. I learned while there more about America than I did about Europe. The reasons for this are obvious. In Europe I got, not one but two new perspectives on the United States—that of the Europeans and my own from outside the situation; for once the trees did not obscure the forest.

Certain basic differences in European and American outlooks were brought home to me with an impact that books and earlier experiences never had. Now I began to know what it means to say that Europeans have a sense of History; for the most part, we in America don't.

I lived for two months in Bordeaux, the port of the Half Moon, has been a thriving shipping centre since Roman times. The people of Bordeaux have lived under the rule of the Romans, then the Barbarians, next they were threatened by the Moorish invasion, later they knew the hand of the English for over a hundred years, and, most recently, they suffered the German Occupation of World War II. Bordeaux has a history.

Some of my friends in Bordeaux were curious about my "background" and the city from which I came. My natal city is Denver, in Colorado, and it has one superficial parallel with Bordeaux: it too is a provincial city of half a million population. But there the parallel ends. Denver was founded during the lifetime of my grandfather, and even though of such recent origin, there is scarcely a trace of an original building. The oldest structure in the city is barely seventy years old. Today in Denver not two out of every five residents were born there. Roots are not deep. Not one person in a thousand in Denver knows anything about its brief

history, and not one in 10,000 cares. Denver has no history. It has a present and a future.

Little wonder that the American-French dialogue emits so much static. The psychology of the people from the two countries, whatever they may share of Western Culture, differs in fundamental ways. When Americans, without a remembrance of the past, make proposals for the present and the future, Europeans often wince, for they remember the past. When, for example, Americans propose German rearmament, when American officials sit in conference with former Nazi generals discussing the procedures of armament, the French—and many other Europeans—think of the past: of 1870, 1914, of World War II, of the Nazis and of the Occupation, and their inner being says "no" even if their statesmen say "yes." To create a new German army means to restore to power German officers, most of whom commanded Hitler's armies, and whom the French associate, rightly or wrongly, with World War II and Nazi totalitarianism—the past. From a French viewpoint this easy acceptance of the enemy of yesterday as the ally of today seems *historically* inaccurate, for it seems to say, "The French resistance to Hitler was a mistake. Hitler called upon the West to ally with him against Russian bolshevism. The Nazis were right all the time." Yet to question the French resistance of World War II today in France is to bring into question the wellsprings of French social cohesion and integrity. The French do not want to rewrite this history. They have described and defined World War II, and the Resistance, as having been both right and necessary. The future of a democratic France in good part rests upon this description. To undermine it would be, in the fullest sense of the word, demoralizing. If the French ever go to war against Russia, they want that war not to be a continuation of Hitler's fascist war against bolshevism but rather to result, if it must,

from the failure of honest efforts at cooperation with Russia.

It follows from all this that French national morale goes down, not up, when the Americans make proposals about cooperation with a German army led by some of the same men who only yesterday were France's totalitarian conquerors. Not that the Americans may not be *objectively* correct, but that they sometimes fail to recognize the subjective force of French feelings and experiences, and the French sense of *history*.

What I am suggesting here is not that Americans should not make proposals, or undertake actions, but that any proposals made should take account of intangible psychological factors.

Another underlying difference between European and American outlooks on the nature of the world around us is closely related to this sense of history. It is the sense of tradition and custom. In Europe, despite the tremendous changes and eruptions which have resulted from the great world wars of the twentieth century, from the Great Depression, and the rise of Fascism and Communism, there is much that remains the same. Life holds, for many Europeans, certain fixed relationships and institutions. Europeans tend to have a high resistance to change in certain crucial areas of their social and personal life, as well as their intellectual and spiritual life. It might be said that they first look to the past before venturing into the future; or even that they sometimes consciously hold on to a certain aspect of the past in preference to the future. A friend of mine said rightly, I believe, that he had not met a Christian until he went to Europe. What he meant was "Christian" in the generic sense, the primitive sense: deeply contemplative man with a sense of sin, and of guilt. American Christians are too pragmatic, too optimistic, to be Christians in the same sense. Americans expect to succeed. European Christians do not necessarily, nor do they always seem perturbed at the idea that they might fail.

There is in much of Europe a prevailing undertone of resignation, an acceptance of the end of an historical epoch, leaving many Europeans

with not quite enough reserve to make the supreme effort necessary to adapt adequately to the demands of a new time. This view is my own and may be challenged by others. I would make reservations with regard to Britain, for the British are not yet prepared to yield, and there is there a reserve of underlying optimism not so easily detected on the Continent.

But let's compare and contrast some of these attitudes with those of Americans. It need hardly be said that we are lacking in traditions as compared to other, longer-established societies. But I doubt if many Americans have fully recognized or understood the depth and rapidity of social change in the United States during the past twenty years alone. Have you taken a look recently at one of those sociological studies turned out in the "thirties"? Among them were careful studies of American communities and classes, complete with statistics and prognoses. In a typical Middle-western small town, class lines were considered solidifying, and, statistically, only a tiny percentage of young people could ever be envisioned as continuing their schooling beyond the high school level. But what of such predictions today? Something has happened in the past twenty years that nobody predicted, and which few, if any, have properly described. Certainly none of the old analyses adequately describe it. Many Americans have said, rightly, in my opinion, that the Marxian analysis fails to account for all of the factors. After all, why should it, when it was originally conceived in the middle of the nineteenth century? But what these many American critics of Marxism haven't admitted seems to me to be equally true, the Adam Smith-Free Enterprise analysis can't account for the changes, either. It was conceived in the eighteenth century. So it is that another point at which the American-European dialogue breaks down is at the verbal level of economic and cultural analysis. Words like "free enterprise," "capitalists," or "economic determinism," used in either their eighteenth or nineteenth century meanings, tend to obscure and confuse rather than to communicate.

In France I discovered that, in one sense, a majority of Frenchmen are Marxists. By that I do not mean they are Communists, but simply that Marxian analysis and a general nineteenth century Marxian viewpoint is widespread among all classes. In the past Marxism has been a useful tool, and continues to be so for discussion of certain domestic issues. When a Frenchman talks about "class consciousness" he knows what he is talking about. In France there is a class struggle in the clearest sense of that phrase. Today in America when a union man goes on strike, he is likely to spend much of his time painting his house or watching TV until the issues are settled by collective bargaining. In France striking is not so light a matter; in fact, it may be a matter of life or death. When French workers strike there is more at issue ordinarily than wage rates or hours: this may be the time when the capitalists will be overthrown. Or, conversely, it may be the time when they, the workers, will be crushed.

So it was that I discovered, when talking to Frenchmen about economic problems or problems of international relations, that they automatically begin with Marxian assumptions. They—and "they" might include anyone from professors and students to workers or businessmen—they would begin to talk about the "American Capitalist Press" or about how the Korean War was started in order to prevent a depression in America. Along the way it usually became apparent that their "Capitalist" was a stereotyped figure, and that if he bore a resemblance to anybody, it was to some French businessmen and industrialists whose ways of doing business seldom accord with prevailing American methods. But how could I object to this interpretation, since in America the dominant mythology is that of "Free Enterprise" and "making one's way"? If we insist on describing ourselves to ourselves and to the world at large in this mythological vocabulary, we mustn't be disturbed if others become confused about us.

Another aspect of American life which is of unending concern to other people throughout the world is that of American race relations and

discrimination against minorities, especially the Negroes. Everywhere I went in Europe I was sure to meet people who, somewhere in our conversation, were going to ask me about discrimination and segregation. Such concern and interested inquiry I welcomed as right and just; I had no defence for discriminatory practices. But slowly I came to realize from these conversations that we in America at present have a tremendous advantage and opportunity in the whole area of prejudice between ethnic groups. It is that we have *real* problems, and that we are working toward their *real* solution.

Let me give you an example of what I mean. In Bordeaux one evening I attended a dinner party in a friend's home. I was the only foreigner; it was an opportunity for me to meet local people and for them to meet an American. Early in the evening the subject of discrimination against Negroes came up. Most of those present had read two or three American books, readily available in French translations, such as Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* or Richard Wright's *Black Boy*. We discussed something of back-grounds and development in the American South, and noted in passing the racist undertone implicit in the Anglo-Saxon heritage of the United States. In due course the conversation moved to other fields. Then it happened. Toward the latter part of the evening one of the women present asked me why there were so many Negro soldiers in the American Army units in Bordeaux. I replied that, so far as I knew, there were two reasons: first, a number of engineering units were stationed there, and Negroes in the American Army still are predominantly in engineering outfits—in conformity with the only recently changed policy of segregation in the Army. Second, there are many American Negroes; that, in fact, about one American in ten is a Negro. Hence, it followed that any large contingent of Americans abroad would include a substantial number of Negroes.

Having given an answer, I then asked, "Why do you bring up this question?"

"Well, doesn't your government know that many of them go with our girls?"

"What difference does that make," I replied, "if, as I was told earlier this evening, you bear no feeling of racial prejudice?"

A gasp ran through the room, and there was a moment of painful silence, which was finally broken by one of the men. He spoke softly, as though thinking aloud: "Do you know," he said, "I have never before thought of it, but if there were many Negroes in Bordeaux, we too would probably have a problem of racial discrimination."

What he was recognizing was that problems of ethnic discrimination are real and complex. Underneath the surface of almost all cultures there are irrational substrata which, when circumstances favour them or stir them, emerge and create real dangers in a society. In short, he was recognizing that he and all the company gathered in that room had the capacity within themselves for the kind of behaviour they deprecated in others. He realized that racial hatreds and prejudices are not simple matters, but that to overcome them is a real work which begins within oneself and from there moves into the social arena to help create the kind of conditions under which men, whatever their origin, can agree to live together equally and amicably.

It was at this moment that I appreciated the importance of some of the things that have been happening in America. There is no doubt that next to certain areas in Africa, we here have probably the most intense race problems and widest scale of racial discrimination and segregation in the world. But our hope lies in the fact that we also have here the largest and best trained minority of people—of all races—equipped and in the field to combat racial prejudice. People who have faced the problem in themselves and have largely solved it. People who are helping to emancipate others both at the personal level and by working to create the kind of social conditions that will make that emancipation easier for hard-pressed individuals. I should insert a note of reservation here. I

view with concern some of the pressures brought to bear to overcome prejudice. Here I refer to the use of national symbols as the force to batter down prejudices between Americans. This is the psychology of the brotherhood of Americans, but it falls well short of the brotherhood of man. Unfortunately, it suggests merely that Jim Crow is anti-American rather than that Jim Crow is anti-human. But, with that aside, it is not without significance that America has produced in recent years the greatest body of literature on prejudice, the largest trained leadership, and an ever-growing body of people who are sloughing off more and more of the racist myths which have strengthened prejudice in the past.

Lest anyone think I am suggesting we have the race situation well in hand, let me repeat that the major effort still lies ahead. But I am saying that the road is clearly staked out, that we have a good supply of machinery on hand, and a growing reservoir of intelligent leaders from all ranks, so that we can face the task, not with despair, as one might be tempted to face it in South Africa, but with great hope and redoubled enthusiasm.

Nor am I saying that Europeans don't know anything about prejudice and hate. I am only suggesting that their heightened awareness and interest in American race problems is in part a reflection of a rapidly changing aspect of American society, for much of their awareness has come through a reading of the literature, or a seeing of the drama, which Americans have produced as a part of an internal protest and movement against racist practices.

Whatever the disadvantages of lacking a sense of history, there are advantages. Whatever the shortcomings of being young and immature, there are compensations. Perhaps the changing racial situation in the United States gives evidence of that. Sometimes it helps to be able to forget the past, and to throw off its burdens. If racism is one of our heritages from the past, let's throw it out and not waste a moment in regrets. If being young means being more flexible and better able to

adjust, having determined whether that for which adjustment is asked is good, let's be young and optimistic, and naive enough to adjust. Let's live in the present and hope for the future, and perhaps we can communicate some of the strength that comes from such youthful buoyancy to others who have maturity but who lack hope. There are many things we can learn from Europe and the rest of the world, but let's put off learning the depths of their despair. When we know that ending racial discrimination is not a patriotic American act but a commitment to justice and equality for all men everywhere, we may have something that others will want to share unequivocally. Today there are aspects of American practices that often attract others, but when these practices are presented as The American Way of Life, let the buyers beware! And they do. One thing that becomes clear about America when seen from a perspective abroad is that, in this period of heightened nationalism everywhere, the American brand often shows up badly because it is so self-conscious and unsure of itself. In France there could be no such thing as an un-French Activities Committee, since Frenchmen are capable, as all the world knows, of anything. And nobody knows this better than a Frenchman. In Britain there is no such thing as an un-British Activities Committee because, as one Britisher pointed out, to have one would be un-British!

Europeans, then, take their nationality for granted; it is a part of them. A man may be a scoundrel—even a traitor—but he is still within the fold. But being an American is more difficult. One has to work at it. And there are no sure guides. Besides, everybody is different, so we tend all to work very hard at being alike. We dress alike, eat alike, try to think alike. Still it doesn't quite come off. So committees are set up, or set themselves up, to impose standards. The result is not a meeting of minds, but an effort at enforced conformity.

As disturbing as some of the resulting shenanigans may be—and

as dangerous to our liberties—it is possible to interpret them, in part, as being clumsy errors which some men are prone to make when engaged willy-nilly in a group effort that is one of the most daring human enterprises recorded: the effort to build a democratic society of equality and liberty for all men, whatever their origin. If we can carry that venture nearer to effective realization, the result will not be an American achievement, it will be a human achievement which will benefit the whole world, having been accomplished by men from every part of the world. This can rightfully be considered the hope that the New World has symbolized to the Old. When Americans have learned to live peacefully among themselves and in the world at large, it will be in part because they will have understood what Andre Gide meant when he wrote: "Where the whole chorus sings in unison, there can be no harmony."—MANAS.



Enquiries to:

RECHLABS,

30, Alamelumangapuram,

MYLAPORE : : MADRAS-4

OR

550, 8th Main Road,

MALLESWARAM : : BANGALORE-3

HOME FOR HOMELESS

We have received the following appeal from Mr. S. A. Govindarajan, Chairman of the General Boys Work Committee of the Madras Y. M. C. A.:

DURING the past 40 years the Madras Y. M. C. A. has been carrying on a programme of character education among boys of all communities. To-day the Boys Work Section is serving approximately 1,500 boys at 12 centres in Madras; eight Community centres located in slum areas, three branches for High School Boys, and Y. M. C. A. Boys Town, a home for destitute and abandoned boys of all communities, situated on Benfield Road, Fort St. George, Madras 9.

During World War II the Madras Y. M. C. A. operated four centres for troops one of which was located next to the Fort Railway Station. When these buildings were no longer required for this purpose the Y. M. C. A. applied to the Government of Madras for permission to use them as a home for street boys. On May 1, 1947, the Home for Homeless Boys was started with 15 boys and Rs. 350.

The home was started to take beggars and delinquents off the streets and provide a wholesome, simple life for them. Coming in the year of our National Independence the Y. M. C. A. felt that a practical contribution should be made to nation building so that our future citizens could become useful, law abiding young men.

All activities among residents of the Town are planned and supervised by boys under the supervision and guidance of qualified adult leaders. The Boys Panchayat Board assigns duty work to all boys, plans all non-school activities, frames and interprets rules of conduct, and performs other related functions. Members of the Panchayat are elected democratically by each 'Nilayam' (House Group) and hold office for six months unless they resign or are recalled.

The Hostel is divided into ten rooms accommodating six or seven boys in each. Each boy is provided a mat and bed-sheet. This shared experience assists him to make a happy social adjustment to life situ-

ations. Every boy co-operates in keeping his room clean.

The Government of Madras has been kind enough to establish an Elementary School at the Town with three teachers. The School is attended by children in the entire locality and not by the residents only. All teachers are paid by Government according to their standards with subsidies being given by the Y. M. C. A. The Elementary School training helps boys to become better craftsmen and is integrated with the scheme of vocational training.

The basic aim of the Town is the training of boys to earn an honest living and become responsible citizens in Free India. To achieve this goal training opportunities are provided in the following cottage industries: Mat-weaving, rattan and basketry, carpentry, tailoring and metallurgy. In each case a regular syllabus of training is being followed. A programme of limited production of articles for sale is carried on simultaneously but at no time is the emphasis on production allowed to take precedence over that of training. The primary purpose is that of training skilled workers and not making money through the sale of finished products. Where possible training in two crafts is encouraged.

In addition to these workshops the following projects are maintained: Vegetable gardening, beekeeping, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, and goats. Pure-bred Rhode Island Red Cockerels and a male goat have been placed in Sathumanagar, a village beyond Tondiarpet where the Y. M. C. A. is running a Rural Centre. During the next five years many more such village projects will be started.

In 1947 the Town was started with a sum of only Rs. 350 and has expanded to the point that it requires Rs. 250 to maintain one boy a year. Most of the money required is collected during the annual Carnival from friends particularly interested in this kind of charitable enterprise. About 5% of the total income is derived from the sale of articles produced at the Town.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII
No. 14

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1953

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WANTED A CARETAKER GOVERNMENT

THE partition arrangements connected with the formation of the Andhra State do not seem to be progressing well. Andhra legislators of all the parties except the Communist pleaded sometime ago for the association of representative leaders of the various parties in the legislature in the partition work. Almost as if to spite them the Chief Minister constituted the very next day a sort of Partition Committee of six Ministers, three Tamil and three Andhra. As might be expected, the leader of the Andhra legislators, who is also the President of the Andhra Pradesh Committee, retaliated with a resolution which was placed before the Committee and approved by it, that the Andhra ministerial nominees of the Chief Minister on the Partition Committee did not command the confidence of the Andhra Congress, the Andhra legislators, or the Andhra public. The Andhra Ministers have replied to this in a joint statement in which they attempted to show how excellently they have been safeguarding Andhra interests since the Ministry was formed over a year ago. The Ministers' statement has provoked counter-statements by others challenging their claim. And so the controversy goes on, in an endless chain of claim and denial.

The crux of all these conflicts is the position into which the Chief Minister has fallen. At a very early stage after he became Chief Minister, he lost the privilege of the elder statesman, of being a sort of patriarchal well-wisher of all parties in the State, whatever the conflicts amongst

them. Regional loyalties are natural to politicians who have to make their way. But of national leaders that have arrived at the top of the ladder, the wisdom and balance of the peacemaker is expected, not the bravado of the fighter of battles on the field. It was C. R.'s misfortune to exhibit in old age a belligerency appropriate to young men in their teens. As Chief Minister he belonged both to Andhra and Tamil Nadu, but with his own words he wrote himself out of all responsibility for one half of his kingdom, and identified himself narrowly with the other. From that time he lost the trust of the Andhras.

In this situation the proper course for the Chief Minister was to relinquish authority over the region in which he came to be regarded with such distrust. A Caretaker Government would have managed easily and smoothly each of the problems which under C. R.'s handling have been causing trouble and difficulty. Even now it is not too late to form a Caretaker Government, and we appeal to all concerned to realise the desirability of such a step before the position gets worse. In the judgment of the Andhras, right or wrong, C. R. is endowed with deep designs to cause them grave hurt, and so it is not unnatural that a good word from him on behalf of a colleague should destroy his chances of public favour in the Andhra area, even if there should be nothing intrinsically objectionable in the person praised. Nothing, for example, contributed to the election of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi as leader of the Andhra legislators so much as a

report that went round at the time that C. R. had blessed another candidate and had set about actively working for him.

The record of the Andhra Ministers as administrators has nothing to do with their credit at the present moment. It is generally known that the power of a Minister in C. R.'s Cabinet is extremely circumscribed, and whoever might hold the portfolio, the reality of power in all its effective forms is concentrated in the Chief Minister. We know of occasions when he butted in to prop up his own favourites reducing the Minister concerned to an absolute nullity. Let not the Andhra Ministers therefore speak in grandiloquent terms of their exploits. It will go

down nobody's throats. The fact is that politically they have come into very bad odour in their own region as collaborators in the C. R. regime and it will take some time before they can rehabilitate their fortunes for the future.

Meanwhile if the work of partition on the eve of the formation of the Andhra State is to progress without illwill, it must be realised that nominees of C. R. like the Andhra Ministers should have as little participation with it as possible. We realise that much has to be done at Government level that cannot be shared by non-official leaders. It is for this very reason that we advocate the replacement of the present Ministry by a Caretaker Government.

Sotto Voce

THE STRAND OF GOLD

TAMIL is dying out of Tamil homes in Malaya; English is usurping its place. But why go to Malaya? Is not the same thing happening everywhere from Madras to Manitoba? Some time ago there was in our midst a distinguished countryman who has been working in the antipodes for the past fifteen years and has won international recognition. He stayed in the city with relations and *may* have spoken Tamil at home. But it was impossible in the most informal company to get a single word of his mother tongue out of him. He understood it, one could see, but his responses were entirely in English.

I am sure that he remains a Tamil at heart. But, though he has a

family, he has apparently found no use for Tamil even at the fireside. And your slighted mother tongue can take more fierce revenge than your slighted wife. It sometimes happens that for some trivial reason which you have forgotten you ceased years ago to be on talking terms with one who was very close to you. The resentment has long evaporated, but the estrangement persists:

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:

Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;

No less impassable seems the gulf fixed between a man and his discarded speech.

Nothing is nearer to us than the language in which we learnt to say



'mother.' With her milk she mixed for us the sweetness of that tongue. And yet I have heard—and I have no reason to doubt it, since it was reported by one who apparently saw nothing strange about it—that a man who died of a sudden seizure and knew he was dying told his dotting wife—in English—"My dear, I am going. You must not grieve." It was not as if he was using the alien tongue as the vehicle of a studied restraint. The eye-witness aforesaid added casually, "You see, they always spoke to each other in English." Good God, what a penalty to pay for that awful trespass!

In the old days sons intended for the I. C. S. were carefully isolated from the infection of Tamil. Shipped off at an early age to a preparatory school in England they found no difficulty in shedding the 'ayah' Tamil of their upbringing for the slatternly speech of the suburban housemaid. Swaraj has heightened our slavery; the ambitious parent is now intent on establishing a linguistic condominium over the prone soul of his unfortunate child. The boy and—worse—the girl are made to absorb the culture of the convent school and the raciness of the Rashtrabhasha, to which they show equal loyalty by greeting you with the stately "Aaye, baitiye" and bidding you farewell with the brisk "Cheerio."

They have some Tamil too—of sorts. At school and on the playground, at the cinema which he attends with the parental approval and the gangster seminars which he attends without, the boy picks up a thieves' argot compounded of bawdy and slang, of defaced dialect and deliquescent pun. The process of barbarization is completed in the so-called Tamil class. Books full of neologisms that shout their vulgarity to the skies and queer

fabrications based on the conviction that the language must be carefully sterilised of the least taint of Samskrit are taught only too often by men who are purveyors of hatred and puerile athelism.

If the situation of the Tamil at home is tragic, that of the expatriate is tragi-comic. The child is carefully denied all opportunities of learning the language as the vehicle of affection or emotion: the parents play up to the natural snobbery and timidity of the small boy. They chatter all the time in Hindi or Bengali or Gujarati liberally larded with English gag words; the child hears Tamil if at all only when father or mother are talking at each other, their carefully composed and polished selves laid aside for the nonce, or when they fly into a passion with the child himself. For him thus Tamil comes to mean unpleasantry.

And yet these stupid people are aghast that the children so unnaturally bred disappoint them when they themselves, old and broken, lose their hard self-sufficiency and need comfort. You cannot tread in the dust family loyalties, filial pieties and traditional morcs and yet hope to remould it all again as if it were plastic powder. The mother tongue is the binder ('sneha' in Samskrit means both 'oil' and 'friendship') that gives us our sense of organic unity with our fellows, or if you like, it is the strand of gold on which we thread our diverse loyalties harmoniously. Aeneas carrying his old father on his back and the Latin tongue in his heart won the splendour of Rome out of the ruin of Troy. Shall we be found less staunch?

VIGNESWARA

The distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society is a calm, imperturbable quiet which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least. They eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose even their money in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making an amazing noise about it.—BULWER.

SIDELIGHTS :

SRI RAJAGOPALACHARI acted with right instinct when he suspended assignment of lands to political sufferers. The idea of rewarding political sufferers with grants of land seems to have emanated originally from Sri Kamaraj Nadar. The rationale behind the idea might not have been objectionable, but the manner in which it was given effect to, gave rise to grave abuses. In the first place, the rule by which aspirants to land grants were required to send in applications setting forth their claims, vulgarised the whole scheme. The finer spirits shied at self-advertisement and kept aloof. The acquisitive sort made good commerce of patriotism. Under the pretext of having served the country in 1942 and earlier, some very rich politicians owning already large acres, used their influence to acquire valuable plots, while indigent patriots suffered in want, uncared for. Sri Garimella Satyanarayana died in penury. But some of the Ministers whose service to the nation was negligible compared to his, endowed themselves handsomely at public cost with rich land grants.

In the scramble for land the greedy and the powerful ousted the deserving. It became a disgusting scandal. It is to the credit of Sri Rajagopalachari that he rated the land grants scheme at its true worth and put an end to it boldly. Sri Kamaraj Nadar grasped the opportunity presented by the Chief Minister's action and put himself forward as the champion of the disappointed. In political strategy it is profitable to be identified with a large-scale plan for the rewarding of followers. For it is easier to bolster up leadership with graft than with appeals to self-denial and fair dealing.

All human attachments have some basis in the self-interest of parties, but it is not right for politicians in power to distribute the assets of the State among their own followers as though they were dealing with some property of their own. It is true the

Congress of old was not so much a political party as a national institution. That gives the right to veteran Congressmen of the Gandhian tradition to be regarded as patriots. When the Congress came into office these patriots deserved to be fitted into the framework of the administration with assignments compatible with their character and training, but the Congress Governments dropped them unceremoniously and left them in the lurch. The greatest political favourites of the Congress leaders when they assumed power, have been just those that had been pillars of the British regime earlier. We have thus two sets of people; one who built their prosperity with loyal support to the British, and are now continuing the process with the high and mighty patronage of the Congress Governments; the other, who fought the British with great risk and privation to themselves, and are now immersed in adversity as the attitude of the ruling Congress leaders to them is not only one of ungrateful neglect, but of downright antipathy. It may be cited in illustration, that when there is a seat in the Legislative Council to be filled, it is on Sir Mohamad Usman that the choice of Sri Rajagopalachari falls, and not on Sri Ramakotiswara Rao or any of the veterans who with blood and sweat had toiled for the Congress for practically a quarter century.

In the background of ministerial favour for old Justicite stalwarts and other well-known opportunists of the British period, and their consistent lack of consideration for genuine Congress workers with whole lives of devoted public service to their credit, the land grants scheme is revealed to be a spurious hoax. The plain truth of the matter is that though the top leaders of the Congress have done themselves very well and reaped a harvest of excellent dividends from the success of the Congress movement, the poorer workers of the rank and file lower down, have had no share of the

benefits of that success, and have been reduced to a forlorn and orphaned condition. This is why life has gone out of the Congress and young men have ceased to join it.

It is absurd to give grants of land to political sufferers who already have too much land or who cannot directly cultivate it. If the Government intend relief to political sufferers there are other more sensible ways of giving it. Work is more honourable than charity, and the dignity of labour is higher than the distinction of receiving gifts. Political sufferers have lost greatly in prestige and got exposed to ridicule and derision through these land grants and the scramble imposed on them by the Government's method of assigning them. It is not with gifts that they should be rewarded, but with opportunities to utilise such gifts as they possess, in the nation's service, in the most suitable manner.

Sri R. K. Shanmukham Chetty who passed away on Tuesday adorned many posts with ability and brilliance. His rise to prominence was meteoric. Early in his career he digested with ease a change-over from the Justice Party to the Congress and from that time onwards he participated fully in the benefits of the political victory of the Congress. He gathered power and influence from three sources not available in combination to ordinary politicians—the Justice Party, the British bureaucracy and the Congress. Apostasies that might have crushed others, took him to giddier heights of good fortune. It was only

when he had reached the very summit of his political ambitions and attained a rank second only to the Prime Minister in eminence that ill luck set in and he was cast into the wilderness for an indiscretion. That brought into his career a tragedy of incompleteness, and though he bore it stoically outwardly, he does not seem to have recovered from the shock of it, ever.

The Y. M. C. A. Boys Town was started in May 1947, our Independence year. It is a home for homeless boys. The enterprise began with 15 boys and a capital of Rs. 350. Now as much as Rs. 250 a year is spent on the maintenance of each boy. The boys have a system of self-government of their own, they have a democratically elected panchayat, and all their activities are planned by themselves under the guidance of qualified elder leaders. There is absolutely no communalism of any kind in the institution. The basic aim of the Town is the training of the boys to earn an honest living and instruction is provided in several cottage industries like gardening, bee-keeping, poultry-farming, carpentry, tailoring and metallurgy. Most of the money required for the upkeep of the Town is collected at annual carnivals from interested friends, but the Town has grown beyond its means and stands in need of further help. Cheques and contributions may be sent to Sri S. A. Govindarajan, Assistant Editor, *The Hindu*, who is the Chairman of the General Boys Work Committee of the Madras Y. M. C. A.—**SAKA**.

Whenever a great writer tells us as much of the tumult of his soul in a hymn as Shakespeare tells us of the tumult of his soul in his sonnets, we have great religious literature. This is no mere prophecy; the miracle has happened in the past. There has been great religious poetry written in one century after another, in which we wander in new fields of the imagination. When we read Henry Vaughan's 'They are all gone into the world of light' or 'My soul, there is a country, Far beyond the stars,' we become sharers in the deepest experiences of a great writer's soul. Here, we feel, are his profoundest confessions, his autobiography. Here he does not disguise his 'powerful feelings' in the language of convention and restraint. He writes of heavenly things, not as an intruder on his best behaviour, but as one who is as familiar with them as Shelley with the song of the skylark.

—**ROBERT LYND**.



Playing on Veena.

—By C. S. Baghewara Sarma.

PROSELYTISM IN INDIA

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE controversy that has followed Dr. Katju's statement on the proselytising activities of Christian missionaries in India, and the somewhat audacious claim made in evangelical circles that the right to convert is a 'fundamental right' guaranteed by the Indian Constitution, merit dispassionate examination. Article 25 of the Constitution permits, subject to public order and morality, the right to profess, practise and propagate one's religion. It is however essential to differentiate propagation from proselytism. Applied to Christians, it means that every Christian is entitled to preach the message of Christ, His life and teachings just in the same way as our unofficial ambassadors of Hindu religion in Europe and America preach the gospel of the Vedanta, without holding up to hatred, contempt or ridicule the alien faiths. In other words, if the preaching is accompanied by inducements to leave off the faiths of one's forefathers and embrace Christianity, it ceases to be propagation. Even otherwise, it would run counter to the orthodox Christian theology as adumbrated by Christ Himself. In fact, as Ananda Coomaraswami took occasion to point out, "the subsidising of educational or medical service, as accessory to the primary purpose of conversion, is a form of simony and an infringement of the instruction." All of us need conversion at some stage of our lives, not from one belief to another, but from unbelief to belief, or, as the Upanishad puts it so beautifully, from darkness to illumination. But the kind of inducement to abdicate one's religion and join another, would be as Margaret Noble had observed, "carrying drunkenness in its wake because if you teach a man that what he had thought was wrong, he would be apt to think that what he had thought wrong was right. 'Proselytising fury' of this type would offend public morality and hence the fundamental right

under Article 25 cannot be invoked.

All religions are one and identical and have sprung from the same root; and this is a historical fact. By common consent Hinduism is the most ancient amongst them; its scriptures are *anadi* or timeless. The faiths of countries like Greece, Babylonia, China and others have very largely had their moorings in the pantheistic cults of the Vedic religion. Both Christianity and Muhammadanism were later institutions and as each of them had derived its stimulus from a single individual, Christ or Muhammad, their origin could be attributed to a definite epoch or even a fixed date. Christianity subsequently underwent modifications in the shape of various reformist movements like Protestantism, Puritanism and Presbyterianism; and even Muhammadanism had been influenced by the Persian cult of Sufism, which bears striking resemblance to Vedanta. But all the faiths converge and meet at one focal point; and to the really earnest theologian or seeker after truth nothing will be more apparent than the unity which at various levels prevails amongst even the warring cults. Take the numerous aspects of a religious life according to all the various religions, the ethical principles which permeate each one of them, and even the minutiae of rituals and remembrances, the fasts and the feasts. Take again the calendar and the days of the week, their number, duration and nomenclature; each day of the week is dedicated to the identical planet both according to the Hindu and the Gregorian computations. The Hindu 'Malayapaksha' has got the corresponding 'All Souls Day' in Christian observances. All these and many more point to the same origin and similar religious conceptions. Even in regard to mystic experiences, there is a surprising measure of identity amongst the saints and mystics of the various religious persuasions; and

in a remarkable book issued recently (*Mystics and Mysticism*) the doyen of philosophers, Prof. P. N. Srinivasachariar, has correlated and synthesised the spiritual expressions of the God's elect in the diverse faiths.

Ananda Coomaraswami has brought out the idea in extremely apposite phraseology, with specific reference to proselytising movements: "There are many paths that lead to the summit of the same mountain. Their differences will be more apparent the lower down we are; but they vanish at the peak. Each will naturally take the one that starts from the point at which he finds himself; he who goes round about the mountain looking for another will not climb."

"Never let us approach another believer to ask him to become one of us; but approach him with respect as one who is already one of 'His'."

In the modern age when the critical faculties of the people have become very much sharpened due to the influence of science, no religion can survive unless it is broadbased on universal toleration and acceptance. And this is of the utmost importance when the forces arrayed against it are formidable movements like Marxism and Communism. It must be confessed that Christianity is today unable to stem the tide of agnosticism and communism even as it had failed to keep Nazism and Fascism under check. Judged, however, by any standard, Hinduism alone appears to have a survival value and that it owes to its composite structure. There is room in it for diverse creeds and faiths, both for the devotee and the doubter, the idolater and the iconoclast. But this cannot be said of other religions like Christianity; as one writer put it, Socrates, Descartes, Plato (and we may add Gandhi) are outside the pale of the orthodox Christian church. The Gita is the most characteristic product of Hinduism, almost its encyclopaedia; and its gospel makes for a synthetic world religion stripped of all its excrescences and crudities. What is its message? Everything in earth, every man, bird, beast and flower, is but an aspect of the Lord, and every being, both sentient as well as non-sentient, is His part or *amsa*. The Lord is enshrined

in the heart of all living things. Fearlessness, austerity, alms-giving, mercy and love, non-egoism and selflessness, all these lead to sovereign power. The Lord can be propitiated by a flower, fruit or water: even otherwise by disinterested action. The sinner too is saved if he repents. All the paths lead to the same God-head. To thine own religion be true: and it will follow that thou canst not be false to any other. This is the religion that is derided ever and anon by the evangelists, and this is the cult which our countrymen are required to forswear.

Hinduism has progressed epoch by epoch and that has ever been in the direction of assimilation and absorption. At the early stages when the letter seemed to kill the spirit, when rituals and ceremonies obtained ascendancy, the Upanishadic religion was forged which set out for a truly ethical life and which later was concretised and elaborated by the Gita. Afterwards when Buddhism and Jainism gathered momentum as humanitarian movements based on ahimsa and compassion, Sankara, the Prachina Buddha, came on the scene and rid the country of hidebound and soulless orthodoxy as well as secret cults like *Tantras* and *abicharas*. His advaita philosophy made the most revolutionary appraisal of the human being as a *jeevatma* and as divinity himself. And when finally both Muhammadanism and Christianity had penetrated deep into the land, Ramanuja and Madhva established their schools of qualified monism and pluralism and reconciled advaitic idealism with the realities of human life and endeavour. In comparatively recent periods, the mystics, both in North and South India, combined to bring out the highest truths of religion to the marketplace, so to say and to the common man. Hinduism has also imbibed the principles of Christianity. It was a Hindu (Rama-krishna Paramahansa) who had realised Jesus Christ: it was a Hindu (Gandhiji) who had lived up to the best that Christ ever said or had taught.

No wonder then that some of the Western scientists and philosophers like Einstein, Aldous Huxley, Wells, Shaw and C. E. M. Joad could never

bring themselves to malign Hindu religion or philosophy or relegate the Hindus to the class of heathens.

No religion can ignore the common man and his needs and it must be confessed that Hinduism has not scored heavily in the political or social fields or had applied its high ethical principles to the facts of mundane life and existence. Sankara, who taught *Maya Vada*, the highest type of intellectualism, has warned the people in his *Baja Govindam*, not to neglect the needy and the depressed. He has expressly advised the people daily to contemplate that accumulated wealth is a calamity and abjures them to distribute it to the indigent. His teachings in this respect had unconsciously influenced foreign nationals who, overcoming various handicaps, had settled down in this country, to cater to the needs of the poor and the low caste, to heal the sick and the leper whom we had neglected and even shunned till Gandhiji rose up and showed us the error of our ways. After all, proselytism marches on empty stomachs, and if only the well-placed amongst the Hindus had diverted the colossal sums of money they had expended (and are still expending) on pomp and pageantry, on marriages and elections, for humanitarian causes and disgorged themselves of superfluous wealth by building hospitals, orphanages and schools the present threat to their numerical superiority would not have materialised at all. The British official hierarchy were no active proselytisers, and by and large they could not be accused of showing undue partiality for the conversion movements, although, of course, measures like the Caste Disabilities Removal Act did offer a certain amount of encouragement. The foreign missionary agencies were however of a different category. In educational bodies, as was publicly complained in the press some time ago, there was at any rate in South India Catholic preponderance which made itself felt even in the selection of text books. Indian students had to read authors like Newman for long years on end and Indian authors and philosophers like Ananda Coomaraswami, Vivekananda, Tagore, Gandhi were forbidden entry. Radha-

krishna's *Heart of Hindustan* was actually ruled out after a stormy debate. The result has been that education at university level is still in the same condition as it was in 1880, when Sir George Birdwood complained that (the English) "education has destroyed their (the 'Indians') own literature, their delight in their own arts, and worst of all, their repose in their own traditional and national religion."

Hindu temples and religious institutions are the sole repositories of Hinduism and Hindu culture. But speaking with special reference to South India, not even the most avowed apologist of communal administration of these centres of spirituality, which had been in vogue since 1927 in Madras can deny that due to the impact of atheists into the field, that the temples and mutts can no longer be the torch-bearers of our religion or attract our allegiance and endowments. The revelations in the Sirpur Mutt case judgment of the High Court of Madras, illustrate abundantly how particular spiritual heads had fared at the hands of the administration—all of which do not serve the cause of Hindu religion.

Regarding proselytism in general this much has to be said. Many enlightened Christians have entered their caveat in the strongest possible times. As early as in 1761, William Law observed: "Look at all European Christendom sailing round the globe with fire and sword and every murdering act of war to seize the possessions and kill the inhabitants of both the Indies—what natural rights of man, what supernatural virtue, which Christ brought down from Heaven was not here trodden under foot? All that you have ever read or heard of heathen barbarity was outdone by Christian conquerors. And to this day, what wars of Christians against Christians for a miserable share of the spoils of a plundered heathen world?"

For our present purpose, however, it is not necessary to use such strong terms. Nevertheless it needs to be emphasised that the proselytising agencies have enough work in Europe, America and Africa where Christian principles and ideals stand in urgent need of being reintroduced and re-established.

DR. C. E. M. JOAD

By Dr. R. Ramamurthy

"I admire reason and the free movement of the mind. I like art that is measured and formal and I think of the good life as an affair of playing games and rambling over mountains as a relief from the rigours of intellectual effort... the backbone of one's life."

—Dr. C. E. M. JOAD.

I for one, do not think that Dr. Joad died, as the hackneyed phrase goes, "full of years and full of honours." As regards years, Joad was only 61 years young when he passed away and as regards honours, knighthoods and peerages had not begun knocking at his door. For the man in the street, sixty-one may be time to shake off his mortal coils but philosophers usually live to a ripe old age of ninety and more. Joad's twin heroes, Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell, have lived long to be accepted by their people and honoured by them. Joad must have lived for another quarter of a century to have grown into an institution.

But it cannot be denied that Joad did not have his share of toil and tributes. He wrote nearly 50 books among which were some excellent guides to philosophy (Guide to Philosophy, Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics, Guide to Modern Thought, etc.) an autobiography (Testament of Joad). It may be said that he originated little in philosophy but no one can deny that he was a born master of exposition, lucidity and ready retort. He expounded the theories of philosophers, scientists and historians in his own inimitable limpid style and made it available for the millions athirst for knowledge. Thereby he became one of the greatest educators of modern times. It was as a member of the B. B. C. Brains Trust that he became tremendously popular with the British public. Kingsley Martin, writing in the *New Statesman and Nation*, says: "As a fellow Brains Truster on

some occasions, I have to confess that I was torn between admiration and exasperation. He answered each of the questions more quickly, more fully and neatly than anyone else. If the question were 'What did Spinoza teach?', the perfection of his summary made one gasp. If the question were controversial and one differed, it was most difficult to find a logical weakness on which to seize. His arguments with Julian Huxley in those days were brilliant expositions of two opposite views of mind and matter... It was Joad pre-eminently whose brilliant, uninhibited performances on the Brains Trust first introduced a vast public to good conversation. Many famous philosophers have achieved less in their generation." His famous expression, "It all depends on what you MEAN..." was soon on everybody's lips. He himself became widely known as "The Small Socrates," and as "The Plato of the Pubs."

Joad loved to shock and surprise people with his strong, original views on men and matters. The man who wrote at the rate of more than a book a year used to say writing was the most arduous form of occupation he knew and that he would rather do any other kind of work than write. In 1938 he shocked the world by proposing a moratorium on science which he blamed for the industrialization of society. Only once did he misfire which temporarily cost him his reputation. He said that he liked travelling first class with a third class ticket because "there is the thrill of anticipation and apprehension, wondering whether one is going to get caught." But nobody thought he would do it and one day in January, 1948, he was caught. He didn't even have a third-class ticket on him! Inexorable British law and justice fined him forty shillings and ordered him to

pay 25 guineas by way of costs. Later, writing about the railway episode, he said: "It has taken me down a peg or two, disinflated me and reduced me to my proper proportions. I had become a public figure so suddenly and enjoyed it so thoroughly that I got a bit above myself."

Joad was born on August 12, 1891, in London, the son of Edwin and Mary Joad. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he was John Locke Scholar in Moral Philosophy in 1914 but it was all a waste of time he said as it taught him nothing of the real problems of life. He became a pacifist and socialist in Oxford and was a conscientious objector during the First World War. One of the greatest question-marks of Joad's career was how he managed to remain a civil servant with the Board of Trade and later with the Ministry of Labour for the long period of sixteen years from 1914 to 1930. He tells us, in his autobiography, that he didn't make a very good civil servant. He didn't also enjoy his profession but the silver lining in the cloud was that he had leisure which he turned to good account by writing books on philosophy. From 1930 onwards, he was the Head of the Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London, and University Reader in Philosophy.

Joad had an intense zest for life and as Kingsley Martin puts it, "his exuberance was contagious. He was the jolliest and most candid of hedonists... His friends often compared him to a faun. His stiff, bristly beard and bright, roving eyes gave an impression of immense physical vitality and insatiable appetite." Tennis, hockey, riding and hunting were among his recreations as also chess and bridge. To quote Kingsley Martin again, "If anything interfered with his exercise, he would go to the country and ride the toughest horse he could find."

A word about Joad's religion. As he himself puts it in his latest book, *The Recovery of Belief*: "For most of my life, I have been not only an agnostic but a vocal and militant agnostic. I have had all the arguments against the religious hypothe-

sis at my intellectual fingertips and was ready and apt in their use for the discomfiture of Christian apologists." He became so identified with what is known as "free thought" that 'God, the Devil and Mr. Joad' was once the title of a sermon preached in a Liverpool church. In 1943, shaken up by the horror of the Second World War which brought home to him the all-pervading nature of evil, he accepted in his book *God and Evil* a theistic explanation of the universe but stopped short of the Christian form of theism. In *The Recovery of Belief*, hailed as an intellectual pilgrim's progress published last year by Faber and Faber, Joad subscribes to the Christian faith as it is held and practised in the Church of England to which he pays a glowing tribute in the concluding lines of the book: "I am grateful, more grateful than I can say, to the Church of England and more particularly to its country churches and to the men who in spite of every discouragement persist in teaching there the Christian religion as the Church understands it. Without them, I should not, I think, have come to Christianity." He examines the relation between science and religion and says: "The upshot of these considerations is to support the view advanced by religion that man is a member of two different orders of realms of being, that it is only of one of these that science takes account and of that one only in so far as it can be satisfactorily isolated from the other and treated as if it were the whole. In other words, science cannot give an account of the supernatural order, in so far as it makes itself felt upon the natural or the results of that impact. If this is so, there seems to be no necessary reason why we should not accept the conclusion that in the last resort no complete account can be given even of the natural order which does not make allowance for the intrusion into it of the supernatural. God in fact may for all that can show to the contrary be immanent and active in nature."

Joad passed away at the height of his popularity. It is reported that he spent the last day of his life completing the proofs of a book on Bernard Shaw.

SHY DIPLOMAT AT U. N. HELM

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

THE offer of the Secretary-Generalship came so unexpectedly to Dag Hammarskjold that, in the words of his good friend, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, he felt as if he had been "pitchforked" into the job.

Nevertheless the blond-haired, apple-cheeked Dag was not quite the dark horse candidate the world generally assumes. Nor was his selection to succeed Trygve Lie a case, as some isolationist papers have said, of the U. S. being ganged up on by Britain and France.

A potent factor in putting over Sweden's youthful Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs was his backing by Senator Robert A. Taft. Long before the Big Five reached their final deadlock, the influential GOP leader was saying all around Washington that in the impasse of the cold war only the citizen of a country outside of the competing blocs—like Sweden's Hammarskjold—would probably be acceptable all around.

Hammarskjold's chief booster in the capital was a top State Department official, H. Freeman Matthews, who formed a very favourable impression of the Swedish official while serving as Ambassador to Sweden. By the time Valerian A. Zorin's "nyet" had knocked down all the other candidates of the West, Hammarskjold's name could be tried out on him with the knowledge that it commanded the support not only of the State Department and White House but of the GOP leadership in the Senate as well.

Modesty and simplicity, almost to the point of asceticism, are characteristic of the U. N.'s new chief. During the war, while Under-Secretary of the Treasury and Chairman of the Board of the Bank of Sweden, Dag went on holiday bicycling in the south of Sweden. One day towards evening he walked into a town's leading hotel and asked for a room. The clerk looked at the youthful

figure in shorts and rucksack and shook his head.

"I don't think this is the place for you," he advised. "You had better go to the youth hostel." Dag made no effort to enlighten the clerk as to who he was. He turned around and cheerfully repaired to the hostel.

This lack of pretension will stand Dag in good stead at the U. N. Bureaucracy, snobbery and red tape are endemic to diplomacy because diplomats identify protocol with national prestige. If Diplomat X is seated below the salt, it is not his vanity which is hurt, but his country which has been offended. There is a lot of this at the U. N. Although only seven years old, it is a bureaucrat's paradise. The day after Dag assumed his official duties, he showed up for his midday meal at the staff cafeteria. He quietly took his place at the end of a long line of U. N. workers and waited patiently for his turn. It was not a demonstration visit designed to impress the staff rank and file. Dag eats in the cafeteria whenever it is more convenient than the delegates' dining room. Hammarskjold also discontinued the practice of reserving an elevator for the exclusive use of the Secretary-General. More important, perhaps, are the stories already circulating in U. N. corridors of the new chief's ability as an administrator. His top-flight talents in this direction—he was Sweden's top civil servant first in the Treasury and later in the Foreign Office—were one of his chief recommendations for the U. N. post.

He has strong convictions on what is the proper relationship between civil servants and governments. He is expected, for example, to stand up firmly to political pressures emanating from the U. S. on the loyalty issue. Dag comes from an aristocratic and well-to-do family in Sweden with an ancient history of public service. When Dag was only 14 years old his father is reported to have remarked to a friend: "If I had been

as gifted as Dag I would have been able to get somewhere."

His father, it should be added quickly, had served as Sweden's wartime Premier. Whether 91-year-old Hjalmar regards Dag's present post as getting "somewhere" is open to question. The elder Hammarskjold was a pronounced isolationist, who kept Sweden out of World War I and sought to keep it out of the League of Nations.

Dag's original ambitions were toward creative writing. He is familiar with the works of Joyce, Eliot, Proust and Rilke and is rarely without a pocket edition of some poet, philosopher or novelist. Although he later turned to economics, his literary aspirations have left their mark on his speaking and writing.

Referring to news stories picturing him as an ardent mountaineer, Hammarskjold told reporters they were true and added in phrases that quickly earned him the sobriquet "the U. N. Adlai Stevenson" that he had never climbed any famous peaks.

"My experience is confined to Scandinavia, where mountains require more endurance than equilibristics. They are harmonious, matter of fact, rather than eloquent. But I think the qualities required in the sport are those we all need today—perseverance and patience, a firm grip on realities, careful but imaginative planning, a clear awareness of the dangers but also of the fact that fate is what we make it and that the safest climber is he who never questions his ability to overcome all difficulties."

What deterred Dag from pursuing a literary career is not clear, but in any case he turned to economics and law at the Universities of Upsala and Stockholm and still was very young when he acquired his doctor's degree. His doctoral thesis dealt with an aspect of business cycles so abstruse that laymen cannot fathom it. Like all European Ph.D. candidates, Dag had to defend his thesis publicly against opponents chosen by the faculty. In his case they were Gunnar Myrdal, now head of the Economic Commission for Europe, and Karen Koch, Sweden's first woman cabinet minister. He more than held his own.

There are conflicting reactions to Hammarskjold's brilliance. His advocates say that in the emotion-laden fields of politics, economics and foreign affairs, he "reasons like a scientist," reducing causes and crusades to technical terms and manageable problems.

"He analyses all the component forces," a countryman said, "then figures out what the resultant can be, what progress is possible. He is a practical man. He does not look on the Secretary-General's job as being prime minister of the world." Others, however, are made uneasy by Dag's intellectual aloofness and detachment. The U. N., they say, needs more than a civil servant, superb as he may be, or a technician, brilliant as he may be. It needs someone who can dramatically identify himself with causes and movements. It needs, they say, a leader capable of voicing the aspirations of humanity for social justice and world



Enquiries to:

RECHLABS,

30, Alamefurnapuram,

MYLAPORE : : MADRAS-4

OR

550, 8th Main Road,

MALLESWARAM : : BANGALORE-3

organization. The people who react this way believe the great powers turned to a civil servant, administrative rather than political leader type, because they resented Trygve Lie's efforts to build up the political role—of the Secretary-General—his 20-year peace plan, interventions at Security Council meetings, flying around the capitals of the world.

The new Secretary-General has described his own concept of how he should function.

"The private man should disappear and the international public servant take his place. A public servant is there to assist. He would listen and analyse and learn to understand fully the forces at work and the issues at stake in order to be able to give the right advice when the situation calls." The Secretary-General's role was not a passive one, he added. "He is acting as an instrument, a catalyst, perhaps an inspirer. He serves."

Hammarskjöld has spent so much of his life as a civil servant, it is difficult to make out his views on many problems. He has never belonged to a political party. However, all of his career as a leading civil servant has been during a period of Swedish politics dominated by the Social Democratic Party. It is unlikely, therefore, that he is too much out of sympathy with the economic doctrines of the very moderate Socialists of Sweden, especially as he has been greatly influenced by the writings of John Maynard Keynes. In the field of foreign policy Dag blends Swedish neutralism with one-world internationalism. As one of Sweden's principal financial experts he attended the conference that laid the plans for the Marshall Plan and became Sweden's representative on the AEEC, the economic governing body for all European Marshall Plan countries. It was in fact his interest in the international aspects of economic recovery that brought him into the field of foreign policy. He started representing Sweden at meetings of the Council of Europe and in 1949 shifted over to the Foreign Office, ending up as top civil servant in that Ministry with

Cabinet rank when he was drafted by the U.N. At the same time Hammarskjöld is a firm partisan of Sweden's neutralism. While he has travelled a long way from his father's isolationism, there is nothing to indicate any lack of sympathy—to put it mildly—with Sweden's decision to stay out of NATO and its efforts to keep all of Scandinavia out too.

In the magazine of the Swedish Social Democratic Party, he recently wrote a piece, "Choosing Europe" in which he sought to bridge the two positions. He argued in effect that Sweden's foreign policy was neutralist in form but Western in content. He asserted cautiously that Sweden's absence from NATO did not imply a desire to isolate itself from the West, and that on the practical level of international relationships, Sweden's ties were predominantly with the West.

Dag had few diplomatic contacts with the Russians before coming to New York, and their acceptance of him is believed to stem from a willingness to take a Swede rather than from any feeling about Dag himself. Three protest notes that he drafted to Russia when Soviet planes shot down a Swedish aircraft over the Baltic were unprecedentedly sharp. Dag's way of life is a curious blend of the Spartan and Sybarite. His bachelor's quarters are like something out of Walter Pater—modern French paintings, Swedish ceramics, exquisite furniture, the finest books. When he goes mountain-climbing he can get along with a few crusts of bread and raisins. At the U. N. he is content with the menu of the cafeteria. But he also soon gets to know the out of the way restaurant that specializes in the wines and food for the cultivated palates. He is a triple threat smoker—pipes, cigars and cigarettes in descending order of frequency. He makes a hobby of photography and is an enthusiast of what in Europe is called "tourism." He had to overcome an initial shyness in order to learn to mix easily at parties. He still prefers the solitary ardours of work and mountain-climbing.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

(International Institute of Educational Sciences, University of Utrecht)

THE American character!... Like the Ceylonese character, and the Indonesian and the English, it is nonexistent—and yet it exists. The American character is the Marshall Plan, in Europe, and Point Four in Asia; it is also straight business investment in underdeveloped countries. It is Mrs. Roosevelt and Chester Bowles capturing India, by personality; it is McCarthyism, which undoes all this capturing. The American character: it is a mass-produced synthesis of more than 150 million individual characters. It is simplicity—and grandeur. It is culture—and comfort. It is courage and fear, consistency and inconsistency. "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer."

The American character is wealth, and poverty—is truth, and propaganda. It is the brotherhood of man—barring none, save perhaps Negroes in some states, and a few other races. It is a dream—and a process. It is individualism (highly acquisitive, competitive individualism)—and it is collectivism. It is business civilization running rampant, and it is "that man in the White House," business controlled by the State. It is victory at the Olympic games and scandals in academic athletic departments. The American character is technology, and materialism. It is also worship of science and distrust of scientists, worship of education and distrust of brains. The American character... is all these things, and many more; and it is none of them. For there is no such thing as an American character!

And yet!... Over more than a few years De Tocqueville, Bryce, more recently Brogan, Laski, have tried their hands, from the outside, in picturing this American character. What is it, or what is it not? We have not yet given up. We also ask the question that others have asked: what is this, "this new man"?

Brogan in the United States titled one of his books *The American Character* and called the English edition

of the same work *The American Problem*. That the American character is a problem too seems to have become one of the recognized facts of the modern world. There is much truth in this interpretation. There is too much of stereotype also. Stereotypes unfortunately predominate when we examine pictures of the American character.

Inside America there are the different stereotypes, of the Democrats (divine or demonic) and the Republicans (demonic or divine); of Labour, of Big Business; of the Jews, the Negroes, the Professors; of the South, of Brooklyn, Washington; of the American "Mom," of father; of politics, of Superman. And so on. But there are equally European or Asian or African stereotyped views of America and of the American character and civilization. What are some of these? We must scrutinize them.

When I mentioned to a friend that I had had a request to write an article on this topic, he said at once (and seriously), "that's a good way of losing your citizenship." Now that's a stereotype. While it is true that we in America today are going through a period in which we are sensitive about criticism, there has always been freedom of expression in the United States and there always will be. We are passing through a hysterical period today of loyalty oaths or (as Allan Barth prefers to call them) of non-disloyalty oaths. But there are voices on all sides attacking this "cold-war hysteria" (with some success). In any case, the implication that a critical paper on the American character must automatically be damning is definitely based on a stereotyped and ill-formed view of the United States.

I spent recently three hectic weeks working in a summer session at the University of Leiden, in Holland. The topic of the session was "Eastern and Western World." There were over 100 students present, from 17 countries. At the very beginning of the session each member answered a

questionnaire with some eight or nine questions. One of these was "If you have never before been to America, how do you visualize it?" The answers are revealing. They give as good a collection of stereotypes as one could hope to get anywhere but some of them show great insight and understanding.

Here are some samples from the answers to this question: An Indian student wrote: "American culture is a 'hodge podge' and in recent years it can be described as consisting of 'coco-cola' and 'chewing gums'." A member of the course from Great Britain summed up his views: "The terms that seem to sum up the USA are ultra-modernity, progress, self-confidence, and activity. They have a desire to put all things right!" From a Dutch member: He visualized America "as a cocktail of technical skill and lower philosophy. And making money—'Make money—if you can, do it honestly, but make money'."

A French student gives a balanced picture: "America has come out of Europe and Europe today reappears in America. Is America merely the country of coco-cola, of the jazz band, and of helicopters? I don't think so. There is a humanism in the American people, a humanism a bit egocentric perhaps, but the true America in my opinion is that of Abraham Lincoln; of the generous enthusiasm of the eighteenth century. America is not only gigantism and 'the best in the world.' It oscillates between two tendencies: the Babbitt tendency and the E. R. P. tendency."

Another picture that shows more than usual understanding comes from an Oxford student (from England). "It is a very diverse pattern of life that needs to be summarized if an impression of 'America' is to be conveyed. The highly industrialized and mechanized society which looms large in Hollywood films I have learned to regard as in many ways untypical, a revision of thought largely caused by discussion with American students. The small agricultural community still remains a large factor in American life: hustle and speed though prominent in American methods are perhaps only

a symptom of national uncertainty, of 'Nouveau riche' self-consciousness; and the average American is somewhat more stable than the tone of American politics would suggest."

More of the stereotype variety are these samples from Dutch members: "I would visualize America as a part of the world that, originally with European tools, has built a way of living that in the European way of seeing things is lacking depth." "Technicolor pictures, chewing-gum, Empire State Building, and a touch of Main Street and Babbitt." "A young powerful nation with much pushing power, technically developed as no other country in the world, but lacks civilization and culture and the thoughtfulness of the 'Old World'." "As an enlarged version of a 'home town': people rather restricted in outlook, friendly but puzzled as concerns the outer world, with lots of hazy idealism mingled with pure ignorance."

One student, who identified himself simply as from the West, wrote: "My impression of America is highly influenced by American films. See the pictures, and you know how I visualize it." Perhaps this accounts for a Ceylonese view: "Capital and electric cookers and people with sodden hearts;" an "Eastern" view: "People who live in luxury without any emotions and fellow feeling," and another Western view "Death of a Salesman."

An Indian answered thus: "A country of push-button civilization where the industries are so advanced that they are the last word in these lines. A vast land with cities of massive skyscrapers and broad lands bristling with factories. A people essentially warm-hearted and friendly but somewhat immature in their outlook, with their craze for jazz and fancy ties. A people always in a hurry to make more money and to have the maximum "fun." A country where the teen-agers and the undergraduates are a pampered lot. The Americans believe that the American way of life is the best and would like to impose it on others. Don't have much patience for the viewpoints of others. With a little more maturity and a little less of

their fear of communism, with their ideals, open-heart and enterprising spirit will come very near my conception of an ideal man."

Another British representative summarized with authority as follows:

Physically—a land of vast distances.

Materially—very progressive, with great potential resources.

Culturally—desire to progress faster than the means to realize that progress.

Emotionally—immature.

Spiritually—infantile."

One last stereotype, this time from an 'Easterner': "My vision of America is first and foremost a world of mass production of both material and non-material things: cars as well as students. Its people are both simple and kind; and violent and aggressive."

Now, in all these free comments, these spontaneous comments, there is at least a grain of truth. To separate the truth from the stereotype, however, is the problem. There is, of course, more than a bit of stereotyping involved in thinking that "an American" is automatically qualified to decipher and to proclaim on the American character. But fools do rush in where angels fear to tread. As already stated, the American character is a problem that has to be tackled. If an American version is no more accurate than an English or an Indian one, it is no less so either.

But if the American character does not exist—despite the fact that it does exist—then this article cannot be an American attempt but must be first and foremost an individual attempt. And, as in the case of every individual, the personality, the background, the training, the travel of this individual, of the author, must be important ingredients of the final version (or of this crystallization-of-the-moment).

I shall illustrate this by an anecdote. Not long ago I was giving a series of lectures for the Oxford University Extra-Mural Department, and the over-all theme was "Aspects of American Life." (I had suggested this title as better than their sug-

gested "The American Way of Life.") One evening, in the course of the usual exchanges of questions and answers, I was asked: "Do you know Alistair Cooke?" I said yes and that "as a matter of fact I admire him very much." The answer came instantly: "Well you don't agree with him."

This leads me to point out the obvious, that one just cannot generalize about America. Different eyes see different things; different ears hear different things. For every illustration of some specific A in the United States there is an opposite specific B that can be found.

And yet, there are several propositions that we can turn back to. There is a frame of reference possible. There are facts, of geography, of race, of resources, of myths, that go to form a national culture and national characters... Is there an Indian character—or a Ceylonese? Then the Bengali "traits" and the Gujarati, or the Tamil and Sinhalese—and many others—all have to be examined for their origins and their impacts. But is there no difference between the Indian peasant and the wealthy mine-owner?... There may be much less difference between an American businessman and an Indian than between a poor American tenant-farmer and his State Senator!

First, then, we can say that the American character, whatever it is, is influenced by the vast expanse of land that is the United States. Historically the vastness of the landscape and of the ocean barriers played an important part in forming the "new man." Turner's *Frontier in American History* was a scholar's recognition of a frontier mentality. But, although "Time makes ancient Truth uncouth," and though there are fewer and fewer frontiers in industrial America, the frontier myth remains and with it a bit of frontier character.

I say a bit of frontier character. But there are different Americas. They have different degrees of frontierism. There is a difference between a New York or Chicago type of city and the so-called rural "backwoods" areas. There are differences between Southern "Main Streets" and

those in Mid-Western towns. The farm-dweller and the town-dweller today still have the city as their "frontier". And the farm-hand and the small town worker have an outlook, a character, different from that of the city member and factory—or white-collar worker in the city. The environment influences character, and there are many environments in the United States.

Second, America, while America, "comes out of Europe." There is the English heritage and the Spanish. There are descendants of Scotch and Irish, of Germans and Italians. There are Negroes in America, and Jews; there are Scandinavians, Slavs, Chinese, Indians, Hungarians, Rumanians, Japanese, etc. If the geographical factors of land, resources, and ocean have been important in shaping the character as well as the thought of the American, then so too have the racial and ethnic factors.

Third, there are today factors as important as either geography or American ethnic heritages in forming the American character. There is the high degree of industrialisation, with its concomitant urbanization. And with these go the development of the newer media of "mass communications" and of "mass leisure."

Mass communications produce the "masses" or the "mass character", as well as vice versa. The newspapers early started the process of changing the mentality of the rural-dweller, of the "peasant"; they took him away from his primary group (village, even family) and introduced him to the ideologies of the urban *petite bourgeoisie*. Now the radio and the cinema, and television (and the automobile) are completing the process. So that in the United States today there is a much greater degree of urbanisation than the census figures would indicate. (There is even an official census division into rural non-farm). There is also the high mobility of the population that must be reckoned with as "character-forming factor."

This is the type of society of which Riesman writes in his *The Lonely Crowd*. He speaks of the "society of incipient population decline" which "develops in its typical members a

social character whose conformity is insured by their tendency to be sensitized to the expectations and preferences of others." These typical members he calls "other directed people" and the society in which they live "one dependent on other-direction."*

Fourth, it should be made clear that these factors of industrialisation, or urbanization, and mass communications are making themselves increasingly felt in Europe and in Asia too. While there may not be the same geographical and racial ingredients in all countries, modern man is more and more industrial man and modern "character" is more and more industrial character—all over the world. This is an important fact to bear in mind because there is in general more difference between different national rural characters than between national, industrial or urban characters.

Fifth, there is the absence in America of strong traditions such as we find in European or in Asian countries. This makes for a willingness to experiment with the new and the novel. It makes also for the high mobility of the population that we have already referred to. This absence of strong traditions is counteracted by the typically American trait of conforming, in thought as well as action, with the majority and by the American trait (American at least in emphasis) of "keeping up with the Joneses." There is, then, positive inducement in the American "tradition" (the absence of tradition) for experimenting with new things (new businesses, for instance, or new technologies) as well as the dampening influence of the conformity bug, which bites in a different way from the one in tradition-directed countries.

Finally, with these five points as background, we can ask what the prevalent American "other-directedness" is leading to. Leading to? Perhaps it has already led! Travelers as well as stereotypers describe an American "type". He is a conforming person, "somewhat uncer-

* Riesman, David—*The Lonely Crowd*, New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press, 1950.

tain of himself," "more demanding of approval than the European," friendly, but superficial. This is generally agreed to by travellers from other countries to the United States and by social scientists also. Now, if a national character structure is determined by the "drives and satisfactions" of individuals, it is clear that we already have a beginning of the picture of the American character.

From the Lynds' *Middletown in Transition*,* which had its birth-date fifteen years ago but is still most instructive, we quote this passage from the chapter on "the Middletown Spirit":

One cannot talk about "what Middletown thinks" or "feels" or "is" without a large amount of distortion. As many qualifications must be noted in speaking of a "typical" Middletown citizen as in speaking of Middletown as a "typical" American inland city.... And yet, Middletown can be lived in and described only because of the presence of large elements of repetition and coherence in the culture. As one moves about the city one encounters in the city government, in the church, the press, and the civic clubs, and in the folk talk on the streets and about family dinner tables points of view so familiar and so commonly taken for granted that they represent the intellectual and emotional shorthands of understanding and agreement among a large share of the people. These are the things that one does and feels and says so naturally that mentioning them in Middletown implies an "of course." Individual differences at these points have become rubbed away, and thought and sentiment pass from person to person like smooth familiar coins which everyone accepts and no one examines with fresh eyes. Just as surely, too, there are other things that one does not ordinarily say or think or do. Around these patterns of customary acceptance and rejection certain types of personality develop. Those persons who most nearly exemplify the local stereotypes thrive, are "successful," and "belong"; while dropping away behind them are others who embody less adequately the values by which Middletown lives, down to the community misfits who live meagerly in the shadow of frustration and unpopularity.

* Lynd, Robert S. and Lynd, Helen M., *Middletown in Transition* New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1937.

These same comments (with the appropriate changes of words) could be made today about the "American Spirit" or about the American character. "Those persons who most nearly exemplify the American stereotypes thrive, are 'successful,' and 'belong';" while there are other Americans who are less American!..

The Lynds give fourteen or fifteen pages to listing the things "Middletown believes." Some of these which I give here are what America believes. (Beliefs are often myths, so these are still valid). By and large America believes:

In being honest; in being kind; in being friendly, a "good neighbour," and a "good fellow"; in being loyal, and a "booster, not a knocker"; in being successful; in being an average man; in having character as more important than "having brains"; in being simple and unpretentious and never "putting on airs" or being a snob....

By and large America believes:

That "progress is the law of life," and therefore: that evolution in society is "from the base and inferior to the beautiful and good"; that, since "progress means growth," increasing size indicates progress; that change is slow, and abrupt changes or the speeding up of changes through planning or revolutions is unnatural; that "radicals" ("reds," "communists," "socialists," "atheists"—the terms are fairly interchangeable in America) want to interfere with things and "wreck American civilization"; that evils are inevitably present at many points but will largely cure themselves; that good will solves most problems....

By and large America believes:

That the individual must fend for himself and will in the long run get what he deserves, and therefore: that character, honesty, and ability will tell; that one should be enterprising; that one should be hard-working and persevering; that a man owes it to himself, to his family, and to society to "succeed".... That most foreigners are "inferior". That Negroes are inferior.... That business can run its own affairs best and the government should keep its hands off business.... That the rich are, by and large, more intelligent and industrious than the poor.... That women are better ("purer") than men.... That a college man is no better than a non-college man and is likely to be less practical,

and that college men must learn "life" to counteract their concentration on theory.... That school-teachers are usually people who couldn't make good in business.... That the American democratic form of government is the final and ideal form of government.... Etc., etc., etc.

As the Lynds point out, there is no guarantee that in the carrying on of its daily operations of living America (or American Middletown) acts necessarily according to these values which it affirms. "Often quite the contrary is the case. But these are the values in the name of which it

acts, the symbols which can be counted upon to secure emotional response, the banners under which it marches."

These beliefs, then, and others similar and dissimilar are behind the drives and satisfactions, behind the character of the American. They account for the fact that the many diverse human individuals who are American can be typed and stereotyped. They account for the fact that there is after all an American character—as well as 150 million individual American characters.

FILIBUSTER

SENATOR Wayne Morse of Oregon State has, according to a news item, become the long distance champion talker of the United States Senate. He had spoken for 18 hours 24 minutes and went on speaking to pass the record of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin who spoke for 18 hours 23 minutes in 1908. In 1935, Senator Huey Long of Louisiana spoke for 15 hours and 36 minutes.

For nearly three weeks now, Democrats and Mr. Morse have been delaying by means of filibuster passage of a bill which would give to the coastal states of Texas, California, Louisiana, and Florida clear title to undersea oil within their vast boundaries, thus removing ownership from the Federal Government.

Here is a detailed account of what filibuster means, in the words of Professor Munro:

"It has occasionally given a factious minority the opportunity to wear out the endurance of the majority by conducting a 'filibuster' as it is called. When the Senate's session is drawing to its close, this permits a relatively small group of Senators to defeat a measure by resorting to dilatory tactics (such as making long speeches, proposing amendments, demanding roll calls, and so forth), and many measures have perished in this way. Indeed it can fairly be said that legislation in the closing days of the sessions requires virtually unanimous consent. Everyone who is old enough will remember, for example, how 'a little group of wil-

ful men in the Senate" (as President Wilson called them) determined to prevent the arming of American merchant vessels for self-protection in the spring of 1917, when German submarines were sinking neutral ships. This action caused the Senate to adopt its famous, but not altogether effective, Rule No. 22 which makes possible the placing of a one-hour limit on speeches.

"The filibuster has been harshly condemned, but there are times when it is justified. It has been condemned as abusing freedom of speech, as derogating from majority rule, and as lowering the prestige of the Senate. Occasionally it has made the Senate appear ridiculous. On one occasion, Senator Tillman of South Carolina spent hours in reading Childe Harold to his fellow Senators and threatened to continue with other compositions of Byron including the somewhat risqué Don Juan. Senator Heflin of Alabama once regaled the Senate with his own poems, which were not masterpieces, and followed this by reading dozens of telegrams and letters from his admiring friends. Shortly before his assassination Senator Huey Long of Louisiana entertained the Senate, a few of its members, by discoursing at length on recipes for "potlikker" fried oysters, coffee and turnip greens. But even he did not equal the performances of the earlier Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, who delighted in reading to the Senate proxy pas-

sages from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission. On one occasion La Follette held the floor for 18 hours and 23 minutes which is believed to be a record, although, in the filibuster against the ship purchase bill of 1915, six obstructionists spoke for more than 11 hours each. So many bills perished at the end of one Congress, because of a filibuster, that Vice-President Marshall, it is said, adjourned the Senate sine deo instead of sine die.

"In some quarters, however, the filibuster has been defended. Somebody once characterised it as an appeal "from Philip drunk to Philip sober," in other words, from the caprice of a transient majority to the court of mature public opinion. And filibusters, it is true, have occasionally defeated bills which would have served little purpose except to arouse bitter sectional resentment. A Senator once asserted that filibusters have "never kept any desired or desirable legislation off the statute books." That is probably true in the long run. Rule 22 is still on the books, but it has not proved effective in limiting debate. Allowing each Senator to speak for not more than an hour, it

has been enforced only four times in the past quarter of a century."

During the Truman regime, an attempt was made to bring into the rules of procedure of the Senate a strict closure rule. But even Senators who generally dislike filibuster are unwilling to let the weapon go; for at any time it may come in handy for them to defeat an unwanted measure.

In the British Parliament during the 19th century the Irish members delayed business not by ridiculous dilatory tactics but by substantial and lengthy speeches, and they took turns to keep going. The time-limit for speeches was rigidly enforced only thereafter. At present the British Parliament has travelled very far indeed from those days. The rules of closure are very drastic with the 'guillotine' which cuts debate drastically. The increasing volume and complexity of Government business have made all this necessary. The rules of procedure in the Indian legislatures are very much like those of the British Parliament and a filibuster is a luxury which we do not have here nor can we afford it either. —V. S.

SWATANTRA PRINTERS

(2, BRODIES ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4)

FULLY EQUIPPED TO
UNDERTAKE ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

MODERATE RATES
PROMPT DELIVERY

AND

NEAT EXECUTION.

PLEASE CALL OR PHONE (8177)

WOMAN-NOT WIFE!

By D. R. M.

THE solar eclipse drew large crowds to the sea-shore near the small village. From early morning, buses were arriving and departing with pilgrims in an endless stream. By after-noon, the sea-shore was almost desolate. The last bus arrived at about four o'clock, carrying only two passengers, a man and a woman.

Following the foot-path, they entered that part of the shore which was deserted, except for a couple of beggars who were carefully counting the day's earnings. Seeing the strangers, one of them came up. The man pulled out a purse from his pocket, emptied the contents into the beggar's hands, shook it in the air, and threw it into the sea.

"What are you doing, Ravi?"

"Charity—Padmini—charity! In a way, are not all of us beggars? He begs for food, we beg for many other things. I am a beggar myself, always wanting....wanting....the thirst unquenched still! I am tired of this beggary!"

Padmini was accustomed to Ravi's peculiar temper and attitude, but his sentiments on that occasion cast a shadow on her bright countenance.

"You have the fare for the return journey?" Ravi asked.

"I have, but what about you?"

"I do not need it."

"You wish to stay away the night here?"

"I love the sea; it is so large—limitless; I want to be forever one with it."

Padmini was alarmed.

"I do not understand you, Ravi. If you talk in that strain, I insist we shall return at once."

"You may go, if you want to."

"What is the matter, Ravi?"

"Nothing!" He repeated the word, as though the 'nothing' contained a great deal of un-utterable something in it.

"I am alarmed."

"You probably imagine that I am a ruffian who will assault you in this solitary place."

The suggestion amused Padmini, and a faint smile lighted her lips, as she said, "You have been my most valued friend for years, and this is not the first time I am alone with you."

Ravi did not reply. Padmini was puzzled. Then Ravi spoke.

"You said I have been your friend for years."

"Undoubtedly, why do you ask?" Padmini's mind wandered back two years and more, during which time Ravi had been her constant friend, highly respected for his upright conduct, and deeply valued for his tender good nature.

"It was a fraud—at no time was I your friend."

"I am not conscious of any fraud in your conduct."

"You can never know what it cost me to keep up appearances."

"What had been a consistent reality so long cannot be an appearance."

"Believe me, it was a fraud, and I do not want to cheat you and myself any longer. What I have concealed from you so long, you will know now—I will then be free."

Padmini felt the mystery deepening. He led her to the edge of the water, and as the ripples curled round their feet, he spoke:

"It was not friendship—it was.... mad impulse that bound me to you."

Padmini started back, and released her hand from his.

"You have nothing to fear, Padmini. I who resisted that diabolical pressure so long can bear it a few minutes more. Those only know the agony of a double life who have gone through it!"

Padmini was in tears.

"Do not cry....you have been too good to this bad man—From the time I set eyes on you, Padmini, mine was a life of struggle and suffering."

"Have I been the cause?"

"I never said you were."

"Forgive me."

"You have done me no wrong....I thought of you—I dreamt of you—I felt the void when and where you were not. Desire drove me to seek for you, as these waves are seeking the shore....Like the deer pursued by the hungry tigress, I fled from one refuge to another....Drink and gambling, religion and mysticism, company and solitude, God and the Devil—I have tried all to escape the pursuit of the blood-hound....but to no purpose. I hear the blood-hound's bark at my throat—now."

"Why did you hide all this from me?" wailed Padmini.

"Fear—fear that you might break away from me, fear that I would fall in your esteem, fear that I would lose my good name. I could never have survived the shock....Oh, the passion to taste the sweetness of your naked body, blind, mad, tempestuous—do you know what it was?—the living Hell—the wound of the poisoned dagger, the sting of the envenomed cobra cannot be more agonising—"

Padmini hid her face with her hands. Convulsive sobs agitated her

bosom. "Oh, why did you not make me understand?" she cried.

"Because it was not good for you. I considered your life precious. You were a full-blown flower on the plant, and I had not the heart to pluck it away, and throw it into the flames of my appetite—"

Trembling with uncontrollable agony, Padmini uttered the words—"We could have been husband and wife...."

"Fool that you are—know the truth. I wanted Padmini, the woman, not Padmini, the wife. As my wife, your life would have been miserable. Bereft of your magical charm, you would have become stale, ugly, and dirty, like the withered broom. I would have spurned you with my foot like a rotten mattress. Instinctively I should have sought for another Padmini, like you. I have saved you that humiliation and shame.... I know what I have suffered....I am happy I have not touched you....you are safe, and I am free!"

He held her in his arms. It was the cold embrace of death. He spoke with perfect composure. "Now let me have a wash. Please hold this awhile." He handed out an envelop that contained her picture. She had given it to him long ago. He stepped into the water, and swam away. The darkness of the night swallowed Padmini, as she fell aswoon on the sea-shore.

Gandhiji wanted the imperial palaces, built and used by the satraps under foreign imperialism, to be utilized as hospitals for the poor. I remember on the eve of independence when once I was invited for a function to the Viceregal House (today the Rashtrapati Bhawan) the Vicerine Lady Mountbatten, who still continues to keep her connection with India, talking to me about coming changes said, "Mr. Kripalani Bapu (she too called Gandhiji Bapu) wants this palatial house with its beautiful gardens and spacious grounds to be turned into a hospital. You must all see that it is not turned into a hospital but utilized to house a museum." Knowing the background of our independence movement even she did not expect the Viceregal House to be turned into the residence of the future popular head of a democratic state and a guest house for any important or unimportant passing visitor from Europe and America. As soon as Lord Mountbatten relinquished the high office of the Viceroy, the representative of the Emperor of India and the King of England, he asked the Prime Minister of the interim swaraj government, Sri Nehru, to allow him to shift from the Viceregal House to the more modest, though a grand enough residence, then occupied by the Commander-in-Chief. He said as he was no more the representative of the King Emperor, it would be better for him, as Governor-General, the representative of the people of India, to live in a style more befitting his new position.—J. B. KRIPALANI.

SEDIMENTATION

By P. V. C. RAO

WHEN the river is in floods, it betrays its origin in the tiny mountain streams. The glaciers in the Himalayas feed the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Brahmaputra. The veteran mountaineers can often glide over these glaciers and the tourists will hardly believe that these silver lines are the birth pangs of the surging rivers. The scenic beauty of the mountain-tops and the gliding streams bear little testimony to the heart-rending scenes and the despairing devastation wrought by the roaring river in spate. When the menacing tidal waves engulf villages and towns and obliterate life and property, the solicitous islands and sand patches sprinkled on its bed stand in striking contrast and hardly reflect the venomous reactions of the river in spate.

The Godavary takes its birth in a tiny Nasik lake and flows through a terrain of variegated hue. Many a village grew on its banks and it has taken in a number of rivulets. Nevertheless, it became useful only at the fag end of its journey to the sea. As it emerges through the gorgeous Papi hills, it thunders down its lonely dam at Dowleswaram, and on its onward journey to the sea, it engulfs vast extents of low-lying lands. The suspended lot that flows with the waves includes a variety of wood, shrubs and even wild beasts from the forests under denudation. The heavy load of silt in suspension gives the river the appearance of a rural swamp churned by the pigs. The hill-sides in the Bhadrachalam agency offer a veritable mine of silt-laden streams to merge in the river flow, and the gullied creeks, the molten sands, the riverside ditches, the urban and rural sewage, and the bank-cutting contribute a good lot of silt that goes in suspension to the river.

When the floods recede, a number of tiny islands and sand-patches are formed in the bed of the river and vast plains of sand stretch the river banks to miles along the bed. These tiny islands formed by the cream of the soil washed from the slopes and

the food-producing fields are auctioned every year for the growth of odds by the Government. The system is analogous to the burning of the house in order to trade in the resultant coal. If Kakinada port is incapable of being developed as a major port on the East Coast, it is not a little due to the tons of sediment that the river Godavary and its numerous tributaries deposit in the sea every year.

If the Public Works Department have a real mind, they can furnish us statistics to show that the reservoir at Dhowleswaram has been quite rapidly losing its capacity by sedimentation. It is presumed that the designers of the new Ramapadasagar Project have taken into account the effect of sedimentation on the capacity of the existing reservoir with the advent of another high-dam upstream. It is but in the fitness of things that the efficiency of the existing system of irrigation should in no way be impaired, when the bigger project comes into being, as a result of the critical areas of the watershed left unprotected. Investigations will have to be undertaken for a detailed survey of the critical areas so as to evolve overall soil and moisture conservation operations on the watershed. The river should necessarily be developed as multi-purpose project. If effective steps for the arrest of further migration of the soil from the fields and the slopes to the coastal belt at the mouth of the river are undertaken forthwith, it should not be difficult to reclaim and develop the Kakinada port in less than a decade.

The plight of the Krishna is worse than that of the Godavary. The Krishna takes its roots in the Western Ghats and drives its weary way through the sand dunes of the Deccan plateau. The Bombay Carnatic could make little use of the river as its bed is far lower in level than the surrounding fields which are mostly cut up and undulating. Even though it compares favourably in volume with the Godavary, its condition is

still worse as it takes with it part of the erosion debris of the Deccan. The withering floods rapidly give way to shallow beds which render the river look like a tiny stream during summer months. If the roll potentialities of the river are to be utilized, it is essential to make detailed studies of sedimentation in order to reduce its menacing effect by the application of effective soil and mois-

ture conservation measures on its watershed.

In the American technique of river development, soil conservation constitutes an integral part and it is highly important that our project developmental schemes should also be integrated with wide-spread soil conservation operations for the dual purpose of arresting sedimentation and effecting land management.

DAYS WITH KOINANGE IN KIAMBU

By FENNER BROCKWAY

THREE years ago I was told even by sincere experts in the Fabian Colonial Bureau that I could not possibly live with Africans in Kenya. Nevertheless, I wrote accepting the invitation.

We drove by car from Nairobi to Kiambu, less than twenty miles apart, yet the centres, respectively, of the Whites and the Kikuyu.

We turned down a lane with tidy coffee plants on one side, and untidy banana trees on the other, through a gateway between tall trees. Then into the sunlight, an open space of green with the neatest little timber bungalow, newly painted in blue and red outlines, beyond it.

I had only to enter the bungalow to be reassured. Deep arm-chairs, a settee, a wireless set. A spring bed, wardrobe, chest of drawers. A clean lavatory. A meal cooked as lusciously as in any English home.

My host could not speak English. He could not read or write. He was so old that no one knew his age.

But I have never met a more naturally cultured man. One had only to look into his eyes and be warmed by his smile to know he was a good man. His courtesy and grace were as winning as in any Oxford graduate.

I stayed with him for ten days, and my admiration grew. His knowledge and memory were remarkable. He knew the history of his people for sixty years like a book. My admiration turned to affection. His spirit was rare. He spoke in parables which reminded me of the seers of the East.

He was also able and courageous. He was the first African farmer to grow coffee in Kenya, and Europeans acknowledged his agricultural competence. When his coffee plants were uprooted under a decree limiting this crop in Kiambu to Europeans, he challenged the Government right up to the Supreme Court. And he won his case.

Across the road was an European farm.

"That was part of our family farm," said the old man. "It was taken for the Europeans, and the only compensation offered was the value of its trees. I try not to be bitter. But if someone steals your ox, it is roasted and eaten. You forget. Not so with land. It is always in our sight and we cannot forget. My people are land hungry."

Despite these burning injustices, he had no race bitterness. He arranged a tea party to welcome me. He insisted that the guests should be 100 Africans, 100 Asians, 100 Europeans.

Last October came the news that one of his sons had been charged with the murder of a chief and that he had been arrested as an "accessory." Later, the charge against him, too, was made murder.

I had no doubts. He could not be guilty. That he would countenance violence was unthinkable.

When Leslie Hale and I visited Kenya last October we stayed two nights in the bungalow. We were viciously criticised in the Kenya and London press. It was outrageous that two British M.P.s should stay

in the home of a man charged with Mau Mau murder.

I took Leslie to see him in prison. In one hour my hard-boiled colleague was as impressed by his character as I had been in ten days. Although we were rushed off our feet, it was Leslie who insisted that we should pay another visit to the home in Klambu before we left.

The name of this Kikuyu leader? Ex-Chief Koinange. When the case came before the Nairobi Supreme Court recently, Mr. Dingle Foot, QC. had no difficulty in convincing the judges that there was no case against

the father and he also secured the acquittal of the son.

But the ex-Chief was immediately arrested again and is to be detained indefinitely without charge or trial under the Defence Regulations.

The old man must be nearly ninety years of age. He has already been held in prison for six months. He is probably the one leader among the Kikuyus who could still exert an influence against violence. And the Government shut him up.

The crimes in Kenya are not all on the side of Mau Mau.

WAR AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS: ANCIENT AND MODERN

By DR. B. MUKERJI

(Director, Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow)

THE existence of a diseased lung condition, known as *jaksha*, which may be considered to be similar to tuberculosis, was known to Hindu medicine more than 2,000 years before Christ.

Several drugs from vegetable sources have also been recommended for the treatment of this condition. In some cases it has been stated that if a *jaksha* patient is brought underneath a particular tree, his diseased lung condition would improve merely by the inhalations of gases emitted by the leaves and flowers of that tree.

Successful treatment of *jaksha* by merely bringing the patient under the particular tree, or even by his living under it for long, is surely exaggerated and incredible.

But a careful survey of the ancient *Materia Medica* indicate that there are several drugs offering useful investigation for the curative properties attributed to them in tuberculosis.

In pursuance of this policy, the Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow, has undertaken, of late, a study of several indigenous drugs claimed to have anti-tubercular value. A few of these, such as *Vakeri* (*Cessalpinia dygnya*), *Latjir* (*Achyranthes aspera*), *Gindaru* (*Stephania glabra*), *Cessampelos pariera*,

are already under investigation in the Chemical Division and active principles from these have been isolated.

These active principles are now being tested against tubercular bacillus in culture medium of test tube and are also being tried in animals infected with tuberculosis. Though no promising results have as yet been obtained, it is believed that investigation in these fields might lead to the re-discovery of some principles which may have a potent effect in the treatment of tuberculosis.

A singular merit of these indigenous drugs would be that they will not be toxic to the patients. If they are found to be equally efficacious as some of the new drugs that are derived from coal-tar derivatives, they would reduce the cost of treatment and medical care of the tuberculous patients in this country which is a very important factor in mass-treatments.

A survey of the position of the various new drugs in treatment of tuberculosis today seems to indicate that drug research is going to give the medical profession a really powerful agent in the treatment of a condition which has been responsible for mortality and morbidity of a high percentage of individuals.

In all parts of the world, particularly in India, the problem of tuberculosis is of special significance in that it affects the poorest section of the people who are unable to pay for medical care and treatment.

Though a great deal of promise is shown in this direction, in treatment of tuberculosis by means of drugs, at present the anti-tubercular remedies should only be considered as adjuncts to such time-honoured and proved procedures in the treatment of tuberculosis as strict bed-rest, nourishing diet, and supplementary procedures, including surgery of the chest or abdomen as indicated.

The American Trudeau Society, in its report on the care and status of anti-microbial therapy in tuberculosis, states that there is much to be learnt about the proper use of the various anti-tubercular agents which have been used during the last 50 years, including the newest ones recently brought before the public.

The Society recommends a number of general principles for the treatment of tuberculosis. The most important of these are:—

(1) Drug therapy alone is not adequate in treatment of tuberculosis.

(2) The administration of anti-tubercular drugs should be carefully correlated with an overall programme of surgical and medical treatment.

(3) Usually this should be done in a tuberculosis hospital or the tuberculosis division of a general hospital.

(4) The emergence of drug-resistant strains of tubercle bacilli may be

delayed by the simultaneous administration of certain combinations of anti-tuberculosis drugs.

(5) The best combination available today is the one of the Streptomycin drugs together with some form of P. A. S. (Para-amino salicylic acid).

(6) Further work is necessary with Isonicotinic acid hydrazid before it can be considered to be a "wonder drug" and before it can be accepted as a generalised line of treatment for tuberculosis.

It would be abundantly clear that at present there is no single form of drug therapy which is entirely satisfactory in the treatment of all cases of tuberculosis. Consequently, there exist numerous potentialities for further research into satisfactory treatment of tuberculosis, both in the laboratory and in the hospitals.

A much more intensive study will be needed into the satisfactory utilisation of the new drugs that are already known and of others that may be discovered in the near future as a result of the world-wide attack on this problem.

In India, further, there is considerable scope for investigations into the properties of indigenous vegetable drugs wherever significant claims have been made towards effective treatment of this condition. Drug research in any part of the world cannot have a better target than the discovery of a new or a combination of new remedies for the satisfactory treatment of tuberculosis which, if successful, will change the very face of modern civilisation.

[Revised version of a part of talk by the writer on A. I. R., Lucknow.]

It is really the philosopher who is supposed to be an expert at synthesis. But what kind of philosopher? The impartial philosopher—no other kind is a philosopher—seeks to unravel paradoxes and reconcile conflicting partial truths by the exercise of pure reason. Philosophy, however, has seldom remained "pure." By far the majority of philosophical works have been written from a desire to support a religiously oriented scheme of things, and, in such instances, while we may observe many intricate and even astute manoeuvrings of the intellect, these no longer belong strictly to the field of philosophy. The philosopher and the mathematician, though, in the "pure" sense, are blood brothers. Their dedication and methodology are identical, with the exception that the philosopher sets for himself the much more risky task of reasoning about psychological and moral phenomena.—MANAS.

BRIEFING AND BUSINESS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE High Commissioner for India in Ceylon is holding out hopes of an early solution of the Ceylon-Indian problem. Those who have heard prophecies of settlement of the problem and seen restrictive measures against Indians intensified are not likely to be enthused by recent reports.

One wishes that one was not a pessimist. Let us see whether there are new causes for optimism. We will do well to refer to a point made by Mr. Thanu Pillai, an ex-Ceylonese, in his talks with Mr. Nehru. He asked the Government of India to clarify its position vis-a-vis the two main categories of Indians. News items are often such that confusion arises regarding these two categories. There are more than eight lakhs of Indians, mostly workers on the estates, who have a permanent stake in the island, and who have no other home but Ceylon. They want citizenship of the island. The other category of Indians, about two lakhs, who are businessmen, small and big, or clerks in business houses, just want to pursue their avocations peacefully. The latter class has come in for a new type of harassment.

The contents of Mr. Desai's talks with the Sinhalese ministers are not known, while the tone of his talks with the Ceylon Indian Congressmen has been revealed to some extent. Mr. Desai told the Ceylon Indian Congress that none of the estate workers, either born or domiciled in Ceylon, would be taken back by India. The same pronouncement was made obliquely by Mr. Nehru a few months ago, though years earlier, Mr. Nehru, in his expansive moments, used to talk of repatriation. Officially, Mr. Desai has repudiated the idea. But does this help in anyway?

Much earlier, Mr. Mohtha, a Ceylon Indian leader, declared that he would fight with Ceylon against India. With a few exceptions, the Ceylon Indian Congressmen have never mentioned repatriation. The Sinhalese ministers know fully well that neither invasion by India nor

repatriation is a possibility. Hence the question of loyalty to Ceylon or of stakes in Ceylon has been more a stick to beat the Indian worker with than a genuine problem. The Sinhalese ministers are never seriously perturbed about it in practice. Mr. Desai's declaration probably puts them in a bad corner, with respect to this favourite weapon of theirs. But does it contribute anything to the solution of the Ceylon-Indian problem?

With respect to the views expressed by Sinhalese ministers, in their talks with Desai, we are in the dark. But the ministers have never kept their views secret in their public utterances, inside or outside the legislature. They have not so far shown the least tendency to change. Where then is the room for fresh hope?

Much play is indeed made of a rather dubious reference in the Senate by Sir John Kotelawala, leader of the House. He declared that the Indian Tamils in Sinhalese areas must talk Sinhalese to be absorbed in the local population. I have heard earlier that in a frank moment Sir John told Sri V. V. Giri that to solve the Ceylon-Indian problem swiftly the Indian Tamil workers must marry Sinhalese women and talk Sinhalese. How exactly this contributes to an immediate solution of the problem of the citizenship of Indian estate workers is anybody's guess. Whatever proposals Sri Desai carried in his handbag, a programme of mass intermarriages and of adult education in Sinhalese is not among them.

Incidentally, Sir John's conditions reveal how the Government Party views the problem. They talk day in and day out of the legality of Tamil and Sinhalese as official languages, and were quite vociferous about it during election time. The late Prime Minister, D. S. Senanayake, on the occasion of his visit to the Tamil areas in North Ceylon categorically reiterated this, and the present Premier has not so far said

anything to the contrary. Secondly, the governing party is said to be concerned about the alliance of the Ceylon Indian Congressmen with Stalinists and Trotskyites. In short, to put it bluntly, the solution offered by the spokesmen of the ruling party boils down to this: "We can consider the question of absorbing the Indian workers if they give up the Tamil language and learn Sinhalese and also give up their political sympathies for the leftist parties." But to the Ceylon Tamils of the Northern and Eastern Province, however, the same party says, "We give equality to Tamil with Sinhalese as the official language" and to the Stalinists and Trotskyites they dare not deny citizenship because of their Stalinism or Trotskyism.

No one need shed a single tear, if the Indian Tamil workers in the Ceylon estates voluntarily and slowly give up Tamil and are absorbed in the local Sinhalese. Nothing nauseates me so much as the talk of ancient Tamil culture by well fed and well placed Tamils. Religion may be the opium of the masses, but there are other opia equally powerful and the most potent probably is this talk of racial or language kinship. It has ruined the Indian Tamil workers politically for their leaders threw their lot with a rank communal Tamil organization. Even at present Tamil conferences in estate areas serve only to alarm the Sinhalese without unifying the Tamils. Buddhism and an unsophisticated language like Sinhalese would have done the Indian worker a lot of good, besides enabling him to identify himself with the interests of the local population. Interested language fanatics would call all this as selling the soul for a mess of pottage. I have nothing but contempt for such pompous piffle. The real

point is absorption must be voluntary and mutual. Already it is going on slowly in the estate areas, where quite a few Tamils are good in Sinhalese and quite a few Sinhalese are good in Tamil. And this voluntary mixing up is often against the party in power. But such absorption really alarms Sir John's party!

In view of all this, one need not be surprised if the solution offered is along familiar lines. The small Indian trader and the trade-house employee seems to be virtually doomed.

On the citizenship issue the solution envisaged is not clear. What do the words 'liberal approach', 'removing administrative difficulties', 'ironing out differences' or 'concessions' mean? There are the Citizenship Acts, and their amendments are all too clearly worded to be mistaken. There are the recent utterances of ministers, equally clear and firm. Lastly, the Premier cannot legally do much by way of administrative liberalization. The commissioner who administers the Act is a semi-judicial officer and need not take orders from the Premier unless they have directly or indirectly the sanction of Ceylon's House of Representatives.

I fear the whole business looks like a war of nerves. After a drastic amendment of the Citizenship Act and the Immigration Act, a mere reiteration of the old stand in substance, with such words as 'administrative liberalization' looks like a major concession. Eventually one should not be surprised if liberalization and all that means that not more than 60 per cent of the citizenship applications need be favourably dealt with. In fact, as things stand, that would be rather an ideal to be aimed at!

Sometimes threats reach newspapers which are obviously not to be taken seriously. I recall, for instance, that in the days when Hubert Phillips (Caliban) used to set puzzles in this paper (The New Statesman and Nation) he invented a fictitious Dr. Bolus (which means a horsepill) who was described as behaving meanly towards his children. We received a legally phrased letter on behalf of a Dr. Bolus, of whom we had not heard, but who, it was said, had a daughter and was alleged to be defamed by Caliban.—KINGSLEY MARTIN.



By V. P. SATHE

THE debate in the Council of States over film censorship was significant for one thing; it revealed an amazing ignorance and lack of sense of humour on the part of the members. Some of the solutions suggested to improve the film industry were really funny. One member suggested closing down of all cinemas; another wanted the film industry to be nationalized; a third demanded scrapping of the Censor Board.

Indeed, criticism of films was most uninformed; not one of the members seemed to be aware of the fact that the films are produced to entertain the people. Entertainment and humour generally go together; but our honourable members having no sense of humour could hardly be expected to appreciate the great task of entertaining millions of people that the film industry is performing today.

Those moralists and puritans who are under the illusion that the films are degenerating society have never thought what would happen if this only available source of entertainment is denied to the people. As Sri Vasan once said, films keep millions of people occupied for several hours a day in an innocent pastime; if these people had no entertainment, they would resort to mischief and become a nuisance to society. But to realize this, the members must understand the importance of entertainment in social life.

The only good aspect of the debate was Dr. Keskar's promise to introduce a comprehensive measure to re-organise censorship and the industry on the lines suggested by the

Film Enquiry Committee. If only the Government follows the report and applies its recommendations, most of the problems of the film industry would be solved.

Picture Of The Week

Raj Kapoor is not only one of our youngest producer-directors, he is also one of our very few producers who encourage new talent. He has given us new stars, technicians and music directors. In his latest picture *Aah* he has introduced a new director—Raja Nawathe, a new cameraman Jaywant Pathare and a new sound recordist Shanker Amrita. And this new trio, after seeing the picture, one must admit has done a remarkable job, worthy of the tradition and standard set by R. K. Films.

As a picture, it is rather a sober, though, in parts, very stirring and moving film. The story of *Aah* is simple and not very novel. Without any great pretention, it recounts a personal story with love as its theme. It is the story of an engineer who falls in love with a girl, sister of his fiancée through exchange of love letters and a couple of typically filmic meetings. When all the misunderstandings are cleared and the stage is set for wedding bells the startling discovery that the hero is suffering from tuberculosis shatters the goody goody romance. As a consequence the hero runs away from his beloved without revealing his true suffering; separated, the poor girl who could not tell a soul her pangs of heart becomes almost crazy. The denouement comes when the doctors tell the youth that he would die within a certain period. Faced with death, the hero tries to disillusion

his beloved and get her married to his best friend so that he could die peacefully.

This last part of the story is obviously the most interesting and it naturally forms the highlight of the picture. Written with emotion, presented with restraint and dignity, acted with poignancy and feeling embellished with some of the best song-tunes ever to enrich our screen this portion of *Aah* touches your heart and brings tears to your eyes. It is with this emotional impact of inevitable tragedy on one's mind that one emerges out of the theatre.

It may be a matter of opinion but somehow the first half of *Aah* did not impress me much. The boy-meets-girl situations appeared to me to be too filmic and, though Raj is in his elements in light hearted fun, the fun itself lacks the sharp edge of satire of *Awara* and the flamboyancy of *Dastar*.

It is only after the diagnosis of tuberculosis that the picture gets into stride and so does music. The songs in the beginning are rather commonplace, but as the picture progresses, they gain in melody and meaning. The song 'Raja ki Ayegi Barat' is the highlight of the picture; with an apt dramatic situation to give it significance, its lyrical rhythm and poignant meaning stirs you to the core. So do *Aa ja Re* and *Chhoti si hai Zindagani*.

The picturization of these songs is also very effective. For a maiden effort Raja Nawathe's direction which, of course, bears an unmistakable

imprint of Raj's style is almost brilliant while Jaywant Pathare's photography is outstanding.

With picturesque outdoors which overshadow the drama in the first half, Jaywant Pathare's work is noteworthy for poetic composition and artistic lighting. Its production values are as lavish as one should expect from Raj Kapoor; but, despite criticism of ornate sets of *Awara*, the families of both hero and heroine live in palatial houses seldom seen in real life. Even the sanatorium betrays the same lack of realism.

Inder Raj Anand must be complimented for his dialogue which is poetic without being pedantic. Only one wishes he had given a more universal purport to his theme and not confined his story to a very narrow sphere of a few individuals. The story never gets out of that shell and though, thanks to sincerity and emotionalism, it succeeds in moving you at places, it leaves no deep impression behind. Of Raj, one can only say nobody could have presented this story in a better manner than he did. But more than anything else the picture will be remembered for Raj's emotional acting. The popular film star reveals consummate artistry in playing the role of a man faced with sure death. Yet the acting honour must go to Nargis; for here is the most difficult role of a girl who is burning with a passion she cannot reveal to a single person and she does it remarkably well. Out of the rest Pran

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R E G D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 35554.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Kall East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

is a sympathetic doctor and friend, plays his part with restraint while Vijayalaxmi is more impressive than usual.

Personality Of The Week

When I went to see *Aah* on the previous day, during the interval, I met Jaywant Pathare, the cameraman. I told him frankly that he is the hero of the picture stealing all the limelight by his brilliant camera work. Instead of gloating over my fulsome praise he asked me to reserve my judgment till I saw the complete picture—a fact that indicated Jaywant's judgment about his own work. Yes, he was right, after seeing the picture I knew he was not the only hero of the picture; there were others who shared the stellar honours.

Unassuming, lean, fair Jaywant Pathare comes from a middle-class Maharastrian family. After matriculation, he had training at St. Xavier's Technical Institute. But that training was not of much help. It was by working as an apprentice and assistant first with Jaywant Desai and then at Eastern Studios under such reputed cameramen as Dronacharya, Rajaram, Reddy and Jal Mistry that Jaywant learnt the art of cinematography.

While he was working as an assistant in Eastern studios, like Alladin, Raj's chief recordist he came in contact with Raj Kapoor who made his first picture *Aah* there. But it was during the shooting of *Barsaat* that Jaywant joined Raj Kapoor's unit and later he assisted Radhu Karmakar in picturizing *Awara*. During the shooting of *Awara* Raj promised him an opportunity to photograph

Aah independently. While Raj fulfilled his promise, Jaywant by his superb work has proved that Raj's faith in him was more than justified.

Educated rather shy, Jaywant does not believe in the school of effects for effects sake. He thinks that as a cameraman, his job is to assist the director in telling his story by creating proper mood and giving correct movement. *Aah* alone testifies to the correctness of his approach and holds high promise for him for the future.

News Of The Week

—Jaywant Desai left on May 4, with his wife for Europe for a business cum pleasure tour, visiting Rome, Paris and London; he will discuss the possibilities of different colour processes and his project of film biography of Lord Buddha.

—M. B. Bilimoria has gone to New York to finalise the plan for televising Indian made film in the States.

—On May Producer Ramsingh launched his new picture *Kashmakash* under the banner of R. C. Films. Directed by Guru Dutt, it will star Geeta Bali and Dev Anand.

—On May 2 Jaimani Dewan, President of IMPPA, launched his new picture at Famous Studio, Mahalaxmi. Nigar, Karan Dewan, Om Prakash, Ramdhore and Mavju form the star-cast of this picture which is being directed by Hiren Bose.

—Acharya Atre is transcribing his popular Marathi unit 'Shyamchi Aai' into Hindi. The Hindi version which will be completely re-shot will feature the same artists that appeared in Marathi version.

Emerson has said that every man is a quotation of all his ancestors. It happens that that is a fact in this country. Here it is all quotation and no originality. The Ramayana on the Ramayana; the Mahabharata on the Mahabharata. No one seems to bother about anything except ancient stuff.—K. RAMA RAO.

The most annoying of all public reformers is the personal satirist. Though he may be considered by some few as a useful member of society, yet he is only ranked with the hagsmen, whom we tolerate because he executes the judgment we abhor to do ourselves, and avoid with a natural detestation of his office. The pen of the one and the cord of the other are inseparable in our minds.—JANE PORTER.

«...over A.I.R. by 'Z'»

HUNCHED close by my receiver, with the volume modulated to a soft clarity, I have been listening furtively to the women's programmes of A. I. R., Madras. Not that I hoped to comprehend the talks, far too noble for a mere man: it was only an amateurish interest in cookery that prompted me. I must say that the recipes sounded good, but I could not note them down. I admit that I am a poor cook, but I have long practice in taking instruction from the voice of authority. However, I could not succeed in writing down the recipes, though they were repeated quickly after their original pronouncement. My trouble was that before I could quite make out whether the thing had to be boiled or fried first, the expert had gone on to the next stage—especially did I feel the limitations of my very personal shorthand when the ingredients required and their quantities were specified. The repetition did not help me any; it only confused my notes further. May I request culinary experts to go slower, much slower, in their broadcast directions to amateurs? A young lady in whom I confided remarked, with scorn, that I should just have left wide gaps in my transcription of the instructions, to be filled in later by common or kitchen sense. I did not point out that if I had this sense there would have been no need for me to listen in at all.

In one of his recent public confidences Dr. Keskar, with admirable succinctness, has explained everything in a few words. He has informed us that the National Programmes, so far featuring personalities, will be planned hereafter with an ear to the performance itself. So we have Pandits Ratanjankar and

Ravi Shankar again—I presume that programming on the basis of performance has already begun.

Having said indifferent things about the National Programmes for March, it gives me real pleasure to record my sincere appreciation of the programmes for April. Amir Khan's deep voice was impressive, though I (who have little technical knowledge of classical music) thought that his brief interludes in *Baiju Bawra* sounded even more majestic; Bismillah Khan was truly inspiring—a great artist, this, whose genius is peculiarly suited to the microphone. Nor did I fail to appreciate Pandit Ratanjankar's second innings. During the early part of this I did wish, listening to his exposition of *Ramdasmalhar* that Ramdas had not evolved his much-mixed *Malhar* but later I could see why Pandit Ratanjankar has such a following. Jog, who accompanied him on the violin, was delightful—lively and communicative as always. If there is any truth in 'The Fiddler of Dooney' Jog is assured of a place in heaven.

It is only of Maharajapuram Viswanatha Aiyar's programme that I cannot speak with enthusiasm. But note that I do not hereby imply any slight to his virtu—perhaps he had an off day. In fact I think that A. I. R. is as much to blame as Maharajapuram for the failure of the recital. They should have waited till television had arrived before scheduling his programme. Only then could people have sensed the assured fluency with which he reaches the higher octave, with an easy, eloquent gesture of the hand!

On the night of Saturday 17, the Madras station broadcast a discussion on 'Films in the Classroom' bet-

ween Dr. P. V. Pathy, cine-specialist, and Mr. K. Kurivilla Jacob, the educationist. Both spoke with the crisp assurance of experts, and the constructive zeal of practical idealists. It was agreed that a committee of schoolmasters, officers of the Education Department (or was it two committees?) and technicians should be set up, to ensure the films being effective aids to school education. Natural science, social studies (which include geography and history) and physical culture were specified as subjects suited to cine-visual aid in the classroom. On the question of a sound-track to supplement the film, to make it as interesting to the scholars as the talkies they went to with their parents, the educationist pointed out, very properly, that while interesting presentation was always an advantage, the prime purpose of such films was instructive, and sound could help little. He conceded the point that in depictions of dances music might enrich their value, as true audio-visual aids—and from there went off at a tangent to suggest that the school should tell the students what pictures they should see outside the classroom, so that their impressionable young minds might not be exposed to undesirable visions. Clearly an *obiter dictum*, but cannot parents be trusted to know what is harmful to their children and cannot educationists appreciate the dangers of warning young blood *not* to see a picture, because it is not 'nice'? Such taboos can have potent advertisement value, to the picture-house.

Discussing colour in classroom films, it was concluded that only in certain subjects like natural science (especially botany) would colour be useful—for other subjects, the physical sciences for instance, monochrome would be equally effective. But, even with botany, the colour should be true to be valuable in visual aid.

It is such statements that undermine one's faith in the expertness of others. Botany? And True-Colour? Surely there must be some misapprehension somewhere? It was clear from the title and trend of the discussion that these films were thought of as aids to the teaching of

the curriculum, but even if they are supplementary, why botany as the subject par excellence for true-



Maharajapuram Viswanatha Aiyar

colour films in the school? Botany, in our schools, is not an aesthetic pursuit where the exact blueness of a blue flower is important—it is a drab science, mainly concerned with morphology, histology and plant physiology. Except for the green of chlorophyll, the occasional red of certain youthful leaves, and chromatic value in certain methods of pollination, colour never comes into the study, and even in these contexts, precise colour values are never considered.

Films, chromatic or grey, can help the study of botany least of all among school subjects. There is little point in saying that vivid movies of types of vegetation, of rain-forests and mangrove swamps, could be of considerable educative value, because ecology is neglected in our schools, except for some much-simplified mention in forms I and II—moreover, still pictures (not photographs, necessarily) would do just as well for illustrating vegetation types in those forms.

What makes school botany peculiarly independent of visual aids is the fact that the class invariably goes to nature for model; or else nature comes into the classroom in bits.

Doesn't it seem somewhat redundant showing the schoolboy colourful movies of the *Hibiscus* in flower, or even of the growth of a bean seed, when he learns direct from the flower and the sprouting seed? I think it was Whistler, informed by an admirer

of the Whistlerian charm of a skyscraper, who remarked that nature was slowly creeping up. Our educationists should realise that in school botany nature has done better than creep up, slowly—it has already stolen a march on cine-visual art.

3,000 INDIANS STUDYING IN BRITAIN

By FRANCIS WATSON

IN India House, the handsome London headquarters of India's High Commissioner in the United Kingdom, an exhibition featuring the country's development programme aptly calls attention to the well-known pronouncement of Mahatma Gandhi which begins: "I do not want my house to be walled in and its windows stuffed. I want the winds of every culture to blow freely through it."

Perhaps it is the students as much as anyone who have the opportunity to keep those windows open. And of all countries to which young Indians travel for their studies, Britain has the largest contingent—at present about 3,000 of them. This is considerably more than there used to be before World War II and before India became an independent Republic in the Commonwealth.

What do they go for, these students, and what do they take back with them? They follow in the footsteps of past generations—among them many of India's greatest men and indeed Mahatma Gandhi himself—who went to Britain to acquire special professional skills and qualifications or to deepen their understanding of Western life and culture in general. But the pattern of their studies, and even the impulse that takes them, have changed in due course with a changing world.

One class of students, those who once went to Britain to prepare for the Indian Civil Service examinations, has naturally disappeared altogether. Another class, the sons or daughters of rich men who were sent to Oxford or Cambridge universities for experience and prestige

rather than for a particular purpose, almost belongs to history.

The reputation of the older universities in Britain is as high as ever, and their former students overseas are probably as devoted as ever to their *alma mater*. But today it is the course that counts more than the degree, the knowledge more than the reputation. Indian universities have their own high standards, and the value of an arts course in Britain is to be found in special fields, under special teachers, and in the cosmopolitan contacts that promote education in the broadest sense. Similarly the number of Indian law students in Britain, once very high, is not now so large in proportion to the whole student-force. To read for the Bar in Britain is an additional rather than a fundamental professional qualification.

About two-thirds of this force—that is to say some 2,000 Indian students—are in Britain to study scientific and technological subjects. This is a reflection of India's need and opportunities in her great development plans; it is a reflection of the ways in which Britain can help towards the fulfilment of those plans; and it is a reflection of the present age, in Britain as well as in India. The science course in universities and technical colleges absorb at the moment about 1,300 students of this kind. The others are getting their training and experience in factories and factory-establishments, or, in the case of medical students, in British hospitals after taking their Indian graduation.

There is no doubt that training in a modern, well-equipped and busy

factory—in light engineering, for instance, or electrical development—is of immense value to the technical student. British firms are not always able to offer as many places to overseas students as they would like to provide. But the fortunate student who secures a place is not likely to look back on his time in a factory in Britain as wasted.

Far from it. Factories, research centres, universities, technical and agricultural colleges, hospitals and local authorities are more alive than ever before to the need of trained citizens to meet the demands of the age, and no participants in Britain's educational facilities are more welcome than those from other Commonwealth countries.

But Britain gladly provides for all that can be fitted into a greatly increased student population, and the Indian High Commissioner's education office in London continues its excellent liaison work. In London the Indian Students Union, which has many staunch United Kingdom

friends, has now a fine new building, and in other parts of Britain there are about 22 Indian students' bureaux and associations devoted to the special interests of Indian students.

More than a third of the Indians studying in Britain go to London, with its large university network and its many other opportunities. But that still leaves a large number to take advantage of the excellent facilities in other towns and cities, and sometimes it may be found easier to get all-round results from one's student-days in a smaller centre.

Leeds University, for example, has long attracted Indian students, particularly those studying sociological and educational subjects. Many engineering students go to Glasgow; others to Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Bristol, and Birmingham. The older universities of Oxford and Cambridge, crowded now with State scholars under Britain's new educational system, have at present about 140 Indian students between them.

YOUTH ASSEMBLIES

Mr. R. R. Gidugu writes:

"In spite of the many terrors threatening modern youth, there is a fast growing and widespread awareness that they can, and must help themselves, and each other, to achieve that liberty of spirit, which is the basis of a free society," so says Violet Welton in her article, "Students of Today Think Internationally." What are these "many terrors" threatening the youth even after the defeat of Fascism in the last war? Nobody can criticise Violet Welton if she has her own reasons for praising the World Assembly of Youth, and criticising the World Federation of Democratic Youth. But it cannot be denied that no world youth organisation will succeed in its mission unless every country is free from foreign domination, giving its youth opportunity for better living.

Many countries in Asia and the Middle East are yet to be politically free. For the youth there, their fight against their oppressors is a matter of life and death. They do not now revel in thoughts of "mutual exchanges of training," and "travel," "hostel accommodation," and "self-government in universities." Will there be any free spirit, free thinking, and progress, and peace

in those countries that are not free? In such countries, everybody agrees, it is the youth that suffer most. Right thinking youth of the free world should unequivocally condemn French terrors in Tunisia, Morocco, and Viet-Minh, the British carnage in Malaya, and East Africa, and the U. S. support to these powers.

Students, if they have to think internationally, must see that these terrors are ended. To my knowledge, either the World Assembly of Youth, or the International Assembly of Youth never said a word against this ruthless colonial oppression, nor did they sympathise with the youth struggling for emancipation. On the contrary, these Assemblies included representatives of the enemies of mankind and progress, religious fanatics, and upholders of racialism, and colonialism.

Let not political bias drive us to such a fanaticism as to say that other bodies are at the service of a particular country's political aims without realising the existence of vicious elements within our own body. Different youth organisations would do better if they joined together, and genuinely worked for the welfare of the world youth.

PALLAVARAM HILL

THE weather report for Sunday read: "Cloudy weather will prevail until evening. Thunder-showers at night." This was certainly more than one could ask for. Folding the newspaper I looked out of the window, up at the sky. Light grey clouds covered the Madras skies completely. The train was slowing down and suddenly the Guindy overbridge threw a momentary darkness upon it. A little before seven o'clock we were trudging along the railway tracks, having got down at Pallavaram, towards the foot of the hill. During this fairly long tramp, to the great excitement of the kids, three or four trains drawn by steam engines came roaring down from Tambaram.

Turning to the right from the railroad, the broad and stony path which climbs the hill in four straight laps is reached. The path which is not steep, presents both young and old with good exercise with the result that breakfast is looked forward to with keen appetites. At the top of this hillock there is a mosque-like building with all doors and windows blocked up. A broad verandah runs on all four sides and this was where we settled down for the day's fun and frolic. There is a spacious, paved, very shady and windswept courtyard which I found ideal for the midday siesta, it being too breezy for either card games or Sunday papers. The kids disappeared soon after breakfast on a small tour of exploration of the hill-top and the small vacant buildings that lie half-demolished. It appears that these quarters were occupied by the military during the war. Later on during the day when I stepped into them, quite a shock awaited me. Drawn on the walls with bits of coal were the crudest obscenities that one can imagine, furnished with elaborate commentaries and all sorts of scribbling. It would be a great service to picnickers if something could be done to erase these 'frescoes.'

A magnificent view is obtained from the verandah. Directly below, the triple railway tracks, a bit farther the Great Southern Trunkroad, are seen in strips between the green blotches of trees. From above the dwellings appear very neat and bright in the tree-studded landscape. The fast electric trains look like crawling worms, their clatter almost inaudible. The noises of civilisation do not reach up there. The big tree rustles interminably in the high wind. The children's laughter and shouts are borne to us now and then as they chase the goats, that are so surefooted on the steep slopes.

All on a sudden the rising drone of an aeroplane is heard jerking our mental radar apparatus into action. We catch sight of the gleaming plane, rapidly gaining height, lifting out of the skyline and on a level with the top of our hill. It flies away glinting in the sun. The proximity of the Meenambakkam Airport occurs to us and there is an exodus to the other verandah which commands a view of it. But for the adjacent hillock, which throws up its crest a little in the way, a fine view of the airport is possible. The stone quarrying which is now in progress may finally remove that obstacle in some years' time. The children settle in that verandah, keeping vigil of the skies for planes and are delighted to watch them take off and land. The trainer aircraft fly up very often, filling the hiatus between the Dakotas. The trains, electric and steam, are ignored in favour of this spectacle.

The lunch hour finds us with ravishing appetites. We had brought food and water, wisely not expecting drinking water supply here. A little past three and it was time for packing up and going. Down the hill and along the tracks, with a brief stop at the Madras Port Trust engine shed, we reach Pallavaram station to catch the train that will take us to what appeared a smoky haze from the top of the Pallavaram Hill.—D.N.

MID-DAY MEALS IN SCHOOLS

NOT so long ago a few hundred municipal and private schools in Bombay joined together to celebrate the School Health Day. The display of mass drill under the blue canopy of the sky was an impressive sight and one's heart swelled with pride when a few foreigners amongst the spectators made appreciative remarks.

But the main slogan of the day "hands off exposed food" came as an anti-climax! Now, I have no vested interest in the Bhelpakori-wallahs and ice-fruit-wallahs who make a roaring trade amongst juvenile population. Nor do I wish to be listed amongst the 'professional agitators' who are bound to condemn any ban on sweetmeat vendors as the intellectual bourgeoisie's attempt to sacrifice a petty tradesman!

"Hands off exposed foods" may be a catchy slogan but who is to provide clean food so that the hungry-like wolves (youngsters) are not starved? This will be the chief worry of mothers. In metropolitan cities like Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, schools are situated away from residential locality and it is not convenient for the school children to go home for tiffin.

Neither do the schools provide mid-day meals. The young pupils have either to carry the tiffin with them when they leave the home for school early in the day or as next best alternative, have to patronise the food vendors in the school vicinity. You just can't prevent them from doing so by saying that the food they consume is harmful to health. After all, they see their elders eating similar stuff so avidly in the evenings on the Chowpathy, the Marina or in the bazaar lanes!

That reminds me of a nonchalant rebuff received from a four-year-old! We were helping her to cut her first educational teeth—the kindergarten style. One day some one asked her teasingly what she would do if Mummy forgot to send her lunch to school. "I will go to a hotel and eat," said the girl in a matter-of-fact manner. Obviously she must have heard of the office-going aunts

and uncles speaking of hotels and restaurants.

The war-time practice of patronising eating houses has come to stay. Canteen amenities have become a common feature of government and industrial establishments. There is no reason why these should not be extended to our schools where the need is equally pressing.

But then, the present set-up of most schools is such that having a canteen in the already over-crowded place would be undesirable. This difficulty is not insurmountable, however in this age of wheels.

Mobile canteens can cater to a few schools in different areas. Cannot women clubs and such other institutions give the lead in this matter?

Most of them boast of their own premises which could be partly converted into small food depots with cooking and storage arrangements. This will mean employment to needy women. The municipal authorities should then provide vans to collect food from these 'depots' and distribute it to the schools during recess. However, our municipalities talk of financial difficulties!

But, then, the All-India Women's Food Council and its Annapoorna cafeterias ought to shoulder the entire responsibility. The Delhi branch of Women's Food Council has its own mobile canteen serving wholesome and cheap snacks to a few schools. And it is said that the Calcutta branch will soon follow in the footsteps of Delhi. Those who know the local secretary, the fair and petite Mrs. Maksar, feel sure about the successful working of the scheme. For, Mrs. Maksar has lot of pull and sincerity of purpose.

Public transport authorities and commercial firms in big cities elsewhere must copy the example set by a Calcutta firm. In this connection, it is rather curious to remember that in our country we have individuals who readily make endowments for feeding sugar to ants and grain to cows. But we depend upon the good will authority when the question of serving meals for the tiny scholars comes up!

—LEELA JOG.

Two Correspondents Discuss

NEWS-GATHERING IN EUROPE AND U. S. A.

By JAN van GINDERTAEL

DIFFERENCES between news-gathering in the United States and Europe, as I have found them, fall broadly into two groups—variations of a technical nature and those which are linked with the key problem of freedom of the press.

Technical differences start with the very act of writing a news dispatch. The European reporter is allowed great flexibility. He is encouraged to develop his own colourful style and original approach and to arrange his story in whatever order (or disorder) he chooses. His role is dual: he is both reporter and editorialist. (The exception to the rule is the news agency correspondent, who works on the same principle of "straight news" as the American newsmen.)

The American reporter, by contrast, follows a more rigid pattern. Style rules direct him to express himself in a particular way. His lead paragraph must answer the basic questions. He must make his impact on the reader at the start; he cannot "dilute" it throughout his dispatch. His main job is not to write, but to get the news. His personal feelings are excluded from his story.

One explanation of the difference in approach is obvious. Few newspapers in Europe carry a daily page exclusively reserved for editorials; in fact, editorial statements appear only on special occasions. On the other hand, many papers have formal ties with this or that party, which increases the tendency of editors to use what is called in the United States a "slanted story" as news.

The tradition of the American editorial page dispenses the reporter from interjecting subjective ideas into his story. The newspaper has an adequate outlet for its policy.

Other technical differences stem from the newsmen's training.

In Europe "cultural" qualifications are stressed. University degrees are often required, implying that extensive knowledge of literature, geography, history, political science or economics is a 'must' in the educational background of any prospective newsmen.

Yet, in spite of all the value attached to *culture generale*, full account must be taken of the amazing fact that comparatively few European newsmen receive specific college training in journalism, though experience has shown that a liberal arts graduate, with or without honours, will not necessarily make a good reporter.

Curiously enough, American journalism, while specializing the newsmen's job as far as possible (with no overlapping between news and editorial writing), sticks to the somewhat outdated idea that all journalism graduates should undergo a full all-round training during their first five years on a newspaper. Everyone, whatever his ultimate ambition, is encouraged to work his way "from the bottom up," starting as a copy boy or even a messenger.

Waste Of Time

This seems to be a time-consuming requirement which adds little to the basic knowledge already possessed by the young newsmen. It should be enough for him to know the tools of his job—not only the typewriter, but also the slugs, galleys and linotypes—the training which is acquired automatically by any journalism student in the U. S.

The differences in practice which come from training may eventually level off as more schools of journalism are set up in Europe, mainly to teach the student the businesslike rules of his job and wean him from the belief that newsgathering is an erratic "art."

On the other hand, American newsmen might profitably tighten their own standards by giving more attention to intellectual qualifications, which they have overlooked so far—particularly knowledge of foreign languages.

Other differences are due not to training, but to varying interpretations of the concept of freedom of the press in the United States and in Europe.

If Freedom of the press is not coupled with freedom to find out what is going on behind the scenes, it is illusory and is not going to give birth to objective newsgathering, but at best to the little monster of rumour gathering.

This problem is well illustrated by the varying techniques of the press conference. Such conferences are rare in Europe and the few that are so labelled seldom provide for the free give-and-take offered by a question-and-answer period.

Standing Room Only

Reporters are ushered into a spacious room—but kept standing. When their man comes in, he may read a statement, make a political announcement or briefly report on conversations he has had with foreign dignitaries.

Beyond that (which often smacks of an opera performance), little is offered to the newsmen, except perhaps a stereotyped handout. If questions are timidly asked at the end of the so-called press conference, they can be quickly dismissed with a curt "Sorry, no questions." Ushers, and sometimes police guards, then do their best to have the reporters out of the building as soon as possible.

One may well wonder why newspapers should send their best reporters to cover the event; a messenger bringing back the press release would do just as well.

A press conference, as the term is understood in Washington and elsewhere in the United States, means much more than that. Reporters may be gathered in a drab-looking office—but seats, even pencils and paper have been provided for them.

After they have listened to the formal announcement, they are free to

ask as many questions as time permits, "load" their queries at will, even delve into highly confidential fields. They may stumble into a "No comment." More frequently, however, the answer will consist in "off the record" or "background" explanations which they are trusted not to make available for publication.

Yet, all in all, this system gives the press a fair and comprehensive idea of "what is going on." Here, no ushers are needed; for the race to telephone booths clears the press conference room in no time.

Free access to meetings and conventions of political, business or professional leaders is frequently contested to European newsmen. When they are finally admitted, after much wrangling, they are generously informed that they have been done an exceptional favour.

As a result of being merely "tolerated" (at meetings where they have a perfect right to be), many European newsmen have developed inhibitions as a British reporter recently pointed out.

While American newsmen are never afraid to expose their own ignorance at a press conference just so long as they can find an opportunity to be enlightened, he said, European newsmen are loath to raise questions, especially if they are not up on the particular topic under discussion. (Trygve Lie's press conference in a West European capital last year seems to confirm these observations, inasmuch as the then UN Secretary-General had to prod the newsmen into asking him questions, something which he never had to do with American reporters.)

Relying On Hunches

The rareness of press conferences, the bar to public meetings and the inhibitions of the reporters all contribute to restricting the volume as well as the quality of the news which can be gathered. Newsmen have to rely more on a personal "hunch" than on cold facts—simply because the facts have not been made available to them.

More inaccurate reports are, naturally, produced that way than through any other technique. Ironi-

cally, the press is further discredited in the whole process, as its shortcomings confirm the fears of those who assert that newsmen do not understand anything of the delicate workings of public affairs.

Improvement will come only if more confidence develops between Europe's press on the one hand and the government and the public on

the other. A newsgathering "honour code," similar to the ethics accepted by American newsmen, could perhaps serve as a starting point. Newsmen would receive more than strict official pronouncements, while officials would know that no "off the record" story is going to be broken or "background" information be directly attributed to them.

ACCESS TO NEWS IS LONDON PROBLEM

By WILLIAM McGAFFIN

Any other difference between reporting in Washington and London is dwarfed by one problem—access to the news. I think there would be general agreement among the American correspondents here that London, for a variety of reasons, has always been a more difficult capital to do a good job of reporting in than Washington; and that it has become even more difficult since the advent of a Churchill government in October 1951.

Prime Minister Churchill and his Conservative government are far closer to the American government in spirit, political philosophy and economic practices than was the Labour government of Clement Attlee. Mr. Churchill is as much interested as Mr. Eisenhower in preserving capitalism. But, curiously enough, American correspondents here, as a general rule, had far greater access to news under the Socialists than they do now under the Conservatives.

Contrast with Attlee

There used to be a press secretary at 10 Downing Street, who held regular weekly press conferences. When Mr. Churchill came to power, he abolished this post and discontinued the conferences.

Prime Minister Attlee used to be accessible from time to time for background, not-for-attribution talks that were helpful as guidance in interpretive writing. Sometimes he would see us in small groups, sometimes he would come to lunch as the guest of the American Association of Correspondents in London.

But Prime Minister Churchill has yet to receive us. He has refused all

our invitations and rebuffed all our overtures for establishing some sort of press contact with 10 Downing Street.

Yet, when he goes to America, he gives press and radio and television conferences. He accepts invitations from the National Press Club in Washington. He answers questions which he would dismiss as "impudent" and "indiscreet" if anyone got a chance to pose them on this side of the Atlantic.

Why will he agree to hold a press conference in America? "He follows the custom of your country," a British official answered when I put this question. "Your President gives press conferences, so it is only right that Mr. Churchill should do the same."

What this official neglected to add was that Mr. Churchill obviously realizes that it would make a very bad impression if he refused to see the press and that by doing so he can create an enormous amount of goodwill for himself, his government and his country. He apparently feels that it offsets his neglect of the American press in his own country.

American correspondents here have one consolation. British newspapermen get no better treatment from their Prime Minister than we foreigners. Churchill apologists have various explanations for his conduct, which range all the way from "He hasn't the time to see the press" to "He just won't."

Small Concession

A few months ago, after we protested to Lord Swinton, who was then in charge of press relations

for Mr. Churchill we won a small concession. A weekly conference for us was set up with the press official who briefs the House of Commons lobby correspondents (some of whom double in brass as diplomatic correspondents). But this man freely admits that he is told no more about what goes on at 10 Downing Street than we are.

And so we are forced back to a system of access to Downing Street by circuitous and, for the most part, unsatisfactory paths. Occasionally Mr. Churchill will see fit to release something through one of his personal secretaries and this will trickle through on the PA and Exel tickers.

Some of Mr. Churchill's defenders argue that, under the British system, question hour in the House of Commons takes the place of the President's press conference at the White House. But mention of the House of Commons brings up another problem of coverage here.

Commons meets in a much smaller room than the American Congress. It is a deliberate scheme aimed at keeping an intimate atmosphere for good debating. But, because space is restricted, there is not enough room even for the MPs when they are all there, and there is never enough room for all the foreign correspondents who want to attend. So we are compelled to take turns. If a big debate is coming up, we apply in advance for a seat, but we may or may not get it.

There is a bright spot in the London coverage picture, however—the Foreign Office. For years now an able permanent staff in the Foreign Office news department has cooperated with successive American correspondents.

There have been many times in the past six years that I have been covering London when the Americans here found it easier to get news and news background material from the Foreign Office than from their own embassy.

Embassy Difficulties

Several years ago, when Lewis Douglas was just getting under way as American Ambassador, some American correspondents pointed this situation out to him and cautioned

him on the possibility that American stories going out of London would have a British bias because it was impossible to balance them with anything from the American Embassy.

"I know that," Mr. Douglas replied, "but if I can just get the man I want for press officer, you will see a big improvement in your relations with the embassy."

Mr. Douglas got his man, but the correspondents could not see that it helped things any. The man he hired as his press officer had been a working American correspondent, one of us. But as soon as he became a striped pants diplomat with an office in the embassy, he set himself up as a barrier between us and the news instead of a bridge.

London is full of press officers and, unfortunately, most of them are of the "barrier-to-the-news" type.

The best thing Lew Douglas could have done for us would have been to continue the really informative background conferences he started out with. It was understood that we could write the material we got from him, providing we did not attribute it to him or in any way indicate that it was from an American Embassy source. We were to write it on our own authority under our own bylines.

But, just as Mr. Douglas reached a point where he felt he could trust us and, accordingly, began to talk more freely, one of the American wire services broke his confidence. The wire service correspondent wrote that his story came from a "high-placed American source in London."

He might as well have mentioned Mr. Douglas by name. The Ambassador was livid and the infrequent conferences he held after that were a complete waste of time because he never took us into his confidence again.

Mr. Douglas was followed by Walter S. Gifford, and now a new American Ambassador is here—Winthrop Aldrich. It is too early yet to say how things will go during his tenure, although he told American correspondents on his arrival recently that he was anxious to co-operate.

But the wire services still operate in a manner that can be upsetting to

good press relations, whether the news sources be American or English. They still are hogtied with the rule from their home offices that they must identify the source of a story so closely they might as well come right out and name the individual in person.

There have been two instances in recent weeks, one involving an American news source, the other a British, when the sources protested that they had been let down by a wire service. Unfortunately, too often the innocent are made to suffer along with the culprit. When a wire service has offended a good news source, the source often replies by drying up on all of us.

Another unfortunate feature of wire service coverage is their dog-eat-dog competition, which often leads them into blowing up stories for the sake of taking the play away from their rivals. This, too, sometimes brings a general reaction against us all.

One of the hardest things for an

American correspondent to take here, however, is the general attitude of many Englishmen—especially many of the 'old school tie' aristocrats in Churchill's government and the Conservative Party—to newspapermen. They look down their noses at us. We are not quite nice. We should use the servants' entrance. We have nowhere near the prestige and importance here that we enjoy in our own country. And that, perhaps, is the biggest single reason why it is harder here than at home to do a good job of reporting.

The secret is to live here long enough so that you are known and trusted, and have good social contacts. London is a place where you can sometimes get a good story over the telephone, but, nine times out of ten, if you want your source to really give with the lowdown, you have to take him to lunch.

London, in sum, is a place where you need not only brains and a strong pair of legs to do a good job, but a comfortable entertainment allowance as well.—(I. P. I. Report)

"HOW TO TREAT AMERICANS IN INDIA": A REPLY

By S. P. MISHRA

IN his article, "How to Treat an American in India," published in a number of Indian journals, Roland E. Wolseley, Visiting Fulbright Professor of Journalism, tells us of one 'do' and seven 'don't' ways of treating Americans in India.

The one 'do' is continuance of "the open arms attitude" Americans have encountered in India. Wolseley's seven complaining don'ts and the corresponding replies to them are as follows—

(1) "Indians should be less outspoken about their opinions of their own country when discussing affairs with Americans."

Wolseley objects to open criticism of bribery and corruption in India. At the same time he says we are ourselves responsible for it by offering

bribes. He ignores the fact nobody likes paying bribes if it can be avoided. He does not see that we object to it the more we are compelled to submit to it.

In America there is more bribery and corruption involving immense sums. One candidate actually ran against Eisenhower for Presidency on exposing the rackets. But few Americans object to it because it is a part of the American way of life dedicated to the god Mammon worshipped every day except bank holidays. In India we don't like it and don't care who knows it.

(2) Indians make the mistake of "taking Americans for something most of us are not—experts on all subjects American."

Well, most Indians are decided

about most things. Our ideas may be right or wrong but we take a broad interest in life, have something in the top storey and use it. Most of us are sure each can do better than did Stalin or does Malenkov. Each of us thinks he knows what Nehru shouldn't do, or what should be the fiscal policy, or how to conduct a war better than Nam II or Peng Teh-hui. We think it's a sign of intellectual maturity and that Americans too can think and have ideas about things American.

(3) "An American agricultural expert can be considered a man who knows what's what in farming. But don't depend much upon him when he tells you about American art, American writing, American sculpture, American history or American medicine."

Nobody could depend on medical advice by an agricultural expert. The hyperbole is intended to convey that American culture is so low or non-existent that they are mere automations to whom questions necessitating exercise of intelligence are embarrassing and offensive.

(4) Indians should not "expect Americans to eat everything in sight," and urged by hostesses, so overeat that "six hours later, he writhes on his bed."

All over East every host or hostess presses guests to overeat but none does. If Americans do, it just shows they should better keep out of East or like it.

(5) Visitors to and their sympathy for sick Americans are forbidden. Americans don't like being visited by sympathisers when sick, says Wolseley.

Sure, a sick man is a bad sight. Even without retches, belches and diarrhoea, he is robbed of all pomp and dignity, of all sophistry. But no Indian minds being seen socially naked because he hasn't a false front, he's just ill.

(6) "Indians should not ask Americans too many personal questions." It's another Eastern trait—the

probe habit. It's meant to be a compliment. Probing questions that establish the appearances of the person questioned flatter him. If questions give the lie to his appearances, Indian questioners pretend not to notice it but privately see him placed to where he belongs.

(7) Indians should "not treat Americans as if they could pull all sorts of strings in the U. S. and get them special favours."

In the East all scouting for possibilities and requests are made to appear as special favours as a compliment. In China, for instance, when a creditor wants a loan repaid, he begs the debtor for a loan!

"We are made to feel," complains Wolseley in conclusion, "like kings and queens (hardly a democratic concept, but the sensation is there). It will be a jolt for many of us, when we get back, to resume being just ordinary citizens again."

This is certainly a new one on our bad manners and maliciousness. We treat Americans as kings and queens just so when they return to the States they are shocked to find themselves ordinary people. But most of us don't know what life is in the States. We can't imagine the contrast. We just know how we should behave towards our guests.

Indians returning home from America actually forget the colour-bar, the frigidity, the insolence, the superiority-complex, the hypersensitivity of immature Americans. So strong is the native tradition here that these Indians start behaving as Indians.

Nobody in his senses would have complained of trivialities which are all well-meant and standard conduct in the East, particularly when Americans are so well treated by Indians as Wolseley says they are. The real reason for our being told of our bad manners on top of treating Americans as kings and queens is, probably, American aversion to Indian neutralist policy in the Cold War.

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—COLTON.

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.

American Aid And Indians' Duty

Somewhere in the United States of America, a five-year-old Wendy, having heard her family talk about the grave needs of India, set to work and earned one dollar five cents by running errands, wheeling the neighbour's baby. Of this sum, she kept five cents for herself and sent the remaining one dollar to "the people of India."

Such is the spirit under which the American money, as also technical expert assistance, is being rendered to India.

We had many famines; 3,000,000 people died of famine in a single province in 1943. Last year we imported 5,000,000 tons from abroad half of which came from the United States. We are spending 600,000,000 dollars annually in foreign exchange just to keep ourselves living.

Besides improving ourselves in education, industry, irrigation and in various other fields, we will make ourselves self-sufficient in food under the Five Year Plan.

American aid will go, in all, to eleven different types of activity, all of them directly furthering the objectives of the Five Year Plan.

It is but natural that we are curious just why these Americans are spending (or rather gambling) so much of their money on India. Naturally some express criticism and suspicion.

The reason is simple. Take the case of Mr. X, a man of considerable means and wealth with a high standard of living. He resides in an aristocratic wealthy locality, where his neighbours are informal and at ease with him, where his wealth is not an eye-sore to his neighbours. He cannot and would not (if he can avoid it) live in a poorer section of the city where people would stare at his automobile and speak in hush-hush tones about his fashion dresses, his jewellery, his sumptuous parties. Finally he would be rumoured to be the cause of their misery and poverty. However large hearted and generous Mr. X may be he would inevitably quit the locality for good.

It is just the same with Uncle Sam. He finds himself in a war-ravaged world where his neighbours are hungry and miserable with no hope in sight. He has only two ways of living. Either he shuts himself aloof (which is suicidal in the

long run) and lives in a fool's paradise or goes out to his neighbours with a large heart and liberal purse and help them rebuild their pulled down homes and help them stand on their feet once again. Consequently he makes his position safe having a prosperous contented world around him.

Bold enough, America chose the second path and is now helping thirtythree countries with non-military economic assistance.

With an annual 50-million dollar aid, 55 Community Project Centres are being worked out to make India self-sufficient in food. American funds are providing bulldozers, pumps and other essential equipment for many of our irrigation projects including Damodar, Hirakud and Bakhra-Nangal—the last named alone to irrigate 3,300,000 acres annually. At a cost of 23,000,000 dollars to their treasury, the U. S. is fighting our deadliest enemy, malaria. (There are more than 1,000,000 deaths from malaria each year). The U. S. is helping us with 108,000 tons of fertilizer, 55,000 tons of iron and steel. Our marine fishing is being improved with modern diesel motors for small craft for farther off shore fishing. We have American experts here to help build a new India.

For all this help, how much of publicity does our Government give? It is surprisingly about nil. We receive the aid as if it is our rightful due. Our leaders and government are unable to pull themselves out of their "dynamic neutrality" and thank our American friends with more warmth, publicity and generous gestures. Is it not time enough to dissociate in our minds "imperialism" and white men and realize our friends from our foes by their deeds and not by their colour? Are we not ourselves guilty of racial discrimination if we treat all the white men alike? There are friends in the white men as surely as there are enemies of India in the coloured race.

Let us all be more civil and realize the magnitude of help rendered to us and thank heartily Wendy and the millions of Americans who are spending their hard earned money for our welfare and the welfare of our children.

C. S. R.

Power Cut And Flour Mills

The cut in consumption of electricity, enforced by the Government, has been

utilized by the proprietors of flour mills in the city to enhance their charges for grinding wheat and other grains cent per cent. The Government has not increased the rate of supply of electricity. The cut is only 20 per cent and this should not affect the out-turn of a mill much. Moreover, flour mills do not have large establishments and they are known to be making big profits. Cannot the authorities granting licences to the mills do something to check the unauthorised enhancement of the charges?

T. N. N.

Refusal Of Passport

The Madras High Court recently observed that the claim for a passport was not founded on any legal right. Our Constitution grants, subject to certain reasonable restrictions, a number of freedoms, including the freedom to travel. The Constitution does not appear to make any distinction between movement in the country and in a foreign land. Of course the tourist should conform to the laws of the country he is travelling in, but that is a different matter. For claiming this right of travel, it is enough for the claimant to show that he is a citizen of this country. Hence this liberty of movement would appear to be based on the legal right of one being a citizen of India.

It is unfortunate that the Judges had nothing to say regarding the allegations made by the claimants that the refusal of passports was *mala fide* and that it was an arbitrary and unjust discrimination, constituting as such an unreasonable restriction on their movements. It is not known how their lordships stated that the issue of passports was the exercise of a purely political function. The passport issuing authority is no more a political organ than the authorities for the grant of permits and licences for the movement of goods.

Once an aggrieved citizen complains before the High Court that an unreasonable restriction has been imposed on him, it is for that tribunal to satisfy itself that the restraint was reasonable.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government
Servants' Association.

Madurai.

Foreign Missionaries

The activities of foreign Christian missionaries in India were referred to in

the Council of States recently. This spotlighted the large-scale conversions attempted by these evangelists by methods which do not exactly redound to their credit. This report was followed by a statement by the Archbishop of Madras, in which he laboured hard to defend the missionaries and their activities.

The Archbishop has been a little over-anxious to justify the forced conversions of large masses of illiterate and semi-literate people throughout India against all codes of religious ethology. In his attempt to cover up the questionable tactics of these missionaries, the Archbishop has invoked the provisions of the Constitution and the spirit of Hinduism. True, the brightest principle of Hinduism is tolerance, immortalised in the words of Lord Krishna which have been quoted by the Archbishop. But, will the Archbishop pause and think whether Christian missionaries behave in as exemplary a fashion as they should when they are received with out-stretched arms, as it were, in this ancient land of tolerance and goodwill? Instead, they waste no opportunities of attacking Hinduism, calling followers of this great religion 'pagans,' 'idol worshippers' etc.

The doctrine of sin is still the basic assumption of Christianity as generally practised today and Christian missionaries in trying to make converts, generally start by impressing upon the party to be converted a consciousness of sin and the wickedness of human nature, which is the *sine qua non* for the need of the remedy which the missionary has up his sleeve. All in all, their philosophy seems to be, 'You can't make a man Christian unless you first make him believe he is a sinner.' They believe that all who do not accept Christ are sinners and that we, Hindus, are no exceptions.

Lately Christian missionaries have started a large-scale attempt to indoctrinate the unwary by visiting their homes at regular intervals and carrying on propaganda against religions other than Christianity. This practice is greatly evident in Bangalore and has become a scourge in our social life. The Archbishop speaks of the tolerance that is the spirit of Hinduism but does he realise that freedom of religion is guaranteed in the Constitution, not to the Christian missionaries alone, but to their hapless victims too? Then, is the religious tolerance of the Hindus only to be exploited and not to be honoured?

A. R. SUBRAMANIAN.
Bangalore.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII.
No. 15

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1953

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ROT IN MEDICAL ADMINISTRATION

THEY have ushered in three upgraded institutions in the city of Madras with a flourish of trumpets. This is all to the good of the State if the idea underlying the upgrading of the institutions is properly given effect to. What is this idea? It is to form centres for higher study in selected subjects. Such centres must be under the direction of competent teachers devoting the whole of their time in guiding post-graduates on proper lines and evolving programmes that will lay a sure foundation for continuity of activity. In recognition of the heavy responsibilities devolving on the directors of the upgraded institutions, higher scales of pay have been provided for them. But this is not enough. It is also necessary that they should be relieved of the ~~usual~~ routine sort of administrative duties.

It is stupid to foist on the director of an upgraded institution nerve-racking administrative duties connected with the whole hospital of which the institution forms a part, but this is just the sort of atrocity that the Government have perpetrated. They have invested the director of the upgraded maternity hospital with the superintendentship as well. If it is argued that the post of superintendent is not a taxing one, and a fool-proof system has been perfected by a succession of efficient superintendents in the past, then it stands to reason that any person of average intelligence and common honesty will suffice for it. The director of the upgraded institution need not have been burdened with it. But if it is argued

that the administration of a large hospital is a tricky thing, and only the present superintendent and none other is equal to it, then it is but right that he should not be saddled in addition with the directorship of the upgraded institution which calls for exclusive and wholetime devotion. Looked at from whatever angle, the combining of the directorship with the superintendentship in the maternity hospital must be rated a blunder of the first magnitude. After all, was the regime of the superintendent of the hospital so entirely without blemish, to justify the conferment of the present signal honour on him? There was the famous iddili scandal which was the talk of the town for a long time. The contract for supplying iddilies to the hospital was given to a stooge without calling for tenders at double rate for half the weight. When the Accounts Department was about to make a row over the affair, there was, it would appear, great activity behind the scenes, and pressure from high quarters was exerted to get the whole scandal hushed up. For one irregularity that escapes to public notice through the vigilant cordon of high power secrecy and censorship, there are perhaps a hundred that go undetected. But the plain fact of the matter is that throughout the State, hospital administration is a sink of deplorable petty dishonesties, and not infrequently the ordained protectors of State property are themselves its licensed purloiners.

Some critic might come out with a rejoinder that the Madras State had not much say in matters con-

nected with the upgraded institutions and the responsibility for their promotion rests on other authorities like the Central Government, the Post-graduate Education Council and the World Health Organisation. Technically many pleas can be advanced for shoving the blame for patent defects that cannot be defended, on one branch of our vast complicated hierarchy of rulers, rather than another, and this is one such example. It does not dispose of the root cause of most evils, which lies in the power which accrues to one dominant figure to stifle the voice of quite a number of honest and straight individuals when important questions connected with public welfare come up for discussion and decision. We are constrained to say that Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar has not been an unmixed blessing. Here is an example of a man whom the gift of the gab has taken far enough. To add to it, the prestige he has acquired by the constant boosting of assiduous henchmen posted at strategical points in our vast network of political, educational, medical and health organisations, the cumulative effects of his ability to make himself acceptable, first to the white bureaucrats when they were here, then to become the hot favourite of the Justices while they were in power, and now the persona grata of the Congress rulers make him very nearly irresistible. And he has made use—or abuse—of his position to make it appear to all concerned that the present superintendent of the maternity hospital is the only person in the world who is fit for the directorship of the upgraded institution. This is because of all the candidates he is the one least disliked by Dr. Mudaliar. No wonder there is seething discontent among the younger members of the profession who have come to look upon the veteran Doctor as an Old Man of the Sea crushing under his weight many an institution that otherwise

would have grown and flourished and developed into excellent serviceability.

There is absolutely no use indulging in public harangues on the evil effects of corruption while practices bordering on corruption are winked at in the case of the higher ranks of State employees by the mighty and the powerful in the land. We do not hear of a Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack engaging in private practice. The Judges of the Supreme Court and the High Courts do not have chamber practice. But here in Madras State, there is the disquieting spectacle of the Vice Chancellor of the University, the Speaker of the Legislative Council and the Director of Medical Services, indulging in private professional practice in defiance of the normal etiquette of the civilized world. The trend is towards over-concentration of power and pelf in a few pampered hands, and from it stems a whole series of wrong practices lower down that tend to undermine the morale of the services and throw them eventually into the lap of corruption.

The mixing up of the directorship and the superintendentship is a notable example of excessive concentration of duties that should not be permitted to rest in a single individual for the sake as much of honesty as of efficiency. The untenability of the arrangement is already registered in the fact that the director, unable to cope with his work, has been forced to take on a deputy to himself. The deputy will help to maintain an illusion of independent judgement and action, while subtracting little or nothing from the director's too-heavy burden of functions and duties, the real thing objectionable that has to be eliminated. Another wrong innovation that needs to be put an end to is the posting of husband and wife for service in the same hospital. An over-domesticated atmosphere, through the packing of a married couple on the staff, queers the pitch for others working in the

hospital, and it becomes impossible for them to ventilate any grievance or expose any irregularity against the tremendous odds of a combination of director, superintendent, deputy superintendent and his lady.

One expects the Director of Medical Services not only to be bold and adventurous but also imaginative and to initiate reforms in furtherance of public welfare through medical care, but as far as we can see, the same old

humdrum routine is being maintained and there are few improvements. In the democratic set-up of the present times, the Minister for Health ought to be cognizant of all that is happening in his departments. It is a pity that far too many abuses are tolerated without check, and when a scandal comes to light, the anxiety is to hush it up and save false prestige and not stamp it out and serve the public.

Sotto Voce

MY EVEREST



THESE Everest-climbers forget that they may be putting ideas into people's heads. Take me, for instance. I was born in the Tanjore country which is totally innocent of elevations other than those of the mind and the soul. I roamed the Himalayas with Kalidasa's Kinnaras and with Keats opened magic case-nets on the foam of perilous seas. But that was all—till at the age of twenty I gazed awe-stricken at the Pallavaram Hills and rather superciliously at the Bay of Bengal receding helplessly from our victorious Chempauk strand. If anybody had then prophesied that one day I should be wandering familiarly by the Alakanda as if it were my village stream and looking upon Nilakantha and Trisul and the inviolate Kallasa with the unsurprised reverence we give to our gopurams, I should have thought him dotty.

And yet I shall be doing precisely these things within the next fortnight (let me touch wood). I find it

hard to persuade myself, in my less exalted moments, that I am not dreaming. Hovering within sight of the milestone that shall find me translated to the order of O. M. this enterprise looks rash, not to say frivolous. I am appalled by my own audacity. Is it a small thing, I ask you, to climb 11,000 feet and make one's devoirs to Kedareswara—having first braved the terrors of the forest of snows, as the great Bhaskararaya puts it,—to tread the holy ground of Badari Vana and square one's accounts with one's ancestors at Brahma Kapala? But in the midst of such transports it occurs to me that my friends will probably greet them with an indulgent smile. And that gives me the cold douche.

"Ah, I see you have been making a conducted tour of Heaven's antechamber," they will say, imagining that I had allowed myself to be carted about by a travel agency as if I were a parcel. Let me repudiate the base insinuation here and now. I

don't mind admitting that from the point of view of creature comforts it might have been better if I had put myself into the capable hands of one of these universal providers. But, as I was saying, these Everest people have so monopolised the limelight that we—the Three Musketeers of the proposed adventure—thought we must play explorer too.

At this point I can almost hear the carious reader treated to these confidences sniffing, "Explorer indeed! Why, old women of seventy-five have done it for millennia without asking all the world to admire their heroism. Going most of the way comfortably by bus and the rest by 'kandi' or 'dandi' or on horse-back; carrying plenty of provender and cosseted by the Kali Kambli-wala charities in comfortable if overcrowded *chattis*; waited upon by dumb domestics and obsequious *pandas*—why, it looks easier than

catching a bus at office time in tramless Madras." Those who talk thus lightly forget the melancholy world of pots and pans.

Atta may be had on the way or even rice, but how shall we cook it, with the thermometer somewhere near zero, the water refusing to boil and your fingers stiff with cold? And what about buttermilk for which, when you can't get it, salvation itself seems too cheap a price? The thought of having to do without is almost enough to unman the stoutest-hearted. And the doctors now—don't they take a sadistic delight in recounting the perils that lie in wait? They not only puncture your carcass at numberless points to let in assorted poisons, they demand that you carry a cartload of pills and capsules. And you must not allow your tongue to be tempted by the sight of cool strawberries for fear of the germs.

But there is no cloud without its silver lining. I am not thinking so much of what will be, for this sweating scribbler, a real holiday from the daily grind. I am thinking rather of the uncomplaining reader of *Swatantra* who for the first time in eight years will have a holiday from me. For three hundred and seventy-nine weeks, from the first number up to this last, without a single week's intermission, I have nagged at him and bullied him and put out my tongue at him. And he has borne it all with admirable good humour.

He richly deserves a break, poor fellow. As for me, though *Sotto Voce* has become an inveterate habit, abstention will be forced upon me for some weeks, no doubt for my good. On the Himalayas communications are still rudimentary and the dak more than usually erratic. And anyway the scratching of pen upon paper would be an impertinence to the awesome majesty of the encircling hills. And so, to the gentle reader who has provided this scribe with the unfailing stimulus for the pleasant servitude of many hours, it must be *au revoir* from the runagate VIGNESWARA.

THE SHASTRY AWARD

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE eagerly awaited Shastry Award in the dispute between the banks and their employees has been published recently with the Government of India's stamp of approval. To those among the employees who had hoped for some relief at the hands of this Industrial Tribunal constituted under the chairmanship of Mr. S. Panchapakesa Shastry, the Award has been a thorough disappointment. It is as though a mountain had been in labour, and when people were expecting that at least the proverbial mouse would be brought forth, what was actually produced was something unrecognisable, which was neither mouse, nor fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

A complete understanding of the problem is more than half way to solving it. Despite the fact that the Shastry Tribunal consisted of an eminent author of books on banking, a no less eminent professor of economics and an ex-Judge of the Madras High Court, the Award does not testify either to their knowledge of current economic factors or to their sense of social justice. The three members of the Tribunal would appear to have cut themselves adrift from realities and considerations of fairplay. Economic actuality alone delimits our ideas of justice and imparts meaning to them. To talk of justice which has not been forged on the anvil of economic fact is to talk an incomprehensible language. An arbitrator is ordinarily free from fetters of adjective law, but that does not make him free from the fundamental principles of justice. He is not tied down to rigid or technical rules of evidence or procedure. But he must act in accordance with equity and good conscience.

The entrustment of disputes to industrial tribunals without enunciating even the general principles on which the disputes should be settled, is fraught with the risk of grave injustice being done to either party. If the decision of the disputes were to depend on the unfettered discretion

of the tribunal, there may be occasions when the very object of the legislation under which those tribunals function may not be achieved. The Sen Award in respect of the same dispute, given in August 1950 was declared void on account of a technical irregularity for which the Government of India alone was responsible. The irregularity was that one of the Tribunal personnel, Sri N. Chandrasekhara Iyer, could not take part in the proceedings of the Tribunal until at the signing stage of the Award, having been called away by the Government on a different errand. This could have been set right by the Central Government by bringing forward suitable legislation legalising the defunct Sen Award. Instead of doing that, they have wasted public money over this second Tribunal, who, in their turn have wasted their time by bringing out an Award that cannot last.

In the absence of evidence of a fair appraisal of economic facts and a fair apportionment of justice, the Shastry Award stands exposed as merely the wolf of reaction in the sheepskin of empty sentiment. It has undermined the foundations of good faith. Whatever be the motive of the arbitrators, it is abundantly clear that the Shastry Award, as it stands, cannot possibly be maintained.

"The object of industrial settlement is to promote industrial peace." This is a sentence culled from the Award itself. Having set to work with that high object, the Shastry Tribunal would appear to have forgotten all about it when they got down to brass tacks, with the result that we are left to wonder whether anybody can ever hope to raise the structure of industrial peace on such a flimsy foundation as that assumed by the Shastry Tribunal. Even the authors of the Award seem to have their own doubts about it, as can be inferred from the following remark at the fag end of their report, "We trust that as a result of this Award there will be industrial peace in this

It's Indian IN CAPITAL
RAW MATERIAL
SKILL & LABOUR



Krishnaveni Ink is acknowledged by all its users as the finest fountain pen ink made in India. The Indian Tariff Board says, "It is the first fountain pen ink manufactured in India on a commercial scale."

krishnaveni ink

As. 8/- per bottle of 2½ oz.

Sole Distributors:
NATIONAL PRODUCTS SYNDICATE,
"INKMANSION," MADRAS-1.

vital industry viz., banking, at least for some years to come." (Italics mine) This would give the idea that the Award was intended more as a temporary expedient than as a permanent remedy. The members themselves are diffident whether the Award would last long, if at all. Perhaps the above observation was made in a spasm of belated remorse for what the Award denies to the bank workers.

This is the first instance in the history of industrial arbitration that an Award, which instead of giving something, has taken back a sizeable portion of the pay and privileges already in force.

A subsistence wage is a wage which is just sufficient to keep one's body and soul together. It is doubtful whether in all cases the emoluments of the bank employees amount to a subsistence wage. A living wage is something above the subsistence wage. In the words of Justice Higgins, "a living wage should not only provide for absolute essentials such as food, clothing and shelter but also for a condition of frugal comfort, estimated by current human standards." If we go by the above statement, we can say without fear of contradiction that no bank employee gets anything approximating to a living wage.

The Shastry Award has placed the foreign banks in the country on the same footing with the leading Indian banks and has classed them under the "A" group of banks. Some of these foreign banks have been paying higher scales of pay to their employees, on account of the enormous profits made by them. In return for the authority given to them under the present Award to cut down their wages, either now or gradually, these banks are verbally implored by the Tribunal to revise their methods of recruitment so as to enable Indians to aspire and ascend to the coveted posts of officers, heads of departments, and managers, hitherto reserved exclusively for foreigners, "provided they show competence for these jobs." (Italics mine). To assume that competency is the exclusive privilege and virtue of foreigners only is unpatriotic indeed. It also bears no relation to

facts, as we know them. How are the members of this Tribunal any better than that lone Englishman in the Madras Corporation who gave out, the other day, rather boastfully, that Indians, working either individually or as a corporate body, have no competency to manage a big undertaking such as the Madras Electric Tramways, by themselves.

The pay scales of the bank employees which prevailed on the 31st of January 1950 are to serve as the basis for the implementation of the recommendations made in the Award. On the face of it this is a retrograde step. Going back to 1950 cannot constitute a step in the right direction by any manner of means. It is the reverse of progress.

Dearness allowance is granted to employees everywhere on the understanding that it will supplement their basic pay and help make both ends meet, or at least be a partial relief to them in their daily struggle for existence amidst overwhelming economic circumstances. A fair dearness allowance is something which is allied to or bears some relation to the cost of living index. This factor has been repudiated in effect by the Tribunal which has ordained that D. A. shall be paid to all the categories of employees at the flat rate of 33-1/3% of the basic pay. This flat has hit every bank employee in the pit of his stomach, as it amounts to a steep reduction in the quantum of dearness allowance being hitherto paid to him.

Regarding payment of D. A. to pensioners of the banks, the Shastry Award has no compunction in saying "We do not think it right to give a compulsory directive for payment of D. A. to pensioners, for they have freedom to engage themselves in other occupations." Service in the bank takes everything out of an employee, so that, when he ultimately retires from service, he is more or less a physical wreck with very little of life still left in him. In such a state, what alternative employment will be open to him the proceeds of which he can add to his paltry pension? When so many of the able-bodied and educated young men are unable to find employment, what hope can the poor bank pensioners entertain?

The Tribunal has thoroughly misunderstood the purpose of overtime payment. The originators of overtime knew that the employers could create work for the employees to make them work until far in the night. But allowance had to be made, under modern canons of employment, for the proper upkeep of the health of the worker. He should have taste of the cleansing ozone of the fresh evening air. He should have sufficient time to engage in social habits and in healthy recreation. But the Shastry Tribunal have either never known all these or have wantonly been blind to these, when they made it possible for banking institutions to keep their employees engaged at their desks upto 44 minutes after the regular office hours without payment of a pie as overtime. For the first half an hour after office hours there is no payment. For the next completed 15 minutes of work, overtime will be paid, but only for the 15 minutes. Thus, for the first half an hour plus another 14 minutes of work, no overtime can be claimed.

The question of payment of bonus has not been dealt with in a forthright manner. The modus operandi is couched in such circumlocutory and vague terms that the scales are weighed against the employees. The astute employers can take all advantage of the escape clauses and find means of defrauding the employees of a fair share in the profits. The Tribunal do not seem to have a clear idea that bonus is not in the nature of an ex gratia payment but must be treated as comprised in the terms of employment. Further, the Shastry Award has directed that the bonus payable should no longer be paid in cash as hitherto but only in the form of Government bonds or National Savings Certificates. To most employees, bonus has served to wipe off a portion of their debts or to make purchases of raiment for the family. The Shastry Tribunal have found other uses for the money.

While the Award concedes the workers' demand for representation in the board of trustees of the employees' provident funds, it does not extend the privilege to the employees of the exchange banks, on

the plea that on account of their global status, these banks may find it difficult to give representation to their Indian employees in the employees' provident fund trusts. It is not without significance that throughout the enquiry, the Tribunal has shown a soft corner and an undue solicitude for the exchange banks.

The three members of the Tribunal did not agree on all points and one of them has given a dissenting report. Paradoxical as it may seem, while employees are lamenting over the utter inadequacy and injustice of the Award, Mr. Tannan, one of the members of the Tribunal has actually protested at the liberality of the recommendations of the other two members! Tannan would not give Madras equal status with Bengal and Bombay, and class it under Class I area. He would recommend no house rent allowance to employees in Madras Circle. His solicitude for the English shareholders "who probably belong to the middle class and amongst whom there are actually many orphans, widows and pensioners, who are dependent for their livelihood upon income from bank dividends," is openly confessed by him and he has objected to the restriction placed on the percentage of dividends that banks can declare. He says that the British confreres of the bank employees here do not enjoy as much emoluments and amenities as do the latter. This is but another instance of defective perspective. Britain is an advanced country with a higher per capita income and better living conditions. The social conscience is also better developed in Britain. To compare that country with ours is meaningless, to say the least.

The Tribunal claims that the Award has been framed to fit into the following advice contained in the Five Year Plan: "To check inflation, profits and wages will need to be controlled to some extent during the period of the Plan. An increase in wages at this juncture may injure the country's economic stability." The Award went one better. The Tribunal thought that a decrease in wages would ensure the country's economic stability. They are super-planners, all the three of them!

DELHI EXHIBITION OF WORLD CONTEMPORARY ART

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

THE Exhibition of International Contemporary Art in New Delhi is a successful attempt to survey world contemporary art. Most of the living masters of the world are represented. After having spent many hours on the exhibits I feel this exhibition represents a genuine cross section of what is being done in the art world of today.

Whereas paintings from America are mostly modern like the paintings from Germany and Japan, the exhibits from Canada and the Philippines are overwhelmingly academic. In this exhibition all sorts of approaches, originals and subjects are dealt with. It is a bewildering experience.

The world of art is seen here moving around a pivot which is Paris. Some of the countries are trying to break loose from this pivot whereas a good many are oscillating around it with relish. America and the United Kingdom, as is evident from their exhibits, belong to the former. Germany and Japan among a great many others fall in the category of the latter.

If artists in some countries have technical excellence (like France, U. K., U. S. A.) others have given vent to their emotional responses in a professional and responsible way (like Japan, Philippines, India and Germany).

Russia, China and Pakistan are yet to be seen in the exhibition hall: a special room is kept reserved for them; their exhibits are expected any day.

In a big hall almost a quarter of the wall is taken up by paintings from France. To begin with, there is a name that immediately brings one to attention and awe, respect and puzzlement: Pablo Picasso.

On a white piece of mat measuring 26" x 19" a human face in complete distortion is depicted with simple and yet vigorous black lines. The caption underneath reads: "Bust of a Faun." Now it requires imagina-

tion to decipher from this exhibit that several views of a human face from various angles are combined and displaced along with its eyes and ears to make a pattern out of it. The pipe-like neck gives character to this form and the legs of an unknown insect adds meaning to it. But these meanings have to be discovered in the exhibit. This is a typical Picasso and is an example of liner economy in cubistic pattern. This piece reminds me of a painter's remark that modern artists "see beyond the usual, become clairvoyant."

Next to Picasso is placed a Henri Matisse. It is not so abstract as that of Picasso. It is called "Head of a woman." In simple black and white it has a charm and a magnetic effect; its drawing is fantastically appealing and the composition is unbelievably adroit.

The rest of the pieces from France are certainly not as brilliant as these but among them I should like to mention a picture called the "Goat" (in Indian ink) by Edouard Pignon. A landscape by Fernand Leger needs respectful examination. "Seated Woman" drawn in pencil and charcoal (by Yvonne Muttet) has a great amount of charm but the rest do not represent the country in her great tradition and heritage.

The German collection is mainly composed of "moderns"; there are lots of abstracts thrown in here and there but one certainly cannot just pass by a Karl Hofer easily. I am disturbed when I look at his great paintings called "Nocturnal Heat." And then I have seen many paintings of snow but never like the one by Karl Schmidt-Rottluff which he calls "Fertile Trees": its brilliant snows, chunks of them, and the two trees laden with snow is a superb painting and is quite understandable without much of an effort in spite of its utter modernity. I would not like to pass by without a thought of the "Women At The Grave" by Karl Casper. I

like its colour sequences; the sun in the high sky reminds me of Van Gogh's burning yellow lemon.

What has happened with Italy? I don't see any of her great paintings here: just three pieces sent in a maddening hurry without thought and apparent planning behind them: it is absolutely a poor show. There is nothing which commands attention.

There are some good etching and water colours from Austria. But from Czechoslovakia comes a truly great collection of remarkable paintings which deserve serious attention. The painting in oil which held me spellbound is a self-portrait by Ludvik Kuba, that grand old man who is senior in age even to France's Matisse and he is still living and painting! On a dark canvas Ludvik is seen with a palette in hand, a brush restful, surveying something beyond: the feeling is, "Ah, yes, let me see how I've done!" Another outstanding oil here is "Guerrillas Cross the River Cerny Vah." Painted in academic style it is a picture of intense feeling. Its creator is Citbor Belan.

The Belgium paintings are old fashioned. But yet some of them have such life, such dash, such passion, such vitality that it is difficult to pass by them without caring to look at them properly. "Orchestra" by Ensor, Watlet's "Lady at the Mirror" are two pieces which I would not hesitate to recommend.

The collections from Norway, Sweden and Finland have a peculiar charm in them. From Norway comes four coloured wood-cuts from Paul Rene Gauguin, the great Paul Gauguin's grandson. "Frustration" and "The Masque" are two outstanding items from Norway and they are both from Gauguin. Finland's "Sorrow" by Kaarlo Hilden and Sweden's "Harlequin" by Nils Wedel are good.

The exhibits from Yugoslavia are truly not worth mentioning. There is no outstanding work from this country which I could notice here. I am also disappointed with the show put up by the United Kingdom. Of the 20 exhibits only two are oils and the rest are only lithographs. Of the items in oil there are hardly two opinions. They are outstanding. Paul Nash's "Landscape of the Megaliths"

is such an orderly executed 'modern' that it does not offend even the hide-bound traditionalists. "Pink Vine Pergola No. 1" the second item in oil is from the powerful brush of Graham Southernland. It is another remarkable painting in the whole show. Of lithos there is little doubt that they are extremely fine specimens of work; their colour sequences are very pleasing; they are boldly drawn.

The paintings from U. S. A. are indeed a pleasure to look at. To me it seems they form a truly representative cross section of the American painting world. Large in number, big in size, well planned, the exhibits are remarkably rich. I do not know with which painting to begin. I like many pictures from USA and I should like others to look at them patiently. The most striking painting in the whole lot is called "Sleep." It is a huge canvas and comes from the brush of a truly great painter whose name is legend in America—Brook. Alexander Brook. Two little girls, one dressed in thin cotton and the other with the satin of her skin are sleeping clasping each other in a pathetic pose. The expression on the face of one girl which can be seen is painful. It is a remarkable picture because its drawing is excellent, texture faultless and the design is unquestionably superb.

Next in merit I would place the canvas called "Mother and Daughter." Yassuo Kuniyoshi, a Japanese resident in USA, is its creator. What pain, what pathos, what peace reign on the face of the mother! The child's cheek is pressed against the mother's uplifted tender cheek. Drawing again here is excellent. Simply drawn without much of padding this is a remarkable painting in oil which I would walk miles to look at.

"Dark Ravine" by Charles Burchfield is a study of a ravine in water colour. Of all the paintings in the show treated with the same medium this is a remarkable item. "No. 8" by Jackson Pollock is a fantastic piece with neurotic values and yet it is not executed without a design, without a philosophy. Such paintings may prove bewildering to a great many but isn't it desirable that

we try to understand them rather than cast them off as jokes played on us?

And from the most distinguished of American painters, Max Weber, comes a huge canvas in oil which he calls "The Pleasures of Summer." I will be doing injustice to a great painting which goes by the name of "Athlet in White Face" were I to keep it un-noticed. There is such perfection of colour blending here that it dominates the attention for quite a time. And yet the subject matter of this canvas is nothing which should strike normally any but a baseball player. Walt Kuhn is the painter of this picture.

The show from Canada is also a huge affair; big paintings, big names, good treatment, technical superiority are the hallmarks of Canada's paintings in the International Exhibition of Contemporary Art. It is good to find that the proximity of USA has not swept Canada off her feet. She is not at all touched, as is seen from the exhibition under review, by the abstract craziness of the bordering nation.

I find most of the Canadian paintings are drawn with an academic brush. "Negro Soldiers returning on a Canadian ship" is a remarkable washing drawing from Jack Nichols. Six black men, three in the foreground, mechanized men who seem to have lost their soul, their blank eyes bespeak their poverty and monotony. Alfred John Casson's glorious painting called "Clearing" is a joy to look at. Tall, green, wind-swept trees—with dominating green all over the canvas in oil, the distant fringe of low mountains, it is a remarkable piece by any standard of art judgment.

But for the difference in pattern there is very little difference between a painting from Australia and the paintings from Western Europe, specially from the United Kingdom and yet Sidney Nolan's oil-piece called "Central Australia" could not have been painted anywhere but in Central Australia itself. A bigish piece of brown perched land with high horizon, air sweeping mildly across, it is a typical Australian canvas. Equally remarkable is a piece called "The Derelict House" which is by

Sali Herman. "Virgin" by Constance Stokes is also an item to enjoy. Painted in reddish hues it is a mixture of the old and the new.

And now we are in the room which displays paintings from Japan. This section immediately attracts the visitor with simple and yet original paintings. The exhibits from Japan represent like those from USA, a comprehensive section of Japanese art trends. The organisers have taken a great deal of care to select nothing but their very best.

Kaoru Yamaguchi's "Birth of Hanako" is a remarkable item which shows that "modernism" can be blended sweetly with traditionalism. "Lock" is a water colour piece by Insho Domoto; "Little Violin" by Kazu Wakita is a painting which shows an emaciated looking child holding a violin. The composition here is very likable, so is the colour blending. A silken canvas called "Monkey" strikes the eye at first but its commercialism is apparent and I have a hidden feeling that it is painted in parts with a spray gun.

A remarkable piece from Japan is captioned "White Wall" by Kaji Higashiyama. Of blueish green it is a modern painting in the sense that it creates visions which are not noticed on the canvas. And it is academic because it has not much of a fearful distortion. Its colour, texture, space and movement appeal to me a great deal. I should think this is a remarkable canvas in the entire exhibition.

The paintings from the Philippines, I am told on good authority, are representative of the country. They are mostly academic. I like "Last Candle" which is by Wenceslao Garia. Its colour transference is truly magnificent. Of the rest I should like more than usual attention to be paid to "Impong Sea" by R. R. Enrique, and to "Khaitg" by Vicent Manaragla.

From amongst the Indonesian paintings the six oils by Affandi, "Refreshing Interlude," "Bamboos," "Fishermen," "Fishing Village," "Self Portrait" and "Mrs Seodarsono" are all worth looking at because all of them have a simple vitality.

Burma's paintings also represent the country's cross section. Of the

whole lot I prefer the oil called the "Burmese Life" by U. Aung Khin. It is an impressionist picture. "Platform" by U. Ba Thet is also a good piece in oil.

And what is wrong with Ceylon? We have only a few tiny looking old fashioned oils none of which can attract a modern man. On top of this, the whole bunch is from the amateurish brush of an individual called Miss Birlie Samynathan. What has happened to George Keyt? Any nation would be proud of George.

Afghanistan has, it seems, tried to send a collection as best as she could. It is strange how French influence has filtered into this mountain-locked state. Brishna who dominates is a kind of impressionist. His "Sun Flowers" is very striking for its pleasing tonal values in colours. He seems to be rushing his pigments with hard strokes. This does not spoil his work but on the contrary it has a pleasant effect. But isn't it too laborious a process and expensive in the long run?

Iran has sent us some old fashioned 18th century copy-like stuffs which deal with the subject "a book of verse, a glass of wine and thou besides me." What has happened to modern Iran's spirit?

Iraq has sent a bad painting like "My Art Teacher" by His Majesty the King. It is not only a bad painting but it is said to have been painted when His Majesty was only trying to dabble with paints at the age of 13. I like the oil called "Montmartre" by Miss Nasiha Selim.

The pictures sent from Nepal are not her best. None of these pictures, to be very frank, are worth hanging in any exhibition. There are good painters like Balkrishan Shum in Nepal who are indeed doing good work in the field of painting. I still remember the few pleasing canvases that I saw in an exhibition of paintings from hill people at Darjeeling a couple of years ago.

There are altogether 20 paintings in the Indian Section with 20 names most of which are household words. Here the names are legends and yet

the show is disappointing. And to know that the organisers—the *All-India Fine Art & Crafts Society*—have tried frantically to have from India nothing but the 'picks'. In this they have failed not because they lacked the will but because the artists who were invited to send their paintings failed to respond.

There is a painting by Jamini Roy and yet it is an old piece picked up from a private collection. There is a Nandalal Bose which is certainly not even his 10th best. There is a D. P. Roy Chowdhury but I have seen much better work from this giant of an artist. Here we have luckily a Sher-Gil and it is indeed an excellent piece. Done in oil it is called "Ganesh Puja." The setting here is so masterly and the colour so pre-determined, the space and texture so superb. This is undoubtedly a top item in the show but a classical water colour by Sarada Ukil is a thing of joy. "Shivaji Receiving the Bhavani Sword from his Mother" by Sarada Ukil is by any standard of art judgement, a masterpiece.

Treated in tempera "The Palms" by Benode Mukerji is also an outstanding piece. There is a water colour from Kshitindranath Bose, one from Promode Kumar Chatterji, one from Bidya Bushan, an oil from Sailoz Mookerji (a new oil specially made for this exhibition). K. K. Hebbar's "Sunny South" is certainly not his best. D. P. Chowdhury's "When Rains Came" could have been replaced by any of his present creations. Madhava Menon's "In Moonlit Night" is not bad.

"In Sunshine and shadow" an oil by Atul Bose is one of the best items in the Indian Section.

The Exhibition of International Contemporary Art is as yet incomplete in the sense that exhibits from two of the world's major art-minded countries are yet to be put on the board and they are still on the way. The show will be taken to Calcutta, Patna, Madras, Hyderabad, Bombay and perhaps a few other cities after it is over in New Delhi.

REPORT ON BANGKOK

By Prof. K. C. PETER

THE face of Asia is fast changing. Many a South East Asian nation—Burma, Thailand, Viet Nam, Malaya, Indonesia—are sandwiched between two diametrically opposite ideologies,—one championed by the Anglo-American bloc and the other by the Soviet bloc. Sovietism holds forth a promise of life entirely free from want; but statism and thought-regimentation rob it of its cultural charms. Anglo-Americanism promises everything, even full employment and social security.

Asia is rich, but Asians are poor. People starve, suffer in their millions. Illiteracy and ignorance keep them down the blind alley. Disease and death take their heavy toll. Poverty breeds poverty. And men lose their nobler self and breed and multiply without forethought, intensifying the existing poverty and making themselves helpless, hopeless.

In the East, the atmosphere is tense and surcharged. The Red empire is stretching out. The Anglo-American bloc is perturbed, panicky. Soldiers and arms are rushed from the West to defend their Eastern colonies, to stop the Red splash southwards.

Siam is home for 18 million Thais, spread thickly over 200,000 square miles. Situated between Burma in the west, Indo-China in the east and washed by the Siamese gulf in the south, Siam looks a political trouble-spot. Being a fertile basin fly-specked with heavy, forested hills, teak, rubber and coconut palms grow there in plenty. Iron, manganese, coal and tin are the main minerals. Politically, Siam is a constitutional monarchy. Once Siam was called 'the land of smiles'; not now.

Siam's capital, Bangkok, is clean and colourful. It is a match to any European city in appearance. As the plane approaches Bangkok, one sees a vast expanse of green through which the river Menam turns and twists. Coming nearer, one sees the several-storied buildings, shining golden minarets and spires and the Golden Buddha, taller than the

Egyptian pyramid, amidst huge tamarind trees reaching up to his hips.

The pagoda-architecture of Siamese temples is captivating. Its charming symmetry, rare colour-patterns and exquisite proportions attract many tourists. The beautiful sculptured maidens and sweet-winged creatures finished in porcelain, inside walls filled with painted flowers, picturesque doors and windows, the soft tinkling of the small golden bells—all these have a breath-taking effect. In their art, imagination takes to wings and carries us farther into the realm of the spirit. The magnificent marble temple in Bangkok is a marvel of Siamese art. The Emerald Buddha standing on a 34-feet high golden pedestal is a precious gem of oriental art. It was taken to Bangkok, 500 years back from another pagoda 200 miles away, split open by lightning. In the palace temple, the Emerald Buddha stands protected by four other Buddhas of solid gold, wearing an attire studded with sparkling rubies and glistening sapphires. And devotees who kneel to worship take away a portion of the sumptuous quiet and beatific calm emanating from the exquisite pose of Buddha. As seasons change, the Emerald Buddha too changes his dress, a more dazzling one replacing the old.

The Siamese are devout Buddhists. Early morning, one can see 50 or 60 head-shaven yellow-clad Buddhist monks emerging from the temples with begging bowls that shine in the sun. Those who aspire to receive heavenly merit buy from a near-by shop a bowl of rice crowned with fried prawns and a few sweet-smelling flowers. After making this offering of food unasked, they join their palms in a reverent bow. These monks are not beggars. Householders and others, inspired by the Buddhist ideal of charity, beg the monks to accept food from them. Charity is a part of religion and monks living on it are many.

Bangkok is a modern city. The

centre of the city has many American-model buildings, imposing theatres, splendid cafes and exhibitionist shops and show-rooms. The streets are neat, well-kept and lined with tamarind trees. It was 10-30 in the morning. As I walked along, I saw the office-folk hurry past me in fear of the clock. A couple of smart girls holding paper parcels came past on high heels. Plenty of fun I had watching the parade of gossip-loving townfolk who walk in mid-road, scornful of traffic. Over there the tricycle has displaced the man-drawn riksha. Thousands of them ply in Bangkok. At night, it is a pleasant sight to see the tricycles or samlores with red and green lights on either side speed past and merge with the city's traffic.

The Siamese bathe every day and are spotlessly clean. They are handsome. The Siamese are shapely, their profiles exquisite. An artist told me that he hasn't seen a more 'beautifully proportioned' people anywhere else in the world, not even in Gav Paris. I saw a few workers standing on the canal bank, look this side and that, take off their clothes and plunge into the waters. Those in tailor-made suits apart, others wear cotton shirts and trousers. The women cover themselves in silk in such a way as to give emphasis to their body parts that demand emphasis. The coolies and their women wear coarse cloth, but are neat and graceful.

Winter is pleasant and healthy in Bangkok; but summer is well-nigh insufferable. No wonder, the Sun-God is Bangkok's patron, and to propitiate this god the Siamese are ready to go to any lengths.

As in Saigon, a good part of Bangkok's uncounted population is born in house-boats, live in them throughout their lives. Traders and shopkeepers, moving about in their boats, supply provisions to the house-boat families. The coffee-boy in his boat moves towards you honking his horn. If you are thirsty, better call him and have a cup of steaming Java coffee. After serving one, he washes the glass in the muddy river-water to serve the next customer, waiting close by. I had a tasty plate of hot 'bahml,' a red-coloured spicy mix-

ture of fish, meat, noodles and onions from a floating restaurant. Sugared rice-cakes and bananas are cheap and go in well with a cup of coffee to make up your tiffin. Floating general stores, hardware shops, silk emporiums, vegetable stalls, etc., are at your beck and call. Their gongs, bells, horns, whistles compete for your attention. No where can you lead a better quasi-amphibian life as in Bangkok.

Just in front of nearly every house, a boat is tied up, ready for use. Small girls are out on the steps helping mothers wash clothes. With mischievous smiles on their lips, small boys dive into the water with plenty of art put into it. Sometimes you see the house-wife busy in the kitchen frying prawns or sharing a joke with her husband.

The Siamese are poor, but hospitable. Their fish-rich water-ways are tapped to the full for human food. Hundred and fifty variety of fish swim about in the waters. Fruits are abundant and cheap. Meat and chicken form important items of the national menu. Lush fields of green paddy soothe the tourist's eyes in the suburbs. So also the superb health of the giggling country girls. The Siamese are famous for feasting friends and neighbours. Any man can travel across Siam without a single coin in his pocket. Easily he can rely on the hospitality of the people.

The Siamese love games and fun. 'Takrow' is a favourite game. A number of boys are seen engaged in wholly keeping a football in the air with their heads, legs, knees, elbows; but touching it with hands is taboo. The game continues and the clock chimes out hours. I didn't see any score-board or hear any scores mentioned. Yet, it is the most exciting, all-absorbing game for them.

Fish-fighting is another sport which the Siamese love. For this purpose, a particular iridescent variety of fish is caught, fed and bred. Before the owners of fish release their pets to fight, the lookers-on bet as to which one will win. The two fishes struggle churning the waters in the process, till one turns tail and swims away, acknowledging defeat. A walk in the streets

of Bangkok is the best antidote for a brain saturated with boredom and weariness.

The Siamese husband can take many women to wife, apart from his legal wife. The legitimate wife cannot get a divorce on this score. There are numerous cases of one man living with many wives openly. No stigma is attached to polygamy over there. It is common for a man to have two wives. King Chulalonghorn, the grand father of the present King Phumithon, was proud of his 85 wives and 356 children. The royal family contains so many members that many princesses today are sales-girls and typists, earning their living the hard way. A princess isn't priced very high even in the matrimonial market.

Death, the Siamese say, is God calling his son or daughter home. So they give a fire-cracker send-off to the departed soul. They put up a big show with processions, dances, songs, etc., ending up with a 15-course Chinese dinner. The greater the amount of money spent on it, the greater is the family prestige.

Politically, the Siamese Government is a constitutional monarchy. Marshall Phibul Songgram is the prime minister. The Songgram government has all the trappings of democracy, but none of the substance. In fact, Songgram lords over the Siamese scene. His is well-nigh a military despotism; he employs cruel methods and is merciless. In foreign policy, he is at one with the Anglo-American bloc. During my talk with an editor, I happened to say that in India, many people take Songgram for an ace democrat. "If you call him a democrat, it is your privilege" he said curtly, cutting me off.

He spoke to me about poverty that gnaws at the root of democracy.

It (the Press) has become a new estate of the realm. Its control over the mob-mind is unlike any power that has ever been wielded by dictators in the past. It is as impalpable as the air and as invulnerable to attack as the poison gas. The power of manipulating the news supply of a nation, of dictating what the people shall know and of what they shall not know, of canalising thought and feeling in a given direction, of suppressing this fact and giving false emphasis to that, is the greatest power that is exercised in secular affairs.

—A. G. GARDINER.

Homeless thousands wander aimlessly, not begging, but ready to pick up a little left-over of a meal. Bereft of hope, Thais drift towards Communism, he said.

The pompous bubble of Siam's immunity to Communism had its pinprick already. The rice-farming peasants are allured by China's co-operative farms and collectivist schemes. The press is highly critical of government's feudal outlook. Clashes between the police and the Reds are not infrequent. The 70,000 members of Siam's Federation of Trade Unions are under Red leadership. Political dynamite is the Red's stock in trade.

The army of Siam under Songgram is 60,000 strong; they fight with British and American weapons. The navy or air force of Songgram is not worth the name. The Siamese police force is noted for bravery, but not for loyalty. The statistics of men wounded, killed and lost sight of in the police action against Reds are confusing. Like Bikini bathing suits, what they reveal is suggestive and what they conceal is vital.

Poor Bangkok, rich Bangkok—the dual personality of Bangkok is a fact unchallenged. Some argue that poverty, and plenty existed side by side ever since Eve took the first bite out of the apple. Some others argue that time will heal the gaping wounds of society and that man must patiently wait. Still there are many who say that if states can throw tons and tons of money down the sink of war, why not they spend at least half that astronomical heap to assure man democratic freedom, social security and freedom from want. As long as poverty exists in the raw, bringing disease, suffering and death, Communism is not likely to shed its glamour.

TEST CASE IN ASIA'S MILITARY COUNTER-REVOLUTION

By ANDREW ROTH

"NEVER have so few soldiers panicked so many commentators," should be the motto stitched on the sweaty tunics of the Vietminh troops slogging through the steamy jungles of Laos. "Five or six battalions is the French estimate of Vietminh strength" in Laos according to *The Times'* Paris correspondent (May 4). But these 5,000 men, magnified to 40,000 men in some reports, were enough to frighten commentators in Singapore, Hanoi, Paris, London and Washington into "handing over" to the Communists possession of most of mainland Southeast Asia. Only Luang Prabang itself maintained its Laotian Buddhist calm.

Amidst all the flurry of speculations, the most important aspect of the Vietminh thrust escaped attention, or, like the naked monarch in the fairy story, at least escaped comment. The fact is that the Laotian thrust punctured the myth that the West can prefabricate an Asian counter-revolution, political or military. Asians cannot be made to fight Asians, at the behest of the West. When the West wants to hand out arms and money it can find plenty of takers in Asia. But purely commercial Asian armies grown in Western hothouses financed by Washington cannot be expected to survive the hot blasts of full-fledged conflict.

This is not to say that when Asians want to fight Asians they will not accept money and arms from almost any source whatever to make their fight effective. When Gen. Giap started his army in 1944 he had some American assistance. Most Pakistanis would today accept arms from any source to give them military superiority over India in Kashmir. The South Koreans would gladly accept Japanese arms, if they were to be had, to conquer North Korea (and China and Russia as well if Syngman Rhee's boasts are to be believed). But few Asian soldiers—

except perhaps Gurkha mercenaries—will willingly die for Western aims. At this stage of the Asian revolution, full-blooded belief in the cause—where efficiently organized—is more important than the quality and quantity of weapons or even the number of soldiers.

The striking fact of the matter is that Gen. Giap has been able to launch shattering offensives although he has less troops, less material and no navy or airforce to support him. The French, with superiority in numbers, weapons and command of the sea and air appear able only to retreat into military fortresses in the hope that Gen. Giap will make suicidal attacks against fortified positions.

The question of numbers is rather important. An underarmed, semi-guerilla army, particularly in Asia, usually has to rely on heavier numbers to counter-balance the arms superiority of the Western force. But Gen. Giap has only six regular divisions of nine battalions each, or 110,000 regulars. In addition he has 35,000 regional troops, divided into 15 provincial battalions. There are a further 100,000 guerillas who take up arms to reinforce the regulars only in big actions. This gives a total of about 245,000 men.

The French have almost twice the number of troops to combat them: fully 450,000 men. The French Union forces imported into Indochina in total 220,000 men: of which 82,000 are French nationals, most of the rest being North Africans, Senegalese and Foreign Legion. The newly-born Indochinese Army numbers 160,000, of whom 82,000 are regulars. There is another contingent of 80,000 Indochinese serving with the French forces. In short, the number of Indochinese serving on the French side is almost as large (220,000) as those serving on the Communist side (245,000). But no one would suggest Baodai's forces could long stand up to Ho Chi Minh's.

It is not for want of outside supplies. Although there have been some fantastic stories of Chinese intervention, the facts are more modest. The French command which says Chinese deliveries have doubled since the Laos campaign began, only claim that they now amount to 2-3,000 tons monthly, which means they were little more than 1,000 tons monthly before April. American deliveries probably run at ten to fifteen times that tonnage. The Chinese, of course, cannot afford to match the \$500 millions the U. S. is spending this year in Indochina, even less the \$800 millions planned for the year beginning next autumn. The Vietminh has to compensate for its inferiority in supplies and manpower with superior political and military organization of its popular support.

The great lesson of the recent Indochina fighting which most Western commentators seem determined not to learn is that Asians will fight wholeheartedly if convinced they are fighting for their independence. When most Indochinese think Ho Chi Minh is so totally and the militarily long before President Eisenhower made his famous election started recruiting soldiers with 1948 they fled from gamblers' houses in order to recruit "Baodai" to convince them aware Vietminh they Vietnamese Government buttress French.

By early 1950 the American and British governments, frightened by the threat of Communism to Southeast Asia, became more enthusiastic than the French about the idea of giving the anti-Communist Vietnamese a cause for which to die. Ever since that time American pressure on the French, backed by an increasing number of dollars, has been to give the Baodai regime more political leeway as a means of

recruiting more Vietnamese troops. The British, and particularly Malcolm MacDonald, Britain's Commissioner for Southeast Asia, shared this enthusiasm, although some Foreign Office experts were less hopeful about the possibilities of its realization.

Every reluctant concession the French have made to the "safe" supporters of Baodai has been magnified in the Western press to magnificent generosity. For many months now such reputable newspapers as *The Times* and *New York Times* have been beguiling their readers with huckster's exaggerations of the "independence" of the Associated States of Baodai's Vietnam and his companion monarchs in Laos and Cambodia.

In a most fitting and paradoxical way, the front page of the *New York Times* on April 19 gave the lie to many months of propaganda on its editorial pages. Norodom Sihanouk, the energetic young King of Cambodia, spoke out with complete frankness. He told an interviewer that when he had signed the Franco-Cambodian treaties in 1949 he had told his people that they would get complete independence. "I am the man responsible for joining the French Union," he said, adding that if his people did not get what they were promised, "I deserve punishment." He insisted that he still believed in the necessity of a joint anti-Communist struggle, but only on the basis of an equal alliance. The French were insisting on having most of the Cambodian troops under their command and on restricting Cambodia's economic and judicial sovereignty. "Cambodian justice does not apply to the French and our police cannot touch them. In economic matters they have our hands and feet tied, we cannot import and export freely and we have no freedom of taxation."

The young King felt he must speak out about the military implications of this pseudo-independence, warning that continued French stonewalling of Cambodia's demands would mean a Communist victory. "If we have an invasion of the sort that Laos has suffered recently, I am not at all certain that I can call for a general mobilization, as did Laos.

If there is a menace, the people will say that the French are encircled and that their end has come."

He added that during the past few years "there has been growing support among the thinking masses of Cambodia to the theory that the Communist-led Vietminh is fighting for the independence of the country." He made the pointed statement: "They do not want to die for the French and help them stay there."

There is nothing remarkable in what the King of Cambodia has said, except the source. Other honest and intelligent observers have made similar observations on the inability or unwillingness of the Western-supported Vietnamese to carry out the obligations the West have marked out for them. Wrote Rawle Knox, *The Observer's* Southeast Asian correspondent (December 21):

Vietnamese themselves are neither capable nor particularly willing to pay for this protracted war. Only 35 percent of the (Baodai) Vietnam Government expenditure is paid for by Vietnamese....

In such circumstances the independence of Vietnam is a mockery. The French are supreme realists, and the best of the French administrators I have met in Indochina do not believe that a "Third Force" of Vietnamese democracy can be created against Communism because they cannot see the stamina and experience in Vietnam to make democracy work. In this view, frankly, they are encouraged by the behaviour of many Vietnamese politicians, who have not the background of struggle and service of, for instance, the Indian Congress Party.

Having written off the Vietnamese as a democratic prospect, the French proceeded with the next best thing: the creation of a Vietnamese Army, now some 50,000 strong, to replace French forces in the field. But it is an army without spirit, despite its many brave defensive actions. In a tour of the South Tonkin Delta I asked over a dozen Vietnamese Army officers individually and in different places whether, if the French Army should withdraw troops they would rather continue to fight or try to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh. In every instance the answer was immediate and similar: "Negotiate."

Mr. Knox also asked about Ho Chi Minh and found: "Everywhere in Tonkin you will hear him described as a Nationalist first, Communist

second.... Far too many Vietnamese believe that it is possible to negotiate successfully with the Vietminh."

In certain respects Mr. Knox is not fair to the Vietnamese in reporting the views of French officers without filling in the background. When they speak of an absence of "stamina" among Vietnamese politicians, it is perfectly true when applied to people like Baodai, the "night club emperor" and the bulk of "payroll patriots" who form the Baodai regime, particularly in the South. (In the North there are real rightwing nationalist leaders like Nguyen Huu Tri who are as anti-French as they are anti-Communist.) The French feel contempt for "payroll patriots" because they know exactly how much they have been paying them and for how long and what part of their funds they have already transferred to France against the day when they will be forced to flee. I will never forget the answer of a Vietnamese Minister in the pre-French Xuan cabinet which preceded the Baodai regime when I asked him how many people supported the Baodai regime. He replied with a question. "How many people are there on the payroll?"

It is perhaps possible to persuade people in London, Paris and New York that certain French-nominated Vietnamese politicians are real patriots fired with a patriotic zeal to fight Communism. But it is much more difficult to convince people in Saigon, who are better judges of motives.

On April 7 the *New York Times* knowledgeable correspondent Henry Lieberman cabled from Hanoi that Baodai's "young state of Vietnam has thus far not produced a national leader who comes anywhere near challenging the dynamic political prestige of Ho Chi Minh.... one still does not sense any overwhelming upsurge of sacrificial patriotism" from Baodai's supporters. Given the editorial policy of his paper Mr. Lieberman might have been reluctant to add that there is plenty of sacrificial patriotism to be found on the other side. It may be inconvenient to admit to this fact but it is a political fact essential for an understanding of the military situation in Indochina.

TUBERCULOSIS PROPHYLAXIS

By "CADUCEUS"

PRESIDING over the annual general meeting of the Tuberculosis Association of India on April 18, Health Minister Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, made statements betraying the wrong and totally inadequate policy of the Government of India in respect of control and eradication of tuberculosis in India.

It is an urgent and ever-growing problem. Some 5,00,000 persons die annually of tuberculosis and at least 25 lakhs are always suffering from it. Of the sufferers over 90 per cent are mixing freely with others and constantly spreading the disease which attacks the young most of all.

Wrong Attitude

The Health Minister called on units of the Association to organise a movement in every district and *taluk* in the country to interpret to the people the different aspects and measures to control tuberculosis. This movement, she said, should proceed simultaneously with measures calculated to improve the standard of living of the people.

"This," declared Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, "is a matter which, though mainly the concern of the Government, cannot be solved fully by the Government alone. We must have an alert community which should stimulate and assist Government measures. I am glad that the community projects which are in progress now do provide opportunities for such non-official endeavour."

The Health Minister said that though the paucity of funds had been a constant obstacle, the achievements of the Association during the 14 years of its existence were "by no means negligible." Lt.-Col. C. K. Lakshmanan, Director-General, Health Services, Government of India, said if the present progress in B. C. G. vaccination continued, tuberculosis "could be substantially checked within a reasonable time!"

Control Factors

The Government's attitude is unrealistic, complacent and wrong. A high standard of living is certainly the best guarantee of good health. But socialist industrialisation, not

Tuberculosis Association support for community projects, can in fact realise it. Popular knowledge of ways of combating tuberculosis, though essential, is absolutely inadequate, precisely as is B. C. G. vaccination.

The appeal for popular support to Government efforts to raise the standard of living is asking the famine-stricken people to help Government feed them. The insinuation, the Government cannot raise standard of living because of popular apathy, is baseless and cruel.

The raising of the standard of living is the function of the social system and the State, not of disease-control associations. Even the State is not limited to raising the standard of living in order to control tuberculosis. Certain legislative measures, if available, should considerably assist control of it. Meanwhile the Tuberculosis Association should extensively educate public opinion on prophylaxis against tuberculosis. People have no idea how deadly it is and how it spreads.

The governing factor is that tuberculosis is a surgical disease of poverty.

Surgical Disease

Poverty is directly responsible for the incidence of tuberculosis in that it causes overcrowding and malnutrition in low real earnings. But, whereas other diseases from the same two causes, such as pneumonia, are now fairly under control, tuberculosis remains uncontrolled. The reason is that though it is deadlier, it kills slowly so that preventive measures against it are not taken to the same extent as in respect of quick killers by modern public hygiene.

Though the curative aspect is important, efforts should be concentrated on prevention of tuberculosis. It necessitates an altered outlook. Tuberculosis should be regarded as a "surgical disease" similar to industrial accidents. The Central Tuberculosis Association is shortly publishing a journal devoted to advances in treatment of it. Such effort, though important, is comparatively wasteful.

We now have drugs which can

effectively combat tuberculosis, but not when treatment commences when it is already in an advanced state. The tubercle bacilli eat into the lungs and destroy it by perforation so that then there is nothing to be done about it. It is as if one had lost a limb by accident so that an artificial one is inevitable. In this case, a lung destroyed cannot yet be replaced by an artificial lung.

Measures Necessary

Sinitsyn and Demikhov in the USSR have successfully experimented with transplantation and replacement of hearts and lungs. But their work is not yet far enough advanced to permit us to discard a disease-perforated lung for a healthy one as from a person dead of a street accident. Until then it is necessary to take precautions against tuberculosis as against street or industrial accidents.

The two most important measures necessary are, firstly, free and compulsory check-up, periodically, to detect TB infection early as possible, and secondly, isolation for effective treatment of cases which would otherwise spread the disease. These measures are not enforced by the Government on the ground of paucity of funds.

It is suggested that legislation be enacted, central, provincial and municipal, on the lines of prevention of accidents and bad working conditions in factories, creation of unhealthy living conditions in municipalities and districts, so that employers of labour, municipalities, corporations, district boards, will be severally responsible for free compulsory check-up of every person once a year by rotation and isolation and treatment of cases necessitating it.

Social Insurance

The costs of X-ray and tuberculin tests and B. C. G. vaccination be borne by bodies responsible for the free compulsory check-up. Persons be given certificates expiring twelve months after date of check-up. Those whose certificates are not renewed anywhere in India within 45 days of expiry be heavily and summarily fined. The treatment of isolated cases will present a financial problem for which social insurance is necessary. It may at inception be

limited to treatment of tuberculosis patients.

Treatment of isolated tuberculosis patients should be free and compulsory. The patients will not only require food and clothing but also payment of an allowance to compensate them for loss of their income from work while under treatment. The allowance should be the basic monthly salary the patient was receiving at the time of commencement, but not exceeding Rs. 300 p.m.

Where a person is not a salaried employee and neither a dependent, or an unemployed, the allowance should be the assessed monthly income on an average for the preceding twelve months based on documentary evidence received, but not exceeding Rs. 300 p.m. Dependents and unemployed (including students) should receive the basic average salary of a semi-skilled or skilled worker according to the patient's level of education.

Phophylaxis

The Tuberculosis Association should intensively educate public into measures necessary to safeguard against the disease. Inspectors appointed by it should have powers to enforce sanitation and lessen overcrowding, including powers of surprise entry and inspection of homes and premises such as restaurants.

The British National Institute for Medical Research found tuberculosis spreads by air: (1) in sneezing and coughing—droplets of sputum are sprayed into the air as far as 15 feet; (2) large droplets fall to the ground, the smaller form an invisible vapour which continues floating even some days after a cough or sneeze; (3) the larger droplets falling to the ground attach disease agents to particles of dust which rises and spreads disease. This is the commonest cause of spread of tuberculosis.

High-speed photography in America found the droplets come mostly from the mouth, though also from the nose. If cough or sneeze is covered by an open hand, few droplets are stopped. If covered well with a large handkerchief, few escape.

Tuberculosis can be water-borne like typhoid when a tubercular's sputum in drain-water percolates through the earth to water-level and runs into wells.

EAST EUROPEAN TRADE WITH ASIAN COUNTRIES

By JOHN CARDEW

A recurring theme in East European foreign trade publications for some time now has been the "bright prospects" that exist for expanding trade relations with the countries of Asia. Since the end of the war East European-Asian trade has been steadily increasing and, especially as a result of agreements concluded with China following the establishment of the Central People's Government on October, 1949, is now on a bigger scale than ever before. Present East European interest in increasing the volume still further underlines two important points; firstly, the growing raw material needs of Eastern Europe, and secondly, their claim that their developing heavy industry is capable of meeting many of the capital equipment requirements of countries like India and Pakistan. Already the general pattern of trade between East European countries and Asia takes the form of an exchange of machinery and manufactures for jute, cotton, copra and vegetable oils.

Offers To Asia

In the West surprisingly little attention has been paid to an aspect of the Moscow economic conference in April 1952, which shed a great deal of light on Soviet and East European determination to make a strong bid for trade with Asia. This was the session of the conference devoted entirely to "Problems of Underdeveloped Countries." Soviet offers of capital equipment in return for Asia's raw materials had been made before the conference—notably at meetings held under the auspices of the U. N. Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East—but they were repeated in Moscow in far greater detail and made to specific countries. An entirely new development, however, was the way in which all the East European countries supplemented the Soviet offers and indicated their desire to provide India, Pakistan,

Ceylon, Indonesia and Burma with everything from machine tools and precision instruments up to complete plants.

In the midst of so many offers of machinery, equipment and technical assistance—offers that prompted a delegate from Pakistan to call for a "Stalin Plan" for the Asian region—it was not surprising that a great part of the chairman's final summing up was devoted to minimising the importance of capital as the limiting factor in the development of backward countries. Similarly a Czechoslovak speaker clearly had well-known Asian suspicions in mind when he emphasised that his country had no investment aims in Asia.

At trade fairs held in Bombay and Karachi early in 1952 Hungary and Czechoslovakia had big displays, with emphasis on heavy industrial products designed to provide the answer to Asian development programmes. Again at the Leipzig Fair in September much of the very considerable literature distributed by the East Germans stressed the importance of East German industry to Indonesia, Burma and the Asian Dominions. Several East European export concerns are consistent "if not as yet large-scale advertisers in various trade and other journals in Asia, and the much-publicised (in Asia) trade relations between Eastern Europe and China undoubtedly create a good deal of interest in a number of Asian countries.

Developing Trade

Within a year of the setting up of the Central People's Government in Peking trade agreements had been concluded by China with most of the East European countries. Towards the end of 1950 large scale shipments of goods from Czechoslovakia and Poland started to arrive at regular intervals at Tientsin. Figures quoted by Peking Radio indicate the important development of trade since then. In 1950

imports from Eastern Europe were 1.37 per cent of China's total imports and by the end of 1951 they had reached just over 25 per cent. China's exports to Eastern Europe in 1950 were a little under 4 per cent of the total and in the following year they rose to about 26 per cent. Figures for 1952 are not available but an early estimate was that China's trade with the Soviet Union and the East European countries would account for about 70 per cent of the total value. Changes in the geographical structure of China's trade have been accompanied by a shift away from imports of consumer goods to imports of raw materials and capital equipment. According to China's Foreign Trade Minister, Yeh Chi-chuang, trade with Eastern Europe "has contributed greatly to the restoration of our economy and the development of our production while at the same time most of our farm products and by-products that need to be exported have found markets in these countries." The Soviet Union and Eastern Europe now provide the principal markets for China's exports of silk and tea and are also buying for the first time such things as Chinese handicrafts and a variety of local products.

Poland

Having already a merchant shipping service trading to ports in China, Poland not surprisingly was the first of the East European countries to conclude trade agreement with the new Chinese Government. This agreement, signed in February, 1950, and followed by another in January, 1951, provided for Polish exports of mining machinery, rolling stock, railway equipment, textiles, steel products, chemicals and sugar. By 1951 Sino-Polish trade was several times larger than the pre-war record volume. The latest agreement between the two countries was signed last July and is believed to provide for a further expansion on the basis of Chinese ores, asbestos, graphite, textile raw materials, hides and agricultural products exchanging for Polish rolling stock, machinery, metals, chemicals and paper.

Poland has also had trade relations with India for some time. In return

for Indian iron ore, manganese ore, hides and skins, tobacco and oils, she has exported zinc, optical instruments, agricultural and textile machinery, machine tools and transformers. Under an agreement concluded with Pakistan last June Poland is receiving jute, cotton, hides and sports articles and is exporting coal, sugar (the country is now fourth among the world's sugar best producers), textiles, chemicals, cement, printing paper and metal products. Products of Poland's important flax industry are also going to Pakistan and since 1950 Pakistan has been a major buyer of Polish jute products. The first Polish-Indonesian trade agreement was signed last summer for a period of one year. Under it Indonesia will send Poland tea, coffee, pepper, quinine and receive in return Polish metal products, textiles, machinery, glass and chemicals. A Polish-Korean trade agreement was signed in Warsaw at the beginning of last June when the North Korean Minister of Trade visited the Polish capital. The commodities to be exchanged have not been announced but it is likely that North Korea will export raw materials and receive Polish equipment and machinery. Such products of Polish light industry as sweets, matches and earthenware have in recent years penetrated to Asian markets, especially in Pakistan.

Czechoslovakia

Under the first Sino-Czechoslovak agreement signed in 1950, Czechoslovakia's principal imports were vegetable oil and included also wolfram, lead, mercury, silk and bristles. Heavy engineering goods, precision instruments and cars and trucks comprised the bulk of her exports to China. Following China's participation in the Prague Fair in the spring of 1951, a new agreement was signed between China and Czechoslovakia to increase the volume of trade fourfold compared with 1950. Considerable importance was attached to the agreement in both countries and it was hailed in China as specially important because of the part it would play in "effectively countering" the blockade of the Chinese mainland. Important developments in the 1951 agreement were

the prices fixed independently of those ruling in the world market, and provision for Czechoslovakia to deliver steel plants and iron foundries to China. The third and current Sino-Czechoslovak agreement was signed in Prague last July. Machine tools and factory equipment are included as Czechoslovak exports and China will continue to supply key raw materials for heavy and light industry. An exhibition of Czechoslovak manufactures held in Peking in September, 1952, reflected the growing economic cooperation between the two countries.

Under a one-year trade agreement concluded last summer between Czechoslovakia and Pakistan, Czechoslovakia is to import raw cotton and jute and will supply to Pakistan a complete textile plant and textile machinery valued at £50,000, tractors, motor rickshaws, cars, asbestos sheets and textiles.

Czechoslovakia's pre-war trade contacts with India were resumed in the post-war period. Czechoslovak steel products, machinery and electrical equipment have accounted for a good deal of the East European exports of manufactures to the overseas sterling area in recent years and much of the trade has been with India. Trade between the two countries has been governed by agreements since 1949 and an interesting provision has been for Czechoslovak technical assistance to India. It was made clear at the Moscow conference, however, that Czechoslovakia has high hopes of increasing considerably the present volume of her trade with India. The country's exhibit at the Bombay Fair was second only to that of the Soviet Union in impressiveness and gave prominence to a wide variety of the products of Czechoslovak heavy industry already known in India.

The total value of trade between Czechoslovakia and Indonesia in 1951-52 was 60 million rupiahs. It was balanced trade conducted under licence and Czechoslovak exports included precision tools, medical instruments, electric motors and cars. Imports from Indonesia were made up of coffee, spices, quinine, tin, kapok and copra. Difficulties over prices and deliveries which arose in the early part of 1952 between Indo-

nesia and her East European trading partners—Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary—are believed to have since been settled and agreements have been renewed.

Eastern Germany

East German trade with China is of special importance because of the part it has played as a factor in moves for German unity. The first Sino-German agreement was concluded in October, 1950, and Premier Grotwohl early stressed the significance of these commercial relations "far beyond the frontiers of the German Democratic Republic." East German spokesmen have consistently declared that in trade negotiations with China Eastern Germany is prepared and eager to speak for all Germany. At Leipzig in September the lure of unlimited trade with China undoubtedly proved more irresistible than ever to important West German industrialists and an immediate outcome, announced within a week of the closing of the fair, was the formation in Western Germany of an "East-West" trading company to do business with the Soviet Union and China. It seems that, as Premier Grotwohl predicted, "broad sections of West German businessmen see in the close friendship of the German Democratic Republic with People's China bases and possibilities for the increase and expansion of all German foreign trade with China."

Sino-East German trade is already greater than the record pre-war volume of exchange between China and a united Germany. Heavy machine tools comprise about half the German exports to China and mining machinery, precision instruments and textile machinery are also being sent to China in growing quantities. A complete beet sugar factory for delivery to China before the end of 1953 is now being built by the East Germans. The Chinese have also announced that they will be buying a new Chinese typewriter made by the East German "Optima" factory near Erfurt and said to be superior to the Japanese model. A 1952 trade agreement between Eastern Germany and China was signed in Berlin in May 1952, and a German trade mission, which included the head of

the largest machine tool manufacturing concern in Eastern Germany, left for Peking soon after the Leipzig Fair.

Although Eastern Germany has no trade agreement with any Asian country other than China, limited exports are going to India, Pakistan and Indonesia, consisting in the main of textile machines, agricultural machines and equipment for the foodstuffs industry. Visitors were present from all three countries at the Leipzig Fair and it was reported that negotiations were begun with India for the sale of a sugar factory. A special English-language edition of the Berlin economic journal *Die Wirtschaft*, produced during the fair, recalled that at the Moscow conference the Burmese and Pakistani delegates said their countries wanted industries to exploit mineral resources, timber, bamboo and machines for textile factories, leather factories and chemical plants. "Almost all these import requirements of Burma and Pakistan," commented the journal, "can be met by us." The complementary role that East German industry can play to development projects in the under-developed countries is in fact one of the most interesting and important factors to be considered in any assessment of the future prospects for East-West trade. Delivery times being quoted are much shorter than in the West (3 to 6 months for machines, 9 to 12 months for complete plants and 12 to 14 months for sugar factories).

Hungary

Hungary's trade with China is on a far greater scale than ever before. Hungarian exports include agricultural machinery and tractors (the country has exhibited at an agricultural fair held in Peking), power driven pumps, heavy electrical equipment, chemicals and machine tools. The latest agreement with China was concluded in the summer and a Hungarian trade delegation went to China late in 1952 to negotiate future exchanges.

Hungary is also carrying on an important and growing trade with other parts of Asia. The first post-war agreement with an Asian country was with India in 1949 and since then Hungarian machine tools, trac-

tors, transformers, bicycles, sewing machines and electrical goods have been exported in return for mica, spices, hides and skins. Under a current two-year agreement India is receiving in addition to former imports from Hungary hydroturbines, textiles and printing machinery, X-ray equipment, locomotives, boilers, iron and steel tubing and film equipments. Tea, tobacco, leather and rubber goods, linseed and groundnut oil, cottage industry products and drugs are among India's exports.

Commerce between Hungary and Pakistan started with shipments of maize and textiles after the war. The first agreement between the countries was in 1950 and was followed by another in 1952. Hungary's exports have included cotton piecegoods, tractors, electrical supplies, radios and bicycles. Cotton, jute and hides have been taken from Pakistan. Trade between Hungary and Ceylon has been on a small scale. However, as in the case of Burma, Thailand and Malaya, with which Hungary also has no agreements, Hungary's heavy and light industrial products have been offered in exchange for the traditional exports of these countries.

Indonesia has become an important buyer of a wide range of Hungarian heavy and light industrial products. Limited exchanges, begun in 1950, increased almost five-fold under a subsequent agreement concluded in 1951. On October last, a one-year agreement involving the equivalent of £3,500,000 was concluded following the visit of a Hungarian mission to Indonesia. Hungary is to get rubber, copra, coffee, quinine and vegetable oils in exchange for industrial machinery, textiles, chemical goods, agricultural equipment and sundry manufactured items.

Rumania And Bulgaria

The inclusion of industrial products among the Rumanian and Bulgarian exports now going to China reflects the development of industry in these two countries. Under a Sino-Rumanian agreement announced last July, Rumania is to provide industrial equipment, electrical products, oil products and chemicals. She will receive from China metals, chemicals, vegetable oils, groundnuts and tea.

A Sino-Bulgarian agreement also

concluded last summer is the first in the history of the two countries. Chinese goods imported into Bulgaria before the war were brought in Western Europe. Under the new agreement Bulgaria is to send to China machine tools, electrical products, nitrogen fertilisers and chemicals in return for non-ferrous metals, cotton, silk, tea and hides. Several products of Bulgaria's new machine tool industry were shown for the first time at Leipzig in September and those being supplied to China include lathes, shapers, presses, and pneumatic hammers. Bulgaria's Vice-Minister of Foreign Trade headed a mission which visited China in October to arrange future exchanges between the countries.

Transport

Shipping has constituted a main difficulty in trading relations between the East European countries and Asia. At the Moscow conference there were numerous criticisms of "shipping monopolies," and one Indian industrialist actually attributed the absence of trade between India and Eastern Germany entirely to the lack of adequate shipping facilities. Accordingly the 17 regular lines which the Polish mercantile marine is operating to ports in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Hong Kong, Singapore, Australia and South Africa, have assumed special importance. By 1955 Poland is to have 580,000 tons of shipping, a sizeable amount of which is expected to be engaged on the service to China

ports. A Sino-Polish agreement concluded at the beginning of 1951 covered shipping and navigation, and sea traffic has since developed on a considerable scale between Gdynia-Gdansk and Tientsin and other north China ports. Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary have the use of Stettin at the mouth of the Oder River and have been using this outlet for their trade with China. A merchant fleet now being built in Eastern Germany is also especially intended to serve the exchange of goods with China. Wismar is being enlarged to make it an important transshipment port for German potash going to China and other Far Eastern countries.

Also significant from the point of view of future trading relations between the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and China is the projected navigable waterway to link the canals of the Soviet Union with the rivers of Poland and Eastern Germany. As far as China is concerned a major contribution to facilitating commerce with her European allies has been the rebuilding of Tangku harbour linking Tientsin with the sea and providing accommodation for ships up to 10,000 tons.

Given a continuing world dollar shortage and disagreements over the rate of industrial development in Asian countries such as came to light at the Commonwealth Conference in December, the East European states will clearly intensify the bid they are now making for more trade with Asia.—Copyright—N.N.F.

AMERICA AND THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

"IN Africa decisions are being made for all of us." So begins a special study on Africa by South African novelist Alan Paton and international correspondent Harold Issacs. Disturbed by the apparent lack of concern of official America with Africa, this week practically every major publication in the U.S.A. has special articles on this situation. Here we present some American viewpoints.

In his inaugural review of world affairs, President Eisenhower made no mention at all of Africa. In his maiden speech as Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles referred to Africa in two sentences in which he suggested that "if there is trouble in Africa it will be due to the 'Communists.'" If this is to be taken as the measure of official American concern with Africa at the present time, we are in for some rude jolts. Eruptions of volcanic proportions are in the making in Africa. When the lava begins raining down on our heads and we search frantically for policies, remedies, and solutions, it may be too late to find anything but scapegoats. It is not difficult to imagine future Congressional committees combing the State Department for the officials who "lost" Africa for the free world. Yet in the past year it should have become impossible to ignore or belittle the emergence of Africa as a major factor in world affairs. Some of the pressures accumulating for a long time in different parts of Africa have already broken surface. Others are plainly close to breaking points. Conflicts have begun to draw blood and blood writes headlines. Mau Mau terrorism in Kenya, sporadic violence in South Africa, clashes in Morocco and Tunisia—with these Africa has graduated to the front page and is there to stay. Because it has so far been unbloody, the civil disobedience movement in South Africa—perhaps the most significant development of all—has received much less attention, but it is

obviously the precursor of greater and possibly more "newsworthy" events to come in the future.

It is quite possible that, as in certain diseases, the visible appearance of the symptoms means that it may be too late, or almost too late, for a cure. If this is so, we would do well to be quite clear that the diseased body in Africa is not so much the African's as it is the European's. It is Western man, with his power hunger, his unpracticed religion, his racism, his slowness to admit the humanity of all men, who is being billed for a misspent history. If the African in Kenya and South Africa is beginning to react with desperation it is the European who has driven him to it. If the African is beginning to resort to counter-racism and unreasoning violence, it is because the European has blocked his way to the use of more reasonable means of achieving his reasonable ends.

This diagnosis is not extreme. The most that can be said is that it may be a little premature, or that it still does not apply to all or even most of Africa but only to a number of key places in it, or that the infection is still localized and, by heroic measures, can be prevented from spreading. Any student of these conditions is entitled to his own estimate of the rate at which they are developing. But we had better be sure the estimator is consulting the facts and not his own ignorance or his wishes.

A little more than a year ago the experts on South Africa were saying it would be "years" before the Africans in that country could organize effectively in their own interest. Yet in these past ten months Africans in South Africa have with remarkable success marshalled themselves under the most demanding of all political banners, that of non-violent resistance, and their campaign has brought the Union to the edge of a major crisis. In his farewell as retiring Governor of Kenya last year,

MALABAR BOUQUET TALCUM POWDER

Malabar Bouquet Talcum Powder is perfected after years of laborious research in collaboration with some of the eminent Cosmetic Chemists of Germany.

Its lasting fragrance will fascinate even the most fastidious.

It cools, soothes and refreshes the skin.

Manufacturers:

RATHOD TRADING CO.,

21, THOLASINGAM ST., SOWCARPET,

MADRAS-1.

PHONE: 2334.



Sir P. Mitchell boasted that there has never been greater harmony among the races living in that East African British colony. Yet a few weeks after he left, Mau Mau struck, and Kenya became a land of fearful violence and fearful panic. These tremors and shocks are registering on the increasingly sensitive seismographs of emergent dissidence throughout the rest of Africa. It would now be a bold man who would insist that the relative calm in Africa's other foreign-ruled territories will last indefinitely, or even for a long time to come.

There is nothing simple, easy, or uniform about the vastness and the complexities of Africa. But the big fact is plain enough. Africa has begun to seek its place in the great continental rearrangements of our time. Africa's peoples, long locked in their continent, for centuries prey to the slave-trader, were in the last hundred years sectioned off as colonial subjects of Europe's empires. They are the last now to begin seeking a change in their status as a submerged segment of humanity. They bring to this nascent effort the strength of their numbers and the great material wealth of their lands.

The European brought change to Africa. In great numbers Africans were not merely subjected to European rule. They were wrenched from their older tribal societies and thrust into new ways of life dominated by the needs and interests of the Europeans. In this new order of things they were expected to content themselves with an inferior status, with the denial of opportunities to grow and develop along new lines. Caught between two ways of life they were placed on a rack of the white man's contriving and were expected by the white man to remain in that painful posture indefinitely, or at best to win relief from it at a pace and in a manner dictated by the white man. This expectation is now being rudely upset. The African is beginning to transform himself from a docile subject into a man intent upon changing his conditions of life. This is what is adding a turbulent Africa to the crowded agenda of an already turbulent world. This raises a host of staggering problems. They cannot be wished away any more than we

could wish away the changes that have come so recently in Asia. It should still be fresh in our minds that less than fifteen years ago Asia was still a remote place of only minor apparent concern to Americans. Yet within this time, Asia has broken into our awareness with cataclysmic effect; our Asian policy is capable now of making and unmaking Presidents and even dominating the entire spectrum through which we view world affairs.

And now, when we have still by no means absorbed the full meaning of the new place of Asia in our affairs, Africa thrusts itself insistently forward, demanding and requiring the world's attention. Our education about Asia was education-through-catastrophe. The question is whether we can still educate ourselves about the African in a less painful and less costly manner. Shorten or lengthen the perspective, narrow or widen the frame, Africa stays in the picture. Viewed as a military factor in the world power struggle, Africa's importance is self-evident. Its northern littoral backstops—or menaces—a shaky Europe. Its coasts dominate communications between the West and Asia. Its mines, forests, and plantations yield strategic materials in decisive quantities to the West's industrial and military machines. But one need not look very long or hard at these facts to see that every military problem is really a political problem. Strategic position does not consist merely of chunks of unpeopled terrain neatly arranged in geometric combinations on the war maps.

This point need hardly be laboured, but of what use will be the air bases in Morocco or the ports of Capetown or Durban if their present rulers, our allies, are rendered powerless and their populations are hostile?

Even if one sees politics only as the handmaiden of strategy, it is obvious that burgeoning dissent from European rule in large parts of Africa is a factor of the first magnitude. It would be a gross, and fatal, misreading of the facts to think of "trouble" in Africa as the product of a Kremlin conspiracy. The charges that are beginning to explode in Africa were laid in its soil by the Europeans who conquered it and rule

it now. What the Kremlin can and will do is try to exploit situations it did not have to create. Africa, in fact, is a primary testing ground for the basic strategic concept bequeathed by Stalin to Malenkov, i.e., reliance on the capacity of the West to destroy itself.

Communist organization and influence exists at the moment in Africa only in dribbles here and there. But, as an observer reports later in these pages, Communists are being given the credit by Europeans for the most elementary democratic ideas now gaining currency among Africans. If the Communists are acquiring this enormous asset without significant effort on their own part it should not be difficult to see how far and how fast they will be able to move when they really start trying.

In any case, it is asking a lot of Africans to expect them suddenly to appreciate the virtues of Western democracy. Authoritarian colonialism has not exactly been a training school or an example for African democrats. On the contrary, democratic ideas have been held by Europeans to be unfit for African emulation. Finally, as the evolution of the Malanist regime in South Africa shows, the most dangerous threat of totalitarianism in Africa is not of Communist but of white European origin.

Here lies the American dilemma. American world strategy rests on a strengthened Europe. The strength of Europe rests, to a critical degree, on continued European power in Africa. Although trimmed occasionally with plans for African "welfare," the great bulk of European economic effort in Africa is aimed at the deeper entrenchment of European interests, not the elevation of African standards. Hand in hand with this goes the maintenance of European political supremacy, and in key areas this also means white racial supremacy. It is precisely this that Africans, in growing numbers, are challenging. The American course so far has been to equivocate when possible and to support European interests whenever an issue has been forced. Sooner or later, this policy will exact its price. The United States will have to decide, if it still has time, whether the free



Adamin

(LIQUID & CAPSULES)
(CONCENTRATED VITAMIN OIL)

FOR
BETTER HEALTH
AND GROWTH

★
Govt. Oil Factory,
KOZHIKODE

A division of the Dept. of
Industries & Commerce,
MADRAS

world's interests can really be advanced in an Africa that is itself not free or becoming free.

Africa is already an anachronism in an age of waning empires. Only four of its countries, with a total population of about 38,000,000, are politically independent: Egypt, Ethiopia, Libya, and Liberia. The Union of South Africa is, of course, a sovereign member of the Commonwealth. But only its 2-1/2 million white Europeans are "free"; its 8-1/2 million Africans are helots. The rest of Africa is a patchwork of colonies, protectorates, and trust territories, under Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain, with a total subject population of more than 130,000,000.

The British rule 57,000,000 Africans with the avowed policy of advancing them to self-Government in the hope that each colony, as it becomes self-governing, will voluntarily join the Commonwealth. The French rule 50,000,000 offering to a small elite places in the French National Assembly as a deposit on the ultimate gift of "assimilation" into a French Union centered in Paris and dominated by France. The Belgians describe their rule over 11,000,000 in the Congo as "paternalistic" and see any form of local representative government as a prospect only for the dim future.

The pattern of African dissent is just as varied. In many places it is still a germinating state of mind. In others it is concentrated in semi-traditional secret societies sometimes, capable, as in Kenya, of organized violence. In still others it finds expression in large, vigorous, well-organized, Western-style political movements and parties. In all of colonial Africa, however, only the people of Britain's West African colonies (Gold Coast, Nigeria, Sierra Leone) can be said to be moving in a forward direction and in a reasonably orderly way toward self-rule. Here the process of pressure-reform under the British system has reached the point where the beginnings of constitutional governments have been created. Most advanced is the Gold Coast, which has an elected legislature made up almost entirely of Africans, an all-African cabinet, and an African prime minister.

This development is unique in Africa. Not only does no other colonial power contemplate anything similar happening, with its assent, anywhere in its territories, but the British themselves have little prospect of being pushed anywhere near as far anywhere else in British Africa. The reason for this brings us to what is probably the most sombre and the most explosive aspect of African affairs. The West African areas remained homogeneously African, with small transient European groups of administrators and businessmen holding sway over the local populations. But in British East and Central Africa, conditions favoured European settlement. Europeans moved in, took what land they wanted, and established themselves as sizable communities, 30,000 among 5,500,000 Africans of Kenya, for example, and 160,000 of them among the 7,000,000 Africans of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. These Europeans, locally entrenched, with key economic interests and with all local administration in their hands, regard these countries as their own. They want self-government, not for the Africans, but for themselves. They want this local sovereignty primarily to gain unhindered power to maintain and strengthen the existing system of white supremacy. They want to shrug off the last feeble restraint represented by Britain's formal obligation to look after African interests, an obligation which the present British Government seems almost ready to relinquish. Outraged and frightened by the reform won by Africans in West Africa, the European of East and Central Africa want to be able, like the white rulers of South Africa, to keep their African majorities in a permanent state of subordination. This is the basis of the clamour for more local power in Kenya. It is the guiding idea behind the projected Central African Federation, which is aimed to put the Rhodesias and Nyasaland under local white rule.

This classic struggle in Africa of local nationalism against metropolitan colonialism is multiplied many times in intensity by the conflict between Africans rising to assert themselves and dominant local white populations holding local power and

fiercely intent upon preserving their political and racial supremacy. It is this kind of conflict that has grown most acute during the past year in Kenya and the Union of South Africa and these are the situations dealt with most extensively and from varying viewpoints in this special issue. The political, social, economic, and moral ramifications of the gathering crisis in Africa are immense. But it should at least be clear that the days of European empire in Africa are coming to an end. It should also be clear that the manner of their ending will have profound effects in Africa and in the rest of the world. If not out of high moral need, then at least out of the crudest kind of self-interest, Western men had better be asking themselves if they are serving their own survival by what they do in Africa or assisting in their own destruction.

Some of the problems raised in Africa are nothing new in the predicament of Western men. But they are raised on a vast scale and with commanding urgency. They are easily recognizable as existing close to home as well as an ocean away. Consider the fact that there are more than 20,000,000 Christians among these awakening Africans, that virtually all education for Africans has been mission-provided, and that the emerging leaders of Africans are almost all products of Christian teaching. Whatever the contribution and demeanour of a few individual missionaries, the African quickly discovers that while he is promised his reward in Hea-

ven, the white man reserves to himself the rewards of the earth while he is on it. Whatever other claims the white rulers can make for themselves in Africa, they cannot make much of a case for describing themselves as builders of the brotherhood of man. When the African begins to assert his membership in the human race and to seek justice on earth as in heaven, he presents the European with an embarrassingly explicit test of the European's glibly offered religion, a test very few Europeans in Africa are ready or able to meet.

The doctrine of race superiority is less brazenly held now than it was in most of the Western world. But in Africa it is warped too deeply into the European power system to be eliminated, even for vital reasons of expediency. Whether naked or legal, or piously clothed and sanctioned only by custom, it pervaded all of European-controlled Africa, a continuous and increasingly intolerable affront to the African's dignity and sense of his own worth. So long as the white man's power remained beyond question this resentment remained smothered. But that power is being questioned now, and by that very fact is being whittled.

In sum, Africans are in growing numbers more and more unwilling to go on accepting the rule of the European, and unwilling even to accept his benevolent tutelage so long as this means enforcement of an inferior status for the African in land-holding, in labour, in education, in government.

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI"

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLAI PAPIAH PATRUDU & SONS

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 2554

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

REGD.
 93648
 31

CORONATION WILL PAY ITS WAY

By MONROE JOHNSTON

British officials figure that nearly \$15,000,000 will be spent on the Coronation, but since the investment is expected to yield over 20 times that amount in return, it would appear well-spent.

LONDON wasn't shocked when one of its leading papers headlined an editorial on the Coronation. "To Hell With Economy." The bold expletive reflected the sentiments of everyone from Prime Minister Winston Churchill to John Hughes, £8-a-week mould maker in the Potteries.

The editorial strongly criticized those who said the country could not afford an extravagant Coronation. Condemning the idea of a "cut-rate Coronation," it demanded England produce "the finest, gayest, proudest, most gorgeous Coronation in its history."

There is little doubt that Britain will get such a Coronation. The Prime Minister has already stated his Government would not support a cheap affair unworthy of Britain's greatness. So the country is getting set to ring up the curtain on the most lavish royal spectacle ever presented. The pageant of magnificence which will be unveiled will cost the British nation something like \$15,000,000.

Will it be worth it? Yes, say its boosters: aside from the many intangible benefits, such a Coronation, in terms of straight cash returns, will more than justify a \$15,000,000 Government expenditure. Sir Alexander Maxwell, Chairman of the British Travel and Holiday Association, sees the Coronation attracting more than 800,000 foreign visitors to Britain, each overseas tourist arriving on a British liner or aircraft being worth approximately 500 pounds sterling.

Since some 200,000 of these guests will be from Canada and the U. S. Sir Alexander estimates these will be worth \$280,000,000 to his dollar-shy country.

"The Canadian and U. S. tourist trade is our No. 1 dollar earner," he told me. "From the North American

trade alone, we earn more than from any tangible export. It's worth more to us than any of our exports of china, jewellery, textiles, cars or whiskey. We get as many dollars from the average Canadian or American coming to the United Kingdom as we do from selling an English car in the North American market."

Sixty-six-year-old John Hughes of Stoke-on-Trent was called from his bench in the shade of the pottery hives and told he had won a £75 award for the best model of a Coronation souvenir mug and beaker. His was the design on which more than 10,000,000 official mugs and beakers will be based. In addition, pottery manufacturers will turn out millions of pieces bearing unofficial royal emblems.

No one can estimate the exact total of the earnings from souvenir china, but one manufacturer said he would not be surprised if all lines—mugs, beakers, plates, ash trays, tea services, candlesticks and other commemorative pieces brought in an additional \$20,000,000.

Transport System Lays Plans

For the 58,000 workers in the pottery trade the Coronation is the urn at the end of the rainbow. The spectre of unemployment hung over the industry. W. S. Wentworth Shields, Director of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation, told me the trade had taken a terrific plunge when Commonwealth countries, not Canada, imposed new and drastic restrictions on British imports.

"The loss of the Australian trade alone was a terrific blow to our business," he said. "Now it appears Australia, along with New Zealand and South Africa, will lift the import ban insofar as it applies to Coronation ware. This will mean a great pick-up for our business. We are looking forward to substantial sales,

and attach the highest importance to a well publicized and successful Coronation."

The Coronation means a shot in the arm for the clothing business. Last Coronation the clothing manufacturers figured some \$15,000,000 worth of extra business was done. This time they are hoping it will be around the \$25,000,000 mark. One of the biggest items is the dress of the nobility. Robes and mantles costing anywhere from \$5,000 to \$10,000 will be worn by Britain's elite.

The hotel and catering business knows it will be swept off its feet by the flood of Coronation visitors. Hardly had the date of the Coronation been announced than such leading London hotels as the Savoy, Dorchester and Grosvenor were booked to capacity. The Hotel Association says there will be accommodation for all visitors but many will have to be lodged in small suburban hotels. Already a house registry has been established and private homes are being mobilized to hold the overflow.

The railway and transport systems are planning relocations to meet on their rolling stock. Tourists, on the whole, are an imitative group and the transportation brains know the heavy demand will be for passage to such places as Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Windsor, Canterbury and Cambridge.

G. F. Andrews, Secretary of the National Association of Goldsmiths, and H. B. Southam, Director of the British Jewellers' Association, are wearing smiles that betoken happy days to come.

The jewellery business is expecting to do \$100,000,000 worth of Coronation business. Orders are already pouring into Birmingham, centre of the British jewel trade, from all parts of the Commonwealth. Despite great cuts in world buying—Australia herself, South Africa, the West Indies and Ceylon are clamouring for samples.

Chocolate and biscuit manufacturers will capitalize on the event and earn both abroad and at home big profits on the fancy Coronation confections that achieve a special popularity in the three weeks prior to the affair. Contests for new pastry and

biscuit designs are already being held and generous prizes being given.

The circular saw is working as it hasn't since wartime. Eating through domestic and imported logs at a dizzy clip, it is turning out the material to be used in the construction of procession-route grand stands. At the same time, there must be no let-down in the amount going to new home construction. The Government alone will be erecting 27 miles of seats. The London County Council and the Westminster City Council will also throw up miles of grand stand seats.

The grand stands and window seats will harvest a treasure of foreign gold. Last Coronation, it was reckoned revenue from all space reached \$14,000,000. There is reason to believe that at this Coronation it will go twice as high.

The National Government alone will earn nearly \$5,000,000 on the seats it will construct. Speculators have rented window and open space which, when prepared, will hold seats selling upwards from 15 guineas (\$45) each.

Cost To Municipalities High

Flag and bunting merchants will reap a rich reward. In the City of Westminster last time \$150,000 was spent on decorations. In every other part of London and in every borough in the nation, elaborate decorations will be strung. The triumphal arch has given way to the individual decorated standard and one London borough is planning to plant 200 of these.

Nobody can estimate the extra business food companies will do on the big day. It has become customary in England to mark a monarch's Coronation by throwing parties for school children, old folk and those who are physically handicapped. Westminster, for instance, entertained 7,500 children of kindergarten age at tea parties last time. Every municipality across the country will try to make the children remember June 2, 1953; and in so doing will contribute large sums to caterers, jewellers and china-ware wholesalers.

There is hardly an industry which won't benefit from the Coronation. Last time Britain was still dragging herself from the depths of a depres-

sion. From the time the Coronation date was announced, unemployment dropped as Britain went into high gear to turn out the hundred and one things that are synonymous with a crowning.

What will be the big-dollar earners this time? When Queen Elizabeth attended the British Industries Fair in London, she saw many of the Coronation trinkets designed to catch both the expert and inexperienced eye. One which particularly interested her was the exquisite silver model of King Edward's throne. A tiny replica of the Stone of Scone slides from under the seat. Its designers feel this will be a popular seller this time as a result of the widespread interest in the future of the stone.

New, non-breakable plastic products, unknown at the last Coronation, will likely slice into chinaware sales. Complete dinner sets have been designed in the new material, each piece bearing a medallion of Queen Elizabeth. Coronation dolls, of plastic and other materials, have been produced for the children's market. One delightful doll-like reproduction bears a resemblance to the Queen when she was Princess Lilibet.

For milady, jewellery designers have turned out coronet earrings, chain bracelets and symbolic brooches. A favourite will be the brooch in the shape of the Imperial state crown of gilt and coloured stones with a white-enamelled edging representing ermine. Union Jacks in red, white and blue stones will have miniature photographs of the Queen inset in the centre. Royalties of \$100 and upwards are paid by the manufacturers who reproduce these photographs.

An imitation jewelled "E" and the Roman numerals II mounted on a gilt pin with a crown separating them and a fob brooch shaped like household cavalry trumpet with a scarlet enamelled banner, bearing the initials "ER" are other eye-catchers.

Famed English silversmiths are turning out fine and delicate sets of silver gilt tea-spoons designed for the connoisseur. They will be replicas of the silver anointing spoon used at the Coronation ceremony and a set of six will sell for around \$25.

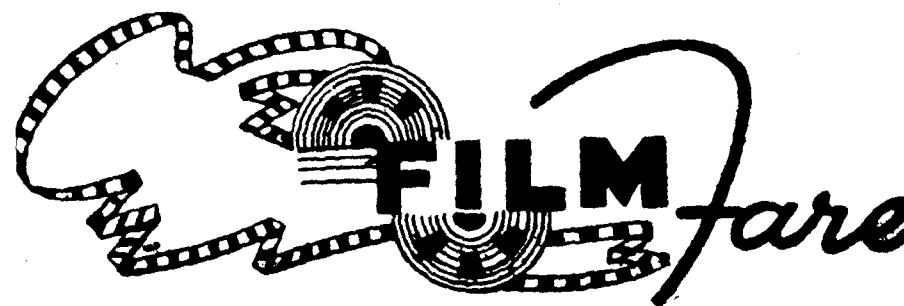
Permanent reminders will be the clocks. One of distinction and beauty is made in the form of the royal orb and has a rounded face with a jewelled band across the centre. It is of sterling silver. At the top a jewelled cross is mounted. Crystal and gilt metal clocks made in the shape of crowns will also be sold.

But the standard Coronation memento, as it has been for centuries, will still be the mug. With an ancestry going back to Charles II's crowning in 1681, the mugs have become indivisibly associated with coronations. George I made the error of having his Coronation commemorated by a wine glass. Friends of "The Young Pretender" turned out competitive mugs bearing the likeness of the young Stuart prince and these proved far more popular on the Coronation market.

The Royal Mint will be doing a booming business in Coronation medals. School authorities throughout the nation buy these up by the bushel for distribution to students. From the sale of grandstand seats, Coronation medals, and its take from the purchase tax, the Government will get sizeable revenues.

The Government votes so much to one department, so much to another and by the time the total allocations are made, there will be confusion on the total sum expended solely on the Coronation. Following the Coronation of the late King George VI, the Government was asked on three different occasions what it had cost. The first time, the figure given was £354,000; the second time, it was £152,000; and the third time, £689,000. The latter figure is generally accepted as representing approximately the sum spent by Parliament alone to stage the Coronation.

Coronation officials say there seems little doubt that between national and local Governments and private organizations close to \$15,000,000 will be spent on Queen Elizabeth's Coronation. Since this investment is expected to yield something like \$560,000,000 worth of business, it would appear the Englishmen can still combine business with pleasure.—NMF.



By V. P. SATHE

WHILE the Indian Producers are still vaguely thinking about the three dimensions, the Indian picturegoers will be soon able to see his much talked about 3-D film. Only this week Western India Theatres Ltd., and United Artists have announced that they would be soon releasing *Bwana Devil* the first feature film in three dimensions which was taken America by storm in Bombay and other parts of India.

In a way, the release of *Bwana Devil* is most welcome. For the public response to this novel film would enable our producers to judge how far the 3-D film emanating from Hollywood would affect their home market. If the 3-D films of Hollywood constitute a serious opposition when the Indian producers will be forced to take up production of 3-D films; otherwise they can continue to monopolise the home-market. Fortunately for Indian producers there is no strong opposition like television in this country. Hollywood has resorted to 3-D films only to counteract the opposition of television. There is an effort to change the present ratio of 35 mm frame to achieve new effects though such a change would involve tremendous cost as it would require raw film of new dimensions, new cameras, new projectors and new screens. In any case, if 3-D films prove successful, the motion picture industry will have to invest millions of dollars in new equipment. And today when Indian producers have no money even to produce 3-D films reasonably well, would they be able to afford these additional expenses?

The answer to this and so many other questions confronting the film

industry will be provided when *Bwana Devil*, *House of Wax* and *Singaree*, the three 3-D feature films are released in this country. If the Indian picturegoers go into raptures over these pictures from Hollywood, then either the Indian producers will have to beg, borrow and steal to make 3-D films or they will lose the present hold. As it is, it is worth noting that since the Indian producers started making bad pictures, the revenue of foreign pictures has gone up. It is reported that foreign film distributors earned a profit of about Rs. 30 lakhs in 1952 as against Rs. 21 lakhs in 1951. And if 3-D films attract crowds, this amount will further go up unless of course Indian producers are able to meet the challenge of the box office.

Picture Of The Week

The very idea of a combination of such a trio as C. Ramchandra, Kidar Sharma and Om Prakash appears strange. For one can never associate either C. Ramchandra's music or Om Prakash's comedy with the screenplay and direction of Kidar Sharma; yet this strange association has been responsible for *Thanger*, C. Ramchandra's first essay in production.

Barring one superfluous duel between Om Prakash and Sunder, C. Ramchandra has given truly excellent tunes in keeping with the spirit and mood of Kidar Sharma's screenplay. The song "Ja re Nindiy," a purely Indian melody, is of course the best of the lot, though there are at least three other songs, including one bhajan and one gazal which are equally melodious and appealing. But these songs do not play the same

important part in the story as the songs of *Anarkali* do and as such they are not likely to be as popular.

This is one of the faults of Kidar Sharma's screenplay; it suffers from other shortcomings as well. In the beginning it moves at a snail's speed and it is only after the first few reels when the triangle drama involving two cousin sisters—Roopa and Seeti and Pares, the man they love, gets into stride, that the picture becomes interesting. This interest is kept until the author resorts to a very mechanical and artificial device to bring about a climax. Indeed, instead of arising out of the complications, the climax is brought about by the tricks of the villain who gets first the hero framed up and then kidnaps the heroine. The end is rather unsatisfactory as it marks a tragic death of the only sympathetic other actor in the picture. Seeti is played superbly by Kamini Kaushal.

Indeed, Kidar has been most successful in handling the two female characters. Roop, the dignified, sweet and polished girl and Seeti the irresponsible naughty girl are both very live characters played dexterously by Usha Kiran and Kamini though between the two Kamini is more lively and impressive. Om Prakash as the simple, straightforward father of Kamini has little scope for comedy; he has been asked to play a rather serious role which he does commendably well. Equally surprising is the acting of Motilal as Yama, the Governor of the Island; but versatile artiste that he is, Motilal gives a very polished performance. Singh and Sunder also acquit themselves creditably. Produced elaborately, if only Kidar Sharma could have maintained a brisk pace and provided a natural climax *Thangir* in spite of its nondescript background would have been an all-round brilliant picture. As it is, it is like a curate's egg, good in parts.

Star Of The Week

Opinion on the performance of Pran as a good friend of Raj Kapoor in *Aah* appears to be sharply divided. Some of the critics feel that he has given a very indifferent performance. Others think that though the role itself does not offer him any scope, he has done quite well. There are

others who cannot imagine Pran as a 'good man' on the screen, though he is known to be a good man off the screen.

Pran is one of the very very few artistes in Bombay who commands the respect of the producers. There has never been any complaint against him of being irregular in attendance or exacting in his demands. On the contrary he has been so good that his 'goodness' has cost him quite a lot with several producers not paying him all his dues.

In the film world, where stardom does not last for more than five years, Pran has been in the lime-light for over a decade. His first important picture was *Kuandaa*, in which he played the hero opposite Noorjahan. Though the picture proved a hit it did not help Pran anyway as his own performance was not impressive. In fact, while most of the popular stars of Lahore migrated to Bombay, Pran stayed on there playing any kind of role that came his way. When I met him in 1946-47 at Lahore, though he was not exactly prospering, Pran had numerous contracts to fulfil. In those days Pran was a different man. Young, educated, he led a rather bohemian life little worrying about his family or any scandal that may drag his name.

But the partition changed all that. He came to Bombay and began his career anew. Thanks to his success as a villain in *Ziddi* and other pictures, he soon got a foothold in Bombay Studios and thanks to his sweet temper and co-operative attitude he soon became a favourite of the producers. What is more, a number of pictures in which he appeared proved successful at the box-office. His career was made and unlike most other stars, security and success sobered him down. The losses he incurred in partition probably were responsible for his change of attitude to success.

Anyway, he started leading a new kind of life and today he is comparatively a very sober and family-minded person. At the same time as an artiste also he made remarkable improvement. In the beginning, despite his tall figure and handsome face, his acting was most unconvincing; now he has acquired slick-

ness, polish and a genuine mannerism of his own and as such he is regarded as one of the polished villains and dependable artistes.

Aah and *Sheeshe-ki-Diwar* in which he is playing the role of hero, however, mark another change in his career. If he succeeds in the new type of roles, he would prove his worth as an artiste and ensure for himself a long and distinguished career.

News Of The Week

—Dilip Kumar has returned from

the holiday and now the shooting of *Amar, Shikest, Footpath* and *Mughal E Azam* is expected to progress anew in full swing.

—Mehboob performed the Muhurat ceremony of the construction of his new studio at Bandra last week.

—Sohrab Modi who had come to India for a few days, left for England again to finalise the English version of *Jhansi ki Rani* scheduled for release in Coronation week at London.

THE TOY TRAIN

THE guard blew his whistle and the train began moving. Nobody had come to see her off. There was none to fling a last smile at or to nod to in farewell. She had come by herself to the station and was all alone in the compartment.

Her belongings were arranged on the rack opposite, packed anyhow. Her belongings! Not numerous, not new, not valuable, but her own. She smiled faintly. They, those objects, belonged to her, not like herself who belonged to none, as daughter, wife, mother or grand-mother. Of her son's children, Leela never liked her. But Baby, healthy, active and vivacious, would no doubt miss her. Baby however, was young—only three years—and had a short memory. Many a loss is forgotten at that age all too easily. Her son had been different even at that age. He was obstinate with a tenacious memory. How he cried for a toy train that day years ago? He would not be quietened till she had bought him one.

He—her son—was no different even now. He was holding a high-salaried post and had found for himself a rich wife. He was liked and respected and had a circle of staunch friends. Yet he forgot nothing—nothing about her, his own mother.

His wife Meena was twenty and a graduate when they were married. At their wedding Meena was not demure at all, did not feel shy at the thought of marriage and what it meant. Meena had read too much about love, marriage and marriage nights.

But how different her own marriage! She was then barely fifteen. She knew she was pretty. Not tall, but proportionately built, fair, with lively big black eyes, and a small mouth almost always smiling. She was feeling really shy though profoundly happy that a handsome young husband had been found for her. She was sensitive too and whenever her small young breasts felt her husband's stealthy glances on them, they shrunk with shame. Meena would have shortly called it—the reaction of—tactile tissue. That came of being too well educated in colleges. She, on the other hand, was in no such sense educated.

Life and happiness—how full and profound they had been during the first years of their marriage! Her husband was undoubtedly handsome and comfortably-off. He like her, came of a middle-class family and and on his parent's death was left a decent provision for life. It was during the first ten years of their marriage that their only son was born. Her husband was then holding a fairly good job in a private firm. With his salary and the income from his inheritance, they led a happy and uneventful life. Her husband's great ambition was to become the head of the firm where he was employed. Both she and he had one common ambitions—a house of their own in the city, tasteful furniture, and perhaps a car. As the years passed, the desire for these had become more insistent, more urgent than even love.

All their desires had been realised.

Her brows became suddenly knit as though she was trying to discover the answer to some question. But soon she relaxed and sighed finding that it could not be answered one way or the other. Some would say that it was a sin to have done that. Others, callous or practical, would have only commended the results. She, however, could not decide. It had happened and the results followed. But who was happy at both the happening and the result? Not she. Certainly not her husband. Nor her son. Perhaps the gentleman, the boss, only!

The boss!—The day she first saw him showed how attractive she still was. She had turned thirty and was in a period of life when, mature and fulfilled, she felt sure of the attraction of her unadorned womanhood. Her husband had taken her that day to the cinema. She had felt the moment she occupied her seat, the pair of eyes from the back, a little to the left, surveying her intensely. She felt involuntarily proud. During the interval, her husband turned round to greet somebody and she saw the person who had been staring at her return the greeting. He was about fifty-five, with graying hair, dark, but with the look of the wealthy. Her husband informed her that he was the boss of the firm in which he was working. It was some weeks later that he told her casually that the boss had begun taking a special interest in him and in his family. What she felt, she did not tell him. Such things were difficult to explain; she was herself not certain and she didn't know how her husband would take it. She kept herself to herself.

But he must have come to apprehend it—the new interest of the boss—at least when the boss began visiting them. The first occasion, the boss explained his presence clumsily as due to a car which had broken down near by and which would take sometime to set right. But the subsequent visits he did not attempt to explain. Of course, he was welcome. He took only a cup of coffee and always refused refreshments. He petted the child, spoke with paternal interest to her husband, and sought repeatedly to engage her in conversation.

It was in the course of such a con-

versation one day that he told them of his dearest wish. He wanted to put the affairs of the firm into capable and honest hands, and retire. Having said that, he looked long and questioningly at her husband. The statement was repeated frequently during the following visits, and with the same searching look of interrogation.

She understood its meaning—the meaning of that look—but was not upset. Her husband, however, did not for long understand it. He was wondering why the appointment was not made and who the honest and capable hand was going to be.

One evening the boss embarked on a comment as to the unsatisfactory work of the firm's senior officers. He repeated his wish to retire and plunged abruptly into an exposition of the principle of "return" which governed the conduct of human beings. Nobody gave anything for nothing. Every deed, even word, must have its return. All in his office took but gave little in return except her husband, he said. And there was the same look of interrogation in his eyes.

Then the meaning of that look should have struck her husband like a sudden revelation. His brow clouded a little. She could discern the turmoil of thoughts in his head. He suddenly relaxed as though he had made up his mind and said: "I must take the child out to buy it a new toy train," took the child and went out. Only that morning she had bought the child a toy train and her husband had disapproved of the purchase.

So, it happened! She felt nothing—no sense of wrong, no exultation, not even relief that the matter had been decided. Vaguely she perceived that the foundation of a new house, a luxurious life, a rich future for her son was being laid that evening.

Her husband was soon made the manager of the firm and the boss retired. He learnt about the affairs of the firm only at their house in the evening.

So it had continued for nearly two years—till the death of the boss. His heirs who were only distant relations, took over the firm, but continued her husband as the manager till several years later he also retired.

They had their own lovely bungalow in the city, a car, and a sound bank-balance. Their son had taken the M. A. degree and chosen a wife for himself.

Shortly after the marriage her husband died leaving all his property by will to "his son."

His son. Not theirs! Perhaps so.

Just now her son had disowned her, virtually. Didn't he do it when with a husky voice he implored her to go away? His daughter Leela had to be married and Meena was hearing now and then some veiled talk about the sudden rise to affluence of their family. Meena must have told her son all about it. Who, however, could have known about the boss? Not even her son—he was so young then. But he had a strong memory and must have sensed something. If he knew, why did he accept all the fortune left by her husband? He would have also sensed where the foundation for the family fortune was laid. He rejected—only her. He

simply said: "Leela has to be married. I shall let you know after it is all over. Couldn't you be better looking after our lands in the village till then?"

That was all and she was now in the train. What had she, for all the sixty years of her life, achieved? Better not think of the past. I didn't exist. With every instant it was born and was no more and never had been. But it was no relief to think so.

The past—how happy had the remote past been! She could still recall the tremor of shy sensual pleasure whenever her husband's eyes had alighted on her bosom. It had charmed two men and nourished a child. Now drooping, dewlap like, it could neither charm nor nourish.

She did not weep. She smiled, remembering suddenly the principle of "return" expounded by the boss that evening years ago. Her son had sent her to a real train.

—B. T. SAMPATH.



BEST

for all uses...

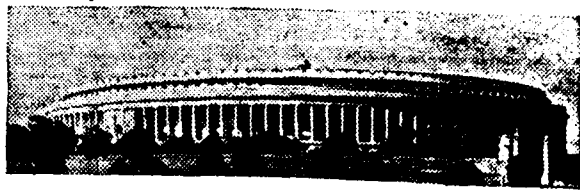
For Cunjees, Gruels, Soups, Curries and Barley Water. Rich PEARL barley which is delicious, fresh, new.

NOW AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

ATLANTIS (EAST) LTD.
P. O. Box 664, Calcutta 1

ARPX 2

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister amazed us when he told the famine-affected people of Maharashtra that the Indian people were addicted to the habit of complaining against the Government for imaginary woes. He was convinced that the people of no other country were so unreasonable as the Indian people. I rubbed my eyes to find out whether Jawaharlal Nehru actually said so, or whether I was merely imagining that he was making such a speech. The *Hindustan Times* itself carried the report: there could therefore be no question of misreporting by a hostile newspaper.

I wish the people of India were a little less patient. Their patience has been their ruin. They are convinced that evil on itself shall back recoil, and that therefore they need not make special efforts to combat the evil. Friends from foreign countries are never tired of remarking that the chief defect of the people of our country is their spirit of resignation. One German professor told me that they would have burnt a few buses, if in any German city the transport system was as bad as in Delhi. That millions in Bengal died without protest and without raising their hands against authority is clear proof of their surrender to Fate. Pothan Joseph, writing on the Bengal famine, exclaimed, "Thou hast conquered, O Mahatma!" The Mahatma would, no doubt, protest that this was not his conception of non-violent resistance, and that a truly non-violent man would fight till his last breath for a morsel of food. But it cannot be denied that whatever the intention of the Mahatma, this kind of surrender to Fate was the direct result of the Mahatma's preachings.

In the same speech, Pandit Nehru made another astounding statement

when he said that Potti Sriramulu's fast did not lead to the formation of Andhra State and that it had actually led to its postponement. Everybody knows that there would have been no Andhra without the death of Potti Sriramulu. It is not for Nehru to assert that Potti Sriramulu's fast did not lead to Andhra. Not even a categorical statement of assurance that Andhra State would be a reality within six months was made by Pandit Nehru. If an unequivocal statement to that effect had been made by the P. M., Potti Sriramulu would still have been with us. But Pandit Nehru, it must be admitted, stuck to his guns for once on this issue. He had said that as long as Sriramulu continued his fast, there would be no Andhra. Only when Sriramulu ceased to fast by ceasing to live did Panditji feel free to announce the formation of the Andhra State by a particular date.

Incidentally, Pandit Nehru has violated another statement which he made on the floor of the Indian Parliament. When a suggestion was made that all members of the House should stand as a mark of respect for the departed soul of Potti Sriramulu, Panditji objected on the ground that Sriramulu was not a member of Parliament. Those who lost their lives in the recent plane crash were not members of Parliament, but I am glad that Panditji did not get up to object to the members of Parliament standing for a minute in their memory on the ground that all of them were not members of Parliament. If Pandit Nehru were logical, he would have pointed out that the members could not stand in honour of all those that were killed in the crash, but only in honour of the late Mr. Kaushish, who was a member of Parliament. He would have asked members to remember that he had made it very clear that the House

was not prepared to stand for a minute for all the other people who died in the crash.

I had occasion to observe in this Diary two years ago that the use of the Dakota was a possible cause for the occasional accident that occurs in India. Mr. A. V. Pai, the then Secretary of the Communications Ministry, told me that what I had written may have sprung from the propaganda that was being carried on by certain aeroplane-sellers against the Dakota so that they might sell their planes. Pai explained that we had obtained these Dakotas for a song, and if we were to buy new planes we would have to spend a few crores. He told me that if I had reason to think that the Dakota was obsolete—apart from the propaganda of aeroplane interests—I was naturally entitled to hold my view. I told Pai that I was not aware that such propagandists had existed, and that I was merely advancing a possible cause for the accidents, and suggesting that accidents could probably be lessened by changing our Dakotas.

The fact that two Dakotas figured in two plane accidents on successive days last week can only lend credence

to such a thesis. It is possible to argue that even if the planes were of some other brand, the accidents would probably have occurred. Such an argument must appeal to most of us because we are believers in Karma. But the Government cannot accept the Karma theory, although but for our Karma we would never have got such a Government.

Kumari Kamala gave the impression of being an Urvashi come to the Earth when she danced in Delhi. Unlike Mr. B. Jagannatha Das, who said that he has been seeing Kamala dance ever since she was a baby. I saw her for the first time recently. I guess Kamala is the foremost Bharata Natyam dancer in India today, despite her mere twenty years. Shanta Rao may be better than her in Abhinayam, and may possess greater stamina. Balasaraswathi may be more urbane and certainly more sophisticated. But Kamala danced like *une animale*, as the French say. I have always been left unimpressed by the snake-dance, whoever the dancer may happen to be. But Kamala was the exception. The audience seemed mesmerized by Kamala's snakes, like birds about to be devoured.

From a Pure Fountain

Nature has endowed the forests of Mysore with the finest sandalwood trees—the source of the best sandal oil for centuries. Add to this modern scientific methods of skilful distillation, the result is 100% pure, high grade Mysore Sandalwood Oil. It is ideal for pharmaceutical use and manufacture of soap or perfumery.

Mysore
SANDALWOOD OIL

A MYSORE GOVERNMENT PRODUCT

SIDELIGHTS :

THE *Indian Republic* has closed this week. It was Dr. Pattabhi who originated the move for the floating of a company to start an English daily newspaper for the Andhras. Share capital upto nearly Rs. 10 lakhs was collected. The initial management was given to Sri C. Nageswara Rao, a Bombay artist. He was too openhanded for the directors who got rid of him after a little while for a consideration. Before he left he had bought a fine building with a spacious compound in a valuable locality, installed a flat bed rotary press and five or six lino machines and engaged the redoubtable Sri K. Rama Rao as editor.

There could have been no apter choice. Sri Rama Rao is a master of all the skills comprised in sub-editing. The Andhra temperament has in him a remarkably faithful exponent. What the Andhras feel communally, Rama Rao feels individually, and the identity of sentiment and outlook between them is perfect. The true soul of Andhra would have found lifelike expression every day in print if *Indian Republic* had come out, as planned, with Rama Rao as editor. But it was not to be.

What forced Rama Rao out was too long a period of inactivity after he came on the scene to make the preliminary arrangements. He brought together a team of young men who received excellent training from him and have made good since wherever given a trial. They produced a dummy day after day. For a few days at the start, it was exciting work, but when weeks passed and the dummies continued with the publication day recurrently postponed, the initial enthusiasm flagged and boredom set in. At least to the gentlemen of the press, earning an income is not everything. They must have work to do and it must confront them as printed matter on newsprint. There is nothing like the denial of publication of the outcome

of the day's labour to dishearten a journalist and fill his spirit with fury.

After Rama Rao left, the management changed hands frequently. The paper that at last emerged was a degenerate anaemic substitute for the original robust baby on which so many had built such hopes. For a brief period the Raja of Bobbili took over control and ran the paper in grand style, but it burned his fingers and he gave up all too soon but wisely. His successors converted the enterprise into an adventure in real estate speculation, the newspaper serving only just as legal scaffolding, or title for possession of property and no more. The present owner is Sri K. Appa Rao. He knows nothing of the newspaper business but he seems to be thrilled by stories of fortunes piled by several gamblers through newspaper properties all over the country without much professional or intellectual equipment to boost of. He conceived the idea of commercialising Sri Prakasam's immense popularity with the Andhras by starting a Telugu daily newspaper in his name. And *Praja Patrika* was started. Wonderful tales are told of the gigantic response which people throughout Andhra gave to *Praja Patrika*. The rush for agencies was terrific. In some places the crowds carried the paper in a procession in the streets as though it were a deity. But Sri Appa Rao is according to all accounts a frightened man, appalled by the amount of heavy spending involved in daily newspaper-running. The *Indian Republic* has turned out to be the first casualty of his panic.

The Andhra shareholders have been completely done out. The newspaper estate has been turned into plots for commercial firms. Lakhs of rupees have been wasted. And Sri Appa Rao rules as lord of all that is left, with mouth watering at fabulous hopes of profit to come.

—SAKA.

INOCULATION BY QUESTIONNAIRE

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

(International Institute of Educational Sciences, University of Utrecht)

ONE would have thought that life was complicated enough. What will Man think of next?....

Here comes someone advocating... Inoculation by Questionnaire! What is this—a new device to guarantee people protection against cholera or typhoid fever if they just fill out "the usual forms and papers"?....No. This is not the latest invention of a bureaucrat sitting behind his Government desk. We are not thinking here of new preventive methods for coping with time-honoured communicable diseases. And yet. We still believe that there can be.... Inoculation by Questionnaire. And it will be a method of Preventive Medicine.

For what, after all, is inoculation? It is a method of giving a person immunity against a serious disease by deliberately inducing in him a mild and safe, form of the disease in question. This being so, we should be able to use the method also against diseases other than typhoid and cholera. We can! We can inoculate against *Prejudice*—by questionnaire. And the method is both safe, and successful.

Prejudice, let us make no bones about it, is a disease, and a communicable one at that. It is a disease that sometimes flares up in epidemic form. Then there are very many victims.

But medical science has taught us how to prevent epidemics of communicable diseases—of cholera, say, or bubonic plague. If our guess is not too wide of the mark, we should be able to use the same principles in preventing epidemics of prejudice too. Indeed, we are convinced that this method of inoculation can profitably be used to prevent prejudice. And the method uses the....Questionnaire!

Let us explain further. There was a time when smallpox decimated whole towns and cities. Today this former scourge of mankind is under

control. Because it was discovered that if we cause persons to get cowpox fever, they thereby get a sizeable immunity against smallpox. Cowpox is a mild disease, relatively to smallpox. But it is related to smallpox. And now we know that those coming down with the milder form of the disease have immunity to the dangerous form.

The cholera fever that is induced by the inoculation dose may give pains for a day or two. But in most cases the patient gets from this mild attack a certain immunity against *real* cholera. By using this principle of making persons "come down" with a mild (and safe) form of a dangerous disease we are able to bring to the surface of twentieth-century patients the minor (and less dangerous) manifestations of prejudice. This procedure should give immunity to the development of prejudice in strength. That is our basic assumption.

But how do we bring the prejudices to the surface? The answer has already been given: *By Questionnaire!* How the questionnaire works has still to be demonstrated. We must move on to the chapter, "The Principles and Methodology of Prejudice Inoculation."

The kind of prejudice doesn't much matter. We take our illustrations here from international prejudice; but the same principles apply whether the prejudice is racial, religious, caste, or class. Actually the psychologist finds that prejudice is "generalized." This is important to remember.

Now, there are today numerous conferences where persons from various parts of the world are brought together. We are told that the members of such conferences are going to solve specific, or general, problems. But the mere exchange of information doesn't solve international problems. Because underneath

the fine talk there are the latent and hidden and disguised prejudices.

We must bring these buried prejudices out into the open if our international conferences are to succeed. There must be the forcing to the surface, at conferences big and small, of the underlying prejudices of the individual members. Only thus can we begin to be successful in the process of immunizing against the grosser forms of prejudice.

This is where the questionnaire comes in. Because we have all been trained not to say what we think. We have all been educated to show only "finer feelings." We have been so brought up that it is rare for us honestly and forthrightly to express ourselves—save in the conventional platitudes. The questionnaire is a method of getting people to probe beneath the surface. It is the device which enables them to say what they feel.

It is only when people say what they feel that they are... themselves. And it is only when people are themselves that they serve any purpose at conferences—or anywhere else!

A case study!... Not long ago there was a conference at the University of Leiden, in Holland. "Eastern and Western World." There were students from 16 countries present. From Europe, from Asia (Indonesia, Pakistan, Japan, Iraq as well as India), from Africa, and from the United States and Canada.

Bear in mind, please, that with over 100 representatives from 16 different countries there were at least 16 different national backgrounds. There were more than 100 different individual backgrounds. A questionnaire was designed to bring to the surface some of the misinformation that these members had absorbed. The questionnaire, in short, was designed to bring to the surface some of the prejudices normally kept by individuals below the surface.

The important question for 'Westerners' was: "You have never visited the East. How would you describe as simply as possible your impressions of what the East consists of?" For Easterners the important question was the reverse: "Before you came to

Holland (or to some other Western country, how would you have described as simply as possible what the 'West' consists of?"

The questionnaire was given out on one of the first days of the Conference. Answers were in writing. Two days later a whole afternoon was given over to the reading and discussion at this conference of selected answers. The discussion of differences and of newly discovered similarities went on into the evening—and into the rest of the session. At one stroke people had been made to know each other. Two dozen students had spoken at this meeting. And others had had their feelings and opinions voiced by the reading of those answers. No longer were persons from many different countries complete strangers to each other. Some of the tensions existing between nationalities had been dissolved away. Just by bringing them to the surface of the representatives of the different nationalities!

But before continuing further we must cite some of the answers. As will be seen some of them show insight and understanding. Some of them do not. In any case, here follows the miniature collection of stereotypes:

"You have never visited the East. How would you describe as simply as possible your impressions of what the East consists of?" A Dutchman wrote, "Backward countries which need assistance in all aspects from the West. On the other hand large markets for Western products and supplies of all kinds of natural products, like rubber, tea, tin, etc., needed by the West." This is simply the imperialist stereotype! Likewise, another Dutch student wrote, "A mysterious people; their thoughts are quite different from ours, just like their character." Is comment needed from a Westerner who has visited the East! More solid is a third Dutch answer: "Not the 'unchanging,' 'inscrutable,' or 'mysterious' East. Mainly a large mass of people who, like everyone, are mainly concerned with their own affairs, but have at least as hard a time in managing them as elsewhere in the world." This student goes on to add (as part of his visualizing of the East) "Intellectual

leaders or future leaders whose most outstanding feature is possibly eagerness."

But we must not quote only Dutch stereotypes. An American wrote, "Poverty-stricken masses, poor sanitation, disease, over-population, under-nourishment, unscientific methods in farming and in what industry exists. . . . Profound philosophic insight, mysticism. A vast human and industrial potential." This is not bad for insight. But think of the effect of this next American sample on the British delegation: "Mostly countries which have been oppressed for years and are now clamouring for freedom. The countries are rich in natural resources but do not have the technical 'know-how' to use these resources most profitably. Because of these rich natural resources these countries have been exploited by Western countries. I think Britain especially is loath to free these countries."

Two British answers. No further comment necessary:

(1) "Necessarily a hot sun shining directly from above, palm trees, shrouded women, dirty roads, waterwells, mud huts or flat-roofed stone houses."

(2) "A group of people rather than States, highly diverse in language, customs, race and religion, all of whom live in what remain basically agricultural communities with, by Western standards, a very low level of material prosperity. In the less fertile areas the agricultural society is replaced by a nomad, pastoral economy. The trading communities and the large landlords and rulers form only a minority of the population."

It is only fair to follow these with two more American stereotypes:

(1) "1. Poverty, famine, overpopulation. 2. A philosophical tradition which is less materialistic, more spiritual—that cares less for this world (or the surface manifestations thereof). 3. Nationalism, a desire for many things of the West, but on Eastern terms, a flirting with Communism."

(2) "The East in my inadequately informed mind consists of over-populated, poverty-stricken areas—

some primitive and some advanced to 50 to 100 years ago. Some areas by contrast would resemble the towns and cities of the United States but the average home I would expect to have more children, less education, more accepted traditions and less of material wealth. While I can only guess, it would seem that years of different religions, such as Christianity and Hinduism would have given different values of character different emphases. I would think of an Asiatic as less 'tense,' less provoked to anger than someone from home."

Now, we could go on selecting answers to this first question. But there was the reverse. "Before you came to Holland how would you have described what the West consists of?" This too produced its share of bright and not-so-bright answers.

A student from Pakistan visualized: "A sky always filled with clouds and smokes from the chimneys of factories. No charming green field with river flowing through. No person with a friendly look, rather with a sympathetic look mixed with superiority complex. Young people never without women, who can't afford to talk to a stranger for a long time."

A member who identifies himself simply as from the East: "The West seemed to me the land of the unpredictable machine, destroying ruthlessly and creating inadequately. It was also the home of the colonial administrator. These two ideas merged to form a picture of vast tracts of land that were inhabited—yet the individual inhabitant of which I could never visualize as a human being similar to me. There was indeed an element of blind fear and awe."

An Indian would have described the 'West' as consisting of "A diverse group of people with different political, social, and economic systems but characterized by one phrase—'Capitalistic countries.' The West is highly developed economically but the political and social systems are not of universal interest. The West, enjoying comparatively a higher standard of living due to the exploitation of the backward territories, is now

finding itself amidst a crisis whose impact is felt throughout the world."

In the last analysis, however, it is not the content of these answers that matters. It is the fact that there were the answers. In the discussions at this particular international conference much misinformation and sheer ignorance was prevented from hiding beneath the surface merely because there was the Questionnaire.

When misinformation lies dormant deep down in any of us, it is a fertile breeding-ground for prejudice. At this Conference the Questionnaire dispelled some of this prejudice. It also catalyzed the discussion. We should explain that after the reading of the answers (to the entire membership) there was spontaneous discussion by the members. Thus after about twenty minutes of reading the answers to the question "What does the 'East' consist of?" there were first spontaneous comments from representatives of Ceylon, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Pakistan, the Sudan; then there was general discussion, from the floor (meaning that Westerners also took

part!). The discussion wasn't always restrained and reached some boiling temperatures.

We believe that some of the tensions existing between nationalities were dissolved away in this Conference by using this Questionnaire device. We believe too that this same method of "Inoculation-by-Questionnaire" could be successfully used at many conferences. To be sure, there will still be the tensions between individuals in groups. But there will no longer be the problems of East-West relations, or of caste-class relations. There will rather be problems of human relations!

The tackling of the misinformation dimension of prejudice can be successfully done in the way just outlined. And when we have brought to the surface all the wrong beliefs, all the milder prejudices, possessed by individuals, then we will indeed to a great extent have immunized these individuals against more damaging prejudices, against the prejudices that could destroy society. Who will say that this is a bureaucratic device!

LIBERALISM IN INDIA

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

BENTHAMITE Liberalism of the 19th century in England which was the seed-bed of several useful legal, social, constitutional and religious reforms was not without its effects on India. It was responsible for the enunciation of a new principle in Anglo-Indian relations that Britain's greatness was founded on India's happiness. Though the earlier stalwarts like Maha Govinda Renede, Gopalakrishna Gokhale, Rash Behery Ghosh and others represented the liberal tradition in India, the Indian National Liberal Federation was founded when the Congress took to unconstitutional means by way of direct action under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. It is necessary to distinguish it from the South Indian Liberal Federation which is a communal organisation known as the Justice Party designed to foster the interests of the non-Brahmin Community. Throughout the world Liberalism suffered an eclipse after the First World War. The swing of the pendulum was either to the extreme left or right but never rested at the centre.

The Liberal Party in India was never a mass organisation, but a mere collection of individuals personally eminent but politically without any popular following. They established a tradition of sincere conviction, sustained service, and sound patriotism. They were no respectors of persons. They were unruffled under gravest provocation and were never rude to anybody. In movements of crisis their cold logic might not have received the attention it deserved. Their approach was objective and their conclusions were dispassionate. They were throughout constitutionalists. As a matter of fact they supplied the constitutional background for other parties and organisations in India.

The achievements of each member of this party was unique. The persuasive eloquence and poise of Mr. V. S. Sreenivasa Sastry raised the status of India in the estimation of the English-speaking world. He was

a true servant of the country throughout his life. The only official position he ever accepted was the post of Agent-General in South Africa in an honorary capacity at the instance of Mahatma Gandhi. Even ill-health, advancing years and the pecuniary difficulties could not tempt him. The positions he declined were a legion. He declined to be the Chief of the Interim Ministry in Madras before Sir K. V. Reddi Naidu was sent for. Similarly he refused to accept the Presidentship of the Council of State, a seat on the Vice-regal Cabinet, and membership of the Secretary of State's India Council in London. Thinking public wondered whether he was a statesman or a politician. But every one agreed that he was a patriot at heart. As a matter of fact, he thought as he felt and acted as he thought. On that score he was often misunderstood. When he disapproved of the Home Rule Movement inaugurated by Dr. Annie Besant, it was said that he was responsible for her internment since he happened to enjoy the privilege of friendship with Lord Pentland, the then Governor of Madras. It hurt him deeply but he suffered the indignity silently. He was unsparing in his criticism of the sayings and the doings of the British rulers. Eternal conflict raged in him between extremist inclinations and moderate convictions, between the principle and the expediency, the ultimate and the immediate. People wondered whether he was a moderate in the guise of an extremist or an extremist in the guise of a moderate. But they were bewildered when he proposed cheers to the British Empire at the Imperial Conference.

Next come the trio that preserved and fostered Liberalism to the last breath of their life. Sir P. S. Sivaswami Ayer, the great Jurist, was reputed to be an erudite scholar and the most accurate thinker in India. Sir C. Y. Chintamani the distinguished Editor of the "Leader" the leading daily that moulded public opinion in Upper India for over three decades was rightly regarded as the

SYMPATHY for the suffering handloom weaver may urge you to buy his products now and then

BUT as a regular procedure the balancing of values and returns and the final advantages

ALWAYS DECIDE YOUR PREFERENCE FOR

Co-optex

HANDLOOM FABRICS

They are the Best Value for money and satisfy all needs and tastes and combine Dignity with Durability, Elegance with Economy. AVAILABLE IN 124 DEPOTS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE MADRAS STATE HANDLOOM WEAVERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.,

34, PANTHEON ROAD,

EGMORE,

MADRAS-8.

Telephone: 8176 and 85839.

Telegrams: 'HANDLOOM.'

index of Indian politics. Sir Chimanlal Setalwad, the distinguished father of Mr. M. C. Setalwad, the present Attorney-General of India, was noted for his keenness and clarity. These three persons proudly proclaimed their faith from house-tops as a panacea for all political ills. Chintamani's respect for constitutionalism was so intense that he never advised anyone to non-co-operate any issue, but suggested that it would be increasingly difficult for the people to cooperate. Sir Ferozeshah Sethna and Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, the Parsi knights, were purposive and business-like in their approach. Mr. G. A. Natesan the founder-Editor of the celebrated monthly 'The Indian Review' was the self-appointed publicity agent in the cause of Liberalism. But for his efforts most of the distinguished Liberals would have remained unknown. Sir M. Ramachendrarao's deep study and love of blue books endowed him with the authority of a natural element over any problem he tackled. By virtue of his receptivity and range Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Ayer is a class by himself among the Liberals. Sir E. P. Paranjpye with his characteristic mathematical precision popularised the rational approach to public problems. Pandit Hridaynath Kunzru, President of the Servants of India Society, who is also the President of the Indian Council of World Affairs, is sincere and steadfast in his devotion to the principles of Liberalism. It is no exaggeration to say that from Ranade to Gokhale, from Gokhale to Sastry and from Sastry to Kunzru it is a sort of an apostolical succession. No doubt some title-holders and landed-aristocracy joined this party to further their personal ends. But Liberals as a whole wielded power and influence with honour, dignity and independence.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Dr. M. R. Jayakar deserve special mention. One supplemented the other. Sapru was a great scholar in Persian and Urdu whereas Jayakar is devoted to Sanskrit and is well versed in

our epics and classics. Sapru personified Islamic culture and Jayakar represents the Hindu Dharma. Sapru began his career as a Congressman, supported the Home Rule Movement of Dr. Besant, joined the Liberals and ultimately in his own words became a political orphan. But he was always an admirer of the British traditions and the Empire. At the Imperial Conference he was reported to have said that he was proud to proclaim that it was India which made the Empire imperial. Dr. Jayakar began his public career as a Swarajist and oscillated between Liberalism and Hinduism. Thus Sapru and Jayakar formed a comprehensive and full personality. They were such as to be separately rare and wonderful in combination. Ardent love of constitutionalism was common to both. Their contribution to the conclusion of the Gandhi-Irwin Pact and the Poona-Pact is a matter of history. During the Second World War, their efforts as constitutional experts at the Non-Party Leaders' Conference brought the national demand to the forefront in spite of severe repression and stifling of public opinion. Their study was marked by industry and thoroughness. They gave the correct lead on crucial issues and tendered the proper counsel at the opportune moment. But Liberalism is now reduced to the position of a single man's show. Its president, Mr. T. R. Venkatrama Sastry, a faithful chela of the late Rt Hon'ble Sastry is sick and bed-ridden. But he continues the hobby of issuing statements that border on special pleading on behalf of the *status quo*. The role of the Liberals in India is neither properly understood nor adequately appreciated but the events are undoubtedly influenced by them from time to time. "Their days of power are gone and these are the days of their influence in public affairs" as Sastry used to say. Thus Liberalism in the country is a thing of the past which left its impress on the course of constitutionalism.

Press freedom, in India as elsewhere includes in practice freedom for wealthy individuals to propagate their views through chains of newspapers.—Norman Cliff in *The New Statesman and Nation*.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII.
No. 16

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1953

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

IN his address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, delivered on April 16, President Eisenhower referred, in forthright terms, to the "one question upon which progress waits."

"It is this! What is the Soviet Union ready to do?"

"Whatever the answer be, let it be plainly spoken.....the hunger for peace is too great, the hour in history too late, for any government to mock men's hopes with mere words and promises and gestures. The test of truth is simple. There can be no persuasion but by deeds."

Three weeks after General Eisenhower delivered his address, Sir Winston Churchill made a foreign policy speech in the House of Commons which has been acclaimed as his best since the war. Certain parts of the British Prime Minister's speech have the appearance of being a direct repudiation of the American President's premises and principles. Sir Winston said, for example, that "it would be a mistake to assume that nothing can be settled with Soviet Russia unless or until everything is settled." These words do not reflect a vague generalisation connected with a hypothetical possibility, they sum up a defect observed in actual experience, and the U. S. A. is evidently the nation given to that sort of defect. A definite cleavage in the British and American points of view in the matter of dealing with the Soviet Union has emerged unmistakably in these recent statements of the heads of their respective Govern-

ments. Mr. Eisenhower's concern for peace is patent, but he holds that until there is concrete evidence of a like concern on the part of the Kremlin leaders, it would be a waste of effort to look for Soviet cooperation for the promotion of peace and the removal of the prevailing international tensions. The British Prime Minister, on the other hand, urges that piecemeal solutions of individual problems should not be disdained or improvidently set aside. "It would," he thinks, "certainly do no harm if for a while each State looked about for things to do which would be agreeable instead of being disagreeable to each other." Affirming his faith that the immense problem of reconciling the security of Russia with the freedom and safety of Western Europe is by no means insoluble, Sir Winston wants that "in spite of all the uncertainties and confusion in which world affairs are plunged, a conference on the highest level should take place between the leading powers without long delay." This suggestion received the immediate approbation of Pandit Nehru and found cordial endorsement in other nations renowned for their interest in peace.

In Washington Churchill's proposal seems to have placed the President in a quandary. The American people have not the gift of the British of keeping to a middle line between hope and despair when confronted with difficult situations at home and abroad. In international affairs, particularly in dealings with Russia, fear of failure has become a sort of national obsession with them. Their leaders are nervous about

making allowances for Russian good faith and tend in consequence to miss many an opportunity by taking failure too readily for granted. President Eisenhower's demand for a preliminary earnest of good faith from the Russian leaders is in the nature of a protective safeguard against the internal turmoils of American mob sentiment, and the embarrassment into which the British Prime Minister's attitude threw him can be easily imagined. But a great storm that swept over the country in the wake of strictures uttered in Parliament by Mr. Attlee, has thrown the peace endeavour into the shade and served for the moment to give a respite to American policy-makers faced with the British plea for a great power conference.

Mr. Attlee cordially endorsed the Prime Minister's proposition, but adverted critically to the disadvantageous effects of the American system on international efforts for amity. The Americans, he complained, spoke with too many voices, and it was sometimes hard to find where the effective power lay; and "there were elements in the United States that did not want a settlement." It would be possible, said Mr. Attlee, "for President Eisenhower to attend the conference and then to return to the United States and be thrown over, as had been President Wilson after the discussions at Versailles." Mr. Attlee therefore pleaded that "further settlement should not be left in exclusively American hands."

Mr. Attlee's comments elicited a ferocious attack from Senator Mc Carthy. He called the former British Prime Minister a "comrade," "this creature," a "Communist," and a "traitor." He taunted Britain "to withdraw from the Korean war and be damned." Then, he continued, "let us sink every accursed British ship carrying goods to China." He criticised Churchill for sitting in the House of Commons "meekly nodding his head" to Mr. Attlee's speech and called on the Prime Minister to dis-

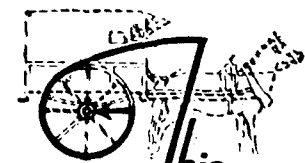
avow the Opposition leader's "insulting comments on the American President and people."

Mr. Attlee is at his best under vilification, since the most intemperate criticism is powerless to make him lose his temper, and under the fire of personal abuse, he rises to exalted heights of dignity and detached objectivity mixed with vigorous wit and satire. His rejoinder to Senator Mc Carthy seems to have shamed the American nation into a consciousness of the cheapness of its hectic defender, and Mrs. Roosevelt has taken the lead with a reprimand telling Senator Mc Carthy that he had no right to call Mr. Attlee "comrade Attlee." "It was a gratuitous insult for which there was absolutely no excuse, and when a gentleman of the Senator's calibre undertakes to manage international relations, we are apt to lose friends." Internal reactions in the U. S. A. to the Senator's outburst have apparently been quick and dramatic, and in a strange and anomalous way they seem to have made good what was lacking in Sir Winston's appeal to make it acceptable in Washington.

Hyderabad Public Services

MOHENJO-DARO was a famous historian! The Niagara Falls are in India! "War and Peace" was written by Shri Jawaharlal Nehru! L. B. W. means Leg Break Work! These are some of the howlers from candidates which the Hyderabad Public Service Commission has cited in its Annual Report for the year 1951-'52. On the problem of Mulki versus Non-Mulki, the Report gives facts and figures and says the figures do not bear out the ever-growing criticism that the sons of the soil are being neglected for the sake of outsiders. The Road Transport Department, the extension and the re-employment of officers due for retirement, appointments to posts in

Osmania University and contract posts for a period of not more than three years have all been excluded from the Commission's duties. The establishment of a special tribunal with exceedingly wide powers has gone further to limit the functions of the Commission. The Report records certain cases in which the recommendations of the Commission have been rejected by the Government and opines "If the rules of appointment are to be broken at will by heads of departments... we may say farewell to impartial, correct and good administration." As an example of rank nepotism is quoted the case of the then Hon'ble Chief Justice filling the vacant post of Personal Assistant by appointing his own nephew to it. The Report observes: "Appointments of relations over the heads of those already in employment are certain to give rise to that public suspicion of nepotism which sound and impersonal administration should do its best in all circumstances and at all times to avoid." With regard to the language policy, the Government's vagaries are multitudinous. "The Government, the Department, and the Commission must each know where they stand in regard to the language policy." The Report stresses the desire of the Commission "for their being informed officially of the replies given in the Legislature in regard to their work." It is praiseworthy that the Hyderabad Government and its two year old Public Service Commission are only too anxious to improve the relations between them. The Chairman of the Commission has had a useful discussion with the Cabinet and "a new and useful convention has been established" that the Chairman and the Chief Secretary meet once a month for discussion on general matters of principle or policy. The Commission has as its members Shri. N. B. Bonarji. I.C.S. (Retd.), Chairman, Prof T. Virabhadhrudu and Nawab Azam Jung Bahadur.



*This little pin,
slender and
thin, performs
the vital task
of protecting
the wheels and
enabling them
to turn and
move the car-
riage forward.*

Life Insurance is just that in the progress of one's life. It protects the wheels of progress from going off the track and helps them move smoothly and steadily forward. Relatively to the wheels the pin is just a trifle, a tremendous trifle, not to be neglected, always to be attended to.

It costs you only a little to obtain safe precaution against unexpected dangers and difficulties in life. A policy in this Company is your guarantee for safety and protection.



Ask for free Particulars.

**The Andhra
INSURANCE CO. LTD.**
MASULIPATAM

SIDELIGHTS : :

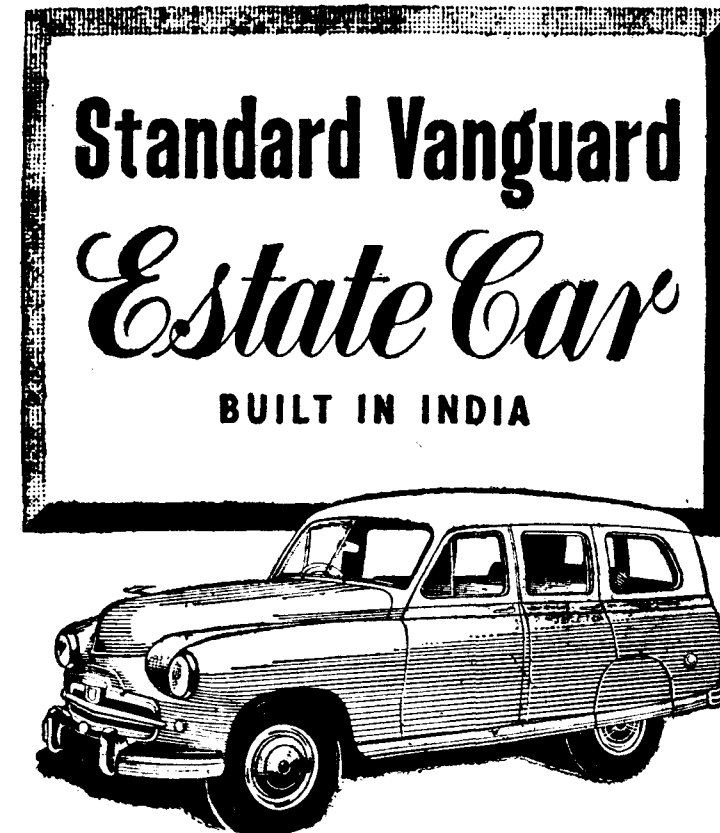
THE Congress Working Committee, in its recent Delhi meeting, passed a resolution regretting "that a matter affecting the whole of India, in regard to which the policy has been clearly stated, should be made the basis for separate and often mutually hostile and occasionally even violent agitations." It is evidently the reorganisation of the country on a linguistic basis that is referred to by the Committee. At last the discovery has been made that within the same organisation discordant voices should not be raised from different branches engendering an atmosphere of strife, but it is none the less welcome for its late arrival. The Working Committee's resolution conveys somehow an impression that no fault lies with its own leaders that have passed the resolution now, and the responsibility for the misdemeanour complained of, belongs to others. This is scarcely true. The fact of the matter is that the top leaders of the Congress, including the President, Pandit Nehru, never took a definite stand on the issue of linguistic States, they never stuck to their convictions, they played to the gallery and wobbled repeatedly, and altogether they spread more confusion than clarity in the minds of those that looked up to them for light and guidance.

Sri Rajagopalachari has the reputation of not mincing his words. He is not deterred from unpleasant duties by fear of the illwill of the adversely affected victims. But even he, it would appear, had secreted for years, securely locked up in his breast, the true state of his feelings on the subject of linguistic division. From the time of Lord Erskine onwards, he had claimed to have done everything in his power to advance the formation of the Andhra State. We all took him therefore to be a votary of the popular creed in favour of division by language. It was only at the Hyderabad Congress that he

let out for the first time his passionate conviction that it was a primitive, tribal idea to divide the country linguistically. But by that time, the mischief had been done. C. R. withheld his valuable wisdom when it could be thrown usefully into the national pool for reaching sound decisions, but volunteered it, too late, after the decisions had been taken, when it could serve no purpose.

Pandit Nehru, on the other hand, made no bones about opposing the demand for linguistic division. When pressure was sought to be applied to make him change his view, he declared firmly that his Government would not yield to pressure. Yet it yielded to pressure when Sri Potti Sriramulu died; but Pandit Nehru disclaimed having done so, a little later. He said the announcement of the formation of the Andhra State, which synchronised with the passing away of Sriramulu, had nothing to do with the pressure through sacrifice applied by the Andhra martyr and the forces released by it.

Our leaders have done what they said they would not do, and not done what they said they would do, to such an extent that it is difficult to find out where the effective will of the Congress leadership lies on any important national issue. Official denials of any intention to disintegrate Hyderabad cut therefore no ice with advocates of Visala Andhra who aspire to have Hyderabad for capital. They build their hopes on the Congress tradition, and wait for Pandit Nehru to abandon tomorrow his decision of today, and split up the present Hyderabad State into its various linguistic components. If the change-over from the ruling doctrine to its opposite, which will come anyhow, comes soon enough, all the terrible inconveniences and unsettlements and financial losses and wastage inseparably associated with the choice of a temporary capital will be saved to the people of Andhra.—SAKA.



*This comfortable all-steel saloon
becomes an all-purpose carrier
in a matter of seconds!*

THE UNION CO. (MOTORS) LTD.,

MADRAS

BANGALORE

OOTY.

SOME BEST REMEMBERED BOOKS: A HAPHAZARD SKETCH

By C. L. R. SASTRI

"You only, O Books, are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask."—RICHARD de BURY.

THE first book that gripped my fancy was John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. I was then in my fourth form and our Bible teacher never failed to impress upon us the manifold beauties of that unforgettable allegory. There was no help for me, therefore, but to borrow a copy of it from the school library and to set to work upon it in my spare hours. It instantly struck a chord in me and I followed the hero's nerve-racking adventures with breathless interest. I used to have a profound sigh of relief whenever he came out unscathed from his hair-raising encounters with his adversaries; and it was positive delight to me when, at long last, his terrible "burden" dropped from his shoulders and the pearly gates of heaven swung wide open on their hinges to receive him. I have had many literary heroes, since then, but none so ennobling, as Bunyan's Christian. I read the book twice in quick succession; and though it would be idle for me to pretend that I remember much of it now I feel immensely proud of having grappled with one of the world's acknowledged masterpieces so early in my life.

Shaw On Bunyan

Then, rummaging in the library, I was beside myself with joy when I discovered another book by the same author, *The Resplendent City*. I devoured that also with the same eagerness as the first. To this day I feel a warm interest in Bunyan; and it is a source of the most unalloyed gratification to me to reflect that in this I am in excellent company, indeed, as no less a person than the great G. B. S. himself shares my enthusiasm. Mr. Shaw adores Bunyan "this side idolatry"; and so do I. Bunyan's prose is markedly Biblical; but that held no terror for me, because I was familiar with the Holy

Bible and its lovely cadences. His book firmly set me on the literary path that I was to tread thereafter; and though there have been many Sloughs of Despond and Valleys of the Shadow of Death in my career, just as in that of the valiant Christian himself, I have never felt the slightest remorse for continuing on the trail that Bunyan blazed before me.

The Good Sir Walter

At about that period I had a school-chum who was in the habit of boasting that he had read this novel of Sir Walter Scott and that; and, not being content with that boast, he would actually produce before our envious eyes brand new volumes in the Nelson's Classics series. Our interest in Scott, let me interpolate, had been kindled by the fact that we had, at the time, as our English test, an abridged edition of *Ivanhoe*. My friend used to look down upon us because, according to his own testimony, he had finished the unabridged edition, and, appetite obviously growing by what it fed on, was fully determined, wind and weather permitting, to exhaust the whole unwieldy lot. This, of course, was too much for mere flesh and blood; and we vowed within ourselves that we would not lag behind him in that effort. Well, speaking for myself, I was as good as my word, reading, as I did, almost all the *Waverley* novels, including even *Peveril of the Peak*, which Robert Louis Stevenson confessed to having baffled him continuously, and which, in the end, he gave up as a bad job.

Scott's Remarkable Eloquence

I am not, let me submit, among those who take pride in scoffing at Scott's works. It is not everyone that has his matchless eloquence. Nor can there be any two opinions about his extraordinary creative ability. Nevertheless, I must enter a respectful caveat against his over-indulgence in a certain kind of detail which is not only apt to weary us

but has the additional disadvantage of impeding the movement of his narrative. His style of writing, to be quite candid, is definitely not my cup of coffee. I like a chaste, elegant diction, and Scott is verbose to a degree. Even his grammar is not always completely above reproach. The secret of all good prose is the art of omission and Scott and Ruskin and Carlyle and De Quincey seem never to have even heard about it. The consequence is that they revel in sentences that, in G. K. Chesterton's memorable words, "lengthen out like nightmare corridors, or rise higher and higher like impossible eastern pagodas." The lesson that the inimitable R. L. S. inculcated to Edmund Gosse (himself, be it remembered, a stylist "to the manner born") is as true today as it ever was:

"Beware of purple passages.... And in a style which (like yours) aims more and more successfully at the academic, one purple word is already too much; three—a whole page—is inadmissible. Wed yourself to a clean austerity: that is your forte. Wear a linen ephod, splendidly candid. Assemble its folds, but do not fasten it with any brooch. I swear to you, in your talking robes there should be no patch of adornment; and where the subject forces, let it force you no further than it must." (Thick mine.)

Scott, in my opinion, is at his best in his purely Scotch novels; and in *The Antiquary* and *The Heart of Midlothian* and *The Bride of Lamermuir* are to be found his peculiar virtues. *The Abbott* and *The Monastery*, however, are mere potboilers. My heart, unfortunately, does not warm towards historical fiction, nor am I (worse luck!) excessively partial to that kind of story-telling which, when all is said and done, is nothing but a record—a fascinating record, if you will, but just a record—of the adventures (breath-taking or otherwise) of the hero and the heroine. Naturally, therefore, *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*, to take but two examples, fell flat upon me.

Charles Dickens

After that I began to tackle Dickens. Dickens was, by any standard, much more interesting than Scott, and, besides, he had the saving grace of wit and humour. I was

extremely fortunate in that, by a curious combination of circumstances, the very first book of his that came my way was his universally acknowledged masterpiece, *David Copperfield*. In his preface to it he himself confesses his preference for it over the rest of his novels, and reveals also, with a twinge of remorse, how he took leave of the characters in it:

"It would concern the readers little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the end of a two-years' imaginative task: or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portions of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of all the creatures of his brain are going from him for ever. Yet I had nothing else to tell, unless indeed I were to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can ever believe this narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the writing."

David Copperfield, as everyone is aware, is a chunk (and not an insignificant chunk at that) of his own autobiography. "Master Davy" is none other than himself, and Wilkie Micawber is but a thinly-veiled caricature of his own ludicrous father. Micawber is a masterly creation and Dickens could have been sure of his niche in the temple of fame if he had contented himself with writing only that book and resting on his laurels. But he marched—or, rather "leap-frogged"—from strength to strength and was responsible for many more lovely creations. If ever there was a "prolific" author it was himself: he was of the race of giants, of Colossi who lard our lean earth. There was nothing that he touched that he did not adorn. One unmistakable quality of genius is that which is known as exuberance; and this Dickens had in plenty. We instinctively hug to our bosoms authors who have the superb fertility of Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, authors possessed of an infinity of riches, of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, flinging their treasures abroad with the recklessness. If I may say so, of Omar's rose:

Look to the blowing Rose about us
—Lo,

Laughing, she says, 'into the world
I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my Purse

Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw'.

Those Mystery Novels

From *David Copperfield* I passed on, by another lucky chance, to the *Pickwick Papers* and it was as though a new planet had swum into my ken. And then there was no restraining me. The man who created Wilkie Micawber and Samuel Weller was, obviously, "a gem of purest ray serene," in his own chosen field, and, thereafter, whatever book of Dickens happened to fall into my hands I devoured eagerly. This is not to suggest, of course, that I liked them all equally. *The Tale of Two Cities* was definitely not to my taste, nor can I lay my hand upon my heart and say that I succeeded in unravelling the mystery that is at the core of *Little Dorrit*. I suffered from the same handicap as regards *Oliver Twist*. Either Dickens was not good at mystery stories, or I do not possess the knack of following them intelligently. But I had never any difficulty with the *Sherlock Holmes* volumes, so I suppose I must regretfully assign the blame to Dickens himself. The gods are notoriously jealous and they do not confer all the gifts on the same individual. I verily believe that, having seen to it that Dickens was a superb creator and humourist, they decided within themselves to call it a day so far as he was concerned.

Dickens's Magnoperative Power

I am, in my own way, a connoisseur of style, but I do not agree with those literary "exquisites" who deny, with more than a hint of superciliousness, that Dickens was an artist in words. But Dickens had not, in my judgment, just one style of writing: he was given to varying his mode with the occasion and, in the process, mastered many different kinds of style. That is a point which many critics are in danger of overlooking. Without pretending that, as a stylist, Dickens is in the same class as William Hazlitt or Charlotte Brontë I yet maintain that his prose is definitely not to be sneezed at. I think it is at its best in his best book, *David Copperfield*. It is where it is at its simplest, with the fewest of

frills and furbelows. Dickens's magnoperative power can claim kinship with Shakespeare himself. People are either born with this creative ability—on such a magnificent scale—or not; and though, as we have been assured, by taking thought we may contrive to add several cubits to our stature, we cannot, unfortunately, become creative artists by merely willing to become such. One has, or one has not, the "divine afflatus"; that is the Law, and most of the Prophets, too.

G. K. C. On Dickens

G. K. C., as usual, expresses the truth of this for all time in his inspired monograph on Dickens, with reference to that fool in a million, young Mr. Guppy of *Bleak House* fame:

"A man looking at a hippopotamus may sometimes be tempted to regard the hippopotamus as an enormous mistake: but he is also bound to confess that a fortunate inferiority prevents him personally from making such a mistake."

Well, one cannot, surely, improve on this! Continuing, Mr. Chesterton says:

"Not one of us could have invented Mr. Guppy. But even if we could have stolen Mr. Guppy from Dickens we have all to confront the fact that Dickens would have been able to invent another quite inconceivable character to take his place."

Thackeray And Dostoevsky

I have to confess, regretfully, that my Thackeray infatuation did not last long. Having read *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond* and *The Newcomes* and half of *Pendennis*—in that order—I had to bid good-bye to him. I much preferred his style to that of Dickens, but fate intervened before I could thoroughly master his novels, as someone snatched away my copy of *Pendennis* before I had finished it. The same misfortune befell me when I was half-way through Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. After that I had not the heart to begin over again. The only other Russian novelist that I tackled was the incomparable Dostoevsky. Arnold Bennett was firm in his conviction that Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* is decidedly the greatest work of fiction in any

language. Not having a tithe of his erudition I am not, naturally, in a position to lay down the law in this fashion. But having read that novel diligently from the first word to the last I am inclined to agree with the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*. Dostoevsky's masterpiece is terrific. Walt Whitman said of some book: "It is not a book: those who come to it come to a man." The same comment can be made about *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The writer of it was a genius, if ever there was one. I know that that word has lost much of its original force; it has become a sort of rubbed coin. At present there is a general abuse of words. They do not stand singly for an idea, as the late Mr. Edmund Candler has noted somewhere, but have become clotted in the mosaic of a formula which may mean anything, but which generally does not mean anything at all. Genius is a very rare phenomenon: almost as rare as the flowering of the aloe, or the laying of the phoenix's egg. Dostoevsky was among the elect: he was terribly at ease in Zion. No novelist, I believe, ever analysed human motives as meticulously as he did: he was the cartographer of the emotions of man. His character-study of Ivan Karamozov is excelled only by that of Raskolnikov in his second greatest book, *Crime and Punishment*. Raskolnikov finds himself callously murdering an old woman for her bag of money; and the epic may be said to start from that point. There is a remorseless man-hunt for that crime, and until

the last moment Raskolnikov manages to elude his hunters; but, ultimately, his own conscience gives him up. If ever a denouement was masterly it was this. Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* comes nearest to *Crime and Punishment*; but I am certain that Dostoevsky's two novels are much bigger than Hugo's *Les Misérables*, even with its penetrating studies of Jean Valjean and the Bishop.

Arnold Bennett

I have mentioned Arnold Bennett's name in connection with Dostoevsky. I was once idly glancing at a railway-station bookshop when my eyes caught the name, *The Card*, on the dust-cover of a book. I bought it instantly and read it in the train at one stretch. That was my introduction to Arnold Bennett. I liked his sly humour and his staccato style and proceeded to his most celebrated novel, *The Old Wives' Tale*. Most of Bennett's books are nothing much, are mere pot-boilers; but three or four of them, including this, belong to quite a different category; and it is by them that his fame lives. I always preferred him to those eminent contemporaries of his, Wells and Galsworthy. But that other eminent contemporary of his, Joseph Conrad, was in a class by himself; he was head and shoulder above Bennett. Conrad's *Nostromo* took me to a wholly different world from that of Bennett's *Five Towns*; and *Nostromo*, the Pole's masterpiece, was breathtakingly wonderful. That exotic atmosphere was very much to my taste. Then I switched over to his novels in a Malayan setting like

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R E G D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 52654.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Kall East St., KUMBakonam.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

Almayer's Folly and *An Outcast of the Islands* and the most glorious of the series, *Lord Jim*.

Joseph Conrad

Whenever Conrad takes me to the Straits of Malacca and the innumerable lagoons round about it I am all attention. No less important than Conrad's novels and short stories are his prefaces. As for his English I can say only that it is superb. We are told that he began to learn English after he was twenty-five. Before that he had been writing in French. His mastery over the English language was simply marvellous. Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Conrad belonged to the same generation. I have no hesitation in saying that Conrad takes the top place among these. Curiously enough, it was to Galsworthy that Conrad owes his greatest debt, as it was he who detected his genius after a perusal of *Almayer's Folly* and encouraged him to proceed with his work. Next in the list amongst those who constantly cheered him on was Edward Garnett, whose assistance, at every stage, was invaluable.

G. B. S.

I came to Bernard Shaw later than many other people, but, once having come to him, I vowed allegiance to him for ever. I have read all his plays and most of his prefaces; and, needless to say, I like the prefaces more. More vigorous prose one does not often come across nowadays. But I am not a whole-hearted admirer of it, as I agree with the late C. E. Montague's criticism when he wrote:

"Mr. Shaw's writing, while it has no stupidities, has no beauties; the fairies seem to have made a very strict arrangement, before his birth, that the ones with force, lucidity, and mordancy to give away to new-born infants should all be there, and that all the ones with sensuous loveliness of any kind in their gift should stay away."

William Hazlitt And Charlotte Brontë

In conclusion I must confess that, in English poetry, I like Shakespeare and Wordsworth most and that, in English prose, my partiality is for

William Hazlitt and Charlotte Brontë. I agree with Stevenson when he says: "We are all mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like William Hazlitt." In Hazlitt one finds English prose at its very best: in his own chosen field there is no one to compete with him. Next to him comes Charlotte Brontë. What can ever be said about Charlotte Brontë that shall do the completest justice to her? I am also, like Rudyard Kipling, a "Jane-ite," and am ready to take up the cudgels in Jane Austen's behalf as against anyone else—*always excepting Charlotte*. Jane Austen's whole stock-in-trade was an almost unlimited capacity for specialising in what I may designate as storms in tea-cups. There never, perhaps, was a writer that revelled more in the delineation of the *minutiae* of life: give her, in social matters, an inch and she would take an ell.

A Terrific Hurricane

Not so with "Currer Bell." Her genius was less circumscribed. It required, for its satisfactory operation, *real* storms, storms the size of life itself. Her own spirit was a terrific hurricane, and as such could be at home only in a similarly bizarre emotional atmosphere. She might have justified herself in the celebrated phrase of Charles Lamb's: "I am made up of queer points and I want so many answering needles." Where Jane Austen was supremely content with the mere surface Charlotte knew no peace until she could delve beneath that surface to whatever lay below. Read her *Villette* and *Jane Eyre* and tell me whether this is not so. I am prepared to say of *Villette* that it is the grandest novel in the English language. As the late Mr. Maurice Baring has said in another connection: "It is the Pillars of Hercules of mortal achievement."

This is only, as I have indicated in my title, a rough and haphazard sketch; and it is my duty to remind my readers that though, according to the poet, heard melodies are sweet, those unheard may well be sweeter.

No Government is respectable which is not just. Without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principle, fidelity, and honour, no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give dignity to political society.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

MINNESOTA'S MIRACLE FARM

80 ACRE OPEN AIR LABORATORY TO FIGHT CROP PESTS

NEW YORK: Dr. Stakman wages an endless war on crop diseases that threaten mankind, in Minnesota's miracle farm.

The strangest and most valuable farmland in the world is a group of small tracts in Minnesota, just a mile or two from the tall skyscrapers of the Twin Cities.

They are a farmer's nightmare. On these fantastic pieces of land, carefully nurtured by experts of the University of Minnesota, is every kind of vicious destroying cereal-crop disease known to man. It's a paradise for stem rust, stinking smut, head blight, scab, leaf rust, rots, blights, wilts, cankers, mildews, galls and all the rest.

There are thousands of them. It would take a miracle for wheat, corn or any other crop to survive in this snarling snake pit of agricultural horrors. Yet, miracles are routine stuff for Dr. Elvin Charles Stakman, crop scientist extraordinary, who presides over this 85 acre outdoor laboratory. In it, he has learned secrets of crop diseases which have enabled breeders to develop wheats and other cereals so tough that they are able to resist the attacks of virulent diseases which in a single year have destroyed as much as 200,000,000 bushels of U. S. wheat.

A genial, pipe-smoking, ex-high school teacher and baseball coach, Dr. Stakman now in his sixties but looking years younger, is probably the world's greatest authority on crop diseases. Without his efforts, lack of food for ourselves and our Allies might have prolonged World War II. During World War I, too, his genius proved invaluable, for wheat rust was strongly prevalent all over the country, destroying millions of bushels of wheat.

Little was known about the source of the disease until Dr. Stakman came out of his laboratory and said, "Get rid of the barberry bushes!" He took charge of the campaign himself, for the U. S. Department of Agricul-

ture. More than 350,000,000 bushes were destroyed, and the tide was turned.

Dr. Stakman, one of the hardest-working men in the country, spends much of his time in the classroom, training young scientists from all over the world to carry on his work. He spends still more time in his laboratory, examining disease molds through a microscope, holding conferences with scientist-assistants, and inspecting his farm, where he gets down on his knees to get a closer look at some interesting plant.

The reception room of his book-lined office is generally crowded with people waiting to see him—some of them with names known from Peoria to Bangkok. The visitor finds a youthful, vigorous graying man of medium build, with a twinkle in his eye and a companionable jar of tobacco on his desk. Dr. Stakman manages to crowd about a week's work into the average 24 hour day. He has to do it, because he is engaged in an endless race against nature. Thus far, no matter how tough a variety of wheat or other food plant may be, its ability to withstand the onslaughts of disease is at best temporary. The longest period of immunity has been 15 years.

The big question is, what is nature going to cook up next? Dr. Stakman hopes it isn't going to be a disease that cannot be conquered, for if that should happen, we could, in all likelihood, wave a fond farewell to the human race. For plant disease doesn't affect merely crops such as wheat, but goes after everything that grows. It even venomously attacks useless weeds. Throughout the ages, wheat rust had been thought to be a single disease like pneumonia. But working in his laboratory at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Stakman discovered that what was known as wheat rust was actually hundreds of different diseases, and that a plant that was immune to one type would succumb to another. The same thing

was true of corn smut. Thus far, Dr. Stakman has discovered some 10,000 kinds! And each one is a whole race of variant strains. That's why the 85 acre laboratory is such a busy place.

One of the scientific riddles was the manner in which crop disease was spread, so that wheat rust might suddenly seem to spring up out of nowhere and strike viciously and ruinously at crops all the way from Canada to Mexico. Did it arise from the very earth? Dr. Stakman conducted extensive experiments elaborating on the work of others who believed the spores were simply carried by the wind. To prove it, he affixed greased slides to the wings of planes. The spores were captured as much as two miles up in the air. The disease was literally coming down out of the sky. And it was invisible unless viewed through a microscope. The deadly spore was only one thousandth of an inch.

Students and associates love to tell little stories about "Stake." Once, a clumsy assistant stumbled and smashed a test tube containing material that had taken Dr. Stakman and his staff six months of work and planning to develop. White-faced, the assistant stared in horror at what he had done.

"Young man," said the scientist, sadly regarding his ruined labour, "Don't look so unhappy. Accidents can happen to anybody. Here, have a cigar."

Elvin Stakman is married but has no children. He and his wife live within walking distance of the farm campus, where his \$300,000 laboratory is located.

Even as a growing Minnesota boy, herding cattle, shocking grain, and doing other farm chores, Stakman was fascinated by science. He devoured every science book he could get his hands on and harassed his teachers by asking questions and poking holes in their arguments.

He was still in his teens when he began to think seriously about the age-old problem of wheat rust. It happened one day when he was shocking grain, and he stopped to stare at a handful of disease-damaged wheat.

"There must be a way," he reflected. "There's got to be a way to lick this!"

If only he had the scientific knowledge and equipment to do some investigation! There was only one answer: he would have to go to the University and learn—and learn and learn! Of one thing he was certain: he wasn't going to be a farmer!

Old-timers at the University are still talking about the way young Stakman blazed through the place. When he graduated with honours in 1906, it was in the midst of a wheat rust epidemic that destroyed 43,000,000 bushels in Minnesota and the Dakotas. He was offered a job as teacher and baseball coach in the high school at Red Wing, Minnesota. He took the job because he had to earn a living, but at the first opportunity he borrowed a horse and buggy and started off to examine the ravaged wheat fields.

His journey took him 600 miles, clear to Montana—days while he baked in the sun, and shivered at night in farmers' haystacks. But it gave him the invaluable clue he needed. In all those 600 miles, he had been unable to find a single healthy field of wheat. But he did observe small plots of good wheat right in the midst of the stricken area.

What made it immune? Once this could be determined, the means would be at hand to vanquish this scourge! But it was going to mean research on a big scale. He would have to get back to the University, somehow.

Return he did, as an instructor in plant pathology and botany. So convincing were his arguments that he succeeded in interesting the U. S. Department of Agriculture as well as the University, in backing his mammoth project.

One of his first steps was to collect rust samples from all over the county. He made the trip himself. The rust looked alike to the naked eye: farmers thought him crazy. But it wasn't alike under the microscope. In his 85 acre laboratory, Stakman was able to demonstrate that certain wheat was immune to one kind of rust, but not to another. The im-

mune wheat had developed its own immunity, in some mysterious manner. But this same immune wheat, subjected to a different kind of rust in the laboratory farm, succumbed to it.

A completely immune wheat could be discovered only by subjecting different types to all the rusts; the wheat that survived this drastic treatment would then become father to whole race of super-tough wheat!

Stakman now had the age-old secret—and its answer—in the palm of his hand. The glad news flashed around the world. But the young scientist knew his triumph was not final. A wheat might be developed that would be immune to all types of rust today, but tomorrow a completely new disease could strike it down. Meanwhile, there might be years of respite.

With world-wide fame came demands for Dr. Stakman's services in other fields. Firestone Rubber succeeded in inducing him to go to Liberia to solve the problems of plantation rubber. During 1940-41 he went to South America to study native rubber for the Department of Agriculture. In 1948, he was a member of a five man team of scientists sent to Japan at the invitation of the Allied High Command.

But such jobs never kept "Stake" away from his laboratory for long; notwithstanding his achievements to date, he feels that his real job has only started. He is convinced that unless something is done fast to increase the world's food production, mankind may be facing the greatest catastrophe in history. He explains:

"Notwithstanding our scientific advances, and the resulting increase in food production, the upward curve is now levelling off. But the world's population is increasing at an alarming rate. How are we going to feed them all?"

"The greatest immediate need," he says, "is for more basic research. It may be due to a lack of sufficient research that the present upward curve of food productions is levelling off. Actually, we don't know what the limits are, for scientific farming."

Stakman's biggest ambition right now is to get a glass roof put over part of his 85 acre laboratory, for this would be of tremendous aid in research. "But," he sighs, "nobody wants to spend the money for it."

Whether he will be able to make the world realize the urgent need for more money for research, and more time for researchers, is problematical. But of one thing we can be sure: as long as Dr. Stakman is alive, more and more marvellous discoveries will leap out of the strangest 85 acres on earth!

TO FIGHT COMMUNISM Sudhir Ghosh's Plan

A new proposal for the use of limited amounts of United States funds in the rural economic development of other countries has been circulated there in recent weeks. It has the support of several influential members of Congress on the eve of their consideration of foreign aid appropriations.

The project, which has been submitted to Administration officials as well as to Congressional leaders, is described by its originator as a way in which the US could create self-supporting and self-liquidating rural communities in under-developed countries with a maximum of tangible benefits and a minimum of bureaucracy and expenditure.

Its principal advocate and author is a young Indian rural development expert, Sudhir Ghosh, who, in visits here over the last year, has won an unusual degree of bipartisan encouragement for his direction of the model Faridabad community in India and for his suggestions for investing United States aid in similar development projects in other parts of the world.

Senator H. Alexander Smith, Republican of New Jersey, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said he was "very much for the principle" of the proposal. He has discussed it with State Department and Mutual Security officials.

"A self-liquidating programme to help people do things for themselves has all the elements of virtue, as I see it," the Senator declared.

The financial basis of the Ghosh proposal would be an investment by the U. S. of \$5,000,000 each for the development of expanding and self-sustaining industrial, agricultural, handicraft, educational and health projects for a unit of about 500 villages in underdeveloped regions.

The investment would be controlled by the U. S. but it would be distributed through the UN Technical Assistance Board. Direction would come from a nearly autonomous advisory board set up in the community under improvement and consisting of representatives of the UN agency, the U. S., and the Government in which the project was. With such an investment, Mr. Ghosh believes, the 500 village community, encompassing a population of about 500,000 and 500,000 acres of land, could become self-supporting in three or four years, and could pay back the investment, possibly for use in a revolving fund, perhaps in 10 years.

Mr. Ghosh has his eye on the possibility of getting initial approval of four such community projects, at a total investment of \$20,000,000 from Mutual Security funds.

"A great job can be done," he stated in his prospectus, "which is bound to exercise a very powerful influence on the entire development programme in the under-developed areas, and the impact it will produce on the mass mind will be a real answer to Communism."

Anticipating at least one possible criticism, he pointed out that the U. N. Technical Assistance Board had no representation from the Soviet Union or its satellites.

Mr. Ghosh has proposed that, for a start, one each of the \$5,000,000 projects be undertaken in four countries in Latin America, the Middle East and South Asia. He recently returned from a rural development conference in Rio de Janeiro, which he attended as a UN expert. He has expressed his belief that the Latin American countries would be well suited for the project he has devised.

Since returning to the United States, he has discussed the proposal with the chairman and several mem-

bers of the Senate Foreign Relations and Appropriations Committee, Harold E. Stassen, Director for Mutual Security; Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., U. S. Representative on the U. N., and State Department officials.

Mr. Ghosh has taken note of the appeal of economy in a memorandum describing his proposal.

"Distribution of large sums of American money as gifts—spread too thin over too large an area—is no real answer to the problem of any underdeveloped country," he wrote. ".....If I were an American what I would be interested in is the impact that American money produces on the minds of millions of ordinary men and women in these areas. That impact depends on the quality of the results that come out of the money and not just on the act of giving money—however generous the amounts...."

"If I were an American I would be interested in doing something which amounts to a real answer to Communism. I would be interested in working out ways of producing a larger volume of food, clothes, houses and health and education facilities within the limitations of the circumstances of these underdeveloped areas."

Mr. Ghosh, who is 37 years old and was formerly a close associate of Mahatma Gandhi, has served the Nehru Government at home and abroad.

As director of the integrated Faridabad community, he captured the attention first of Chester Bowles, former United States Ambassador to India, and then of Congressional leaders who visited the project. He came to the U. S. last year under the sponsorship of the State Department's Leader Exchange Programme and at the invitation of Owen Brewster, then Republican Senator from Maine, who had been impressed by the success of the Faridabad experiment.

Several Senators have agreed to give active support to the Ghosh proposal in the debate on foreign aid legislation that is soon to begin.

—DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA.

A LETTER ON LAOS—TO MR. DULLES

By ANDREW ROTH

DEAR MR. DULLES:

I was rather surprised to read your statements on developments in Laos. Can you have an "invasion" of a country whose independence is not recognized by a large portion of the world—including most of the non-Communist countries of South Asia? If it is an "invasion" is it any more so than the landing of Anglo-American troops in North Africa in 1942? If you are sure that this can be called an invasion—and after all you are the lawyer—why are you excited about it now and why not during the eight previous years when Vietnamese troops were fighting in Laos?

I have the feeling, somehow, that things seem so simple to you because the State Department file on Laos must have been misplaced. Perhaps it was feared that one of Senator McCarthy's younger agents, too young to read properly, might misunderstand what is meant by "Laos" and tell the Senator that there are "lice" in the State Department in addition to "pinks" and "perverts." Or perhaps one of the honest diplomatic observers in the area made the mistake of reporting objectively on the scene five years ago and destroyed the file for fear of being brought to book for not being sufficiently anti-Communist.

So, as a patriotic duty, I should like to put at your disposal my recollections and researches. I must apologize if it sounds complicated and if the Laotians have difficult names. A lot of these countries became complicated before they realized that they should be simple enough to be explained to an American Congressman on a one-day stopover.

Introduction To Laos

Bangkok used to be a good place to meet Laotians, when I was wandering around those parts in 1947, 1948 and 1949. I recall one princely Laotian family which was supporting itself by weaving lustrous silks

on a handloom for export by an American architect who had fallen in love with South-east Asia and was justifying his stay there by reviving handicrafts. Our visits were usually an excuse for an open-air banquet, replete with a concert on Laotian instruments, including the Laotian flute or *khene*.

Bangkok even boasted a Laotian government-in-exile. Laotian exiles liked Bangkok because the Siamese are very much like them in blood, speech and culture, as a result of the great migrations which took place one and two thousand years ago and the wars which have shifted national boundaries repeatedly in the past several hundred years. It is difficult, particularly in the Northeast of Siam, to tell a Siamese from a Laotian across the border unless you notice details like head-dress. Many families—like that of the famous radical democratic Siamese M.P. Tiang Sirikand, who has just recently disappeared, had members on both sides of the border.

The Laotians felt rather at home in Siam, not only because they share a common Hindu-Buddhist culture, but also an easy-going attitude toward life. This is found in most Southeast Asian countries where the pressure of population on the land is not too heavy. Laos, although the largest of the three Indochinese states, has a population of only 1,200,000. Laotians have long resented the "invasion" of the hardworking Vietnamese from over-crowded Vietnam over the mountains, an "invasion" which was encouraged by the French who wanted people who would work hard for little. It was the Vietnamese who, after the French seized Laos in 1893, became the market-gardeners and artisans of the two chief towns of Vientiane and Luang Prabang. The French also brought with them French-trained Vietnamese from Hanoi or Saigon to serve as petty officials in the French

colonial administration. For convenience sake, too, the French put Laotian provinces under the administration of Cambodia or Annam. For prewar Indochina was treated by the French as a single state: the Union of Indochina. This was before their fear of Vietnamese nationalism, and particularly that of North Vietnam (Tonkin) made them set up Laos and Cambodia (and at one time Cochinchina) as separate states in 1949, in the hope that this would stop the "invasion" of Vietnamese nationalism.

Anti-French feeling in prewar Laos was much less strong than in Vietnam, or even than Cambodia. Laotians resented that the lowliest French administrator had to be saluted by the best-educated Laotian. But French administration was pretty thin on the ground. In fact it was said: "Laos has administrators but no administration." The French administrators would answer: "The Laotians are happy children. It is the sweetest country in the world. What they need is a good king, good princes, reasonable taxes, peace to cultivate their rice—just enough to eat sufficiently—and time to play the *khene* (the Laotian flute) and to sing songs to their lovers. It is a country where nothing has been spoiled by civilization. These are the most amiable people in the world, not warlike, not ambitious, caring little for work and a great deal for singing; tasteful and endowed with an innate sense of the beautiful, hospitable, frank."

These appreciative words served to cover a "do nothing" policy. The riches of Vietnam, particularly Cochinchina, were more accessible. So almost nothing was done to develop Laos. Scarcely any schools were erected. And since few Frenchmen went to Laos, little was done to fight the diseases which decimate the tribes of North Laos. Better to do nothing and justify it as preserving a Shangri-la.

Shangri-la Destroyed By War

Most of the Laotian exiles I knew in Siam belonged to the "Free Laos" movement, which had come out of the cauldron of the war. Even isolated Laos felt the ripples of distant explosions. France's quick collapse

before Germany in 1940 proved to many Laotians that the ready boasts of French administrators were vain-glorious. They soon learned that they too had to pay for this defeat. Japan secured the right from the Vichy French to move into Tonkin in September 1940 and encouraged its Siamese ally, Pibul Songgram—now again Prime Minister of Siam—to demand Laotian and Cambodian provinces which once had belonged to Siam. Fighting broke out in January 1941 between the Siamese and Vichy French forces, when the Japanese offered to "mediate." Siam was given the part of Laos west of the Mekong River and one-third of Cambodia.

While the small minority of politically-minded Laotians did not like being annexed by the Siamese with Japanese help, this period under Siamese control did broaden their view. They found they were treated by the Siamese—Siam had never become a colony—as equals instead of as inferior wards to be patronized. A few Laotians trekked up to China to join the "Free French" in Chungking to fight both the Japanese and the Vichy French.

The second stage of Laos' wartime drama began on March 9, 1945 when the Japanese seized power in Indochina from the effete but obstructive Vichy French. The French troops in Laos did not fight. A few took to their heels with the bulk of the French administrators. The Japanese installed King Sisavang Vong as the "ruler" of Laos and allowed Laotians to administer their orders. It was at this point that the "Laos-Issarak" or "Free Laos" movement got under way. It comprised a handful of radical-democratic intellectuals, largely of an aristocratic background, who were much more closely linked with the movements of "Free Cambodia" and "Free Thai" (which was headed by Nai Pridi, then Regent of Siam) than with the Communist-led Vietminh resistance which had been operating since 1940. The wartime "Free Laos" movement was minute, doing a bit of propaganda work and some intelligence for the American O. S. S. with which it linked up in China.

The collapse of Japan in August 1945 and the immediate proclamation

by the French of their intention to return stung the Laotians to action. On August 29, 1945, the former Resident Superior of Laos presented himself to resume his functions "in the name of France." "The same man who fled before the Japanese and left us alone facing them came back as arrogant, as self-confident, as colonial as ever," said Laotians at the time. "We want no more of it." They were not vindictive, however, and helped the evacuation of French internees to Siam on August 31, 1945.

The "Free Laos" movement had the support of virtually all nationalists, particularly the youth, when they occupied the main towns on September 6, 1945, to emphasize their desire to maintain their independence. The old king, who had been a Japanese puppet and accepted the return of the French protectorate was repudiated by the bulk of the educated people. They formed a popular assembly and provisional constitution. They offered the King the post of constitutional monarch and, when he refused, deposed him. On November 10, 1945, the King and his Crown Prince Savang abdicated, recognizing the popular government as the only legitimate one.

It took a long time for the French troops to battle their way back into possession of Laos. They were handicapped by the scarcity of their troops and the need to subdue Saigon and enter Tonkin before they could properly tackle Laos in the remote interior. One by one they took the towns against "Free Laos" opposition. But when they took Luang Prabang in May 1946 and the administrative capital of Vientiane in June 1946, half of their population crossed the Mekong to Siam. Among the 30,000 Laotian refugees who trekked into Siam was the entire "Free Laos" government which then set up as a government-in-exile in Bangkok where they were welcomed by Nai Pridi, who had, from the leadership of the Free Thai movement, become Prime Minister of Siam.

The life of exiles is never an easy one, and particularly not for aristocratic landowners. When I first knew Bangkok at the end of 1947 many Laotians were selling their last possessions. Few of the educated

Laotians had any skill which would enable them to live in exile. Many started drifting back across the border, with most of the remainder crossing over after the French gave Laos nominal independence within the Associated States of Indochina under the 1949 agreement which gave Baodai's state of Vietnam its start. In 1950 Britain, the U. S. and most of France's other diplomatic allies endorsed this experiment and recognized Laos along with Cambodia and Vietnam as independent states, albeit with their tongues in their cheeks.

The Exile Stream Divides

This grant of nominal independence divided the remainder of the "Free Laos" government-in-exile. Most of them decided to try to breathe life into the French-sponsored government and Prince Souvanna Phouma who had been a "Free Laos" leader went back to Vientiane to become Prime Minister. Two other exiles became cabinet ministers.

Two groups remained diehard anti-French. One was a group of Vietnamese who had been artisans and market gardeners in Laos and resettled in the Northeast of Siam, many of them just across from Laos. There are fully 60,000 of them and they have always formed the Siamese terminus of Ho Chi Minh's "underground railway" across Laos. Since many of the gardeners still sell their produce across the Mekong in Vientiane, it is not too difficult for the Vietminh to use them to smuggle medicines and other needed supplies.

A diehard minority of the "Free Laos" government-in-exile remained convinced that only in alliance with Ho Chi Minh's Communist-led Vietminh could Laos win its independence. This group was led by a young engineer, Prince Souphana Vong, halfbrother of Souvana Phouma, who became the French-endorsed Prime Minister. Young Prince Souphana Vong had made up his mind early and one of the first Laotian documents I accumulated in Bangkok in 1947 was a declaration which he made on July 23, 1947. In this he stated flatly:

"No matter what it is, no manoeuvre of any kind can fool us 'Free Laos' nationalists. We are firmly convinced that only linking our efforts to those

of (Ho Chi Minh's) Vietnam above all and to those of "Free Cambodia" can guarantee the true victory of the three peoples of Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia, which will give us a real independence, and not a fictitious liberty...."

I do not know whether Prince Souphana Vong was, at that time, a convinced Communist or whether he was simply a militant nationalist infuriated by French colonialism, American indifference and British sympathy for France. That the latter is possible is indicated by an interview I had with a Cambodian prince in Bangkok in November 1948.

"For us there is only one question—*independence!*" (the prince insisted.)

"If the (Chinese) Communists reach the Yunnan border (of Indochina) and give even a moderate amount of arms to Ho Chi Minh, I think he can clear the French out of his section in three months. But that will mean that the Ho Chi Minh government will go entirely Red. If they offer us arms to drive out the French, we will accept them, even if it means going Red.

"For years I have been going to the French and Americans and Siamese asking for help for our independence struggle, with no success. We would prefer help from the democracies but they have ignored us. We will accept help from whatever side helps us against the French and be grateful to them.

"The democracies have two roads and very few weeks in which to decide. Either they aid the moderate nationalists here or they aid the colonialists. If they take the second road, Western influence will soon be finished in Southeast Asia."

The Peking Signal

For Prince Souphana Vong the recognition of Ho Chi Minh's regime by Peking and Moscow in January 1950 meant that the Communist world would counter the increasing aid the West was giving to Bao Dai. The Communist states had been careful not to recognize any rebel regimes in Laos or Cambodia because then these were still only small guerilla bands, not organized administrations like that of Ho Chi Minh. The young Prince was apparently

assured by President Ho that they would give him the fullest support. As Vietnamese leaders told French Communist youth leader Leo Figueres: "For Vietnam it is vital that Laos and Cambodia should be sovereign. Experience has shown that as long as imperialism lingers in these countries, Vietnam's independence will be constantly threatened."

There were few "Free Laos" troops still operating when Souphana Vong returned to Laos in 1950, possibly 4-500 Laotians "stiffened" by 3,000 Vietnamese. Even in the days when the "Free Laos" movement was a mass operation in 1945 there had been a substantial number of Vietnamese included in its troops, many of them recruited from locally settled Vietnamese artisans and gardeners. But this proportion had increased as many Laotians had grown tired of the fight, particularly in 1948-49. It was vital for the Vietminh to keep some of its troops in Laos to cover its "underground railway" of communications from Siam to North Vietnam. The command for this Laotian-Vietnamese operation was apparently located in Vinh.

Some time in 1949 it was decided that in Laos, instead of sporadic attacks on French forces, it would be advisable to withdraw the bulk of the remaining guerillas to two base areas, one in South Laos and another in North Laos and concentrate on winning political support among the Laotians as the basis of a subsequent expansion of military effort.

The Pro-Communist Laotians Organize

By the end of 1950 this regrouping was beginning to pay off in improved military results. *New York Times* correspondent Tillman Durdin cabled: "The growing strength of a rebel movement in Laos backed by the Communist-led Vietminh is causing increasing concern in Thailand. The Laos insurgents lately have been steadily expanding the scope of their guerilla resistance to the Laotian government of King Sisavang Vong. Many country districts are subject to guerilla authority in varying degrees and most roads are unsafe except for well-guarded convoys. The Laotians are dissatisfied with continuing French controls and

would like full independence, but at the same time their more responsible leaders realize Laos must continue to rely on France." (December 9, 1950).

In the months that followed a tug-of-war ensued between the pro-French and the pro-Communist Laotians which frequently turned into an armed clash when either side attempted to mobilize the youth of a particular village for the competing Laotian armies. To improve their internal appeal both sides maintained external demands. At the Pau Conference (June-November 1950) the pro-French Laotians demanded more independent rights for Laos and protection against the "Vietnamese imperialism" of Bao-dai's regime. One of Bao-dai's Ministers, Nguyen Van Thanh, made the mistake of saying in Calcutta on September 1, 1950 that Bao-dai's "Vietnam feels itself the heir to France's civilizing mission" in Laos and Cambodia. President Ho Chi Minh, on the other hand, was careful to lull any fears of Vietnamese domination. Answering the question

of French Communist leader Leo Figueres: "How do you see the future relations between the Vietnam people and those of Laos and Cambodia?" He answered: "As fraternal relations based on absolute equality and mutual respect for national independence." (NCNA, 5 August 1950.)

In August 1950, 100 delegates from various parts of Laos were gathered together, probably in Vietminh-held Vinh in North Annam, to form a so-called "National Assembly of the Laotian Nation (Pathet Lao)." This set up for Laos an administration, carbon-copying that of Ho, which in turn had imitated Peking: a "National Liberation Front of the Laotian Nation" or *Neo Lao Issala*. Prince Souphana Vong was elected President of the Front and Premier of the Laos Resistance government. He was given the job of freeing Laos from the French and Laotian "puppets and traitors" and, to do this, to form an alliance with "the peoples of Vietnam and Cambodia" and "to stand in the (Communist) world camp of peace and democracy."



In March 1951 a Vietnam-Laos-Cambodia Alliance was formally established, after a three day preparatory conference in November 1950. The young Prince, now replete with a dark beard, signed for Laos, Ton Duc Thank for Vietnam and Siu Heng for Cambodia. Behind them on the wall, during the signing of the alliance and mutual assistance documents, were their three flags, with Laos as a white circle on a dark background.

It was not until September 1952, however, that the Communist-sponsored Laotian regime made its debut on an international stage at Peking's "Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions" to which the Prince's lieutenants, Xithon and Nouhak, were sent.

Selling The Alliance

The main task of these pro-Communist Laotians has been to prepare the ground internally, for the assistance which they had been promised from Vietnam. A special effort was made to win over the fetishist Khas and Confucian Yao mountain tribesmen, who had been handled pretty roughly by the early guerillas of 1945-46. Leaders of these mountain tribes were specially invited to the August 1950 "National Assembly" and assured that they would be equals in the new revolutionary regime.

The pro-Communist Laotians had to concentrate on "selling" the Vietnamese alliance, because the Laotians have not got over their dislike for the Vietnamese. This was helped somewhat by the painful carefulness with which all Vietnamese Communists, starting with Ho Chi Minh, insisted on proclaiming Laos' full equality in the alliance. For example, President Ho was quoted as saying on July 16, 1950: "The united strength of the people of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia will suffice to wipe out the French colonialists...."

Beginning in 1950 such Communist promises began to be backed up with arms. Just as the Chinese gave the Vietnamese their military hand-me-downs, the Vietnamese were able to pass on to Laotian guerilla bands the assortment of arms they had. Com-

munist-controlled regions in Laos began to expand. Prince Souphana Vong's recruiters began to clash with those recruiting for the official Royal Laotian Army which was headed by a French colonel and, starting with one battalion in 1952, grew to over 9,000 in the course of 1952.

It was the capture of the Thai uplands in North Vietnam in October-November 1952 that encouraged the Communist-led Laotians to expect that they were soon to have the support of regular army detachments from Gen. Giap's well-trained divisions.

In the months since then Communist-led Laotian forces have been very active, consolidating their hold on strategic areas and transporting supplies, particularly food, to secret dumps. It is only the existence of these dumps and excellent charting of trails that subsequently enabled Gen. Giap's troops to advance at the rate of a dozen miles a day through some of the most difficult terrain in the world.

Although the French decried the "invasion" when it came at the end of March 1953, they themselves indirectly admitted that it was entering into territory over which they had scarcely any surveillance. They admitted repeatedly that their only knowledge of the movements of the Vietnamese troops came from air reconnaissance. This made it fairly clear that they did not have even observation posts, much less an administration in most of Eastern Laos, except several isolated posts like Samneua which they yielded at the first threat. Apparently the effective administration of Laos had already been drawn in toward Vientiane and Luang Prabang, the administrative and royal capitals. Certainly the contrast between the French tactics of rapid retreats to fixed fortifications and the Laotian-Vietnamese tactics of multiple columns and general infiltration suggested that the latter were moving through friendly territory.

Yours for an informed foreign policy,

ANDREW ROTH

EXPERIMENTS IN RAINMAKING

By K. V. KARANTHA, M.A., M.I.E.

FOR us in South India who had an undue spell of drought for years together resulting in sinking water levels in wells, drying up of tanks, insufficient irrigation supply and heavy electricity cuts, any news of man controlling rain such as of the recent experiments at Chittoor and Vellore (vide *The Hindu* dated April 18) should be of great interest. In Australia few scientific experiments of the Australian Council of Scientific Research aroused greater excitement than those made to stimulate rain by artificial means. Our greatest need being food to feed our over expanding population, droughts are our greatest calamities. Control of rain to ensure maximum food production should therefore be of top-most importance to us.

For a real knowledge of the development of modern rain-making methods, we should turn to the United States of America where from 1946 we find year by year, increasing achievements in this field. The recent experiments conducted in Vellore and Chittoor seem to be somewhat of the amateurish type, in use in the United States for some decades before the more positive methods of the past seven years came into use there. It should be of interest to follow the recent development of this art in the United States and to assess its limitations and the extent of reliability it has reached there now.

Before doing so, however, a very brief history of rainmaking in the early years, apart from recourse to prayers, may not be out of place. One of the earliest suggestions for artificial stimulation of rain was to build vast fires. This resulted from observations that large forest fires were sometimes followed by heavy rains. The suggestion does not seem to have been tried fully in view of the tremendous cost involved. A later suggestion was to cause concussions in clouds by artificial explosions in the air, this method being based upon the observation that heavy cannonading during war had sometimes been followed by rains. In 1891 the Con-

gress of the United States of America carried out a series of experiments of this type through General Dyrenforth. This General claimed that his experiments were entirely successful and rain began to fall within a few seconds after aerial explosions, while his associate, W. K. Courtis M.D. substantially contradicted the same. So the idea does not seem to have been developed further. We also find that in the same year a patent was taken out in the United States by one Gantham for rain-making. The process proposed by him was to have liquified carbonic acid gas in a projectile fired into air where it exploded, allowing the gas to expand and thus rapidly cool. On cooling, innumerable minute particles of dry ice would be formed. Gantham was having in mind a process very close to that which became successful in recent years. But it does not seem to have been actively pursued then. Rain-making in the intervening years was having just enough success to keep it alive but not enough to bring any spectacular results or universal faith in the same. The vapourisation of salts, such as calcium chloride by fires on the ground, seems to have been one of the common methods in use then.

We now come to the modern era of rain-making. The inventor of the modern method is Vicent J. Schaefer, scientist and associate of Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner and consultant of the General Electric Laboratories. In 1943 the American Army Air Forces asked the General Electric Laboratories to investigate into the cause of ice formation on the wings and tails of aeroplanes which sometimes dragged them down to destruction. Schaefer noted that planes gathered no such ice when passing through clouds actually containing ice crystals but did so only if the cloud was super-cooled and crystallisation had not started. That is, if particles of water were already frozen in the cloud before the plane entered the same, the crystals showed no tendency to deposit on the wings.

That suggested to him the idea of freezing the cloud.

First Man-Made Snow Storm

To try out this idea he created in his laboratory a chamber into which he breathed to give the necessary moist cloud and dropped into it a little frozen carbon-dioxide. Soon after, it was found that the whole mass of air began to get live and a tiny cloud that had been formed by the carbon-di-oxide, spread the reaction rapidly forming in the whole space, tiny crystals of ice. This experiment made in July 1946 is the first man-made scientific snow storm. In February 1947 the Australians precipitated about an inch of rain over 20 square miles of area near Sydney, using Schaefer's method of dropping dry ice (frozen carbon-di-oxide) into clouds by aeroplanes. Colonel Eckley L. Ellison, chief of the Portland Ore. Weather Bureau, followed up this experiment by rapidly scattering dry ice pellets on the top of high piled clouds and found each time that precipitation occurred. His experiment of 4th April 1947 resulted in hundreds of tons of snow and rain over 60 square miles of area and consumed only 34 lbs. of dry ice. On 21st July 1947 the Arizona Republic chartered a transport air-liner for rain-making and dropped dry ice pellets on cumulus clouds (those that look like huge heaps of cotton masses) in the Eastern Arizona sky which also resulted in thousands of tons of water falling.

Secret Experiments

Some others in the meantime had also carried out secretly experiments in rain-making, the secrecy being considered necessary since law was mute on the point as to whether anyone had rights to the water in the clouds over his land. Dr. Irving P. Krick who was Advisor on Weather Forecasting to the United States Army during the recent war, and had later become the president of the American Institute of Aerological Research at Pasadena, gave out early in 1949 a report to his Institute regarding the results of 27-rain-making flights that the organisation had made over the water-shed of the Salt River in Arizona.

Dr. Krick pointed out that for the rain-making experiments to be suc-

cessful it was necessary to use plenty of the rain-making material and not small quantities of the same which had resulted in failure in some of the earlier experiments of the U. S. Air Force. He also gave out certain facts about the technique needed for success. It was necessary to determine by meteorological observations and data on what sort of days conditions would be favourable for rain-making and also to decide the precise time when the experiments should be started. Dr. Krick pointed out that rising currents of air in a cloud are good rain producers. Somewhere in such a cloud is a freezing point. There are also ice crystals in the cloud which begin to grow by taking water from adjacent air. When the rising air current passes through these crystals rain gets generally precipitated. No amount of seeding will induce rain formation unless these air currents are there. Only by augmenting their movements could rain-making be started or accelerated. Dropping ice crystals into suitable clouds favours further formation of ice crystals and brings about greater updraft. Within a few minutes of the release of dry ice rain falls. If clouds are chosen which are only moving slowly, say about 6 miles per hour, it is possible to so judge and time the action that the rain falls practically in the area of operation.

Dry ice pellets are always dropped from the top of the rain cloud. For seeding the clouds with silver iodide, its vapour is discharged from the bottom of the cloud, and as the vapour flows up into the cloud, each minute particle of silver iodide forms the nucleus about which natural condensation tends to cluster, ultimately resulting in rain. The great effectiveness of silver iodide for rain-making was remarkably brought out by the Australian Council of Scientific Research in its laboratory experiments with fogs of super-cooled water droplets. It was found that a tiny fraction of a milligram of this substance was enough, when dispersed as smoke, to fill a 30 cubic feet chamber with dense fog of ice crystals.

Dr. Krick used dry ice in particle sizes of quarter to half an inch and a total of about 150 to 300 lbs. of dry

ice and silver iodide was used in each batch of experiments. His planes worked at elevations of 16,000 feet to 25,000 feet. The 27 flights were estimated to have produced between 6,000 to 12,000 acre feet of water. The operations had cost about \$30,000 in all, while the water produced in a single day's operation very nearly paid the cost of the entire season.

Effects Of "Dry Cycle" Averted

Another series of secret attempts at rain-making covering two years, this time by the California Electric Power Company also came to be published in March 1950. This power company began its operations in January 1948 and made 21 flights. A total of 6500 acre feet of water equivalent to 14,300,000 kwh. was claimed to have thus got added to its hydro-electric reservoir in the Bishop Basin Valley. This power company has a long record of the extent of snow-fall in its catchment area, from which it calculates the probable extent of precipitation to be expected year after year. In 1948 it was in the midst of a "dry cycle" during which it should have received only 51.2% of normal precipitation, but actually due to rainmaking the precipitation was 14% more and in 1949 12% more. Albert Cage, the company's president said that it was because of the rain-making efforts that the Bishop Basin Hydro Plant could continue to operate at full capacity, despite the dry cycle.

In these experiments the California Electric Power Company used only dry ice since the clouds hang very low in the valley. Flying low at the bottom of the clouds for the release of silver iodide vapour was not therefore safe. Elvyn C. Pye who runs the Bishop weather station expressed the opinion that he was personally convinced that the California Electric Power Company had created snow-fall by its efforts and the evidence for the same seemed positive.

While for seeding the clouds with dry ice it is necessary to use aeroplanes to climb to the top of the towering cumulus clouds, Vicent J. Schaefer had suggested also the possibility of seeding the clouds by means of batteries of generators situated along the mountain tops.

This idea has now been fully developed, mainly by Jake West, chief hydrografer and his assistant Borden Goodwin of the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association which has been intensively experimenting in rain-making in Arizona during 1951 and 1952. This Association is now utilising 16 ground generators for its 220,000 acre Salt River Project. Acetone, silver nitrate and sodium iodide solutions are used in the generators. The generators are situated on mountain tops. We are told that the transport of chemicals and gas to the mountain tops is a tedious process. The iodide solution is sprayed and burnt in the gas flame about 16 inches long. There is radio communication between each generator station and the central controlling station whereby the operators are instructed as to when to turn on the generators and to send up the silver iodide vapour. Earlier we hear also of the Santa Ana River Weather Corporation planning even more ambitiously to have its 18 generators controlled by radio, from a central broadcasting installation.

Great Spurt Of Intensive Efforts

All this great spurt of intensive rain-making efforts in the United States of America seems to have been the result of a period of unprecedented droughts in certain parts of that country. Water is essential there not only for drinking purposes but also for industrial purposes, not only for raising crops but also for raising cattle on a large scale, etc. The average per capita consumption of water per day in industrial towns is over 100 gallons. In many regions like Arizona, California, New Mexico and Colorado the droughts and fast sinking ground water levels have been causing very grave concern. And so when the prospects of scientific rain-making were opened by Schaefer, we naturally find great demand and encouragement for the idea.

In 1950 when New York City began to suffer very acutely for water, it went in for rain-making, on the advice of Dr. Langmuir. In 1951, we hear of the State of New Mexico and five other States entering into contracts with the Water Resources Development Corporation of Denver, Colorado, for rain-making over their

territories. In Oregon, the Bonneville Power Administration is also found contracting with the same Corporation for rain-making by cloud-seeding whereby it was estimating to increase the flow in the upper Columbia River by 1250 cusecs during October, November and December, equivalent to approximately 84,000,000 kwh. In December 1952 we find Dallas, Tex. City Council contracting with the Water Resources Development Corporation to increase rains in the Trinity watershed by cloud-seeding. The Water Resources Development Corporation is probably the largest rain-making corporation of its kind in America, and has in it Irving P. Krick whose early achievements in rain-making, we have already referred to before. But there are also others such as the Precipitation Control Company of Phoenix Weather-Air (Inc.), etc. •

We now come to some assessment of the results achieved by the rain-making experiments. In addition to the cases of successful seeding mentioned above, we have the testimony of the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association, made early this year, that though there was no way of measuring how much more rain it got as a result of its two years' rain-making experiments, it felt perfectly justified in continuing the same, since the rain-fall was above normal. The Forest Service of the Fort Apache Indian Reservation felt that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber was saved by the increased rains. Arizona had during 1952 the best of rains for the past 18 years, due to the efforts of rain-makers. The prospects were even better for 1953 due to good snow-falls on the water-sheds. In the case of the New York City also there was rain-fall after the cloud seeding experiment started, though it could not be definitely stated that it was entirely the result of such experiments. The Bonneville Power Administration encouraged by its previous efforts was proposing to embark on large investigations for greater rain-making in its area for maintaining its Pacific North West hydro electric reservoirs at higher levels. On the other hand we find that Dallas Tex. City which had only four months' supply of water in December 1952 and

had awarded a contract to the Water Resources Development Corporation for increasing rains, getting a report early in March that its water resources were near complete depletion and frantic efforts were necessary for finding all possible sources of water. So obviously the rain-makers had not been able to help that city.

Difficulties Of Rain-makers

Modern rain-making methods do not always succeed. Though there is always moisture in the air, it is not possible with our present knowledge to do anything about it unless there are clouds also of the right type. It is only when such clouds are passing over the area requiring rain that they can be tackled. But rain-makers cannot force clouds to come where they want. This is probably the trouble which Dallas Tex. City has been experiencing. Then again, on a hot day, if the freezing temperature is miles high up, and there is a cloud there, seeding may yet not produce rain for us since the rain may all evaporate before it reaches ground. The freezing temperatures should be low enough, which happens in the colder seasons and more assuredly often on mountain tops. Meteorological observations should be definitely availed of for successful rain-making. Given suitable conditions rain-making seems to be a success.

In the United States where people do not allow any grass to grow under their feet, the rapid development of rain-making has brought with it some equally rapid interesting developments in connected directions. In the case of New York City's efforts to force rain from the clouds, there is pending a law suit for damages in the New York Supreme Court instituted by the Catskill Mountain hotel owners against the city's rain makers. In 1951, simultaneously with the forced precipitation of rain in the drought-stricken areas of New Mexico, Southern Texas, etc., by rain-makers, there were unprecedented floods in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. Naturally the rain-makers were accused of causing the floods by causing unprecedented snows in the Rocky Mountains and we find the Water Resources Development Corporation fighting back and an-

nouncing that it plans to take legal action against "individuals making unfounded statements." As another type of development we find Governor Earl Warren of California signing in October 1951 a measure whereby the State will regulate and license artificial rain-making operations. The regulation is to be by the State engineer and the licensees are required to keep records of their operations and file reports. Where rain-making is to be done, public notices on three consecutive weeks in newspapers having general circulation in the country are to be given, though such notices can be waived on emergency, to help extinguishing large fires. We find Harry Wexler, head of the Weather Bureau's Research Division getting vexed because rain-makers do not make full reports of results obtained and control areas are not left untouched by them. Still another development, we find, is speculation going on as to whether increase in rain-fall in one area will reduce it in another to the disadvantage of the latter. Or alternatively could some places have more rain being needed there and less rain in others to avoid devastating floods? We listen to Schaefer, addressing the Great Plains Agricultural Council in Laramie Wyo telling them that there is every probability that clouds could be made to drop their water in parts of Colorado where there is scant rain-fall, instead of causing floods further on.

The Cost

Regarding the cost of rain-making, the figures that have appeared in the press vary very greatly. Where aeroplanes are available without special hiring, the cost of dry ice and silver iodide seems to be of little significance. About 100 lbs. of dry ice costing nearly \$36 are enough for keeping crops from withering over an area of 10 square miles. Including cost of flying, it cost Dr. Krick \$150 per hour for the silver iodide plane and \$250 per hour for the dry ice plane. Two days of flying cost \$2500. The Dallas Tex. City's contract with the Water Resources Development Corporation entered into during December 1952 was to the effect that the city pays the cloud-seeding company \$2500 a month for six months plus \$3500 the first month

to cover equipment and supplies. Substantial sums were being spent also in research. We hear of Central Arizona Light and Power Company, the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association, the California State, etc., making commendable contributions for research in rain-making.

Summarising the present state of rain-making in the words of John A. Battle, Meteorologist of Santa Ana River Weather Corporation, it is a reality though it has not reached the stage for rain-storms to be turned on or off at will.

Coming to the application of rain-making to our own State, the continuously disappointing water levels of Mettur Reservoir and the large scale loss, hardship and inconvenience which has resulted thereby in agriculture and industry year after year, may more than justify attempts at rain-making in its catchment area. A most appropriate place for the initial experiments may be in Coorg where the Cauvery takes its rise. Here we find that year after year the South-West monsoon brings enough rain-clouds to give an average rain-fall of about 130 inches to South Canara and this has happened even during the years when there was insufficient rain in the area east of the Ghats. It is somewhat legitimate to conclude that there is not much variation in the yearly quantum of moisture-laden monsoon winds and the quantum that gets precipitated over South Canara and therefore in the balance that passes over the Western Ghats. We would therefore have in that place almost an assured regularity of monsoon clouds for forcing precipitation, when they fail to precipitate in the normal course. The elevation would also help the installation of ground-operated silver iodide generators and the clouds would be flying low, without a large intervening layer of dry air. We could also have trials with dry ice seeding by planes, taking off from the new aerodrome at Mangalore. With the use of Army planes which are none too busy, otherwise, the cost of the experiment may not be high. While the spirit of the recent experiments at Chittoor and Vellore is very commendable, something far bigger and better is both feasible and called for.

LOVED AND LOST

By Theo. W. La Touche

"HE called me a badmash, did he? Unworthy even to look at his daughter, am I?" fumed Bhupender, filling his glass from a bottle of locally brewed hooch at his elbow, and gulping it down.

"His servant Pochiah is my friend, and he it was who told me those were the very words used by Ramnarayan when your name was mentioned," said Venkoba.

"Confound him, I'll not rest until I make him eat those words, the old son of an owl," hissed Bhupender viciously between his teeth.

"Neither will we rest till we have helped you liquidate him and misbegotten sons of donkeys like him," chorused Bhupender's toad-eating companions.

There were three of them, all notorious hoodlums of the village, with whom Bhupender consorted after failing in a matrimonial venture. They exploited him outrageously. They were all seated in Bhupender's room playing cards and singing ribald songs as usual at a late hour of the night.

"Since I can't get my Vimala on honourable terms, I'll certainly get her by some other means, even if it comes to carrying her off," rasped Bhupender, refilling his glass. The others took the cue and filled their glasses to the brim.

"Sabash! Well spoken! I was just about to suggest the same thing," chimed in Chandriah with a grin, draining half his glass and wiping his toothbrush moustache with the back of his hand. "Take my word for it, that's the only way you can ever hope to get her. And all's fair in love and war!" he added, taking another long swig at his glass.

Bhupender's face lit up with intense delight at this clincher. All four refilled their glasses and clinking them in the regulation Western fashion, drank to the success of the abduction plot, which they formu-

lated in all its details before they parted for the night.

Vimala Devi, whose abduction Bhupender and his rakehells decided upon, was the daughter of Ramnarayan. He was the patwari of Chandrapalli, a village lying right in the midst of a tract of country which at the time of this story was the storm centre of a political upheaval. This situation was exploited by unsocial elements who, calling themselves "Communists," formed themselves into armed gangs of bandits and dacoits and ravaged the countryside draining its life-blood, like swarms of vampires.

Vimala Devi was reputed to be the most beautiful girl, not only in her native village but for many miles around. Her unexampled comeliness, as well as the opulence of her father, which ensured a fat dowry to the lucky suitor, made her the most coveted prize in the matrimonial mart. Proposals for her hand came almost simultaneously from Gopal Rao, the patwari of the neighbouring village of Ramkonda, on behalf of his son Brijender, and from Yeshwant Rao, a rich landowner of the same village, on behalf of his son Bhupender.

Patwari Ramnarayan was nothing if not a law-abiding and peace-loving man. Straightforward and strictly honest in his dealings, he was free from communal bias and took special care to maintain peace and harmony between the various sections and communities in the village. He thus created a united front against all law-breakers and predatory gangs of marauders.

In this noble endeavour Ramnarayan had the full support and co-operation of Akbar Bai, a young man of twenty years of age. In fact, there was intimate friendship and bonhomie between both families, affording a signal example of Hindu-Muslim unity, which would have delighted the heart of the Father of the Nation had he known it.

It was inevitable that a man of Ramnarayan's character would not choose a young man like Bhupender as a husband for his only daughter on whom he doted. For Bhupender was known by nature to be vain-glorious, impetuous, vindictive and rebellious, and had been expelled from college with ignominy as an incorrigible vagabond. He continued to live up to his character after his return home to his village, and took to drinking, gambling and other vices, as a duck takes to water.

So nobody was surprised, except Bhupender who had conceived a violent passion for Vimala Devi, when Bhupender's marriage proposals were promptly turned down by patwari Ramnarayan. The patwari dreaded the very idea of having such a scapegrace son-in-law as Bhupender. The latter's chagrin may be better imagined than described when Brijender's betrothal to Vimala Devi was announced. But Bhupender's cup of bitterness was full to overflowing when the date for the nuptials was fixed. He vowed vengeance on both patwaris, their relations and supporters. The plot to abduct Vimala was the outcome of this vengeful resolution.

The plot was put into operation at sunset one Saturday when Vimala Devi, accompanied by her maid-servant Lakshmi, had visited the temple on the outskirts of the village, as was her custom, and after having placed flower-offerings and worshipped at the shrine, was returning home. Clad in a brightly coloured sari which became her light amber complexion and slim figure admirably, she looked exceedingly sweet and charming.

As she and her maid were passing between some tall bushes that lined the rough cart track on both sides, Bhupender and his pals, who were wearing masks, suddenly pounced upon the two girls out of the bushes, like panthers on their prey. Before the girls could recover from the shock of the sudden onslaught and scream, they were seized and gagged despite frantic struggles. Bhupender had lifted Vimala in his arms as though she were a baby, while one of his pals gripped her kicking legs. At the same time the other two abduc-

ters had the maid securely in their grasp.

They were about to slip away with their victims through the bushes when Abdulla Bai, returning from his fields after the day's work, chanced to spot the trouble. He appraised the situation in a moment and rushed to the rescue, shouting to the abductors at the top of his voice to leave the girls alone.

The bandits tried to get away before a general hue and cry was raised, but they were considerably handicapped by their burdens. Abdulla Bai caught them up just as they took cover in a nullah in an attempt to elude him. While two of the abductors held the girls down the other two faced Abdulla, who was armed only with a lathi.

Abdulla laid about him stoutly and put up a gallant fight, but was soon overpowered by the abductors, who not only had the odds in their favour but were armed with long daggers. They stabbed him in several places and he fell dying in a pool of blood.

The abductors picked up the girls once more and tried to make good their escape, but were presently pursued by a band of villagers led by Akbar Bai, who had heard Abdulla's shouts while he was expecting his son's return, and had headed for the spot from where the cries came.

Seeing that their pursuers were fast gaining upon them, the abductors dropped the girls and made off for the neighbouring jungle-covered hillocks, and were soon lost to view.

The rescue party took charge of the two girls, who were in a state of collapse through fright, but unhurt. They then picked up the dead body of Abdulla and bore it to the village which was now in a state of commotion.

The whole village mourned the death of Abdulla Bai and attended his funeral obsequies. Patwari Ramnarayan lamented the death of Abdulla as though the latter were his own son, and swore to bring his murderers to justice.

"Abdulla laid down his life to save my daughter; he was indeed as a brother to her and a son to me," he remarked tearfully.

Meanwhile Bhupender and his pals,

fully conscious of the fact that the police would soon be on their tracks, plunged into the thick jungle, like hunted wild beasts, and did not pause to take breath until they reached the hide-out of a notorious underground terrorist leader. In his desperation Bhupender decided to join the terrorists. This would not only provide a degree of safety for himself and his pals, but would afford him another opportunity of taking possession of Vimala Devi.

Accordingly, he contacted the followers of Kota Virayya, the intrepid leader of a band of terrorists. Bhupender and his companions were blindfolded first and then led to the leader's cavern deep in the midst of a thickly wooded ravine.

Kota Virayya was on the look-out for recruits to his gang whose losses in encounters with the forces ranged against the terrorists had been rather heavy recently. So Bhupender and his pals were readily admitted and enrolled as members of Virayya's gang.

Before long Bhupender blossomed into a top-ranking terrorist leader, making Chandrapalli and Ramkonda the principal target of his operations. At first the landless field labourers were easily duped by his pseudo-Communist claptrap, which promised each of them a substantial share in the property of the big feudal landlords when the latter were liquidated. Both villages were subjected to raids, and murder, arson, looting and other atrocities figuring prominently.

The lesser landowners, as well as the Patwaris and patels and desh-mukhs, began to suffer heavy losses owing to desertions of field labourers, and were driven to adopt counter-measures against the rising tide of lawlessness. Getting their fellow-sufferers together, they managed to form a sort of civic guard and worked together with the rural police.

So effectively did they beat off attack after attack, that the field labourers began to lose confidence in Bhupender, not one of whose promises had been redeemed so far. They also began to realise that instead of obtaining a single rood of land they were facing starvation, while all the valuable booty which

they had helped in plundering was being carried away and appropriated by the terrorist leaders.

The first shock Bhupender received as a result of the field labourers' return to sanity was when he and his gang swooped down on Ramkonda in great strength. The raid was so unexpected and sudden that the terrorists managed to drag patwari Gopal Rao out of his house and frog-march him to a well outside the village. While they were trying to extort money from him and a promise to deliver up all the firearms in the village, under threats to pitch him into the well, the villagers mustered in strength and made a concerted attack on the raiders. Completely taken by surprise in their turn, Bhupender and his desperadoes were forced to relinquish their victim and run for their lives.

The raiders were, however, brought to bay and in the scuffle that ensued, Bhupender received a severe wound but managed to get away with the help of his companions. The wound laid him up in his forest lair for some considerable time during which the villagers were free from molestation. This fact did not fail to impress the peasants, who took it as a defeat for the terrorists. Most of the field hands trickled back to work.

Bhupender was publicly disowned by his family and outlawed by the authorities who offered an award for his capture, dead or alive. These measures against him only hardened his determination to get even with his opponents. So when his scouts brought him news that the nuptial ceremonies of Brijender and Vimala Devi were completed and the bridegroom was expected to return to his village with his bride, Bhupender, who was hardly out of the convalescent stage, leapt out of his straw pallet.

"No, she shall not escape me so long as I have a spark of life left in my body," he swore grinding his teeth with frantic rage. "She must be relieved of that half-witted caricature of a husband upon whom she has been thrust, like a rose upon a monkey, at any cost."

He hastily summoned his hench-

nants to a conference, and it was decided to ambush the wedding party on its way from Chandrapalli to Ramkonda at a spot where the road passed through a narrow cutting between two jungle-covered hills, and to carry away Vimala on horseback.

But Fate willed it otherwise. Kondiah, one of the disaffected landless peasants, who had been badly duped by Bhupender and his bandits, bore a special grudge against the mauraunders for having seduced his two buxom young daughters on the pretext of getting them married honourably and advantageously and making their father the owner of broad acres in due course.

Kondiah chanced to get wind of the abduction plot and laid it bare in all its details to patwari Ramnarayan. The latter lost no time in convening a secret meeting at which patel Akbar Bai and his most trusted friends and supporters, as well as the nak of the special police stationed not far from the village, were present. As a result of this conference measures were concerted to foil Bhupender's sinister design, capture him alive if possible, and bring him and his whole gang to book for their enormities.

And so it fell out that at sunset on the appointed day the marriage procession duly wended its way from Chandrapalli to Ramkonda. A village band led the procession, in which the customary closely curtained and gaily decorated bridal palanquin was carried. On both sides, of it walked men bearing flaming torches and shouting blessings on the happy pair.

The moment the procession reached the middle of a narrow cutting between the hills, Bhupender and his bandits sprang into the road from behind boulders and bushes, brandishing swords and firing into the air. The palanquin bearers promptly put down their burden on the road, and the torch-bearers hurled their torches at their assailants and confronted them with weapons which they had concealed on their persons.

The attackers fell back in surprise but were forced to fight for their lives. In the close hand-to-hand clash and confusion that ensued, Bhupender managed to force his way

to the palanquin. He eagerly pulled apart the curtains and plunged his head in to find,—not Vimala Devi as he fully expected, but Akbar Bai and Kondiah.

"I bid you a hearty welcome Bhupender Saheb: come right in and take your seat, your beloved awaits you!" guffawed Akbar Bai, at the same time seizing Bhupender in a vice-like grip and pulling him into the palanquin.

Kondiah promptly pinioned Bhupender's hands and tied them behind his back with a cart rope. "Now you are well and truly spliced up in the bonds of holy wedlock!" he twitted as he made the last knot with a vicious tug.

In the meantime the armed police and the village guards, who had cordoned off the locality, closed in on the bandits, still locked in deadly conflict with the pseudo-torch and palanquin bearers. Realising that the game was up, the would-be bride abductors made shift to break away, their only thought now being to save their skins by flight. But all their efforts to slip through the cordon proved futile. A few of them were shot down and the rest captured.

With their hands fastened behind their backs, Bhupender and his gang were marched off to Chandrapalli, and led to the village Chaori where the population, men, women and children, had collected as for a grand festival. It was with great difficulty that the guardians of the law were able to restrain the infuriated mob from falling upon the wrong-doers and mauling them. The captives, particularly Bhupender, were the targets of curses and abjurations.

Bhupender was, however, unrepentant, and was heard muttering something which sounded like a familiar quotation from his college text-book to the effect: "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," as he was led away to the village lockup.

Was there none to sympathise with him in his hard lot, dyed-in-the-wool reprobate though he was? None, except Vimala Devi who felt a twinge of sorrow deep down in her heart for the man who had dared to stake his life for her love, but she dared not give tongue to it!

AMERICA AFTER STALIN

By S. KRISHNIAH

NEW YORK CITY: Many questions that were fraught with animated speculation when Eisenhower started cracking the whip in the American arena, can now be answered with tolerable certainty. Much of the wishful thinking of Americans that he was the harbinger of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men," and which landslided votes for him, has given place to sober judgment. A vague outline of policies can now be discerned in what was just a miasma of election promises. Two decades out of power, the Republican Party had first of all the important business of providing for those who contributed to the election victory. Many promises made during the heat of the election campaign to friends, backers and vote-getters, though rash and somewhat irksome, had to be compromised if not fulfilled. Next of course the pressure groups within the party had to be appeased. Senators Robert Taft and Joseph McCarthy, the two likely to prove troublesome, were provided for. The stage was set for Eisenhower to enter the field of international politics which Truman had rampaged like a blind elephant out on a spree.

But just as the stage was set, as Eisenhower was viewing the world with leonine sagacity, as all the public relations men and propagandists were briefed and keyed up, well... just then, Joseph Stalin died. This was a greater calamity to the Eisenhower administration than a declaration of war would have been. For the latter, of course, they were prepared.

The passing away of Stalin jolted the Eisenhower administration violently and tore their complacency to shreds since they had reckoned, in their own satisfied way, that they knew how to deal with him. But his death sent them scuttling back to conference rooms where they had to put up with wishful thinkers on the one hand who thought that internal revolution had already started in Russia, and with sagacious pundits of international politics on the other

who shrugged their shoulders and said that the ascension of Malenkov to the Kremlin throne made no difference whatsoever to the Soviet objective of world domination. These unending exercises in the psycho-analysis of Malenkov were further complicated when this disconcerting individual sent his peace-doves flying to the four corners of the earth.

This indistinctly forms the background of the foreign policy of the "world's most powerful nation." And foreign policy in America means only one thing today: the ultimate eradication of Communism from all parts of the world. For the first time in history, America finds herself vested with military power and industrial potentials beyond even the dreams of a megalomaniac like Hitler; and oftentimes America cannot understand how her power or words could possibly be challenged anywhere in the world.

This brings us to the present situation in Korea where American power—moral and military—is challenged. The numerous difficulties that have constantly attended the ill-started Panmunjom truce talks seems to fit this pattern of American foreign policy quite easily. A sense of being in the right burns violently in every American breast and it is kept fuelled by the continual blare of domestic propaganda; so, naturally, they cannot understand why all the Europeans and Asiatics do not join them in bringing freedom and happiness to the East Europeans, Russians and Chinese who are all withering in thralldom.

All this boils down to the frustration that has crept into the neo-isolationism of the Republican Party making Mr. Average American lose his faith ever so slightly in the infallibility of the Eisenhower regime. In fact the activities of America in the field of international politics seem very much like the predatory excursions of a froward child which has overestimated its physical and mental prowess and which though apt to be

peevish and naughty is nevertheless extremely confused and weary.

The Korean deadlock appears simple though insoluble from this standpoint. It is impossible that the Eisenhower administration can see its way properly through the proposals and counterproposals at Panmunjom, all of which seem to vary only in the number of concessions each side is prepared to make. The United States' point of view is clear, and, left to the extremists of the Republican Party, it would take the form of again denouncing North Korea and China as aggressors, using all military power to defeat them, and hold a War Crimes trial to salve the conscience of such sundry people who might still be incommoded by this essentially nineteenth century virtue. Writing in *Life* magazine, General Van Fleet says, "All we have to do is start an all-out effort in Korea, and the Reds will soon come begging to us... Korea is for us the right war in the right place at the right time." In this instance "all-out" presumably means the accompaniment of atomic pyrotechnics. But this, unfortunately for the extremist Republicans, does not seem possible because of the scallywags in the United Nations who just cannot see that the United States can never be in the wrong.

In this heresy, prevalent in various nations, of making inconvenient suggestions in the United Nations, the arch aggressor is India. If the United States were asked to define India's attitude to this somewhat hot "Cold War," she would condemn that backward country in the words of Francis Thompson for its "traitorous trueness and loyal deceit." India warned the United States, when nobody asked for her advice, against the crossing of the thirty-eighth parallel. As a matter of fact opinions have been expressed in the United States that it was this impudence on the part of India which brought China into the Korean conflict! Not being content with her first warning which was categorically spurned, India has come out with the next warning that the last offers made at Panmunjom by the North Koreans that a neutral five-nation block supervise unrep-

triated prisoners, was as far as China and North Korea would go.

Further, the very composition of the five-nation group does not spell any possibility of an agreement. Poland and Czechoslovakia have been dismissed in the U. S. A. as stooges of Russia. But the point is that there is nobody in this group to play the part of an American stooge. India is out of the question; Sweden has been known to be notoriously implacable; Switzerland, though not militantly neutral, is yet an unpredictable quantity.

But up to now we have been arguing only about the absence of solutions not only for Korea but also for the various other pernicky uprisings as for instance in Laos and Malaya. After all, is there no answer?

Since the future of Panmunjom stands doomed, the genius of the Republican Party hierarchy has been searching for an abiding answer—an abiding answer not only to the Korean problem but also to the inefficiency of the French in Indo-China and to the recalcitrance of the revolutionary elements in Malaya. This answer has been first put forward by Senator Robert Taft, the Republican party boss from whom Eisenhower wrested the Presidential candidacy at the Chicago convention in 1952. The answer given can be called the "one-bite solution."

In brief the solution is this: The Republicans are businessmen and they mean to talk business with the boss and nobody else. They want to sign one contract and not numerous subsidiary ones. In short, Senator Robert Taft proposes talking business with Russia's Malenkov and solving the whole question of Asia in "one bite." This sort of politicking should not seem strange to us, Asiatics, since after all Asia was chopped up not so long ago between the British, French and the Dutch.

Bertrand Russell, writing in *The New York Times*, has not overlooked this possibility of settling world disputes. Asiatic nations have long been overlooking the fact that the dispute between the Indo-Chinese and the French, or between Iran and British, could be settled by America and Russia to suit themselves. Ber-

trand Russell is a speculative thinker and may be dismissed as such. But when a serious politician like Senator Robert Taft who has the backing of the ruling party in America and also the Senate, initiates this drive to settle all Asiatic problems with Russia in "one bite" there is room for alarm and serious thought.

This astounding proposal championed by Taft is gathering momentum and support steadily. General Van Fleet, formerly of the Korea com-

mand, is its ardent champion. He asks: "Why, when we are so thoroughly and completely superior to the Chinese Reds in North Korea, do we even consider anything less than a genuine (Asia-wide) peace?"

At this stage the Asiatic may be tempted to ask whether, after all, a "peace" in which Russia and America would attempt to divide the world between themselves would not be more unwelcome than war!

POWERS BEHIND THE THRONE

By MATTHEW HALTON

THE power of the British monarchy to act directly in British affairs has almost disappeared—but its influence remains very real and very strong. The sovereign still has "the right to advise, the right to encourage and the right to warn." It is still of immense importance, therefore, that the sovereign should be well advised. And if the sovereign is a woman, the character and ability of her consort becomes a matter of the first concern. If he is a strong character he is the power behind the throne.

Such a man was Queen Victoria's consort, a German princeling named Albert. Victoria adored him, and his wish was her law. Such a man, too, is a Graeco-Danish prince—Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, husband of Queen Elizabeth II.

Under the British constitution, the wife of a King automatically becomes his Queen Consort—but the husband of a Queen is only an ordinary citizen until the Queen herself raises his status. The Queen has elevated him to First Gentleman, but whatever formal rank the Duke of Edinburgh is accorded there is no doubt that already he is king in all but name.

He is a strong, able, intelligent and determined young man, and at the same time he is loved and looked up to by his wife as Albert was by his. And as the monarchy still has such influence there can be no question that Philip will make his mark on his times and on British history. And he starts well ahead of Albert in every way.

When Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha married the young Victoria in 1840 he was a serious, shy, awkward and yet opinionated young man. Though Victoria loved him, she and her ministers allowed him nothing whatever to do with state affairs or politics. And the insular British people disliked and distrusted him. It was 17 years before the Queen was sure enough of their esteem to give her husband the title of Prince Consort. But by that time the Queen was obsessed with devotion for him; his every whim was her law; and as he had proved himself an able and conscientious statesman he had become in some ways the real sovereign of England.

Philip Mountbatten started with immensely greater advantages. His wife, like Albert's, is deeply in love with him—and to the people he is no foreigner. Young handsome and confident, with an easy charm and complete self-confidence, he is very popular with the public. Though foreign by birth he is in fact as English as a man can be. His influence on the court and on the Queen, and so on British life, is bound to be great. There are indications that the influence will be a good and healthy one.

Gay Little Ignoramus

But before going further let us glance briefly at other consorts in the long story of the throne.

Long though the story is, Britain has had little experience of male consorts. There have been only four or five.

The first was King Philip I of Spain. Philip was the bitter enemy of Elizabeth and of Elizabeth's England—the noble insurgent England that smashed the Armada. But her fanatically Roman Catholic half-sister, Mary I—"Bloody" Mary—had married the Spanish king. He was given no status, however, except the right for his signature to appear beside the Queen's on official documents. His impact on the national life was almost nothing.

Nearly a century later when James II fled from England, his daughter Mary became Queen. Her Dutch husband, William of Orange, was already the ruler of Holland. Britain called him; she needed an able, strong and Protestant prince. But he firmly refused to come until he was given equal power with his wife in ruling the country. From the beginning, then, he was king, not consort; and after Mary's demise he ruled until his own death.

His successor, Queen Anne, married George of Denmark. George, a mediocrity, was never made consort. He had the simple status of a citizen like any other.

The next consortium, that of Victoria and Albert, is one of the most fascinating stories in Britain's royal annals. The vital and enthusiastic princess was a gay little ignoramus when she came to the throne. (She was naively surprised when Lord Melbourne told her that Canada used to belong to the French). The young man she soon married was a heavy, solemn, humourless German. He was a deep student of German literature, philosophy and science. He wanted to "do good;" to be "noble, manly and princely in all things," as he wrote.

Victoria lover pleasure, she loved to dance through the night until sunrise. Albert loathed it. He wanted meetings with famous scientists and philosophers—which Victoria loathed in her turn.

Both were stubborn. There is the famous story told by Lytton Strachey: "When in wrath the prince had one day locked himself into his room, Victoria, no less furious, knocked on the door to be admitted. 'Who is there?' he asked. 'The Queen of England,' was the answer. He did

not move and again there was a hail of knocks. The question and the answer were repeated many times; but at last there was a pause, and then a gentler knocking. 'Who is there?' came once more the relentless question. But this time the reply was different. 'Your wife, Albert.' And the door was immediately opened."

Philip No Cipher

Within a few years Albert had absolute dominion over Victoria, and through her had some dominion over England. Yet the British people distrusted him until his death. There were all sorts of rumours about him, such as that Victoria had had to lock her husband up in the Tower of London as a traitor.

The idea for the Great Exhibition of 1851 came from Albert, and it was a great idea—but at first it was furiously attacked. One M.P. said it would cause England to be "overrun with foreign rogues and revolutionaries, who would subvert the morals of the people and filch their trade secrets from them." The consort received letters in every mail accusing him of working for the corruption of England!

But in effect he was the King of England—partly because British statesmen came to recognize his worth, and largely because Victoria worshipped him.

The story of the new consort, Philip Mountbatten, will be very different, because the climate of the age is different, because the monarchy has less power than in Victoria's time, and Philip is a very different character. Yet there are some parallels.

Philip, like Albert, is vigorous and independent. He is no cypher or yes-man. When he got married, for example, he refused to give up some of his so-called "bohemian" friends simply because there was tut-tutting in court circles.

Philip, like Albert, likes to meet interesting and distinguished people in many walks of life. You may say, "Who doesn't?" And the answer is that royalty often doesn't. It is inevitable that royal circles, which are conservative almost in the nature of things, should tend often to be nar-

row and rigid even in an age where monarchy should broaden with the times.

George V and George VI were good kings, but their lives and interests were confined. George V was immensely strict with his own children, and his political views were fiercely narrow. As the Duke of Windsor tells us in "A King's Story," he regarded Mr. Lloyd George as a dangerous agitator. And even in the entourage of George VI some people refused to accept the new age and its developments.

It is perhaps natural that royalty and its circle should be conservative, with both a small "c" and a capital "C" and Philip Mountbatten, too, is a Conservative in his private political views. But he has brought a new and refreshing spirit of inquiry and of intellectual and social informality into the too narrow confines of the court. I do not believe he will allow his friendly and attractive personality to be straight-jacketed, or his healthy intellectual curiosity and manysidedness to be inhibited by the almost cathedral hush of reverence that still hedges the throne.

When a great union of free nations has a monarchy, as a symbol of unity and as an example of honour and duty, it must of course be a glittering symbol, kept high above the idols of the market place. Yet it should also seem warm and friendly and close to the common man. The Queen Mother is one who has the talent for regality without aloofness, and the Duke of Edinburgh is another. That is one of the many strengths he brings to the support of the young Queen.

Monarch Can Still Intervene

He has a "sense of occasion"—but he also has a real liking for ordinary people and a warm sense of humour

and of fun. He has the ability to "mix with crowds nor lose his virtue," "to walk with kings yet keep the common touch." He can be gay at a party with his friends, and in fact have a hilarious good time, and yet remain what he is—the husband and consort of the Queen.

Before the death of the King, Philip was a member of an informal London luncheon club at which a small number of writers, editors, artists, actors, and others—some of them "characters," raconteurs, humourists—met once a week. The Duke of Edinburgh often attended, and his enjoyment of the good food, the good wine and the good talk was as complete as any man's. Yet the personality that emerged was not that of a bon vivant but of an able and highly intelligent man devoted to Britain and deeply concerned about her problems. And of a very knowledgeable man, closely and accurately informed on all the main questions of the day from economics and politics to art and science.

There are still times when the monarch intervenes directly in politics. Suppose a prime minister dies in office, and the leadership of the party is disputed by two equally popular claimants: the Queen must call on one of the two to form a government. Even more important, there might be an electoral deadlock so complete that the Queen would have to summon one side or the other to office. Everything would then depend on the wisdom of the Queen's advisers—and the man she looks up to most is her husband. Obviously, then, the character of Britain's First Gentleman is important enough. And those who know him are satisfied with what they have seen.—Copyright—NNF.

The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than 30 cities.

It is two electric power plants, each serving a town of 60,000 population.

It is two fine, fully equipped hospitals.

It is some fifty miles of concrete highway.

We pay for a single fighter plane with half million bushels of wheat.

We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that could have housed more than 8,000 people.—PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

By Dr. R. RAMAMURTHI

"It is sort of fun to be fifty and feel you are going to defend the title again. I won it in the twenties and defended it in the thirties and the forties and I don't mind at all defending it in the fifties."

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

HEMINGWAY has done it. With the publication of *Across The River Into The Trees* in 1950, critics sadly shook their heads and began to wonder whether Hemingway is not on the familiar road of decline and fall. But he sent them confounded and sulking into corners when *The Old Man And The Sea* saw the light of day in 1952 and, to crown it all, he has been awarded the 1953 Pulitzer Prize in Literature for his latest novel. Hailed by others as a "masterpiece" and as "a poem of action, praising a brave man, a magnificent fish and the sea," Hemingway himself has this to say about *The Old Man And The Sea*: "I have had to read it now over two hundred times and everytime it does something to me. It is as though I had gotten finally what I had been working for all my life."

Fifty-five years old, six feet tall, two hundred pounder Hemingway was born in Oak Park, Illinois, the son of Clarence Edmonds Hemingway and Grace (Hall) Hemingway. He did some desultory schooling in Oak Park public schools but never had the dubious distinction of a university education. In high school, he played football, wrote for school papers and took boxing lessons. Even in his teens, he began to eke out his own livelihood doing odd jobs, working as a day labourer, dishwasher, farm hand and as a fighter's sparring partner. Steering clear of the wishes of his doctor-father who wanted him to take to medicine and his musically-inclined mother who would have liked her son to become a cellist, he enrolled as a reporter on *The Kansas City Star*. The First World War saw him as an ambulance-driver in Italy. Soon he enlisted in the Italian infantry, was severely wounded and invalided home but not before

the Italian Government had decorated him with two of its highest medals, The Medaglio d'Argento al Valore Militare and the Croce di Guerra. In 1921, he settled in Paris with nothing more than his newspaper articles to his credit but it was in Paris that he came under the influence of Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein.

His first published work, *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, came out in 1923 followed the next year by *In Our Time*, a collection of short stories. It was however with the publication of his novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, in 1926 about the world of expatriates of whom he was one that he skyrocketed to world fame as the voice of "the lost generation." Hemingway carefully interwove his personal experiences in different parts of the world into the warp and woof of his books. His experiences in the First World War served as the background to *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), a heart-rending love story about an American lieutenant and an English nurse in war-torn Italy. The Spanish Civil War supplied the background to *For Whom The Bell Tolls* (1940), a novel unforgettable for its tension and its characters. It was while in Spain that he got interested in bull-fighting, the result being his non-fiction work, *Death in the Afternoon* (1932). A visit to Africa produced *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935), an account of a big-game hunting trip and one of his best short stories, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. *Men without Women* (1927), *Winner Take Nothing* (1933) and *The First Forty-Nine* (1938) are collections of his short stories in which he is equally at ease as in the longer medium, the novel.

Hemingway is the founder of a new school of fiction which of course cannot be said of many in the whole range of world literature. He is the father of the "hard-boiled" novel, the elements of which are "the reduction of oral discourse to monosyllabic inexpressiveness, the stress on the kaleidoscopic whirl of sensation rather than on freely associated ideas

or deeply felt emotions and the tendency to abandon or at least to obscure the main elements of plot, the story taking form from the whirling sensation and the monosyllabic utterances of the characters." The horror of war and the disillusion of the post-war period produced in Hemingway a deep revulsion from idealism and a cynicism towards civilized values and he has revealed time and again in his short stories as well as in his novels "the values of an elementary stoicism, of physical courage and endurance, of basic physical satisfactions and of an aggressive honesty and hostility towards all kinds of sham." Yet another characteristic of his writing is his intense preoccupation with death. "Bull-fighting, big-game hunting, war, gangsterism,—all of these are variations on the same theme: man is a doomed creature whose only hope is to face the inevitable."

During the Second World War, Hemingway, was on patrol duty along the Cuban coasts with the U. S. Navy and was later a war correspondent in Europe. He has been married four

times and has three sons. Given a fishing-rod at two and a gun at ten, Hemingway is a fine fisherman and an excellent big-game hunter. He is also a sportsman and boxer. Once to prove his prowess as a boxer, he had a boxing bout with Tom Heeney, the British Empire Heavyweight Champion. As a fisherman, he has contributed various rare specimens of fish to the museums and a species of rose-fish has been named after him as *Neomerinthe Hemingwayi*. He lives at "Finca Vigia" (Lookout Farm) in Helena, Cuba, has a host of friends who affectionately call him "Papa." About his future plans, he said to *Time* magazine last year: "I have written and re-written some 200,000 words of what eventually will be a long book about the sea. It is divided into four separate books any one of which may be published separately. When writing, I dislike talking of my work or my plans. This is not from boorishness but because I have found it is bad for a writer to talk about what he is doing. But I can tell you that I hope to write novels and short stories as long as I live and I would like to live for a long time."

BUY HANDLOOM CLOTH WHENEVER YOU WANT CLOTH

—Said Rajaji to the Nation.

But, Buy

Co-optee

Wherever you are.

They are designed to suit your tastes and prices to meet your pocket with an eye on

- * ELEGANCE
- * ECONOMY
- * DURABILITY

Available at 124 Depots spread throughout the State.

THE MADRAS STATE HANDLOOM WEAVERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.,

"HOLLOWAY'S GARDEN," 34, Pantheon Road, Egmore, MADRAS-2.

Grams: "HANDLOOM."

Phone: 8176 and 8638.



By V. P. SATHE

THE starry skies which were dimmed by the shadow of depression are shining again. Thanks to a series of comparatively good pictures, the business is improved. In Bombay, for instance, there are at least five pictures at the moment which are drawing good houses; in Delhi, more than one distributor has told me the opening week business has improved and if only the pictures turn out to be as good as *Anarkali* the depression will become a thing of the past. In Maharashtra, Pandit Nehru's visit has acted as an incentive and the collections of all the places he visited had gone up considerably. This improvement, it is thought, will be maintained.

Of course, while the good pictures are faring better than expected, the average pictures are faring very badly. There is no such thing as average business for any picture. Either a picture is a great success or an utter flop. And as the ratio of flops is so great there is a general feeling of slump and depression. The obvious solution for this problem is to improve the so-called average standard of our films. Even the 'B class' pictures must have certain qualities which would make them acceptable to the audience. Time and again it has been proved that if the pictures have flopped, it is because they had nothing in them to appeal to the public. As far as the picturegoers are concerned they are still keen patrons of good and entertaining Indian pictures as is evident from the colossal success of *Anarkali*.

In addition to the improvement in the home market, the end of the deadlock in Pakistan would also bring

fresh profits to Indian producers. According to the present trend, soon there will be normal trade between India and Pakistan and as a result the Indian producers will be able again to cover up their cost and even make some profit by pre-selling their pictures.

Thus there are definite indications of a better and brighter future for the industry. Let us hope the industry avails of this opportunity.

Picture Of The Week

Datta Dharmadhikari has carried out his threat by completing the three version picture *Mahatma* in a record time of four months and releasing it in Bombay on the scheduled date of 9th May.

Datta is to be complimented on speed, but more than that he deserves the praise of every progressive minded film critic for choosing such an unusual and at the same time so realistic a subject as that of *Mahatma*. In the days of adolescent love dramas, it requires no small courage to tell a story of an old man and that too a very ordinary man in a manner seldom attempted on the Indian or Hollywood screen.

The story is the thing in *Mahatma*. Written by P. L. Deshpande, it is based on his own play *Bhagyaawan* which was inspired by some one of the plays by Somerset Maugham. Deshpande has already acknowledged this fact; but for this admission, it would be almost impossible to find any trace of foreign origin in the picture itself, which is so Indian in its character, atmosphere and presentation. Basically, it is the story of a common man who lives by buying and selling old newspapers.

Though his business is not respectable he is a very honest, hard working upright man, leading a rather dry and undramatic life.

His daily routine is disturbed when he catches a 'bicycle thief' and is forced to attend court for days together. In the court he learns the truth of poverty which compels people to commit crime; he realizes that even the bicycle thief was driven to crime by poverty. He feels sorry that he was responsible to get arrested such a man who was rushing to help his pregnant wife turned out of a maternity home, because she had no money. The wife dies, the husband languishes in jail and their teen-aged daughter begs on the streets until she is picked up by the good man and brought home against the wishes of his daughter and would be son-in-law. Another crisis comes in his life when he wins a prize of Rs. 23,000 in Crosswords. Money becomes a curse; he wants to give it to his two friends—a chiki-seller and a bhel-seller who had solved the puzzle and sent the entry in his name for luck. They refuse. The would-be son-in-law who had almost scorned the good man because of his poverty and profession suddenly gets interested in him—rather his money. And when the poor man refuses to spend the money according to his wishes he tries to prove him insane. Ultimately the prize money is given away as a donation to a maternity home and the good old man is back at his work, until suddenly the cycle thief who comes out of jail and wants to commit suicide, sees him and kills him. The good man dies in the hospital; his dying words are: "Cycle thief is innocent." There is no remorse, no hatred in his attitude; he dies in peace. His death is as glorious as his life.

I cannot recall any screen story in which the common man was glorified in so sublime and yet so realistic a manner. There is no bravado, no mock heroism or cheap martyrdom in his greatness. His greatness springs out of his generous humanism. The story as well as the screenplay bring out this theme convincingly. Moreover, he is not singled out for greatness; his two friends (especially the chiki-seller) are as unassuming, poor, selfless and great as the hero of this

story. There is romantic glamour about this hero; no false build-up.

Indeed the greatness of *Mahatma* as a motion picture lies in the character-sketches of this old trio superbly played by Jagirdar, David and B. Gukhale. Out of them David is the most brilliant as the toffee-seller; his cracks at the ambitious and selfish school-teacher who hankers for the prize money are brilliant specimens of satire and irony. Jagirdar also lives his role though in a rather subdued manner. The weakest link of the story as well as the picture is the romantic pair of the school teacher and the old man's daughter. If the teacher was so ambitious for money why should he take fancy for a girl whose father sold old newspapers? Then what is the propriety of exhibiting photographs of Marx and Lenin in his room? Is he supposed to be a caricature of a Communist? If so, the caricature fails in its desired effect and becomes a confused character indulging in many obvious contradictions. The character of the girl is also not very happy; her change-over in the end is sudden and inexplicable. What is worse, both Rekha and Madan Mohan play their parts listlessly.

Datta Dharmadhikari's direction shows greater mastery. This time he has not tried to exploit cheap sentiments and give the audience another tear jerker. Yet the picture has suffered in no small measure due to his indifference to the technical side, especially sound recording. Besides, he appears to have been in such a hurry to finish the picture that several situations which would have been more effective with better and more elaborate taking are ruined. For once, Madgulkar has failed to integrate his lyrics into the screenplay.

Seeing *Mahatma* one cannot help feeling that if only Datta were to devote more time and skill to its making he could have made truly an unforgettable motion picture out of the story and the stars at his disposal. Even now, it is a very remarkable film which all those who are never tired of criticising Indian films should make a point to see.

Stars Of The Week

Jagirdar and David are the two most talked about stars today, though

they hardly can be called stars as such. For they have no glamour about them like Raj Kapoor and Dilip Kumar. One of the unfortunate trends of the post-war film in India is that they have been too much centred round glamour boys and girls and their adolescent romances. The days of *Padosi* which related a story of two old men seems to have gone for ever. David's one complaint for the past so many years has been that he has not been given a role worth the name; this is perhaps the feeling of all character-actors who were once a draw.

It is not without significance that during the past six years not a single new character actor like Chandramohan, Prithviraj, Nawab, Shah Nawaz, David, Jagirdar and Kumar has sprung on the film horizon. For when even old character-actors have not been getting any roles, what chance have the newcomers in the field?

However, it was really refreshing to see two of the best known character-actors strike their old form in *Mahatma*. Jagirdar has already many triumphs to his credit. A graduate from Karnatak, Jagirdar is a Maharashtrian, who speaks Hindustani with a perfect accent. Both as a director and artiste he is associated with films for the past two decades. He is however better known for his histrionic talents and his performances in *Padosi* and *Ramshastri* will always be remembered. In *Mahatma* he had a tailor-made role for himself and he has performed it so well that it will be also classed amongst his best performances.

David is a double graduate. He has been connected with films for about two decades. He has not always been lucky about his roles; he came into prominence in the heyday of Bombay Talkies when he appeared in *Naya Sansar*, *Kismet*, *Hamari Baat*. He has been most successful in

sympathetic roles. In *Mahatma* he has a role after his heart. And though some of the Maharashtrians have been surprised by his flawless Marathi diction in the Marathi version, David always speaks Marathi at home. His mastery over Urdu and Hindi diction is more surprising than his mastery over Marathi. After several years of frustration and futile work, David has got a chance to show off his talent in *Mahatma*. Given equally good roles David will again become a star to be reckoned with.

Both David and Jagirdar are socially conscious artists. They have been participating in many social and cultural activities. David is interested most in Olympic games. He went all the way to Helsinki to attend the world Olympics.

They have both staged a come-back in *Mahatma* and if the present trend of boy-meets-girl stories is changed they and their prototypes will have ample opportunity to display their talent and thereby enrich the Indian screen.

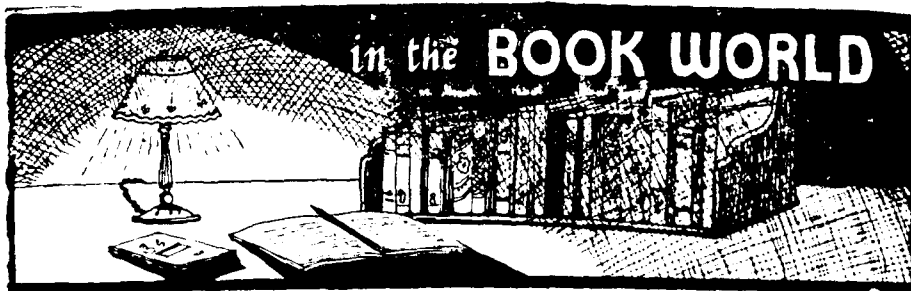
News Of The Week

—Bimal Roy launched his second production *Padosan* on Saturday the 16th May at Mohan Studios. Sudhir Mukerjee is wielding the megaphone. Karan Dewan and Shyama are likely to play the stellar roles.

—On the 15th May, the second anniversary of *Alhad Chitra*, Datta Dharmadhikari performed the muhurat of the historical picture *Bagivan Maston*. He hopes to complete the picture by September and release it in October.

—Three popular Punjabi pictures are being transcribed into Hindi. Shovey is making the Hindi version of *Mangte* with Meena in the stellar role; Jaimani Dewan is producing the Hindi version of *Chaman* with practically the same cast, while Kuldep Pictures have already completed the Hindi version of *Lacchi* under the new title *Dost* starring Om Prakash.

"An Australian friend of mine who was in Kensington Gardens with her children one afternoon, became rather intrigued with the French poodle belonging to the woman who shared her bench. It was being so amusing that she wanted to know more about the breed, so she asked the owner, 'Are those dogs intelligent?' 'My dear,' was the answer, 'this dog is far more intelligent than my husband, and much better company!'—BEATRICE LILLEY in a BBC programme about English people and their dogs.



LIFE STORIES OF MEN WHO SHAPED HISTORY: From Plutarch's Lives: Edited and abridged for the modern reader, by Eduard C. Lindeman (A Mentor Classic, published by the New American Library, 35c.)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BOOKS: Edited by Alfred Stefferud. (A Mentor book, published by the New American Library, 35c.)

These are two recent additions to the Mentor Series, which is playing a leading part in America in bringing within reach of the modest purse representative selections from the classics and from modern books.

Plutarch is perennially fresh, not because he was an outstanding biographer—his texts contain many errors and he had not much reliable source material—but because of his essentially moral purpose. His aim was, first, to appraise the moral qualities of his heroes, and, secondly, to trace the extent of their influence as a result of those qualities; and he had recourse to the vivid effects of contrast, by taking up a Greek character first and then a Roman one to match. The present volume contains six "Lives" out of the fifty that have survived; and they deal with a typical Dictator, a Law-giver, a Patriot, a Traitor, a People's Advocate, and a Conqueror. The translations, by John and William Langhorne, have, as the editor rightly remarks, an eighteenth-century pungency and vigour not found in better-known versions; and as Plutarch was essentially a believer in democracy and was devoted to humanity, besides being, according to himself, a "lover of wisdom" rather than a "wise man," his work has a special appeal for this age.

"The Wonderful World of Books" is one of these cooperative enterprises

which are a special feature of the American scene. About seventy writers have contributed chapters to a book, the main purpose of which is to teach the average man and woman how to select good books for reading, how to read more effectively, how to make proper use of libraries, etc., and tell them how writers, publishers and booksellers go about their business. There is, no doubt, a variety of information in this book which it may be difficult to gather without much effort, but it does raise the question whether the "common man" is after all in need of so much spoon-feeding or such trite, elementary advice and such repeated exhortation to take up a good book and read it. If he does, democracy is in a more parlous condition than we imagine; and the horizontal spread of education which is supposed to have reached the outermost periphery has not succeeded in making men and women individually intelligent and selective in their appreciation of books, but has merely reduced the millions to the dull level of the lowest common denominator. This, however, is a big question and one that is already being debated in America by apprehensive minds who have begun to wonder where the present trends are leading their country. For the rest, a book of this type is really a sign of the times; and though it is frequently disfigured by "uplift" slogans like "Books inform us; they inspire us; they sublimate our wayward impulses," it does, as already mentioned, contain a deal of miscellaneous information otherwise difficult to come by, though much of it is commonplace, repetitive, and of not high quality.

A CINEMA & A CIRCUS

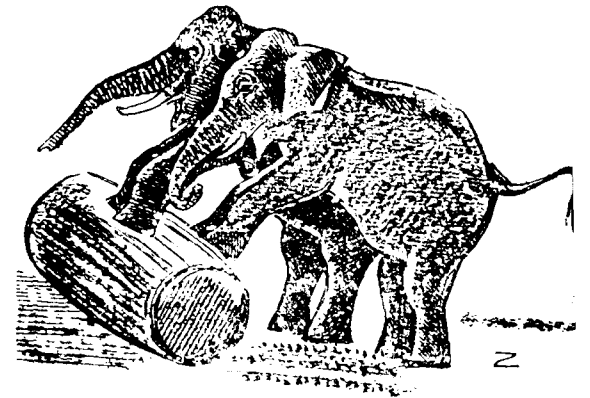
The Jungle

ONE never knows what one is in for when purchasing a ticket for a 'jungle picture.' It may be anything from an authentic presentation of the forests and their denizens to a three-cornered love story against a background of tangled vegetable and animal life that may be realistic or else wholly imaginary. Survivals from a prehistoric past are also a favourite theme with the makers of such pictures, and one must always be prepared to meet strange beasts and men, unknown to mere science, when buying one's ticket. As a connoisseur of wild life pictures, whose standing goes back to the days of the movies, I have learned the wisdom of consoling myself with bits of scenery and incidental glimpses of feral beasts when the picture, in spite of the advertisement posters displaying savage animals, turns out to be a sloppy love story or a depiction of a flying tribe of bat-men. That way I sometimes get my money's worth, instead of acquiring a grouse.

The Jungle, however, was beyond my thrifty ingenuity. It is a combination of all the pitfalls that the enthusiast for wild life pictures has to guard against, the triangular love interest culminating in a duel between the rival lovers, the incredible survival of mammoths in a Native State, and odd bits of South Indian local colour thrown into a North Indian setting. The few 'wild' beasts look too tame and enervated to be convincing—in the early part of the picture there is a very svelte leopard that is mercifully shot, but after the interval this same animal (its identity is unmistakable) appears again, in a reincarnation. Even the love interest is somewhat middle-aged—the Princess, her Sikh adviser, and the American hunter all look old enough to have outgrown such silliness.

What is outstandingly ridiculous is the attempt to infuse realism by introducing a Tamilian village into the obviously northern setting. The villagers naturally, talk, panic and sing in Tamil—and the picture is laid in a Native State somewhere up

north (somewhere near the Kaziranga Sanctuary, to judge by the brief sight of a rhinoceros that one gets at the start), whose ruling Princess can talk only English.



Having seen magnificent wild life pictures of Africa and Malaya, knowing well the equally rich potentialities of our own jungles, I have always felt glad that the makers of Indian films have left our fauna alone. Foreign attempts at depicting the Indian countryside have succeeded only in one picture that I have seen, in *Kim* (yes, I have seen *The River*), but *The Jungle* establishes a new 'low' in such matters. All that such pictures can achieve, in fact, is to boost the stock of the Government of India documentaries featuring our forests, rivers and mountains.

Parashuram Lion Circus

The lion at the circus was undersized, shabby and sad. The tigers were no better—they provoked a feeling of revolt in one against such things, and brought Blake, Ralph Hodgson and W. H. Davies to mind. But there were other animals there that were neither wretched nor apprehensive—camels, a series of elephants ranging from a big, grown cow to half-grown juveniles, all in excellent condition and very willing, lean Kathiawadi horses, clever dogs. And then, of course, there were the acrobats and jugglers, tight-rope experts, trick cyclists, the wonderfully sick Mr. Wong, even a 'human fountain.' I must say I enjoyed myself vastly at the circus, but then I always do.

There is something so jolly and vivacious about any good circus, even about the crowd that goes to see it. People entering a cinema house look grim—they are not feeling grim, of course, but they do not know how they will like the picture, there is a critical reserve in their minds, and that always induces a grim countenance. But at a circus they are all smiles, gay, relaxed, assured—they have come to enjoy the show, and given the smallest provocation, they will. I sensed this companionable cheer at the Parashuram Lion Circus; everyone was happy, bar the little lion. There was a lady sitting right in front of me who had chosen a full-sleeved velvet jacket, heavily embroidered in gold lace, for the evening's fun. The heat was stifling and everyone was sweating—and here was this lady, sporting her warm velvet jacket! That's the spirit of the circus, not even the Madras summer can suppress it.

But quite apart from such subjective thoughts, this was a good show and I was glad to see a circus worth the name in the city again, after such a long time. It is difficult to single out an individual perfor-

mance for praise in a display so full of varied entertainment, but I thought the Chinese juggler, Wong outstanding—no, on second thoughts I will give him only a secondary place, and award the biscuit to the elephants. They performed their many tricks zestfully; so did the dogs. That is a sure token of their education having been humane and sympathetic.

The one item that did not take my fancy was the 'Krishna Dance' by the Misses Vatsala, Shanta, Maya and others. These same ladies had earlier entertained us to some very adroit feats of balancing and trick cycling, including a cycle ride by some half-a-dozen girls balanced on top of one another that was almost as impressive as the sight of a Delhi family taking an outing on a bicycle. But in this 'Krishna Dance' they did not dance at all; they went through a series of regimented movements with the precision of a drill, and I noticed, at the end of it, that even the willing crowd could not bring itself to clap. I think dances can safely be left to dancers, and that the circus can go on with the rest of the show, without anything being lost by the omission.—Z.

LINGUISTIC DIVISIONS

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARIAR

NOW that it has almost been recognised that our country should be divided into suitable States on linguistic basis for the proper development of democracy and better administration, it is time for the Central Government to lay down some guiding principles for the solution of the more important issues as below, that may arise in connection with such divisions.

Determination of main languages: There can be no difficulty about this as the chief languages of India have already been specified in the English Schedule of the Constitution Act as (1) Assamese; (2) Bengali; (3) Gujarati; (4) Hindi; (5) Kannada; (6) Kashmiri; (7) Malayalam; (8) Marathi; (9) Oriya; (10) Punjabi; (11) Sanskrit; (12) Tamil; (13) Telugu;

(14) Urdu. As Sanskrit speaking areas will be only very small, they may well be clubbed with Hindi. There will thus be thirteen main Languages and thirteen linguistic States as against the present twenty-seven consisting of Part A States 9, B. States 8 and C. States 10. All that is necessary is for the Central Government to get from each State a map showing the main language areas and the multilingual areas separately and then prepare another map for the whole of India showing the thirteen linguistic divisions that could be formed. To see how far these divisions are practicable and at the same time economic and viable units, a statement showing the particulars of population, probable revenue and expenditure, etc., of each

such unit should be prepared and this together with the two maps must be placed before the public for criticism. It is only when objections are raised to any of the divisions so formed, the need for appointment of any commission will arise. The preliminary work to be done is one that can be easily attended to by the Secretariat of the Central Government without any special establishment.

Bilingual And Multilingual Areas: These will generally consist of individual revenue villages or groups of revenue villages situated on either side of the border line dividing one main linguistic area from another. The spoken language of these villages was originally one or the other of the main languages of adjacent bigger language areas. But it became bilingual when people from other language areas began to settle down in those areas for trade and other purposes. The new settlers however gradually so coalesced with the original inhabitants that they adopted not only the customs and manners of the indigenous people but also their language which continues to be in use for all purposes to this day. As a matter of fact, the revenue accounts of the villages, documents presented for registration, representation to authorities and all official correspondence as also the medium of instruction in schools are all in the indigenous (original) language. To what adjacent main language area these villages should be clubbed will depend upon the indigenous language in current use in them, which can be easily ascertained by a reference to revenue, registration and education departments. There is therefore no need to conduct any elaborate enquiries to ascertain the mother tongue of the several people in the villages or take a plebiscite or appoint a commission to deal with the matter.

Assets and Liabilities: It is neither proper nor necessary to go into the past history of the present assets and liabilities. As in the case of the joint family, the assets and liabilities, as they stand at the time of partition, should alone be taken into consideration for the purpose of division between the new States to be formed and they must be divided in proportion to the previous three years' average income worked out for the States to be formed.

Location of Capital And High Court: There is no need for this being the subject of any acute controversy. People in rural areas are quite indifferent about this, while those in urban areas, which are already highly congested, dread the location of any big offices in their midst as it will lead to further congestion and curtailment of existing amenities which are not adequate to meet their own needs. The controversy, if any, will generally be confined to a few politicians for some reason of their own, which may not be quite conducive to public interests. In these days of railways, aeroplanes, telegraphs, telephones, wireless it does not matter where the capital is located. All that should be looked into for this is the availability of suitable accommodation, water supply and other amenities needed and a peaceful atmosphere for the Government to function quite undisturbed. For the High Court the place selected should be a central one which, besides having all amenities, must have plenty of accommodation to house not only the High Court and its large establishment but also the large body of lawyers and to suit the convenience of the litigant public. It is desirable that public offices which are now huddled together in a few congested towns, should be transferred to less congested centres as that will make them and the neighbouring villages rise in importance.

Let every man honour and love the land of his birth and the race from which he springs and keep their memory green. It is a pious and honourable duty. But let us have done with British-Americans and Irish-Americans and German-Americans, and so on, and all be Americans. . . . If a man is going to be an American at all let him be so without any qualifying adjectives; and if he is going to be something else, let him drop the word American from his personal description.—HENRY CABOT LODGE.

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.

Sri Bagh Pact Not Sacrosanct

Some of the Andhra Congress leaders have declared that the Sri Bagh Pact should be implemented. Obviously, these declarations are based on the belief of the leaders that a pledge once given should be respected. With all due deference to this point of view I am tempted to ask if all the pledges given by the Congressmen, including leaders, have been scrupulously, and without exception, carried out. If the answer be in the affirmative, it will then be in tune for me to question the affirmation. If, on the other hand, the answer be in the negative, it is not for me to blame the Congress and any of its leaders individually for their failure to keep all the pledges. Circumstances change, conditions arise which could not have been foreseen and some pledges may remain unfulfilled. The pledges given, whatever they may be and by whomsoever they were given, in connection with the Sri Bagh Pact should not be considered more sacrosanct than any other political pledge. Of course, the claims of places either in Rayalaseema or elsewhere in Andhra may be dispassionately appraised on their own merits and in the interests of Andhra.

JAYANTY GANGANNA.

Inattention To Outpatients

The Outpatient Department is the backbone of every hospital. There is usually inordinate delay and inattention there. The greater the attention paid in the Outpatient Department, the lesser will be the demand in the Inpatient Department. Here is an example of supreme inattention in the Outpatient Department of a City hospital. The patient visited the Outpatient Department in the morning at 7 A.M. He was directed to a theatre at 9 A.M. after 2 hours and had to wait there till 12 Noon when a doctor arrived and examined him and instructed him to go to the 'X' Ray Department of the General Hospital for treatment. At about 12-30 P.M. he had to come home disappointed after 5 hours of waiting.

T. N. NATESAN.

Beware Of Clique Politics

It is unfortunate that the Congress hierarchy has not so far cared to analyse the causes that led to the failure of the Congress in the South and profit by it. Clique politics, favouritism, corruption

and nepotism on the part of bogus patriots parading in the name of the Congress were responsible for the colossal reverses of the Congress in the South.

After the elections with great difficulty a patched-up Ministry was kept up in power in our State. But the leadership of the provincial Congress committees which alone is responsible for the nomination of legislators and the disintegration of the Congress is still continuing to play its clique politics using the provincial Congress committees as its medium. People at large are highly vexed with this, as is evident in the way almost all the leading figures of the P.C.C.s were thrown out in the last elections. In Andhra Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy not only refused to leave the Congress gadi in better hands but is trying to use the provincial Congress as a means to perpetuate the regime of the old ruling clique.

On the plea that the future Andhra State would be having a single house, he eliminated M.L.C.s from the Andhra Legislature Party meeting. If fresh elections are not to be conducted immediately which is in itself unfair and unjust, both the M.L.A.s and M.L.C.s must sit as one house in the new set-up. Take, for example, the statement of Pandit Nehru in the Central Assembly. He said that Parliament means both the upper and lower houses together and not either of them exclusively. One cannot understand why the same principle can not be followed in the matter of the Andhra Legislature Party. Why were not the Andhra M.L.C.s invited to attend the Andhra Legislature Party meeting!

For good or for bad, the Madras Government appointed a cabinet subcommittee to go into the affairs of partition. This sub-committee consists of three Tamil and three Andhra ministers and they are asked to go into the distribution of secret files and the service personnel.

The A. P. C. C. under the guidance of Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy passed a resolution expressing lack of confidence in the cabinet subcommittee and suggesting the resignation of the present Andhra members of the subcommittee. The A. P. C. C. demanded the inclusion of certain non-officials in the subcommittee. When the subcommittee is dealing with State secrets how can non-officials who have not taken the oath of secrecy be associated with a cabinet subcommittee?

When the new State actually comes into being the future cabinet has every right to go into every detail afresh and draw its own conclusions. Till such time, the Madras cabinet will only be responsible to the Madras State Legislature Party and not to any particular group thereof, least of all to the A. P. C. C. whose popularity among the masses is waning.

Further, the Andhra members of the cabinet sub-committee are men with clean records and are all duly elected representatives. Hitherto there is nothing to show that these men have ever acted contrary to Andhra interests. Before the A. P. C. C. passes a resolution reflecting on the bonafides and character of the Andhra ministers let Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy point out the lapses of the above ministers and frame charges accordingly.

Who are these non-officials that are to be included in the cabinet sub-committee? Are they the once defeated, twice defeated and thrice defeated ruling clique of the A. P. C. C.? If instead they are drawn from other parties as well, would there be harmony in the working of the committee and how long will it take for Andhras to achieve their State in peace?

It is, after all, the elections that determine the rise or fall of the Congress. If the present leadership continues, a fall seems to be a certainty. Now the Congress strength is already diluted and by next elections the dilution may be too much to enable the formation of any stable Government in the new Andhra State.

I appeal to the Andhra public to beware of clique politics. Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy is trying to pour sanjeevi into his erstwhile defeated colleagues and get them back to power by backdoor methods.

In the coming elections the people of Andhra should elect their natural leaders with discretion, devotion, and courage without being blindly led away by party labels.

DR. C. SIVA RAMA SASTRI,

M.B.B.S.

Tenali.

Building The Andhra State

It is needless for the Andhras to fight about the location of the capital and the High Court as the present arrangements are only temporary. It is however necessary that some main factors should be kept in view in selecting a capital. No place that is chosen as the permanent capital should be more than 30 hours' journey from the farthest boundary of the State. It should have an adequate and unfailing water supply. If it can be a seaport it will be advantageous. The

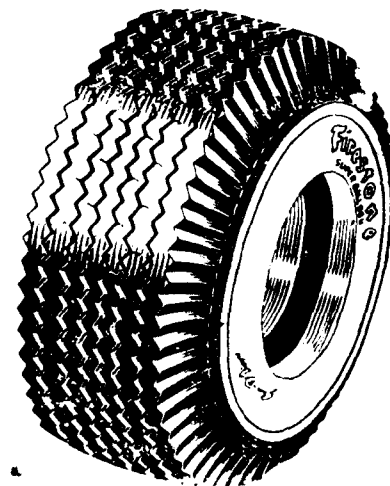
Andhra State area has two mighty rivers which are perennial and if the capital is located on the banks of one of them it will be good. At any rate the new State should think of developing river transport of its produce to the different areas.

Whatever place is chosen, an ordinance should be issued by the Government taking over an area of 20 square miles, fixing compensation at the highest market rate in 1950, and the State itself should divide it into convenient plots for public buildings, industries, residential gardens, markets, playgrounds, etc., and lease them to the citizens as in cantonment areas. The State may also put up buildings for the citizens who may be given the option of purchasing them under certain conditions.

In the Freedom movement the response of the Andhras to the call of the Father of the Nation was great and glorious. Even today the people are full of the spirit of sacrifice and imbued with the ideal of non-attachment to property. It is the non-observance of these ideals in practice by the powers that be, that is driving sections of people to violence. The formation of the new State on Gandhian ideals will make Andhra great, an example to the world in a new way.

The internal economy of the State should be based on the principle of barter, service for service, and not on the

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

exploitation of the 'current coin.' This should include readjustment of the salaries of officers and the wages of artisans, labourers, etc.

The cost of the administration must be reduced and unemployment among all classes eradicated. Character more than capacity should be valued in filling up all high offices. An independent, strong Service Commission manned by men of integrity, impartiality and intuition, should be the first thought of the powers that be.

B. MANAVALA CHOWDHRI.

Indian Administration

Several of the suggestions and comments made by Mr. Appleby involve amendment of the Constitution which our country adopted after mature deliberation extending for more than three years. He has pointed out that the component States have more power and authority over the municipal and local boards than the Central Union Government has over the States themselves, and that the Centre is dependent on the States for the actual achievement of its objectives. According to Mr. Appleby, the arrangement works now because of a historically derived administrative system of real competence and the extraordinary leadership and dominance of an effective one party system. Noticing a growing sentiment for autonomous status, Mr. Appleby expresses concern for the future in the event of the leadership becoming ordinary and the control of States divided among different parties. On the question of resources, he has stated that the States have revenue resources proportionately larger than States in other federal systems. The advocates of decentralisation may stop for a moment and ponder over the above. As these involve more or less questions of a political nature, we representing the services leave them to our politicians for being considered and acted upon.

Mr. Appleby has next observed that the responsibility for just and efficient administration is at present diffused and concealed rather than concentrated and clearly identified. Efficiency of administration depends to a large extent on effective division of responsibility. Mr. Appleby has suggested a 'charter of responsibility' at all levels for the enhancement of democratic manner and method within the bureaucracy and between the bureaucracy and the public. He has also pointed out that the civil servants are already heavily overburdened and that fact, coupled with the unwillingness of the legislatures to provide for enough personnel accounts for the failure of about 15 per cent of the taxes to reach

the State treasuries. Mr. Appleby could have been more helpful and constructive by defining the extent of the responsibility of the ministers and that of the permanent services. What sort of relationship should exist between the civil servants and the ministers, he has not stated.

As can be expected, Mr. Appleby seems to have a partiality for the I.C.S. On the question of training for competency, he is for personal tutelage in the earlier stages and assignment of arduous responsibility. On the service conditions of the members of the permanent service, Mr. Appleby has not stated anything appreciable. Nor has he laid due emphasis on the need for a contented, efficient and impartial permanent service for carrying out faithfully ministerial programmes. As it is, the permanent service appears to have no defined or independent status of its own. Even in non-political routine matters the permanent service is obliged to be meekly subservient and to tolerate unauthorised interference in the day-to-day administration by politicians.

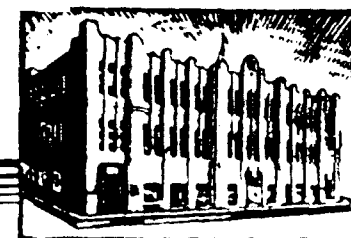
On the question of corruption, Mr. Appleby has preferred to be vague and general. We are for absolute purity among the ranks of the permanent services. Recent experience will show that even the very highly placed official cannot afford to be corrupt with impunity. Our regret has been only that there is neither a corresponding desire discernible on the part of the authorities nor any clear suitable provision of law available to bring before the bar of public opinion corrupt politicians and ministers guilty of maladministration. We submit that in the interests of purity and efficiency in administration, this question of corruption should be tackled from the national standpoint.

Mr. Appleby is only a notable successor to his worthy predecessor Mr. Gopala Iyer. Matters relating to public administration and especially those questions which vitally affect the permanent service could not be satisfactorily decided by a single individual, however distinguished he may be as a publicist or experienced as an administrator. Bearing that in mind, we have been claiming that in the best interests of the nation the rights and responsibilities of the permanent service should be defined by a competent All-Party National Commission, presided over by a distinguished jurist, including representatives from service associations.

T. RAMASWAMY AYYANGAR,
Chief Convener,
Madras State Government Servants'
Association, Madras.

(ESTD:

1907)



Branches and Sub-Offices throughout South India and in Bombay.

CAPITAL

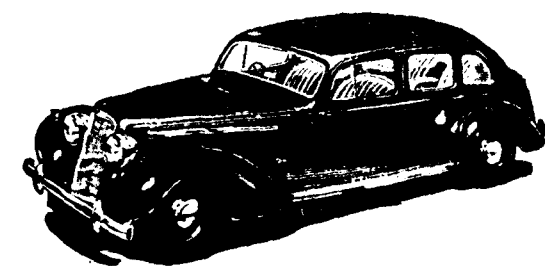
Authorised	Rs. 1,00,00,000
Subscribed	Rs. 72,00,000
Paid-up	Rs. 55,40,000
Reserve & other Funds	Rs. 73,50,000
Deposits (31-12-'52)	Rs. 20,29,16,173

All kinds of Banking Business transacted.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.,
HEAD OFFICE.. INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD.. MADRAS.

**MOTOR
INSURANCE**



Insure your Motor Vehicles with the foremost and largest Motor Insurance Company of South India, which is noted for its competitive Premium rates and prompt settlement of claims.

The
VANGUARD
FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.,
Head office:
MADRAS.

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LIMITED

(Established 1932)

Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, K.C.S.L., D.C.L., (Oxon.)
(Chairman).

OFFICES IN MADRAS CITY

Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road.
Periamet: Triplicane: Mylapore:
and Theagarayanagar.

BRANCHES

Ambasamudram	Pudukottah
Ambur (N. A. Dist.)	Ramnad
Chidambaram	Shiyali
Cuddalore	Tanjore
Erode	Tenkasi
Kancheepuram	Tirunelveli Junction
Karaikudi	Tirunelveli Town
Kumbakonam	Tiruchirapalli
Mathurai	Vellore
Mayavaram	Vijayapuram
Palghat	Villupuram &
	Virudhunagar.

DEPOSIT RATES

Rates of interest on Deposits are as follows:

SAVINGS BANK:	2½% p. a.
MONTHLY DEPOSITS & CASH CERTIFICATES	Will yield 4% to 4½% p. a. according to period
FIXED DEPOSITS:	City: 3% p. a. for 1 year and 3½% p. a. for 2 years
	Mofussil: 3½% p. a. for 1 year and 3½% p. a. for 2 years

K. S. VAIDYANATHAN,
Assistant Secretary.

SWATANTRA

VOL. VIII.
No. 17

SATURDAY, MAY 30 1953

ISSUED
WEEKLY

C. R. AND THE COMMUNISTS

"THERE is no future for Communism," predicted Sri Rajagopalachari the other day in his inaugural address before the Malabar Pradesh Political Conference at Palghat. There is much to justify the prediction on a superficial estimate of recent events. Over a year ago, immediately after the elections, the Communists got together a combination of groups in the legislature that seemed to entitle them to the privilege of running the administration because it was stronger numerically than all the other members put together. The threat of a Communist-run Government for Madras State was averted by adroit measures resorted to by the Governor, not the least significant of them being C.R.'s own nomination to the Legislative Council to enable him to get elected as leader of the Congress Legislature Party. The position immediately afterwards was a ticklish one. The United Democratic Front which included the Communists was the largest element in the legislature. But on the ground that it came into existence after the elections and not before, the Governor ignored it and called upon C. R. who was the leader of a party numerically inferior to the U. D. F. to form the Ministry.

When C. R. became Chief Minister, the Opposition which was mainly dominated by the Communists, presented a formidable appearance. The quidnuncs prophesied an early doom for the Ministry. But nothing of the sort happened. The Chief Minister is a master of all the parliamentary arts and incomparable as a floor leader. There is none in either house

who is a match to him in debating ability, caustic wit and crushing repartee. And he made free use of all his gifts to trounce the Communists unmercifully whenever the opportunity came. The Communists have one or two competent leaders endowed with a fair amount of capacity for effective speech. But in parliamentary dialectics where fresh thinking on each occasion and a show of give and take by way of sweet reasonableness, are essential for the cultivation of influence, the Communist technique of hortative oratory, with its rigidity and its unbending insistence on fixed doctrines began to develop oppressive traits of boredom and became all too soon quite ineffective. When the Communist members thought they were bringing out master-strokes of sledge-hammer criticism, their hearers were afflicted with the monotony of sameness and felt they had heard it all before somewhere in the identical regulation—strain of over-emphasis. Electoral success threw up the Communists into the legislature as a possible potential power. That was the state of affairs when C. R. entered on his Chief Ministership. In a little over a year from that time, the aspect has changed beyond all recognition. The Communists do not count as a force to be reckoned with any longer in the legislature. Their power of upsetting the Government has vanished. Even their nuisance value has dwindled. It is not surprising in these circumstances that C. R. should pat himself on the back, and, measuring reality with his own experience, arrive

complacently at the conclusion that "Communism has crossed over the peak of its success in India and it is now on the decline—a precipitous decline."

The plain fact of the matter is that the parliamentary arena is not suitable for Communism. It is not safe therefore to draw comfortable deductions on the decline of Communism from the decline of the power and position of the Communist Party in the legislature. Let it be realised that the sensational victories of the Communists at the last elections were by no means the result of positive achievements on their part that had won them the esteem and confidence of the voters. Their success was to a large extent the bye-product of public disillusionment with the ruling party. The follies of the Congress leaders provide the real foundation of Communist influence in the country. And it will never do for C. R. or any of his colleagues in the Congress hierarchy of power-wielders to buoy themselves up with vain hopes of having put down Communism for ever, so long as there is so much of misery, economic distress and unemployment among the people to make them in sickness of heart turn to disrupters of the present set-up for salvation.

Religions In India

THE latest census figures have shown that Hindus form nearly 85 per cent of the population of India. The next largest group, even after partition, is the Muslims who are about a tenth of our people. Christians, Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, Zoroastrians and tribal religions form the rest of the population. There is a sprinkling of atheists, too, mostly from the Tamil districts of Madras State where a virulent campaign against religion has been proceeding unchecked for some years now. It is interesting to note that a large number of members of tribal groups have returned themselves as professing either the Hindu or the Christian

religion. In Assam it should be noted that among the tribal people in the Lushai Hills area there has been a tendency for Christians to revert to the Hindu fold; while in other parts of the State there has been an increase in the number of Christians. The people of the Lushai tribal areas, in contrast to regions inhabited by the Nagas, have always desired the closest ties with the Union of India and have refused so far to give any room for separatist tendencies. The reversion to Hinduism is also noticeable in other parts of India. In the U. P., for instance, "imperfectly converted" Sikhs and Christians have returned to the Hindu fold. U. P., for the first time since 1881, has returned figures which prove that Hindus have shown a rise in proportion to the total population while the Muslim population has registered a decline. This is mainly due to the exodus to Pakistan from the U. P., where the Muslim League's influence used to be quite strong. In Travancore-Cochin, too, the Hindu population, "which had been steadily going down from 1901", has registered an increase of somewhat less than one per cent over the 59.3 per cent of the 1941 figures. Christians in this area maintain their steady increase which is attributed to "natural increase, migration and conversion." The fertility and survival rates among Hindus were comparatively lower than those for Muslims and Christians in this part of India. There are about six lakhs of Christians in Assam and more than 2,400,000 in Madras. Madhya Pradesh has about 90,000 of the followers of this religion and Bombay more than 500,000. The Jains, who have, by and large, resented being grouped together with the Hindus, have come forward in larger numbers than up to now to get themselves recorded as Jains. In Bombay State a heavy increase of more than 30 per cent has been registered in the Jain population which, however, forms only .45 per cent of our total popu-

lation. The Zoroastrians (Parsis) form .03 per cent of our people; but the Jains and the Zoroastrians play an important part in the life of the nation, as is well known.

The census figures have underlined, as usual, the wonderful diversity of life in India. Religions other than Hinduism have flourished without any persecution. The Government of the Republic have set themselves steadfastly against communalism and all religions and cultural groups are permitted to develop unchecked in their own, characteristic fashion. What is sought is a unity which would yet embrace this diversity. The Constitution has been framed with this end in view. The registration of atheists, who are about nine thousand in a total population of 3,567 lakhs (excluding Jammu and Kashmir State, Part B tribal areas of Assam and some 2.68 lakhs of people whose records were destroyed), is a matter for concern for the followers of all religions even though they form at the moment only such an infinitely small proportion of the population. Leaders like Sri C. Rajagopalachari have already roused the people, especially Hindus, to the challenge to a faith in God inherent in an increase in the number of atheists. Curiously enough most of the atheists are said to hail from Salem district from which also C. R. hails.

Harnessing Solar Energy

INDIA'S first solar energy cooker, designed by the National Physical Laboratory of India, New Delhi, will be in the market by June 1. This invention opens up a thrilling vista of further possibilities in the harnessing of solar energy in the service of human needs. American scientists have computed that every hour the earth is deluged with as much energy from the sun as there is in 21,000 million tons of coal; and according to Dr. Charles Abbott of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the state of New Mexico alone in U. S. A.

can supply from solar radiation over 10,000,000,000,000 horse-power hours in a year, an amount of electrical energy thirty times the annual production in the United States. American experiments for extracting heat from the sun have so far met with conspicuous success in the limited sphere of household comforts, and the USIS tells of a house constructed in Boston which uses no heater and burns no fuel. It has a kind of battery for over-all use in which the sun's heat is collected.

The diversion of the attention of scientists to new methods of tapping solar energy is a welcome feature for the peace of the world. It is a disquieting fact that as the pressure for more power increases, the stock of fossil fuel resources of the world has been dwindling. The competition for these resources has been at the bottom of much of the strife in the world. One great source of international tension would disappear if the present limited and quickly diminishing sources of coal and oil could be replaced by a reservoir of unlimited and inexhaustible electrical power and energy. Such a reservoir is the sun, but the secret of trapping solar energy for industrial and other purposes vital to human progress has apparently not been completely mastered by the scientists. The plants are able somehow to turn light into useful forms of energy. The process by which plants draw energy from the sun is called photosynthesis, and when the secrets of this process are wrested by research we shall know how to exploit the sun scientifically for improvement of the earth. The leading scientist in this field of research is the American professor Robert Emerson. He holds that the discovery of the method of utilisation of solar radiation by plants will be even more revolutionary in its effects than the atom bomb, because atomic energy will cease to be produced when the world's limited stock of uranium supplies is exhausted.

SIDELIGHTS :

IN the old days when participation in Congress activities meant jail-going, the prisoners were drawn from all over the country and many lifelong friendships were formed. Genius could not lie hidden in the jails. Men were revealed there in their true characters. There was no scope for camouflage. Among the whole lot of our fellow-prisoners, none impressed me so much as a young man struck in mid-career while at college and thrown into our midst. His avidity for books was rapacious. Every week a boxful of them would arrive, and before the next week he would run through them all. Not only was the range of his knowledge encyclopaedic, his powers of expression were striking. At the jail meetings he would deliver with the supremest ease extempore speeches of unsurpassed lucidity and charm. He was a master of both English and Tamil. None of the elders was a match to him in erudition or eloquence. He had the magnetic power of attracting other young men to himself in numbers, and he was also blessed with a considerable organising ability. I often thought, if Nature ever endowed anyone deliberately for politics and leadership, it was he.

As the years went by, potboiling claimed him. Lately I asked why, though so exceptionally qualified, he had not thought of a political career. He said he had, he wanted to be put up as a candidate at the elections, but Sri Kamaraj Nadar would have him only on condition that he put five thousand rupees, cash down, for the expenses. But he had not the money and had to let go the opportunity.

The expensiveness of the elections has shut out of our legislatures the really promising men with a capacity for leadership. The gifted poor are thrown out and quite a number of well-to-do duds manage to thrust themselves forward and occupy the important positions. Unscrupulous mediocrity is the order of the day. Nothing in the world is so depressing as the combination of power with in-

competence that is so copiously illustrated in the august bodies that are the constitutional repositories of our national sovereignty. Of all legislators in the country, the Andhra legislators seem to have touched the lowest depth of futility, unable to make up their minds on so simple a matter as the fixing up of a capital for the new State—all except the Communists, who in a body plumped for Vijayawada in the twinkling of an eye and have stuck to it since. Every problem is surrounded by a field of relevancy which determines the proprieties of every decision made about it, but corruption of the soul sets in when one strays beyond that field and indulges in irrelevant considerations not germane to the theme on hand. Such things as central location, easy accessibility for people on the periphery, abundant water supply, availability of food in plenty, housing accommodation, scope for expansion and a local public of an enlightened disposition and a robust initiative in good causes—these are the natural criteria to be taken into account in the choice of a capital. From these standpoints no town in Andhra is more qualified than Vijayawada, and the anxiety of the legislators to overlook the more qualified and go in for the less, must be set down only to a defective sense of political honesty. The partiality of some of the wiseacres for Tirupati is particularly repellent. Tirupati is a shrine of hoary traditions sacred to those who seek *darshan* of Venkateswara or wish to get their heads shaven. Politically it is anaemic and from an anaemic locality no politically efficient capital can be expected.

Sri Sanjiva Reddi managed to get elected as leader of the Andhra Congress Legislature Party, but on the capital issue he has defaulted and given no lead. Behind an avowal of openness of mind disclaiming preferences in favour of this or that locality and affecting a philosophical equanimity superior to every sort of regional partiality, he has been specialising in furtive moves giving an impression of intrigue, evasion and

emptiness. This is not leadership at all. This is a spurious substitute which will pull down the occupant of any pedestal, whatever be the illusion of support given to it by victories dependent on counting of votes.

In China under their new electoral law, candidates incur no election expenses and all expenses are to be

paid by the State; also, deputies may be recalled by a majority vote of electors. There is urgent need for the incorporation of both these innovations into our own electoral law as much for the sake of rescuing political power from unworthy holders as for putting an end to the mischief of those that abuse and betray their authority.—SAKA.

ORIGIN OF BHOODAN YAGNA

From A Correspondent

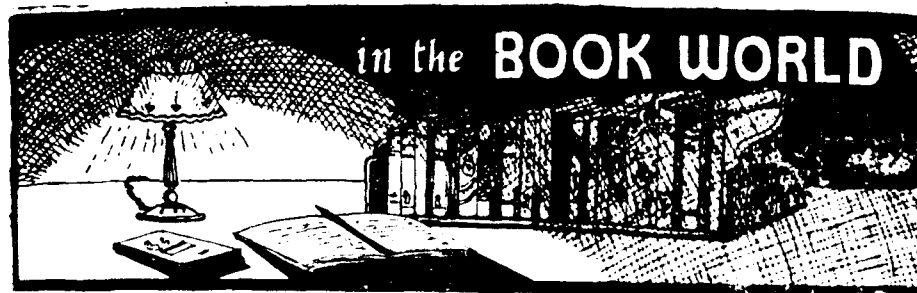
HYDERABAD: If Sri Vinoba Bhave is the architect of "Bhoodan Yagna," Sri Jaya Prakash Narain has been its most ardent exponent. The tremendous impression that Sri Narain's recent ten-day tour in Hyderabad State created among the people in favour of Bhoodan is indicative of the vast potentialities that this movement has in helping us solve the vexed problem of land.

Sri Narain was influenced by the study of Marxism and grew to be a revolutionary leader whose faith in the efficacy of non-violence was limited. But he turned to the orthodox Gandhian path, after traversing far from it. What is it in Bhoodan that made J. P. not only develop faith in it but become its tallest champion? It is, I believe, due to the dramatic manner in which this movement is spreading and the fact that in the present set of circumstances, there is hardly any better method to solve the land problem. It is admitted on all sides that social and economic equality has to be established by changing the present structure. Equitable distribution of land through legislation takes considerable time and within the framework of the present Constitution the results of any legal measure for land distribution will necessarily be circumscribed. The only infallible alternative, according to Sri Narain, is Bhoodan by which thousands of acres are gifted away without any claim for compensation. Is that not a revolution of a greater magnitude and of more permanent value than the revolutions staged in a violent manner, asked Sri Narain. He told the landlords that they should voluntarily donate surplus lands, for it

was the demand of the times.

The credit for applying the Gandhian technique to the solution of an economic problem like land distribution, should go to Acharya Vinoba Bhave, who conceived the idea of "Bhoodana Yagna," paradoxically enough in the Telangana district of Nalgonda, the birth-place of the Communist upsurge which came as a consequence of the repression of the peasantry by the feudal lords. It was a zamindar, Sri Ramachandra Reddy, a relative of the Communist leader Sri Ravi Narayan Reddy, who in a flash, announced a gift of hundred acres at a post-prayer meeting of Sri Vinoba at Pochampalli on April 18, 1951. The villagers had complained to Sri Vinoba that they had no land, and their problem would be solved if they were given eighty acres. Vinoba did not know what to do. He wanted light and there it came as Sri Ramachandra Reddy stood and announced his donation. Thus was born the idea of Bhoodan, which has since spread throughout India.

From the speeches he made in Hyderabad, Sri Jaya Prakash Narain struck one to be far more Gandhian in outlook and approach to problems than most of our top leaders in the Congress. Sri Narain is utterly unemotional and delves deep into a question before he gives expression to his views. Next to Sri Nehru, he commands widest popularity in the country. If there is any successor to Sri Nehru to take over the reins of leadership of the country, it is J. P. Bhoodan has offered him a great opportunity to study the rural conditions and lay his fingers on the pulse of the people.



WOMEN IN THE SACRED LAWS by Shakuntala Rao Shastri, Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 193 pages. Price Rs. 1-12-0.

This is an interesting book, and topical because the Hindu Code Bill is on the anvil in Parliament. The author, a double M.A. (in Sanskrit and in English of the Calcutta University) and B.Litt. of the Oxford University, takes us back to the halcyon days of the Dharma-Sutras of Gauthama, Baudhayana, Vasistha and Apasthamba followed by the Manu-Samhita and the later law-books of Yagnavalkya, Parasara, Vishnu and Narada. This creative period of law-codes was followed by an age of commentaries and digests to which a chapter is devoted. In the concluding chapter, "Esprit des Lois," the author goes into the spirit of the laws obtaining in the land at the dawn of the British rule, summarizes the chief enactments of the British and explains and justifies the provisions of the new controversial Hindu Code Bill. She is of the opinion that "the new Code only re-establishes the old laws and does not encroach on Hindu religion as considered by some." Fine arm-chair travel this covering of a wide, vivid panorama of life ranging over a period of 6000 years from 4000 B.C., the time of the Vedas to the present times. While Gauthama, the earliest law-giver (7th century B. C.) agrees more with the customs of the Vedic times, the law-givers coming after him get stricter until in Apasthamba (3rd century B. C.) this ascetic tendency finds its fullest expression. The ascent of Buddhism and Jainism is blamed for the progressive curtailment of women's liberties. Manu forms a connecting link between the ancient and the modern legislators.

The later law-givers are frankly unsympathetic to women. The age of the commentaries saw the advent of a new religion, Muhammadanism which also had its influence in still narrowing the scope of the laws.

And now the status of women has come full circle. As Mahatma Gandhi has said, a nation cannot hope to prosper with one half of its population free and the other half not free. Women have been given equal rights and Article 15 (1) of the Constitution of India states: "The State shall not discriminate against any citizen on grounds only of religion, race, caste, SEX, place of birth or any of them." Home Vs. Career no longer remains a debatable problem as women have shown time and again that both can be blended into a rich harmony and there is not a position today woman does not touch that she does not adorn. There are obviously no new religious movements on the offing and no invasions to be feared about. For that matter, no movement, religious or otherwise, can hope to succeed in the world today without the active support and participation of women. Then what has woman got to fear today? Only herself. Liberty should not become licentiousness. Responsibilities go with rights. Equality can only mean equality of opportunities and not identity of dress, profession or functions.

The book under review is a "must" for every woman; for every man too who will like to have a better understanding of the species which has been cynically termed "the deadlier." The book is well got up in the best publishing traditions of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and is priced within the range of every Indian with a genuine love of books.—R. RAMA-MURTHI.

"...OVER A. I. R."

By 'Z'

YEARS and years ago, when I was in college, Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam enlivened that dreary annual occasion, the College Day, with a burlesqued imitation of various South Indians reciting 'Alexander Selkirk,' with a pronounced vernacular accent.

Recalling this, I tuned in hopefully to Madras on the night of May 7, to hear Mr. Gopalratnam's talk. To *The Hills*. He had everything in his favour, a sudden rise in the city's temperature rendering the hills highly topical, and a series of prosy broadcasts on preceding nights offering a background against which any display of humour could sparkle. But I must confess that his skit was less amusing than I had hoped it would be. For one thing it was too categorical, altogether too specific in its detail, to be really funny. All the same it was refreshing in passages and the end was clever. We have not many talkers who can be really funny or witty in English, but surely we could do with many more light talks and these need not be in English. I wish All India Radio would consider leavening the heavy dough of its broadcasts with light or even non-sensical talks.

On May 8 I took the evening off to hear M. S. Subbulakshmi from A. I. R., Madras, as many others did no doubt. The experience confirmed what I thought I had noticed in recent performances by this noted singer, that her technique has acquired a classical maturity, and with this her voice a certain weight and depth. Enthusiasts for *shastriya sangeet* will rejoice over this, but I miss the lilt in Subbulakshmi's voice. That, I fear, is gone for ever, the felicity that has won thousands over to the music of the South. "But where are the snows of yester-year!"

On the night of May 21 I listened in to three broadcasts which seemed, afterwards, peculiarly linked in spite of patent difference in theme. Perhaps this correlation exists only in my mind and is nothing more than my willingness to think of broadcasts

heard one after the other (with only the news interrupting their continuity) in terms of one another. This point is immaterial, since it makes



Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam setting out an impression

no difference to what I have to say on each broadcast, and I shall be content to let the reader decide if it exists at all.

The first of these was a talk over A. I. R., Tiruchi, on *Naduvu Nilaimai* as depicted in *Tirukkural* by Mr. T. S. Vasudeva. Translated literally, *naduvu nilaimai* means 'the middle state' and connotes a certain mental clarity and freedom from bias, the Golden Mean, a quality much extolled in didactic words like *Tirukkural* and *Naladiyar*. I will not have anyone think that Tamil literature preaches a vapid moderation as a supreme virtue, or is given to compromises—on the contrary, it is red-blooded and virile, characterised by no tepid fervour in its poetry, and frequently derides anything tentative or cautious. I had hoped that this *naduvu nilaimai* could be thought of as a dis-

passionate, idealistic reflectiveness rather than as a self-conscious virtue featuring prudence, but Mr. Vasudevan, who brought in passages in and outside *Tirukkural* in illustration, left little room for such hopes. He explained *naduvu nilaimai* by comparison to the speedometer of an automobile, which tells when a safe speed is passed—I must say the comparison is original in the extreme, whatever else it is or not!

The next broadcast, which followed immediately from Tiruchi, was a recital of folk-songs in Tamil, selected by S. S. Muthukumaraswami. There was very little by way of comment or explanation in this recital, only just enough to introduce these songs. Some work has been done on Tamil folk-songs during the past few decades, by men qualified to appreciate the genius of the language and by others, and the trend has been to classify such songs according to the occasions they belong to. In this recital from Tiruchi I noticed that the songs were introduced in a different and more comprehensive way, as a song sung by children, as a *kummi* song sung by girls or as a song sung in the sheer spirit of fun. The songs chosen were typical of Tamilian folk music and rendered with considerable gusto—with a rustic abandon that was so refreshing after all this talk of *naduvu nilaimai*.

The third talk came from the Madras station, from an electrical recording. It was on *Libraries in Modern Life* by Dr. P. Bourgeois, President of the International Federation of Library Association, and National Librarian, Switzerland. Asked to give his views on how libraries could help our young democracy to take her place besides the older and longer-established democracies of the world, Dr. Bourgeois began modestly by apologising for his English, which, he explained, was not his tongue. However, his expression was quite free and adequate and I have heard few talks in recent years that impressed me so deeply with

their sincerity and wisdom. He deplored the fact that in these days of high cost of publication the cheaper and therefore the more readily available books were generally poor stuff, explained how libraries fulfil an essential need of the educated and semi-educated population of any country and how any economy on libraries is a false economy as that would deprive the reading public of the better class of books, and stressed the need for librarians to help the public in choice of the kind of books that they really wanted. In some of the things he said I thought his generalisation went too far, though I realise that in a brief talk like this, generalisations are unavoidable. Particularly did I like what he said on modern university education. He said that the universities had ceased to be universities in the true sense of the term, since nowadays they tended more and more to impart specialised education, to turn out doctors, lawyers and engineers rather than men with a sound general education. Such a narrow culture could not provide for the unforeseen problems arising in life, and it was rightly emphasised that libraries could do much to help people to acquire a more liberal education. Explaining the vital function of public libraries in a nation's life he pointed out that we were apt to minimise the value of these institutions because we took them too much for granted; we would realise their importance only if we did not have them. That is very true, but I thought the good doctor was carried away by his enthusiasm into a false analogy when he went on to draw a parallel with the vital function of respiration, of how we do not think of the act of breathing though we are doing so all the time but that we would know how important and meaningful it is if we stopped breathing. I am afraid that if we ceased breathing we would hardly realise the importance of anything—we would be just too dead to care.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—THOMAS PAINE.

THE CURSE OF OVER-CENTRALISATION

By MEDICO

THE ambition of every intelligent and honest man in a free country is to have opportunities to rise to the full height of his personality. The function of a good state or society must be to cherish any person of outstanding ability and encourage his full development. With proper vigilance, charlatans staking claims for originality can easily be spotted and prevented from elbowing out really clever but modest people.

The prevalent *modus operandi* in our country when we are directly faced with enthusiasm for a particular objective is to develop grandiose plans for putting up a big building and fitting it up with costly equipment and then pitchfork some favoured individual to run the place. This is altogether a wrong approach, harming both the individual concerned and the institution. The former is overawed by the responsibilities of his position and his time and energy are consumed in manoeuvres to fortify and stabilise his position with measures other than legitimate scientific output. This is most natural. Even a good man will deteriorate under these conditions, and a set-up which tends to convert an ordinary fowl into a cock of the walk must be avoided. In such a set-up the deterioration of the institution will be in geometrical progression as compared to the deterioration of the individual.

In the early stages of an infant nation, the ideal must be to afford facilities for many institutions of even modest repute to grow up in various parts of the country thereby producing a healthy rivalry amongst the workers in these institutions. To imitate countries which have passed through these stages and have now arrived at that phase where they feel they ought to have greater accommodation and better equipment, is unnatural. Such imitation robs the whole atmosphere of that essential ingredient of progress, healthy rivalry.

The All India Medical Institute is apparently of this type. A superficial observer is carried away by its publication of unimpeachably pompous objectives. We are told that the opening of another medical college is necessary to afford materials for research to the Institute; and so the new entrant into the field of medical education is conferred a much higher status than other more ancient colleges with hoary traditions and a great record of work behind them.

The training of teachers is declared to be one of the avowed objects of the Institute. While teachers in secondary schools and high schools are required to have qualifications like B.T. or L.T., no professor in a college is expected to go through a course of training in teaching. Like a bird which sings spontaneously, a professor out of the fullness of his mind pours forth a stream of knowledge at which his students slake their thirst.

Teachers cannot be made to a type design. Teachers are of various types and the variety lends enchantment to the whole picture. They may be divided, especially in the medical field, under three broad categories:

1. Good doers but not as good talkers.
2. Good talkers but not such good doers.
3. Both a good doer and a good talker—of course an ideal combination.

It is not at all harmful for an institution to have on its staff persons a little less than the ideal. Furthermore, it can never be asserted that there is a one and only method of approach to a particular subject. It takes about ten years for a good medical man to blossom into a good teacher, when he evolves his own method of teaching. It may be that his method will need modification. If a system is devised whereby teachers from one institution are made to visit other institutions in our

own country for short periods. Incalculable advantages will arise by comparison and contrast, and each visitor will adopt some modification of his original method. Secondly, a close camaraderie is established amongst the teachers in different institutions. Thirdly, a uniformity will in course of time be established amongst all the teaching institutions; and by personal talk and observation, the accumulation of unwanted equipment will be obviated. When all these methods have been tried and the general level of efficiency in various institutions has been raised, then there will be time enough to think of opening other bigger centres.

A cardinal point to be borne in mind is that there should not be a wide gap of difference in efficiency between existing institutions and the coming one. The wide disparity between the various district centres and the metropolitan general hospitals is a fruitful cause of retardation of progress.

Let me emphasise my point by further illustration. The records of many important existing hospitals are badly kept. No reliable statistics are available. Even the out-patient tickets and the case sheets are made of such flimsy and useless material that it is never a pleasure for the men concerned in the various hospitals to note their findings. All these defects should be so rectified that statistics from these institutions will be acceptable to fairminded persons. The highest honour that can accrue to an institution is for speakers and authors elsewhere to quote as authoritative the figures and statistics supplied by that institution. Such reliable statistics from various institutions in our vast country will act not only as a starting point but as a corrective for the future new institution. Without these preliminary improvements in the old, the new institution will degenerate in course of time into another useless one on a par with the many existing ones.

People at the helm of affairs at the present day bow down before political upstarts who are swayed by every popular hysterical upsurge. One day someone bemoans the dearth of medical men and straightaway a

shortening of the medical course is suggested as a remedy. Another day some politician gifted with a facile tongue but unfortunately lacking in clear and logical thinking harangues in favour of a mesalliance of the Ayurvedic with the scientific system of medicine. Not to be left behind, Homeopathy registers its claim to be included and is out searching for a political sponsor. Some medical globe-trotter sings the praises of research in medicine, and the next day they propose an institution like the All India Medical Institute. The men in administrative charge do not seem to have a clear conception of their objectives. They must primarily concern themselves with improving existing institutions to such a pitch as to efficiently serve the purpose for which they were originally intended and be on the lookout for promising individuals and encourage their growth.

Even in a small country like England they do not centralize all their activities in one place. The reputation of not a few of their institutions grew with the individuals who founded them and worked there and raised a band of loyal followers and set up a tradition for them to follow. It was not at all like in this country, pre-ordering a place for a particular speciality and then going about searching for a man to fill the place of importance, who when ensconced there felt like Sir Oracle.

Specialities are not made to order. Their spontaneous growth in any place must be found and encouraged. The present *modus operandi* of building institutions and then trying to people it with staff must give place to the practice of finding the right type of individuals and then building institutions round them.

Let us pray for the day when the light and learning from institutions in various parts of the country will radiate into ever-widening circles until they all meet and uniformly illumine the whole country rather than expect one centre of light to cast its diminishing beams to the distant periphery. Let us pray for the day when pettiness, vanity and dishonesty will disappear from the minds of men in power and disinterested pure motives and breadth of vision will take their place.

UNIVERSITIES IN THE UNITED STATES

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

(International Institute of Educational Sciences, University of Utrecht)

THE Indian observer of universities in the West is often blinded by the bright lights of Oxford and Cambridge. Many accidents are caused by these great universities not dimming their lights at the approach of oncoming vehicles, prospective students. But today, with the invention of polaroid lenses, an Indian astronomer who is studying the magnitude and location of universities all over the world is able to get a clearer and more accurate picture of the university scene. No longer is every observer blinded by the splendid vision of the "High Street" or of the Cam when they creep into the telescope.

Yet, though time makes ancient Truth uncouth, it is difficult for an Indian to get an accurate picture of the American universities. He is either all against them, especially if he took his "foreign degree" in England, or all for them, thinking perhaps of his Alma Mater as Robert Maynard Hutchins thinks of the University of Chicago—"Not a very good university..... simply the best there is." There is a tendency for the Indian viewer of American universities to be slightly unrealistic, on either end of the spectrum. But our particular Indian observer is a model observer and sees things realistically through his telescope.

Now, in the United States as well as in Europe, there are prestige universities. These in the U. S. A. are Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. But in America the newer universities, the large state universities and numerous privately endowed universities, want a place in the sun; they want more prestige. In India, institutions such as Benares and Aligarh are very modest in stating their claims because the old parent bodies (which are in another country) resent university immodesty. Benares and Aligarh, and Delhi and Madras, have all the potentialities of

great universities, but the Indian eyes have been so effectively blinded by Oxford and Cambridge that they do not allow this to be admitted in public.

Though it shocks the orthodox, it is a fact that in many respects the big American state universities (Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin) deserve a reputation equal to that currently enjoyed by Harvard and Yale. And why not! Students are equally capable in all these institutions. Outstanding departments are found in all of them. These large state universities today have budgets larger than those of Harvard and Yale. In some cases these universities are able to draw big professors away from Harvard and Yale. There are thus many reasons for this new status of the state universities and our Indian observer sees them through his polaroid telescope.

But let us get a clearer idea of the "classification" of American universities. There is the prestige grouping. There is also a more realistic grouping of American colleges and universities on the basis of actual accomplishments and real service to the nation. In such a classification, the universities of Chicago, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, etc., would rank in no way second to Harvard or Princeton.

In America, just as in Europe, there are these state (and municipal) universities and the private universities. (Additional outstanding privately endowed universities are Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Rochester, etc..... Among municipal universities there are the City College of New York, the university of Cincinnati, etc.) But, again as in Europe, the similarities between the universities of these different types are greater than the differences. And save that the state universities get sizeable sums of money from the state governments, the details of teaching and adminis-

tration are largely the same. The standards of the universities, ultimately, depend on the degree of support given by the people; and it is not surprising that important Northern states with great resources often have outstanding universities as compared with many of the more poorly and less imaginatively supported Southern state universities or some of the privately endowed institutions.

The college in America, incidentally, our astronomer-observer sees to be an institution different from the Indian college. Universities in America are not affiliating institutions as here, and American colleges which have the same teaching function as the Indian *grant degrees* also. There are actually hundreds of small degree-granting colleges to be seen, and these offer B.A. or B.Sc., courses. Some of these colleges are well known, such as Oberlin and Swarthmore, Amherst and Antioch, Williams. More are known only to the statistician and to a very few other persons; great numbers of this type of unknown small college exist without reputation, but in their context they often play a worth-while, though a humble, part.

The financing of higher education being as important as it is—in every country—this Indian student of universities has to penetrate these mysteries. He sees that many of the privately endowed colleges these days are having troubles in making both ends meet. Even the colleges which are part of outstanding private universities like Harvard or Columbia are seen to be not free from financial worries. It is, again, the state college, the college which is part of the state university, which today has fewest problems in the financial sphere. So that, in America as elsewhere, "money speaks" and our observer sees that this is changing time-honoured traditions and reputations in the American educational field.

So much for the institutions. Now the model Indian-observer tries to find out what the American teachers are like. He looks first at university teachers and these he finds to be extremely well equipped professionally, in their own fields. In many

cases they are world experts in their particular subjects. But too often they are specialists and not "generally educated." Further, there is a difference apparent between college teachers and university teachers. In the American university the emphasis is usually more on research, and promotions are given for research accomplishment and not usually "merely" for good teaching. Research (or what seems to be very much like production of papers) is what apparently matters, and teaching is all too often ignored. The younger staff members of a university have first to finish their degrees, and then their lives are ruled by the necessity to produce a certain number of papers each year. This situation, of course, is not confined to the United States; it is, as a matter of fact, a European importation.

Smaller institutions in the U. S.—those colleges of the Swarthmore or Antioch type—have developed their reputations more because of their standards of teaching, and the atmosphere is far, far healthier. To be sure, even these small residential colleges have an air of artificiality about them; but there is much less separation here between "education" and "life." And whereas in the Harvard, Columbia, Illinois type of institution most of the teaching of undergraduates is done by younger men, men pressed by their own degree requirements, here, at the small colleges teaching can more often be done by those who like it for its own sake. Our observer sees that the record is pretty clear on this point. Good average small colleges make a significant contribution out of all proportion to their size. And the larger and "greater" universities do not contribute so much in undergraduate teaching as he had previously imagined.

Probably the larger a university the greater the malady of psychological isolation. Curricular changes alone cannot remedy the dangers of the situation, cannot give students a "feeling of belonging" to an institution which because of size itself has come to be impersonal. This is not the place to prescribe the cure—not that we are sure we know it—but our

Indian observer in a flash of insight suddenly realizes that his fellow countrymen are too often blinded by the "tutorial system" of Oxbridge. The human relations framework is perhaps less important, he sees, than people think. With a false "concept of Man" (or concept of "the student"), the tutorial system can be totally ineffective in curing this malady of psychological isolation.

But students can still "belong" to places the size of Antioch—or of Allahabad, of Lucknow—or of Louisiana State University. In a university which runs up to tremendous sizes, the "loyalty" of individuals is often directed more to departments—and to teachers—than to the rather inanimate university bodies. And when students are given the right to help determine the purpose and goal of the departments, as often in America, then the departments can be outstanding indeed—as the telescope shows.

Having now painted the portrait of

the American teacher, we must proceed to the precursor of the teacher, to the student. The telescope has already caught glimpses of this student! In the majority of cases our astronomer-cartographer discovers the American "high-school product" to be poorly prepared by his school (secondary school.) The American student has had bad teaching in school, just as the Indian student has. And he enters college (or matriculates, if you wish) with no very clear notions of what he is looking for. Entrance to college is at the average age of seventeen and so the student is approximately the same age as a student who starts at Calcutta or Bombay. In book learning both the American and the Indian college student is a year or more behind his European age-equivalent. The American student usually has greater flexibility socially.

What happens, now, when the high-school student gets handed his diploma—many of them do not reach



Mr. K. V. P. Rao and Sardar Sucha Singh who were recently appointed Managers of the Southern and Northern Divisions respectively of Firestone India, left by T. W. A. for advanced training with the Firestone organization in the United States. Photographed at the Bombay airport, from left to right: Mr. K. V. P. Rao, Mr. A. D. Wenzel, Managing Director Firestone-India, Sardar Sucha Singh Anand and Mr. A. E. Beaver, Sales Director Firestone-India.

even that stage, having left school out of sheer boredom—and takes himself off to college. He knocks at the door of Harvard and if Harvard does not take him Columbia may, and if not Columbia the University of Vermont. (To complicate the possibilities further, he may even go to one of many "junior colleges" for two years of college studying—for something like an I.Sc. or I.A. programme.) Our observer sees him being admitted at the University of Vermont. But wherever he goes the average American student is immediately put into the mould and if nothing untoward happens and he does the minimum amount of work required—the proper number of "units" or, courses—he will, at the end of four years be given his degree, and in many cases with much deserved honours. Unlike his Indian counterpart, incidentally, the American student is more certain of receiving his degree for the examinations are not designed primarily as guillotine devices!

Now what does the average student get from his college education? In most cases a good specialist education, and that is all. He has been lectured at for four years (and with 2,000,000 college students, Americans are told that the lecture system has to stay); he has been treated often as an inanimate "thing" rather than as a personality. But his B.A. is the key to so many jobs, and he has that

PRINTING MACHINERY FOR SALE

Let the New Andhra Province equip itself with a Lino Type Machine for Book production.

One LINOTYPE MACHINE with Matrices in 8pt., 10pt., and 11pt.

One DOUBLE CROWN CYLINDER MACHINE.

For particulars and inspection of the machines apply to

Box No. 627,

Co "Swatantra," Mylapore.

key. (The Indian observer detects an outlook that is unfortunately not strange to him).

By the time the American student gets his diploma in his hand he identifies B.A. with education, is convinced that because he is a specialist in one field—statistics, or Spanish, or Russian affairs—he is now qualified to make pronouncements on anything. He can now differentiate without emotion between Truman and MacArthur, between Eisenhower and Stevenson, or that is what he feels. Some of the world's problems are due to the production—in all countries—of too many specialists who think that because they have degrees they are therefore educated and should be listened to.

It is an unfortunate thing. Our astronomer sees that in America, as in India, they have devalued the college (or university) degree. But people still go for devalued currency. Not only is a university education in great demand but there is such an emphasis on degrees in America that those who do not have them—and there are still many—feel "inferior." Uneducated, handicapped, and so on. And he sees that this produces an interesting, and sad, phenomenon. People who have an education that only life itself and experience can give feel sorry for themselves because they never had an opportunity to get a degree. And at the opposite end of the scale, college-trained men and women, excellent folk many of them, feel sure of themselves because they have had the essential college education—or degree.

As our observer muses over these phenomena that he can see with his telescope, his eyes grow weary and he thinks of phenomena that he can see around him with the naked eye. And his thoughts go back to Hutchins' comment about the University of Chicago—"Not a very good university... simply the best there is." "No," he says to himself, "there is no one best university. There are quite a number which have good men. But neither in India nor in America should a university be given a status higher than it deserves. It is not universities, after all, which give real education. It is life itself!"

CHURCHILL TO MOSCOW

By ANDREW ROTH

UNTIL three months ago it was almost impossible to predict the identity of the man who has become Panditji's newest and most important disciple. Even now it is ludicrously ironical to think that Panditji should now include among his followers on foreign affairs the very Tory imperialist who attacked Gandhiji as a "naked little Fakir." But there is no doubt, either in Washington or Moscow—and certainly none in New Delhi—that Sir Winston Churchill has embraced at least a substantial portion of Pandit Nehru's principle of independence between the two blocs in world affairs. It is even more grotesque because Winstonji's gurus have had the un-Indian names of Dulles, Taft and McCarthy!

Sir Winston Churchill is prepared to go to Moscow alone to talk to Malenkov if necessary. If successful this would ensure him the "final honour" he covets: the accolade of being inscribed in the histories as a great peacemaker. He might carve out for Britain a 'modus vivendi' which would enable her to live as an 'honest broker' and trader midway between the two great giants and restore her prestige as leader of the 'third force' nations committed neither to the U. S. nor the U. S. S. R. In doing so, he might incidentally succeed in "liberating" his friend President Eisenhower from the "containment" of Secretary of State Dulles and the Republican Congressional majority.

Two important straws indicate that Churchill might be willing to talk turkey with Malenkov. The first is the switch in Britain's Ambassador in Moscow. Mr. Eden and Sir Winston decided to sack Sir Alvary Gascoigne after his predictions on the new regime turned out almost 100% wrong. But in replacing him they skipped about 80 senior diplomats before they came up with the name of Mr. William Hayter. Apart from being an up-and-coming diplomat, Mr. Hayter is a Socialist. The last time Churchill made such a gesture to the Soviets was when he sent to

embattled Moscow a leftwing rebel still under expulsion from the Labour Party: Sir Stafford Cripps. This 1942 appointment, of course, was publicly recognized for what it was. This time Sir Winston thought it enough to let Moscow know that he was sending a sympathetic envoy capable of being the intermediary in high-level talks. It is probably no accident that the London Daily Worker, which does not dare take out its handkerchief until Moscow sneezes, suddenly discovered on May 12 that its arch-enemy, ex-war-monger Churchill, had made "the most pacific and hopeful speech delivered by a leading British Minister in recent years."

Even before Churchill openly hinted at his plan in his major May 11 speech, he had let it out in whispers. On April 20 he spoke of his hope for formal "or informal" contacts at the highest level between all "or some" of the Powers. On April 29 he said: "I should be very glad to learn that informal talks could be held at the highest level and that they would lead to 'serious businesslike discussions'."

This set some observers to recalling the Stalin-Churchill conference in Moscow in October 1944, when Churchill attempted to hammer out a division of spheres of interest between Britain and Russia for the impending period of liberation and armistice in Europe. Churchill, of course, has been a life-long believer in a meeting of the minds that matter, leaving the tidying up of details to junior technicians. He demonstrated the exertions he is willing to make in this direction last January when he "dropped in" on President-elect Eisenhower before his formal inauguration.

Churchill is now enthusiastic about the way in which the new Soviet regime acts because it conforms with Churchill's and Britain's idea of how relations between governments should be carried on. "We have been encouraged by a series of amicable gestures on the part of the new Soviet Government," he told the House of Com-

mons on May 11. He was referring to the intercession for the Korean internees, the release of the British "prisoner of the Embassy" in Moscow and the other items calculated by the Soviets to show the British they wanted to be friendly.

"Above all," warned Churchill, "it would be a pity if the natural desire to reach a general settlement of international policy were to impede any spontaneous and healthy evolution which may be taking place inside Russia. I have regarded some of the internal manifestations and the apparent change of mood as far more important and significant than what has happened outside. I am anxious that nothing in the presentation of foreign policy by the NATO Powers should, as it were, supersede or take the emphasis out of what may be a profound movement of Russia."

In this passage Churchill hit the hub of the difference between the British view and that of most American leaders. Churchill is willing to live with the Soviet Communists if they continue to show their present good manners. For many American politicians, like Mr. Dulles, the present Soviet attitude is an embarrassment because it weakens the Stalin-aided caricature of the inherently wicked Communists who have to be destroyed in a latter-day crusade.

The Spirit Of Independence

The upsurge of British independence has been so marked since Sir Winston's speech of May 11 that it has even infected aloof BBC news announcements. On May 14 one announcer described California's violently pro-Kuomintang Senator Knowland as "the Senator for Formosa."

It is a striking indication of the subtlety of British politics that Sir Winston's "Declaration of Independence" should not appear to be a revolutionary document at first reading. He warned against being divided from the United States. He warned against slacking in Western defense. But the crowded House soon noted the absence of his previous emphasis on unity with the United States "at all costs." Gone, too, was his usual insistence on ful-

some tributes to American losses in Korea.

Instead Mr. Churchill began speaking out on lines which almost everyone knew was in direct contradiction to Washington policy. "The question of the conditions governing the exchange of prisoners" in Korea, Sir Winston emphasized, "has really been reduced to terms which no longer involve any difference of principle. All that now remains is methods and procedure." Everyone knew that these cooing sounds were nothing like the harsh barks of General Harrison at Panmunjon.

The other outstanding point, of course, was his insistence that the Russians have already given enough indication of a change of front to make it worthwhile to discuss face to face further steps of relaxation. Washington had insisted that Russia would have to prove its good intentions. Everyone knew that the "revolution" had come when they heard:

"We all desire that the Russian people should take the high place in world affairs which is their due without feeling anxiety about their own security. I do not believe that the immense problem of reconciling the security of Russia with the freedom of Western Europe is insoluble....."

".....Russia has a right to feel assured that as far as human arrangements can run the terrible events of the Hitler invasion will never be repeated, and that Poland will remain a friendly Power and a buffer, though not, I trust, a puppet State....."

"I must make it plain that, in spite of all the uncertainties and confusion in which world affairs are plunged, I believe that a conference on the highest level should take place between the leading Powers without long delay.....It might well be that no hard-faced agreements would be reached, but there might be a general feeling among those gathered together that they might do something better than tear the human race, including themselves, into bits.

".....I do not see why anyone should be frightened at having a try for it. If there is not at the summit of the nations the will to win the greatest prize and the greatest honour ever offered to mankind, doom-laden responsibility will fall upon those who now possess the power to decide. At the worst the participants in the meeting would have established more inti-

mate contacts. At the best we might have a generation of peace....."

This speech evoked not only plaudits for its oratorical brilliance, but a unanimity of praise for its line which has not been equalled since the war. He was applauded and seconded not only by the official leadership of the Liberals and the Labour Party but also by Bevanites like Miss Jennie Lee (Mrs. Aneurin Bevan) who spoke of "a certain respect and a certain affection" which all had for Sir Winston.

Listening to the debate one had the feeling that signs of Russian reasonableness and recent signs of American insensitivity have both acted as a political "truth drug" on British leaders. They spoke up in the House of Commons with a greater forthrightness than they have in the three years since the North Korean attack frightened them into believing that the Anglo-American alliance was their only shield against impending American aggression.

There was no sign of anti-Americanism in the calm speech of Mr. Attlee which has been so distorted and attacked by Senator McCarthy and others. As leader of the Labour Opposition Mr. Attlee had been consulted by Sir Winston Churchill on his shift of policy and had endorsed it. In his speech on May 12 Mr. Attlee simply attempted to fill in some of the difficulties on the basis of his own six years of experience as Britain's Prime Minister and to indicate where his own proposals would be a shade different from those of Sir Winston.

In discussing the problems of the American alliance he stated the undeniable fact: "It would be possible for President Eisenhower to attend a conference and, on his return to the United States, to be thrown over, as President Wilson was after the discussions at Versailles. It is, therefore, essential that whoever goes to this conference should go with full authority." He had explained this American peculiarity, which is little understood here, by reference to American history:

"One of the facts of the world situation is that the American Constitution was framed for an isolationist State. Americans did (Senator McCarthy sub-

sequently changed this "did" to "do") not want to have anything to do with Europe. For many years they had practically no foreign policy, but I do not think that situation is particularly well suited to a time when America has become the strongest State in the world and has to give a lead.

"During the Second World War, President Roosevelt showed himself a very great man. He was also a very great politician and he managed to 'work in' Congress to his desires. I think that President Truman very skillfully used to buttress himself with two great Senators, Senator Vandenberg and Senator Connally. But sometimes one finds that Congress takes the bit between its teeth and one sometimes wonders who is the more powerful, the President or Senator McCarthy....."

Mr. Attlee's other criticisms of the United States were equally mild, as the following quotations show:

"All my information is, though I may be wrong, that the Chinese want a settlement. I believe that the United States Administration want a settlement. The negotiations are in the hands of the American command on behalf of the United Nations. But there are elements in the United States that do not want a settlement. It is just as well to face that fact. There are people who want an all-out war with China and against Communism in general, and there is the strong influence of the Chiang Kai-shek lobby.

"I suggested, therefore, the other other day to the Prime Minister that in these negotiations it would be well if there were other advisers from other United Nations States concerned. I did so not because I am distrustful of the Americans, but because I believe that it would strengthen the hands of the American Administration....."

It is this attempt by both Mr. Attlee and Sir Winston to strengthen President Eisenhower's hand against Messrs. Dulles, McCarthy and General MacArthur and his supporters which probably infuriated Senator McCarthy. In point of fact there are strong rumours that this has President Eisenhower's tacit consent. It is believed that in the fortnight before Sir Winston's speech he was in almost constant touch with President Eisenhower by transatlantic telephone.

McCarthyism Repulsed

The virulent McCarthyite attack on Mr. Attlee, replete with distorted quotations, created a sort of indig-

nant shock on British opinion which strongly reinforced the tentative decision here to "go it alone." The reaction even in diehard Tory circles was best expressed in the Osbert Lancaster cartoon in Lord Beaverbrook's ultra-right *Daily Express*. One Colonel Blimp is seen telling another: "I know I've always told everyone that Attlee's a Red but that doesn't give any tuppenny-ha'penny Senator the right to say so!" In fact, as every intelligent Tory knows, Attlee has always been in the right wing of the Labour Party. Even during the Spanish war, when he allowed the British battalion to be named after him and was photographed giving an anti-Fascist salute, he lined up with Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison and others against the minority wanting a "popular front" against Fascism. Attlee, of course, voted with the majority to expel Cripps, Strauss and Bevan for continuing the fight for a "popular front."

The Attlee-McCarthy foofaraw obscured some of Churchill's contentious suggestions. On Germany, which he described as "the dominating problem" of Europe, he implied a three-part solution, a new Locarno Pact to guarantee the present Oder-Neisse line between Germany and Poland, the integration of Western Germany into the West European defense system and the playing down of German hopes for unification. He was warned by several, including Conservative ex-Minister Walter Elliot, that the West Germans will fight to get back East Germany and Polish-held territories as soon as they are ready.

It was, however, over Egypt that the gap opened widest. Churchill was applauded strongly by the backbench Tory Colonel Blimps for his decision to stand up to the Egyptians but got a hammering for it from the Labourites. Attlee said mildly: "I am quite sure that a base in Egypt, against the will of the Egyptians, will be a very weak base, however well equipped." But Bevanite R. H. S. Crossman found it "distasteful" that Sir Winston "should be so pacific to the strong and then hector the weak." He chided him for complaining that the Egyptians had a Nazi as chief instructor when the week

before he had defended the visit of General Speldel to Britain; both had been Rommel's assistants. He continued:

"We have been mistaken on three occasions about new developments and regimes in the Middle East. The first was in Israel. Then we had Abadan. Now it is the Suez Zone. In the first two cases we had to make a completely humiliating climb-down. In Palestine we refused to give the Jewish people their sovereign rights, and a majority of the people in this House jeered, saying 'Go on, you Jews and see if you can stand up to 100,000 British troops.' There were only a few hundred terrorists and we could not stand up to them. In Persia they took over the refinery without any terrorists at all. When shall we learn the lesson of all this?....."

"I warn the House that if we violate their sovereignty by making these demands on the Egyptians we shall not be able to enforce them without the occupation of the whole of Egypt...."

".....if we are to be independent of America and become a partner on equal terms we have to accept the social revolution in Asia and Africa and co-operate with it wholeheartedly. It is no good a Tory Prime Minister saying that he is going to have an independent line, when his policy in Africa adds to our military commitments day by day. How many troops shall we need to make good the Prime Minister's threats and occupy Cairo? How many for holding down the Kikuyu? How many for holding down the Africans in Central Africa? To try to reaffirm white ascendancy is impossible without becoming a satellite of America. It is impossible without a gigantic armament bill for this country—which the U. S. A. must pay."

Whatever its inconsistencies, Sir Winston's 'new independence' has a solid economic basis in the protectionism which American businessmen have imposed on President Eisenhower. Conservatives had counted heavily on Eisenhower's understanding of Europe's need for greater access to U. S. markets. The Treasury worked for months on the "trade not aid" plan which it understood to be what all internationally-minded American leaders wanted. This plan, disclosed by Eden and Butler during their February trip met not only with the anticipated Congressional frigidity but also with only tepid Executive interest. The President's essential susceptibility to pressure was

noted when he appointed business-nominated protectionists to the Tariff Commission. When Washington decided against giving the Chief Joseph Dam contract to the lowest, British bidder, opinion here decided the Administration is willing to block a foreign competitor if U. S. industry presses hard enough.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Butler made clear his indignation in his May 8 speech. He insisted Britain had tried hard to "suggest ways of bridging" the dollar gap and "shown we are ready to make sacrifices." "This is thwarted by politics on the other side of the Atlantic" which should, instead of greater protectionism, be offering "better creditor

policies in enabling us to trade with them....."

Four days later Mr. Attlee drew the conclusion in the Commons:

".....Our hopes of increasing our trade with the United States have been greatly lessened by recent events.... —'Trade not aid'—does not seem to have been accepted over there. We are constantly pressed not to trade with China, even in goods which are very remotely connected with war effort. We cannot survive if we are to be restricted, unable to trade effectively, with the United States, cut off from China and with all the difficulties of the Iron Curtain."

In short, all Mr. Malenkov has to do is sit back and let Messrs McCarthy, Taft and Dulles do his work for him.

BILINGUALISM FOR INDIA

By P. KODANDA RAO

(Servants of India Society)

Let us not give up English, which we acquired by the accident of history. This language is one of the languages given us by our Goddess Saraswati. English, which we learnt from the British, is a universal language. It is the language of modern science, modern research, modern politics and modern scholarship in all branches of life.

—C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

IN evolving a language policy for India, it is necessary to evaluate and reconcile the somewhat conflicting claims of the several mother-tongues and regional languages, of the federal language, Hindi, and the international language, English, and of the classical languages like Sanskrit, and "Muslim" languages like Arabic and Urdu. While nobody should be prevented from learning as many languages as he pleases, nobody should be obliged to learn more languages than he needs for his work and enjoyment. Sentimental considerations may not be ignored, but they should not be allowed to prevail over rational ones.

Rational consideration of the language policy has been complicated by some current concepts. Each language has been claimed to be the

cherished inheritance of a group of persons. For instance, the Bengalis cherish the Bengali language as their own; similarly, the British claim the English language, and the Muslims claim the Arabic and Urdu languages, and so on. But, as a matter of fact, there is no correlation between a language and a religion or a nationality. Urdu is not the exclusive language of the Muslims, for millions of Hindus speak it and millions of Muslims in the world do not speak it. All the Hindus do not speak the same language though they have the Hindu religion in common. Similarly, all Christians in the world, who share the Christian religion, do not speak the same language. The Swiss people have a single nationality, but not a single language. The British and the Americans have the same language but not the same nationality. *Languages have no political, religious, racial or other correlations.* Anybody of any race, religion or nationality, can learn any language for work or enjoyment, if he has the need and the opportunity, even as he can learn any branch of knowledge, physics or philosophy.

Even as no knowledge can be "foreign" to anybody, except in the sense that he has not yet learnt it,

so no language is "foreign" to anybody. "Foreign" is a political concept, denoting a foreign nationality. The English language, for instance, is not "national" to British nationals and "foreign" to Indian and American nationals.

The concept of "my" language and "your" language is also invalid. For no language can be "mine" since "you" can learn it; it is "ours" then. Similar is the case with all non-material culture elements, like religions, sciences, arts, customs, etc. They cannot be "owned", much less exclusively, by anybody. Material culture elements, on the other hand, can be "owned". Property can be owned, but not language. The teacher shares his knowledge with his pupils, but not his salary, because he stands to lose by sharing the latter and not by the former.

Languages are media for the communication of thoughts. The most rational approach to the choice of languages is their current communicational utility, and not their historicity. Few that love Shakuntala or Hamlet speak today the languages they spoke. Languages should be learnt according to their current utility, and to the extent of their utility. The nature and the number of languages that a person need learn should depend largely on the range and variety of his communicational needs. About ninety per cent of the people who speak a well-developed language like English may not need any additional language for most of their communicational needs. Less developed languages need supplementary ones. The great majority of the people in any part of the world are not likely to need more than the local major regional language for most of their communicational needs. A few may need more, because their needs transcend linguistic boundaries, and are national and international. For instance, members of the Diplomatic Service need to learn several languages.

While a working knowledge of a language is enough for most needs of most people, a more intensive knowledge is necessary for the enjoyment of literature and, even more, for its production. The authors are few, the readers are many.

If India's language policy is to be based on communicational needs, what are the needs and what would be the languages which would meet them with maximum efficiency and minimum strain? The Linguistic Survey of India lists the many languages, not to speak of dialects, each of which is the mother-tongue of some people. But there is general agreement that all of them cannot be used or developed for all modern needs. A book corresponding to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, much less whole libraries on all subjects, can hardly ever be produced in most of them, if only because of the very small potential circulation. Whatever be the sentimental attachment to them, they must be allowed to languish. In any event, it is not seriously proposed that each and every one of them, spoken by too few, should be developed to be the medium of higher education and administration? Kalidasa's Sanskrit and Chaucer's English have practically died out, and only a rare scholar sheds tears over it.

Every child needs the local major regional language, if its mother-tongue be different, for its daily communicational needs. Generally speaking, it is not the medium of instruction for certain or all subjects of study in the pre-college stage. It is also the language at the lower levels of administration, where it comes into contact with the great bulk of the population, namely, the village and the taluk.

There are those who advocate that each major regional language should be the sole language at all levels of administration and education within its linguistic area. They think that it is an unmerited slur on the regional languages to suggest that they are not fit for purposes of the highest administration, executive, legislative and judicial, and of the highest education in arts or sciences. Some of them concede that if some of the regional languages are today now quite competent for certain purposes, they will soon be competent, if they are made the sole media of administration and education and given the necessary incentive.

These are inspired by the sentiment of linguistic patriotism and by

the theory that the efficiency of education and administration would be best served thereby. They are, however, prepared to ignore similar arguments on behalf of the aborigines and of those who speak some of the minor languages, and do not hesitate to impose the regional languages on them. It amounts to linguistic autonomy for themselves and linguistic imperialism over others.

There are those who hold that the regional languages of India are not yet adequately developed for the purpose of higher administration and education, and that the progressive modernization of India, which is very urgent, should not be made to wait on the adequate development of the regional languages. They would accept and continue the present bi-lingual policy, under which, broadly speaking, the regional languages are used at the lower levels of education and administration, and the English language at the higher levels, not only because the English language is better developed but also because of the need for an all-India medium for such higher purposes. They would continue to have English as the medium for the State and Central Governments, the High Courts and the Supreme Court, and the Central, if not the State, legislatures and for the universities and centres of higher education. The communicational needs in these cases transcend the boundaries of regional languages.

This attitude is criticised by those who, while conceding the necessity for bi-lingualism, wish the second language to be Hindi, the federal language, rather than English. Broadly speaking, they consider Hindi an "Indian" language and English a "foreign" language, and prefer the former to the latter. They insist that India, as a nation, should have a common "national" language, if only as a second language in non-Hindi areas. They have also the Indian Constitution on their side.

It has already been suggested that no language has a nationality, which is a political concept. In any event, a nation need not necessarily have a single national language. America, England and Canada have the same English language, but not the same

nationality. The Swiss have the same nationality but three languages. India herself has been a nation, without a single "national" language hitherto. Hindi is no more "national" to the non-Hindi-speaking nationals of India than English. If every language which is listed in the Linguistic Survey of India is "Indian" because some Indian nationals, however few, speak it at home, then the English language also is "Indian" inasmuch as the Anglo-Indians, who are Indian nationals, speak it at home. Above all, English has much greater communicational value than Hindi, both to the Hindi and non-Hindi nationals of India.

In his speech in Madura on the 23rd March 1953, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, who has unsurpassed authority to speak on the place of English in India, made the very significant statement quoted above. English today has greater communicational value for more purposes than any other language in the world. It is studied as a compulsory second language in most areas where it is not the local regional language. The more we have it in India, the better for us, particularly when we have to make up a great leeway in modernising our life. The more we have it in the world also, the better for international understanding in science and politics.

It is generally conceded in India that the English language is very useful, nay essential, for higher education and administration, at any rate for some time. Its universal utility is not yet fully realised. The UNESCO has listed over a 1,500 vocations practised in the world. Perhaps a good many of them are practised in India also. The efficiency of most of them is being constantly improved by an endless stream of inventions and discoveries. Most of them find almost immediate publication in some periodicals which are published in the English language and which are sold at comparatively low prices because of their vast circulation. Almost every vocation, however humble, has a magazine or two, which publishes the latest developments in it. Many of them are well illustrated. It will take a long, long time before such illustrated magazines at such

low prices are produced in any "Indian" languages because of the small market for them. Most people have to work for their living, and have to learn to do the work. It pays them to keep abreast of the times. The best source of information at present and for a long time to come are the vocational journals published in the English language. Every Indian worker, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled, stands to gain by learning the English language. The more it is universalised, the better for the efficiency of Indians.

For all practical purposes, bilingualism, consisting of the local regional language and the English language, is both necessary and enough for most Indians. Other languages may be learnt by those few who need them for their special purposes. For instance those who wish to study the literature of other languages in the original like Greek, German, Tamil or Japanese, may learn them.

Most modern knowledge reaches India through the English language. In so far as Hindi replaces English, it has to be translated into Hindi, while the non-Hindi people of India must learn Hindi to acquire that knowledge. This procedure is likely to slow down the flow of modern knowledge into India, when India needs to be flooded with it, as it were. It is best, therefore, to continue the present bi-lingualism of the local regional language and the English language, and extend a working knowledge of the latter among a wider circle of Indians.

It is best to continue the present system of horizontal bilingualism in the administrative sphere, namely, the local regional language at the lower levels where it touches most people, and English at the higher levels where it has to trans-

cend the local linguistic area for national and international purposes.

It is suggested here that in the secondary and college levels:

(1) the English language may be the medium of instruction for science and applied science subjects, with international terminology;

(2) the regional language (or English if parents and pupils so desire) may be the medium of instruction in the arts subjects, with the maximum use of international terminology;

(3) the federal language, Hindi, may be an optional subject, or at most a compulsory subject;

(4) other languages, "Indian" or other, classical or modern, may be voluntary subjects; and

(5) every pupil shall compulsorily take at least one course in each of the three categories of knowledge, namely, the arts, the sciences and the applied sciences.

Under the scheme, every pupil after the first four years of primary education, will be taught through two media, English and the regional language; the former will be used for sciences and applied sciences, and the latter for the arts. At the same time, each pupil will be trained simultaneously for citizenship through the arts and a vocation through science and applied science.

The federal language, Hindi, is not necessary for the whole population; it is not as useful as English. It may be learnt by those who need it for the Federal Government's Services to the extent that they are converted to the Hindi medium. Sanskrit and Arabic will continue to be honoured classics, learnt as voluntary subjects by those who have a fancy for them, mostly a small number of scholars. Other languages will also be learnt by the few that need them, most of whom will be scholars or diplomats.

We must learn that any person who will not accept what he knows to be truth, for the very love of truth alone, is very definitely undermining his mental integrity. It will be observed that the mind of such a person gradually stops growing, for, being constantly hedged in and cropped here and there, it soon learns to repeat artificial fences more than freedom for growth. You have not been a very close observer of such men if you have not seen them shrivel, become commonplace, mean, without influence, without friends and without the enthusiasm of youth and growth, like a tree covered with fungus, the foliage diseased, the life gone out of the heart with dry rot, and indelibly marked for destruction—dead, but not yet handed over to the undertaker.—LUTHER BURBANK.

hort Story

THE SCHOOL MARM

By Magha

THERE was nothing remarkable about her appearance, at least nothing to stupify. Small and thin, of middling complexion, she had shapely limbs, dark and intelligent eyes, a small and expressive mouth that appeared to smile without smiling and a pleasant mannerism of shading the forehead when taken unawares or when embarrassed. She was neat and simply dressed and moved with a natural grace and ease. In other circumstances and in other society, perhaps, she might have been beautiful. If his stare embarrassed her she did not show. At the headmaster's bidding she took charge of the child. She did not lead him by the hand as one would have expected of a teacher, but hoisted him to her hip as she would have a younger brother, and swung gracefully out of the room. She could not have been eighteen. I felt that the child was in safe hands. Apparently that was what Gopinath also thought.

"What do you think of our school marm?" I could not hold back the mischievous question and smile. Gopinath did not reply.

This happened on Vijaya Dasami day, nearly ten years ago. Yet, the memory of it is green and whenever I happen to think of Pushpa, this picture of her comes to my mind, and I often wish things had not happened as they had and Pushpa had remained the reasonably happy teacher-child I had known first. I often wonder whether I could not have shaped her destiny to a happier end if I had been more courageous and firm.

We were one of the earliest colonists of Rupnagar. Gopinath and I, and of course one of the most enthusiastic workers for its development and welfare. Ten years ago Rupnagar had not attained its full stature. Life and creation went hand in hand. Here and there stray houses that had been completed were occupied, although the roads had not been formed, nor the drains and water and lighting arrangements

completed. Surrounding these were houses in various stages of construction. Yet a band of enthusiasts had gone and built the school—a thatched three room affair—and the Committee faced squarely and bravely the real work of finding pupils. I was on the Committee and to my lot had fallen the task of inducing Gopinath to send his child to the school. That was how we first met.

Gopinath was a prosperous stock broker and a shrewd young man. He had the reputation of being a hard nut to crack. While I was wondering how best I should approach him, I found him waiting for me one day in my drawing room, on return from a walk.

"Won't you make yourself comfortable, Mr. Gopinath?"

"Call me Gopi as the others do." I was impressed with his frank and open manner and instinctively liked him. He had come to ask for a "favour" as he had put it, although we had not met often, certainly not enough to know each other well. He wanted to send his child to our school for the customary few minutes on Vijaya Dasami day. It struck me that my prayers had been answered.

The tenth day of Dussera or Vijaya Dasami is an auspicious day. It is a custom in our community to commence the education of children on that day. There is a ceremony and as always on such occasions, feasting and merry making. I had promised to go to Gopinath's house early in the morning but could not make it before seven. When I arrived the piper and his band were in full swing. They were rendering a famous piece of a famous composer with gusto if not with talent. The house itself was a hive of activity. Swarms of well dressed people moved about talking and laughing. The women and children in their colourful dress and sparkling jewels made a pretty and pleasing picture. Some busied themselves decorating the front of the house with the customary flowers and

strings of mango leaves. Others drew patterns in chunam and rice powder on the dung washed floor. Some ushered guests pressing refreshments on them. Some stood aloof and gossiped. Happiness and harmony seemed to be the motif.

My arrival was not noticed. Gopinath was busy trying to keep the smoke of the sacrificial fire from his eyes as he recited after the priest summoning Indra and Varuna and the other gods of the Pantheon to bear witness, to partake in the feast and to bless father and son. Between whiles he would break off to take a telephone call. Meanwhile, loving relations brought little Romesh, bathed and dressed in the traditional manner, caste mark and all. Seated on his father's lap and guided by him and the priest, Romesh traced the letters of the alphabet on a layer of grain spread on a silver tray, while cameras clicked and the piper and his band played a fanfare. He had officially joined the legion of the literate. My eyes strayed involuntarily to the right of Gopinath, although I knew she was not there. Although I did not know her I could not help thinking how happy she and Romesh and Gopinath would have been, if she were there. Perhaps she was there in spirit. It was a sad thought, a thought every one avoided expressing. Romesh was an orphan. We fed like hogs and after resting for a while, until the auspicious hour, we followed the piper and his band in a procession to the school. The headmaster and several school children were at the gate to receive us. Romesh who seemed to be enjoying the fun started crying at the sight of the other children and the headmaster. Efforts to placate him with a huge football and toys were useless. Gopinath did not appear too pleased. He seemed impatient to leave and did not even appear to heed the headmaster's suggestion that the child be left in the class for some time, as was the custom. He was busy writing a cheque. He looked up as she entered. The smile froze on his lips. He tore the cheque, handed it to the headmaster mechanically and stared at the school marm.

It was only a moment, but in that moment various ideas and impres-

sions formed in my mind. I knew of course that in that moment Gopinath had decided to keep his child in our school. It was a tactical victory for me for wasn't it my idea that he should meet the school marm that way? At the same time another and a disquieting thought struggled to take root, the thought that one day they might get closer. I was an incurable match maker. I involuntarily suppressed the thought and determined to see that no such thing happened. I must have thought that a mesalliance would ruin his career and Gopinath certainly was a man with a career before him, a man who one day may be in Parliament. Since then how often had I wished I had let instinct get the better of reason?

Sometime after, one day Gopinath asked me to dine at his club. I had a feeling he wished to talk about the school marm.

"You don't seem to do much work on the Committee?" he remarked. We were in his car. He was taking me home after dinner.

"What Committee?" I wasn't thinking of the school.

"The School Committee, of course. You don't seem to take much interest these days." I knew Gopinath had not only decided to keep his son on at the school but he was also doing work which normally I ought to have done, collecting children. "What do you pay the teaching staff?" I knew which way the wind blew and frankly I was annoyed that he should take so much interest in matters that did not concern him.

"Why? Did Miss Pushpa complain?" I couldn't keep the sneer out of my voice.

"Don't be silly. You ought to do something about it. If it is funds you want why don't you raise them?" By then I was thoroughly angry. I did not quite know what I was saying.

"Raise funds? You think our colony is a pagoda tree? If you had tried you would know how difficult it is. I shall nominate you to the Committee, and you can do your worst."

"Certainly. I shall make things hum." I knew of course that he would be as good as his word. I had

a misgiving that I had not done the right thing, though.

When Gopinath took up a cause he worked for it in a big way. The school had become his hobby. He spent most of his time collecting funds for a building, goading the Committee to do various things for the school, and since he always found the money for his ideas, the Committee readily agreed. Soon he was the Committee.

With the passage of time my misgivings took shape, not without reason. Gopinath seemed to attend school every day, on some pretext or other. He would bring Romesh in the car or call for him in the afternoon and invariably he had a few minutes to spare for the school marm. Enthusiasm for a common cause seemed to have thrown them together. They worked with unstinted energy. It was all very good but it appeared Gopinath had not been devoting as much time and interest to his normal work as he ought. The first inkling I got of this was when a friend complained of dropping a 'packet' on his advice. Things looked grave. I thought I had to save him from his fascination. In my anger I even thought that Pushpa was a designing hussy!

Bit by bit I got to know of her. I saw her through his eyes. Every time we met he had something to say of her. Her father was a school teacher, but he was now in a T. B. sanatorium. The mother was an invalid and her younger sister and brother were still at school. They had been fairly well to do, owned lands, now heavily mortgaged. But adverse circumstances and her father's illness and the schooling of the children had eaten large slices of the patrimony. Still they carried on gamely. Pushpa was the prop on which the edifice now rested.

"Have they no relations, no one who would help?"

"None to speak of. There is a cousin, a distant cousin. But rather than ask for his help the father would die."

"Why do you say that?" I was surprised.

"Poor as church mice, but proud as Lucifer, that is what the father

is. The cousin was an orphan he had brought up. He and Pushpa had grown up together, and in his hey days he had not treated them differently. The cousin, it appears, is in Delhi, an Officer in Government service and doing well. He doesn't write nor do they. He is not even mentioned in the household."

Pushpa, it seemed, had no definite views on marriage nor any definite plans for the future.

"Why don't you marry the cousin?" I asked her one day," Gopinath said. "It was an unpardonable liberty, but as she always viewed me as her employer, I thought she wouldn't mistake me. At first she wouldn't reply but looked curiously at me, a look that made me feel I had offended, and said, 'Father used to say we made a nice pair.' I was surprised at her reply."

These revelations only made me more and more uneasy on his account. By now I had got the fixed idea that he was floundering and it behoved me like the good Samaritan I imagined I was, to give a helping hand. I would rid him of the incubus sapping his energy. So at lunch one day I said,

"What do you see in the school marm?"

"Mind your business, blast you," he choked over the coffee. His face was purple with rage.

"This is very much my business. She isn't your cup of tea. You have nothing in common. Don't lose your grip." He didn't answer but the anger had gone out of his expression. "Are you in love?" I continued relentlessly. "Or is it mere pity. What do you want of her? This has got to stop."

"I don't know," he nodded slowly. "I don't know. I wish I had the courage to ask.... You know Romesh simply adores her and how beautifully she manages him," he mused aloud.

Then I told him what ugly rumours were being spread. He went red in the face. "Watch your step," I warned him. But I knew that the problem had to be tackled at the other end.

"Good morning, Miss Pushpa!" She was waiting for me in the office. She

folded her palms in the traditional salute but didn't say anything. For an awkward moment I cast about for an opening.

"How is your father?" She looked surprised. She had no reason to think I knew. "Gopinath told me he has been doing poorly. I am very sorry to hear this." It was the best I could think of saying.

"I wish to leave at the end of the term" she said. I felt guilty. I wondered whether she had guessed the reason why I had sent for her. "The sanatorium has not been able to do much for him. He is coming home and I shall look after him. I sha'n't have time for my work here" she explained. I was consciously grateful to her.

"If you wish. But, what will you do?"

"I can give music lessons."

"We will miss you." The encomium was as genuine as deserved. She was as good as her word; she left at the end of the term. I wouldn't have known if Gopinath had not burst into my room one day and started calling me names.

"You blithering idiot, what have you done? Can't you keep your big foot out of this? Didn't you know she was absolutely poor and she is not the kind that accepts charity." Seeing his rage I couldn't help wondering whether I had not committed a crime in trying to separate them.

"She said she could give music lessons" I said weakly.

"Music lessons! She has as much music in her as a cow....." It made me vaguely unhappy. "She has left and nobody knows where. She came to see Romesh. That was how I knew. I wasn't at home....." I let him rave. Time must heal as time only can.

My work took me frequently to Delhi. On one of my return journeys, I happened to travel with a pleasant young man. He was an officer in Government service. We started a casual friendship, as only passengers on a ship or a long distance train do. The upshot of it was that he gave an address in Delhi where I was welcome. I made a note of it intending to look him up when I was in Delhi again, but somehow did not.

The day I arrived in Delhi it was very hot. There had been a dust storm in the afternoon and the temperature mercifully came down. People turned out on Connaught Place in increasing numbers and moved round and round in circles, like animals in a cage. I was one of them. I cannot say what drew my attention, perhaps her remarkable likeness to somebody I had known. I was on the point of moving away when she turned round from the shop window. I saw the resemblance, of course, but she was not Pushpa and I was glad I did not accost her. I was about to pass on when her companion turned round and greeted me. He was the pleasant young man on the train. He introduced me to his wife and we walked round Connaught Place talking and finally I parted after promising to dine with them the next evening.

I was somewhat early. The man who let me in said that the master had not returned from office and that the mistress had gone out for some last minute shopping. I have a habit of thinking up the character of a person by looking around where he lives. I rode my hobby horse studying the drawing room and admiring the taste it displayed. I was looking at a picture on a mantle piece and wondering what it was doing there. When the school marm came in, without turning round I could guess it was she. Time had wrought a fundamental change in her appearance. Widow's weeds became her just as well, but I had a feeling that somehow, some way I had been responsible. She must have noted my discomfiture and followed my thoughts. She smiled pensively. Gradually I learnt that the lady of the house was her sister, whom the erring cousin had married to make amends. It was a harrowing tale of suffering but the way she told it one didn't feel the full impact.

"How is Romesh?" Dinner over, I was ready to leave when she put me the question. She had been struggling to keep it back all along.

"Very well and flourishing. He is the school champion. You wouldn't recognise him now." She made as if to wipe a tear "And Gopinath too is doing well. He has married again."

I thought I should answer a question which I knew she would never ask, but would long to. The tear she wiped was real. Looking at her, for the first time I realised the enormity of my crime.

"How do you spend your time?" I asked hoping to change the mood.

"Once a school marm always a school marm." Her unsmiling lips seemed to twitch sadly. She now taught in a school for South Indian children at Delhi.

The curious part of my story is

that when I met Gopinath again and told him, he didn't even seem interested.

"Oh really! I am sorry." This was all he could say. He had a new hobby. He was opening a school of Indian dancing and sang the praises of the dance teacher. Perhaps it was well that things had happened as they had, I thought. Gopinath had no use for the school marm who had once balanced his little son on her hip. Would she have been happier, married to a temperamental grasshopper, I wondered.

VICTORY AND THE VICTIM

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately in the exchange of High Commissioners between India and Ceylon, Ceylon seems to have got two of them to put forward her case well and strongly. As a result recent news items from Ceylon have given some most misleading impressions to the unwary reader in India about the coming solution of the Indo-Ceylon problem. Unwittingly or otherwise Reuter had also managed to flood the Indian press with all sorts of vague hopes about the coming down of a new era. So violently are these at variance with facts in Ceylon and so totally different from the atmosphere in which the victims of the settlement are moving that a conscientious correspondent cannot but help being outraged at the spread of such false hopes in India.

After the High Commissioner for India had all the interviews which he could manage and flown to Delhi and back promising an early and equitable solution of the problem the Indians had three shocks one after the other. The first was the adverse judgment of the Privy Council in the Kegalle Case upholding the validity of the Citizenship Acts of the Ceylon Government. For this of course neither the Indian High Commissioner nor the Ceylon Government are responsible but the press comments and the asides of ministers do not leave any one in doubt as to how they are going to make use of it. Hot on its

heels came the drastic nay strangulatory new exchange control regulations. These were partly the result of the financial stringency in the island but their incidence has been most heavy only on the Indian population. Lastly came the naive revelation from the Indian High Commissioner to the Indian Mercantile Chamber that the Ceylon Premier refused even to discuss the problem of the Indian small trader and employee while discussing the problem of the citizenship of the estate workers. This was anticipated by this correspondent in his earlier despatches. Let us see where all these indications lead us to without indulging in any wishful thinking.

All those who are familiar with the Indo-Ceylon problem are aware of the two different classes of Indians in Ceylon whose problems are quite different. There are the eight lakhs of Indians who are mainly estate workers and who have been here for a few generations and who have no other home but Ceylon and who are interested in getting the citizenship of Ceylon. There are about two lakhs of Indian retail traders and trading house employees who are not interested in citizenship but who just want to pursue their avocations peacefully. The Ceylon Government used to say that one Government cannot interfere in the issues of citizenship of another country and on that score it refused to allow Sri V. V.

Girl to send some Indian officers to the plantations to help the workers fill up the citizenship application forms. The Government of India also felt somewhat delicate on the subject. The High Commissioners for India have often told me that according to strict diplomatic practice their concern ought to be mainly with the citizens of India in Ceylon but they had to take interest in the citizenship issue because the people concerned were of Indian origin and would otherwise be left stateless. Now however the Ceylon Government seems to think the opposite since they seem prepared to discuss the citizenship issue but not that of the Indians who continue to remain Indians.

The Indian High Commissioner revealed that the Ceylon Premier refused to discuss the position of Indians who would remain as Indians in Ceylon. But it had been made clear recently in a thousand ways that they were doomed. Starting with the difficulty of getting temporary residence permits except by the production of impossible proofs their tale of woe has been till now one long series of hardships unrelieved by any gleam of hope. Some months ago the scare about the Government checkup of ration books drove many in panic out of the island. The pressure for Ceylonization has been relentless and this has driven many small trade house employees out of Ceylon. The refusal to issue ration books to any Indian except upon production of difficult proofs of residence drove out some more. The amendment to the Immigration Act making many with expired residence permits liable for arrest and trial scared away a few thousands more. There was proof enough if proof was needed in all that. But the recent measures and press comments have made the matter even clearer. The tightening of exchange control regulations with particular reference to South India does not leave any one in doubt about the incidence of it on the South Indian small trader and trade house employee. The Lake House papers who are nearest to the Government have indicated in their recent comments that once the temporary residence permits expire they

would no more be renewed. Even more blatantly they have said that ultimately these two lakhs of Indians will have to go back. A recent extract from the *Ceylon Daily News* runs as follows: "Ceylon is a small country with limited living space and limited employment. It is naturally from that point of view that Ceylon will look upon the presence of, it may be one lakh, two lakhs or more non-nationals living here. To small Ceylon with her rapidly growing population even a lakh of non-nationals would be a problem." Even the pro-Indian *Virakesari* writes about the almost inevitable exodus of these two lakhs of Indians to India soon and pleads for a policy of sympathy and organized help from the Government of India for them.

Probably the result was unavoidable in the present state of things but the Indian merchants are themselves partly to blame for it because of their lack of co-operation with the Ceylon Indian Congress in the recent past. But the question is this: Why should India send a High Commissioner to say yes to the Ceylon Government's policy of ejection by implication and probably quicken the process and spread panic? The bitterness in the hearts of many Indians is not in accepting the inevitable in course of time but in the fact that in this sacrifice of the Indian resident at the altar of some expediency the High Commissioner from India should play the role of the sacrificial priest. It is increased by the doubts created by Nehru's statement that he will not accept the responsibility for rehabilitation.

I fear the position of the eight lakhs of estate workers would be no better. Soon after the judgment of the Privy Council in the Citizenship Case was delivered the note of unholy glee in the pro-Government press was unmistakable. Not that the judgment, if it had been otherwise, would have helped Indians. It would probably have led to the most cantankerous bitterness in Government and led to the amendment of the Ceylon Constitution to accommodate the Act. But the Act has been upheld as valid and an emotional penumbra has begun to surround the Act so that even if the Premier of

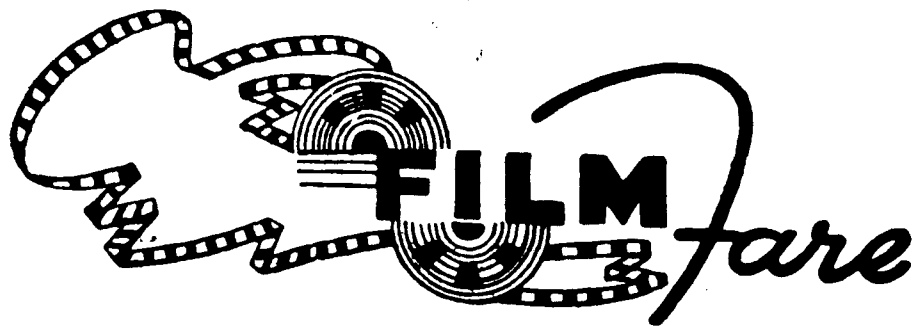
Ceylon wants to amend it he might find it quite difficult. Hence the hopes raised in the Indian press through speculative news items regarding the Nehru-Senanayake interview are really misleading. The leading article of the *Ceylon Daily News* on the judgment refers to only a few who would be qualified to be citizens under the Act and also about the Act being the sole criterion of citizenship hereafter. Recently its political correspondent wrote: "At the same time let there be no calls for amendment of a law held valid by the Privy Council." The same correspondent goes on to write about the fate of those who would not be able to establish their claims to citizenship. The question is, how many among the two and a quarter lakh of applications would be favourably disposed of. It is too early to give an answer in precise figures now. But all optimistic guesses about sixty or ninety per cent of them being accepted are at present unfounded. On the other hand ministerial asides are most disheartening in the matter. In a recent speech Mr. Kannangara, the

Minister for Local Government said that he was never so happy as when he heard the Privy Council judgment in the Indian Citizenship Case. He said that the greatest harm which the British did to Ceylon was to flood the estates with Indians and he asked all to see that Ceylon was no longer overrun by Indians. He said that already 5000 Indians had become citizens of Ceylon and nearly 7000 were claiming citizenship. He added that if they continued to stay here we would have to spend a larger amount of our money to feed them with subsidized rice. Reading out from the *Hansard* the names of those M.P.s who supported the cause of the Indians in Ceylon, Mr. Kannangara said they were traitors to their country.

Comment is needless. It is fairly clear that India must be prepared to take back a few lakhs of Ceylon Indians in course of time. The sooner this is told the better for all concerned. Let there be no mistake about it. Whatever be the speculative news items, it is clear that the Ceylon Government means business.



Mr. George V. Allen, American Ambassador to India visited Madras this week. Photo shows Mr. Robert Taylor, American Consul-General in Madras, Mr. Paul Sherbert, Cultural Officer of the U. S. I. S. and Sri Sabanayagam, Secretary to Rajaji, receiving the Ambassador at the Meenambakkam aerodrome.



By V. P. SATHE

EVER since the collections have gone down, there is a drive for economy. Every producer is anxious to reduce the cost to balance his budget, especially since the distributors have reduced the minimum guarantees and sale prices. The producer thinks that if a provincial picture can be made in one lakh of rupees, a Hindi picture can and should be made at least in two lakhs or two and half lakhs. On this basis, he prepares his estimates and starts shooting only to find that his calculations all wrong and that the cost of a picture made without any celebrities who charge fabulous prices is about four lakhs of rupees. Calculations based on wishful thinking rather than facts more often than not go wrong. The inability of the producer to balance his cost and sale price is the greatest tragedy of filmmaking in India today.

Since all this drive for economy is based on the assumption of low cost of provincial language films, I thought it worthwhile to study and analyse the budgets and actual cost of production of pictures made in Marathi. Thanks to a friend who has just produced one picture and released it, I was able to gather all the information I needed. Unlike other producers this producer had kept a most up-to-date account of every small item. He explained to me how and why the calculations of other producers go wrong. According to him, most of the producers do not include several expensive items like prints and publicity, the cost of which is ultimately to be borne by the producer himself, in the cost of production.

They also ignore the cost of extras, outdoors and other incidental expenses which should be charged to the production account; they also forget to take into account the exorbitant interest and royalty they have to pay. Hence they find such a disparity in their budget and actual cost of production.

This being the case, I think, it would be interesting to reproduce here details of the cost of production of a social film made on the most economical and efficient lines in a provincial language. These details would help in exploding many myths current about low cost and false economy.

Here are the approximate figures, item by item:

Studio charges (including first processing): Rs. 26,000; Projection room charges: Rs. 1,000; Stock shots, wipes dissolves, special effects: Rs. 2,500; Set property: Rs. 2,000; Furniture: Rs. 2,000; Art director: Rs. 1,000; Raw stocks: Rs. 25,000; Story and dialogue: Rs. 3,500; Director: Rs. 6,000; Artistes: Rs. 10,000; Cameraman: Rs. 2,000; Editor: Rs. 1,500; Extras: Rs. 3,000; Costumes and drapery: Rs. 2,500; Songs: Rs. 1,000; Music: Rs. 6,000 (1,000 per song); Background music: Rs. 3,000; Music director: Rs. 3,000; Re-recording: Rs. 1,000; Travelling: Rs. 1,200; Conveyance: Rs. 4,000; Meals and refreshments: Rs. 2,000; Make-up material: Rs. 800; Production staff: Rs. 6,000; Office expenses: Rs. 1,000; Still photographs: Rs. 1,000; Under-production publicity: Rs. 1,000; Booklets, showcards, photosets: Rs. 12,000; Slides, enlargements, trailers: Rs. 2,500; Street publicity: Rs. 8,000;

Newspaper publicity: Rs. 20,000; Prints (14): Rs. 21,000; Censor fee: Rs. 800; Total Rs. 183,500.

This cost does not include any royalty or interest since the producer had financed the venture himself. But if one were to add that, the cost of a Marathi picture produced in Poona within a scheduled time with ordinary sets is about two lakhs of rupees and as such the picture must bring at least two lakhs and fifty thousand to the distributor, so that, after deducting his commission at the rate of 20 per cent the producer's cost will be covered. Now, how many provincial language films with limited territory for exploitation bring back this much revenue? On an average, more than half the pictures never recover their cost; out of the balance, not more than half make any profit at all.

If this is the state of affairs of provincial language pictures, one can well imagine the tragedy of Hindi film producers. On an average, the producer of a Hindi film has to pay double for everything and as such, his cost of production cannot be in any case less than four lakhs. Actually it is much more; for, while the music of a Marathi picture costs Rs. 15,000 the music of a Hindi picture costs not less than forty to fifty thousand. Generally, with top-notch singers, musicians and music director it costs over a lakh of rupees. Similarly, even if no stars were signed, the heroine alone would demand at least Rs. 10,000. Hence, with the prevailing prices of studio raw stock, artistes and technicians, all this talk of economy seems to be pointless. The cost of production, as is apparent from the figures quoted above, cannot go down lower than a certain minimum price. Hence to save the industry, it is necessary to find ways and means of increasing the revenue.

Personality Of The Week

One of the most likable and popular artistes in the film industry today is Manmohan Krishna. Even before he joined the screen he was known for his excellent singing in Lahore.

Manmohan does not look like an artiste; he looks more like a professor. In fact, had he not become a film star, he would have continued to be a professor in Lahore. After

obtaining a degree of Master of Science, he was working as a demonstrator in physics, first in the S. D. College and then in the Dayal Singh College. During this period, he regaled many friends to a feast of light songs. Manmohan did not learn singing in any school or under any ustad. He sang instinctively and he sang exceptionally well.

During those days, he got his first offer from Bombay Talkies. Rai Bahadoor Chunilal along with Ashok Kumar and Leela Chitnis had gone to Lahore to attend a reception given to that popular pair. He saw Manmohan, heard his voice and gave him the offer. The offer however did not materialize and Manmohan gave up the idea for good.

Three years later, as he was going abroad, he attended a party given by the Fazulbhoys in Bombay. Naturally, at the party, he was asked to sing. He sang and almost got a film contract on the spot. For, Shantaram who was present on the occasion was thrilled by his voice and immediately signed him to play the lead in *Matwala Shair*, a film biography of the Marathi poet, Ramjoshi. Thus came a radical change in Manmohan's life.

Though he started as a hero, his personality was not suitable for a popular romantic hero and as such he had to take to character acting. By now Manmohan has appeared in a score of films and played the 'bad' man and the 'good' man, the buffoon and the philosopher with equal ease. Though he has proved his versatility, he has not yet played a role which can be called classic.

Amiable, talented, Manmohan is bound to have the opportunity to play the role of his life-time. Till then, he has to be content with secondary roles to keep the home fires burning.

Picture Of The Week

Three significant foreign pictures have recently been released in Bombay—Orson Wells' *Othello*; Rita Hayworth's *Loves of Carmen* and M. G. M.'s *Clown*.

Orson Welles' *Othello* has come in for sharp criticism from lovers of Shakespeare. Instead of appreciating the original and novel presenta-

tion of Orson Welles, they have blamed him for ruining the original play by stressing too much on camera movement and speaking his lines in a most undramatic and almost inaudible manner. Actually, Orson Welles has transformed a stage-play of repute into pure cinema; in doing so, naturally he has changed the conventional technique and thereby shocked the lovers of Shakespeare. The pity is that, apart from critics, even the picturegoers have not liked this style of Orson Welles as is evident from its poor box-office response.

Yet, the very technique that he has used in filming this play was responsible for his winning the award at Cannes. Like his *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles seems to be too ahead of his times in his technique and baffling way of presentation.

Rita Hayworth's *Loves of Carmen* is a very sensuous and exotic film. While Kardar tried to reform Carmen in *Jadoo*, in the Hollywood version she is rather a wicked girl and her love affairs make one feel disgusted about her. Rita plays the role with inimitable zest and pep. In fact it is

for her performance and the beguiling musical score that the picture is worth a visit.

M. G. M.'s *Clown* is the best picture of the lot. The story depicting the misadventures of a drink addict who loses his wife, career and almost his son, is so moving and pathetic that it brings tears to your eyes. After a long time one has come across such a warm human picture cleverly blending humour and pathos in an almost Chaplinesque manner. As it ends on a happy note with love of son triumphing over love of bottle, the picture leaves behind a hopeful impression. Red Skelton is superb in the title role.

News Of The Week

—Filmistan is starting three new pictures; one of them will be *Heer Ranza*. The three new pictures will be directed by Hamid Butt, Nandlal Jaswantlal and Subodh Mukerjee.

—Gyan Mukerjee will produce the screen version of the most popular Marathi novel *Garambicha Bapoo* written by S. K. Pendse.

—Ram Gabale will direct All India Pictures' next offering starring Madhubala and Shammi Kapoor.

SWATANTRA PRINTERS

(2, BRODIES ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4)

FULLY EQUIPPED TO
UNDERTAKE ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

MODERATE RATES
PROMPT DELIVERY

AND
NEAT EXECUTION.

PLEASE CALL OR PHONE (5177)

FREEDOM FIGHTER THOMAS PAINE

By S. NATARAJAN

“OH you Americans fighting for your rights, hear me! You want the right to live, the right to be free and then the right to property. All these are God-given rights. Just ponder, are we to live after losing these rights or die?

“This is your life test. If you and your progeny want to live in this country happily, awake, arise, America is yearning for your service. Poverty, slavery, oppression have set ablaze this country of yours, rush in to extinguish that conflagration. The chariot wheels of Freedom are caught in a bog, lend your shoulders, countrymen, to lift them from it. Be fired with the frenzy of freedom.

“The whole world is my home, those who inhabit it are my friends, service to all of them with no thought of return is my creed.” Thus spoke 180 years ago the freedom fighter Thomas Paine.

All his life he fought for the rights of man and died in the fight.

Men go out of this world as unceremoniously as they come in, the world does not remember them. But it does not easily forget a man who all his life thought little of his self and lived in the service of others. His name gets a place in history. In whatever part of the world a man appears and enters the fight for man's freedom, he becomes a friend of the world. His ideals belong to all ages. They are beyond all concepts of nation, community and religion. The freedom fighter finds himself a niche in the hearts of all mankind.

He fears no obstacles. Unflinching firmness of ideals and victory in a struggle undertaken are his watchwords. He reveres duty and for its sake he will not hesitate to sacrifice his life.

He loves all mankind, anger is not one of his characteristics. His sole aim is to endeavour to reduce others' difficulties. Why do we revere

Mahatma Gandhi and try to follow him? It is because he forgot his self and served mankind.

Thomas Paine was born in 1737 in a poor Quaker family. His father Joseph was a tailor. His mother was named Frances.

Handsome, of medium height, of good build, with glittering eyes, Paine was a straight-forward, kind-hearted soul. He was enthusiastic in everything he undertook. He was an expert in the art of argument. The written word and his pen were his gods. He lived to the age of 98 and died in 1835 after great service to mankind.

He studied in a preparatory school till 13. Then he had to discontinue studies owing to poverty. But he was worldly wise. He was willing to learn and learnt in the school of life itself. To earn a living he worked in a ship. Though he did not like it he continued to serve there for seven years.

Then till the age of 40 he served in various cities in various capacities—as tailor, meat shop manager, teacher, tobacco and provision merchant.

Paine had two wives and no children. The first died, the second left him. His parents died. Alone in the dark world without a penny in his pocket and no sympathiser to help him, he still was not daunted. He had God's grace on him. He met Benjamin Franklin, the American freedom worker and the two men had a long heart-to-heart talk. Realising Paine's abilities, Franklin gave him a letter of recommendation. With that letter Paine went forth to America to start a new life.

Paine knew no laziness. He had perseverance and never rested till he accomplished the task he undertook. His leisure hours he spent in enlarging his knowledge. He used to buy books even foregoing his meal. He read with avidity and pondered over what he read. Then he wrote what he thought about it.

Mathematics, literature, economics, astronomy, engineering, community and social life, politics were some of the subjects on which he read and which he mastered.

It is in these days that he resolved to bring down the social structure that obtained in the 18th century. Feeling restless, imbued with revolutionary fervour, he bided his time.

Arriving in America in 1774, with the aid of Franklin's letter, he became the editor of a reputed paper *Pennsylvania Journal*. Concentrating all his energies, he worked hard for one year. His pen knew no rest. He wrote for the emancipation of negroes and women.

He wrote a series called "Common-sense" which contained revolutionary ideas. He later brought these articles out in book form. The book sold in millions. To raise the status of the American colonists Paine wrote with a crusader's zeal.

His style charmed his readers. His words went to their heads. With new enthusiasm people resolved to strive for their rights.

"He had a prose style arresting in its economy and simplicity."

By his words he assaulted the fort of oppressive rule which robbed man's rights of freedom. His words became the arrow which spelt the doom of the rich man's domination.

Paine returned to England. There and in France he spent two years propagating his ideas and living on the crest of Revolution. Many not liking his ways, tried to put an end to him in England. Nothing daunted, he carried on. It was here he wrote two books "Crisis" and "Rights of Man." These helped a lot the freedom lovers Sheridan and Burke. Paine wrote in no unmistakable language that the American colony should cut itself off from the mother country.

England banished Paine and he went to Paris. The French Government at first welcomed him with all respect. But once the War of Revolution was over, the Government put

him behind bars. It was in prison that he wrote his famous essays "The Age of Reason."

In 1802 Paine returned to America. He lived for 7 years in New York. With none to help him, he shrivelled in poverty and even his spring of ideas dried up.

To protect the rights of the poor and for the sake of America's freedom Paine fought and suffered. What did he get in return? "Drunkard, liar, phillanderer, villain and wastrel" abused women. The ungrateful world forgot the service he did for his country.

So, unknown and unsung, Thomas Paine died in June 1809 in a village called Rochel. It was hard to get even a place for his burial. Two Negro labourers, not bearing to see his body left uncared for, performed his funeral.

This then is the picture of Thomas Paine. It is hard to understand his eminence from a short sketch like this. I give here below some gems from his writings.

"I believe in one God. That is enough for me. I have not had happiness in this world. I shall seek it at least in the next. I am no atheist, but I hate those men who by the name of God, rob, cheat and swindle"—"Age of Reason."

"The State should be formed to protect the rights of man. Or else it is no State. It will be a satanic State.... Discrimination between man and man is foolish. All are equal. Man's foremost need is freedom, right to property, protection, ability to prevent harm. Only a Republican Government can extend these rights to people."—"The Rights of Man."

"If a nation wants its freedom to last, even its enemies should not be subjected to governmental oppression"—"The Crisis."

"The World is my motherland; to do good to it is my religious principle. Truth is my best friend."

"Just to earn your living, do not sell your character; I too will not."

POPULATION AND THE FOOD PROBLEM

By P. RAJESWARA RAO

THE problem of population is invariably linked up with the food situation from time immemorial. The ancient civilizations of Egypt, the Middle East and India flourished on the banks of great rivers like the Nile and the Ganges, as food products could be cultivated there with the minimum of effort. Population also increases in regions where food can be had easily. That is why we find that regions that were once populous and flourishing becoming deserts when rivers change their courses or the fertility of the soil is exhausted. The necessity for irrigation projects and intensive cultivation arises when the natural sources available for irrigation and the normal methods of agriculture fail to meet the requirements of a growing population. Any rise in the standard of life and refinement of taste will substantially affect the food situation. A report presented to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation Conference held at Rome states that 1,300 million people (i.e. over half of mankind) have not enough to eat. Expanding rearmament may threaten even the current modest plan for betterment of under-developed countries. But according to Artturi Virtanen the noted Finnish chemist, with the knowledge we already possess mankind could adequately feed four billion people, i.e. twice the present population of the planet.

In 1943 the United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture held at Hot Springs (U. S. A.) declared that the primary responsibility lies with a nation for seeing that its own people have the food needed for life and health. Steps for this end are evidently for national determination. Misconception of the growth of the population in India is widely prevalent. The growth is not exceptional but slightly less than the estimated world average and less than the average in Europe and America. Even in Scandinavian countries where

birth and death rates are low, the actual rate of population increase is about the same as in India. The latest figures indicate that the population of the Indian Union is about 36 crores. The annual increase in population is estimated at 6 millions. At this rate the population of India will take, according to Prof. Kingsley Davis of the Princeton University, about 60 years to double. Unfortunately, with the increased population, the acreage under cultivation per person in India has declined by 15 per cent. Besides, productivity per acre has not improved and is in fact below that of most agricultural areas. 70% of the land is cultivated by people who have no direct interest in the land and in some parts of India it is said that there are as many as 60 links between the landowner and the agricultural labourer. The effects of the latest land reforms remain to be evaluated in their proper perspective. It is necessary to prevent uneconomic fragmentation of land and creation of holdings that retard progressive and full yield from the land. Co-operative farming should be encouraged wherever possible. Though the livestock in India is estimated at 264 millions, i.e. one-fourth of the total bovine population of the world, the cattle mortality is high and the facilities for grazing are meagre. Consequently the milk they yield is comparatively low.

According to experts in dietary the energy value of normal diet necessary for an adult in India is 2,600 calories. During normal times, on an average the diet of our peasantry who constitute the backbone of India, consists of 2,300 calories, that of the factory labourers 1,900 calories and that of women in cottages 1,200 calories. Thus the diet of every class in India is insufficient in calories, deficient in calcium and in many vitamins. When the population is reduced to subsist on a ration of 8 or 10 ounces, i.e., 800 or 1000 calories, evidently it is not enough to sustain

human life. Thus most of the people in India do not live but merely exist. The influence of this faulty diet is reflected in the health of the population. The infant and maternal mortality is high, the resistance of people to infectious diseases is low and specific deficiency diseases like night blindness, beriberi, angular stomatitis, simple goitre and anaemia, are prevalent. Besides, inflationary forces are at work. The cost of food involves far greater expenditure and sacrifice to the individual in India than in the United Kingdom or U. S. A. According to Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao of the Delhi School of Economics the cost of living in India has gone up by five times though the incomes have only been doubled.

Construction of new irrigation projects while maintaining the existing works will go a long way in easing the food situation in a country with a growing population. The irrigation projects in India have a long history and noble pedigree. Long before of the advent of the British, major irrigation works existed here. According to the report of the Indian Irrigation Commission the 'Grand Anicut' stretching across the width of the Cauvery river was regarded as the greatest engineering work that was in existence at the close of the 2nd century. Consisting of a solid mass of stones over 1,000 feet in length, 40 to 60 feet in breadth and 16 to 18 feet in depth, it was a masterly engineering achievement which was in operation as late as 1830 A.D. The large number of wells and tanks some of which still irrigate thousands of acres in South India as well as the old irrigation channels in the North speak well of the irrigation sense of our early rulers.

It is necessary to note that the total cost of all irrigation projects built in Undivided India during the British regime was only Rs. 156 crores. Evidently Britain's policy towards India was that of an industrial country to an agricultural country and she was more interested in getting the necessary raw materials to feed her industries. Though India leads the world in irrigation it is necessary to note that only 6% of our water resources have been utilised so far. Out of the total world

acreage of 36,000 millions only 11,000 million acres are arable. In Undivided India we had 432 million acres of tillable land for a population of 40 crores. Out of it only 53% is actually cultivated, 11.8% of the land has become barren. With respect to the rest, 35.2% of the land, no attempt is made to cultivate at all. Even before the Second World War India had to import annually food products worth 15 to 16 crores. During the year 1946 the cost of the imported foodstuffs rose to Rs. 77.43 crores.

The situation further deteriorated as a result of the partition of India. 23% of the country's population are now in Pakistan. 26.27% of the total acreage under rice cultivation and 26.95% of the area wherein wheat is grown, fell to Pakistan. Correspondingly the Pakistan's share of irrigated land came to 31.82%. At present the Indian Union has about 49 million acres under irrigation, i.e., one-fifth of the net area. According to the data supplied by our Planning Commission, India has lost to Pakistan nearly half of the total water carried by its canals in Undivided India. At the same time Pakistan has retained as her share more than half of the whole irrigated area of 33 million acres from Government works. Besides, the movement of refugees between India and Pakistan disorganised agricultural operations in West Bengal which is essentially a deficit area.

There is continuous failure of monsoon in the State of Madras for the past 5 years. This phenomenon is attributed by some scientists to the radio-activity generated by throwing the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. A quick succession of radio-active waves appear to have swept over the southern part of our peninsula. This continuous drought is threatening to convert the once fertile fields of South India into a veritable desert. The States of Bombay and Hyderabad are also deficit areas. The floods in Northern India destroy a considerable quantity of crops every year. The floods in Assam converted that self-sufficient State into a deficit area. Bihar passed through a terrible famine recently. The States of East Punjab, Madhya Pradesh and Madhya Bharat are self-sufficient

and the state of Uttar Pradesh is the only surplus area for the time being.

Since 1947, the Indian Union has been importing on an average foodstuffs worth Rs. 100 crores every year. During 1949 the figure rose to 129 crores. The target for import of foodstuffs for the year 1951 was 3.7 million tons. The deficit for 1952 was estimated at 7 million tons. The Planning Commission reported that for at least five years 3 million tons of food grains would have to be imported from outside. The amount of Rs. 40 crores already spent by Central and State Governments on the Grow More Food campaign proved to be a failure.

The total estimated cost of projects under consideration or investigation comes to Rs 2,000 crores. Out of these projects 135 schemes have taken shape and seem to cost Rs. 590 crores. Again out of these 135 schemes twelve are major, twenty are medium-sized and 99 are minor. When these schemes are completed land under cultivation will increase by 12.9 million acres yielding 4.3 million tons of food products. Besides, there are 122 schemes costing Rs. 1300 crores in the air. When they are completed an additional yield of 3.2 million tons of food products are expected. In the execution of these projects, it is desirable to aim at linking up the Ganges, the Mahanadi, the Godavari and the Krishna with the rivers of the South beginning from the Pennar and Palar and going down to the Cauveri and the Tamraparni. This idea may appear fantastically grandiose at the present moment. Even if the work is taken up by degrees and by stages it is well to keep the ideal in view and labour towards it in well-planned stages not necessarily concentrating on a number of largescale projects by following the example of France and Switzerland where many units are integrated and collated for wisely designed and truly national purposes.

It may also be noted that during the last five years only Rs. 330 crores were spent on river valley projects while purchasing food products worth Rs. 500 crores abroad. It is also important to note that our river valley projects costing on the whole about Rs. 600 crores are multipurpose projects for irrigation, power, naviga-

tion, flood and silt control, drainage and soil conservation, reclamation of malarial swamp areas and fish culture. The execution of all the schemes under consideration and investigation can be conveniently spread over a period of 15 to 20 years. Ultimately another 50 million acres will come under irrigation, i.e., the present acreage under irrigation will be doubled. Then the problem of food shortage will disappear in spite of the growth in population.

Under the circumstances food shortage in India resulting from the rate of increase in population has to be solved by increased agricultural production and intensified industrialisation. The example of the tiny State of Israel where desert land is converted into fertile fields and industries are established and run successfully, deserves to be examined with increasing interest. In view of the prevailing scarcity of capital, the need for relieving middle class unemployment, and the desirability of decentralising industry, cottage industries should be preserved and fostered on a nationwide scale. Other measures that help to solve the food problems are:

(1) Prevention of soil erosion of the cultivable land and the application of scientific methods to solve other allied problems like land reclamation.

(2) Conversion of the uncultivable and fallow land into cultivable area.

(3) Gradual but rapid adoption of suitable and practicable, scientific and technological methods replacing the old, obsolete and wasteful methods.

(4) Conversion of hitherto inedible articles into edible ones through artificial means.

(5) Prevention of wastage of food.

The efficiency of birth control to cope with the threatened increase in India's population has to be considered in its proper perspective. In a poor and backward country like India, birth control cannot be practised on a large scale in a scientific way as it is bound to be expensive. Besides, there is the widespread religious sentiment against it. The propagation of this remedy will only attract the middle class which has brought freedom to India and which has all along been the storehouse of our enterprise, stability and culture

and ultimately the ranks of this important section of the public will be depleted and bring about general deterioration in every walk of life. It will be a sore blow to the middle class which is on the verge of collapse at the present moment as it is sandwiched between the unimaginative and the selfish rich and the poor who are restless and assertive. Such a development will wreck the social fabric based on national freedom and individual development. Thus the results would prove to be suicidal when the necessity to preserve and foster the middle class was never so pressing as it is today.

Hence, while there should be no objection for making true and correct information and knowledge about birth control available to the citizens, undue emphasis on it and over-enthusiasm for it is uncalled for and undesirable. Therefore the problem of population in relation to the food situation in India has to be solved mainly by increasing the production of foodstuffs even at the risk of severely restricting the commercial and money crops like tobacco, chillies, etc., and by embarking on

a nation-wide programme of industrialisation involving the establishment of a net work of largescale, medium size and cottage industries. Mere paper plans packed with alluring statistics will not solve the problem. The measures to be adopted should be long range as well as short range in their operation and effect. In the words of Jawaharlal Nehru these problems may have to be tackled on a war footing. The community projects have already made a good beginning. The Bhoodan Yagna inaugurated by Acharya Vinoba Bhave, the spiritual heir to Gandhiji, aims at solving the land problem with the aid of goodwill and the higher values of life. Equitable distribution of land is expected to increase production. Otherwise, mere distribution of land without corresponding increase in production will merely equalise poverty. The results achieved till now are encouraging so far as they go. But it is premature to pronounce a final judgment on the present data and the initial results. One has to wait and see with watchful reserve for some time to come.

GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF

Co-optex

HANDLOOM FABRICS.

SPECIAL DESIGNS AND MODERN PATTERNS IN FANCY SHADES—
SO FAR NOT PRODUCED IN HANDLOOMS ON A COMMERCIAL SCALE.

80's and 100's

SAREES, DHOTIES, TOWELS, KERCHIEFS, FURNISHINGS

GOING AT LESS THAN USUAL LOW PRICES IN ALL OUR 124 DEPOTS.

Special Discount to Co-op. Stores
Trade and Whole salers.

Rush your orders to Special Officer:
Co-op. COLLECTIVE WEAVING CENTRE,
Cherry Road, SALEM.

Buy Co-optex
for

satisfaction.
It's more than your
Money's worth.

**THE MADRAS STATE HANDLOOM WEAVERS' CO-OPERATIVE
SOCIETY LTD.,**

"HOLLOWAY'S GARDEN," 34, Pantheon Road, Egmore, MADRAS-8.

Phone: 8176 & 85839.

Grams: "HANDLOOM."

CORONATION CRESCENDO

By ANDREW ROTH

INDIAN visitors to the Coronation may be treated not only to the unexampled panoply of a royal crowning, done as only the British can do it, but also to a minor outburst of hysteria. Precisely what form this hysteria will take it is not possible to say, beyond predicting that it will probably surpass the riotous nights when the defeats of Germany and Japan were announced.

"Coronation Crescendo" is the headline the *Daily Express* has been using to describe these last days before the crowning ceremonies and *crescendo* certainly is an apt word to describe the swelling roar of real fondness for the royal house heightened and pointed up by one of the most incredible press build-ups in modern history. The British press has been as unanimous and effective in further glamorizing the royal family and centering the spotlight of national and international attention on it, as the American press has been in its campaign to instill a cold-war psychology.

On one page the *New Statesman* of May 23 poked fun at the tabloid *Daily Sketch* for writing: "The Queen will be the first British monarch to wear nylons at a Coronation." But on the facing page the *New Statesman* itself announces that its next three issues will, belatedly, feature Coronation articles. Until now one had thought that everything an army of British researchers and reporters could have dug up on this and all previous Coronations has been printed, from the Queen's undergarments to fine points of religious ritual.

There can be no doubt that the Coronation ceremony, and even more the build-up to it, has struck responsive chords in the British make-up. The *Daily Express* again hit the psychological nail on the head when it headlined: "As The Excitement Mounts, All the World Comes to London." It refurbishes Britain's battered pride to know that from all over the world people are converging on London, anxious to

view the crowning of Britain's monarch.

This is one of those times when the Commonwealth, with which Britain shares the Queen, really seems worthwhile. To the man in the street who knows little about investments and dollar earnings, the Commonwealth has seemed a shattering series of headaches with unpronounceable names: Kikuyu uprisings in Kenya, Bamangwato chieftainship troubles in Bechuanaland, riots in Nigeria, bandits in Malaya, McCarthy's accusations against Hongkong, Malanazism in South Africa. But come Coronation, all these things seem different. It suddenly seems terribly romantic to have all these strange-looking people with strange names and stranger habits travelling half-way around the world to pay homage to your queen. By gum, maybe Britain still does amount to something!

The news that Churchill, Eisenhower and the French Prime Minister of the moment will meet in Bermuda just after the Coronation to discuss world affairs has removed the last cloud from many people's minds. By nature the British rather tend toward wishful thinking and banishing unpleasant thoughts. (The *Observer* has been receiving quite a few complaints from its readers for publishing the engrossing, but slightly gruesome story of its long-imprisoned Korea correspondent Phillip Deane.) There has been a subconscious desire to take the recent Russian changes as betokening a real change of heart. Almost everyone hopes that Mr. Churchill will go to Moscow after Bermuda, with or without President Eisenhower. In short this Coronation is seen as the dawn of a new and more peaceful world.

The coronation has added colour and glamour to Britain's life, long starved of it by the overhangs of Victorianism, wartime and post-war austerity, and bad weather. When the stands first started going up in London while the bad winter weather seemed to stretch out endlessly, they

seemed a depressing eyesore. But, as May got under way with an adequate splash of sunny days, bright and gay colours began to appear on the stands and especially on the corrugated iron outdoor toilets. On top of this, many of the unsightly buildings have been cleaned or painted and the commercial and shopping streets and buildings have rivalled each other in colourful decoration. This is heady stuff in a country used to drab weather and drab colours—much like strong drink for one accustomed to lemonade.

This year the bad weather has helped convert "spring fever" into "Coronation fever." Winter seemed to last forever: one of my early-flowering pear trees was frostbitten early in April. The warm May weather has coincided with the last stages of preparation for the Coronation.

"The mood is infectious", admitted the *Manchester Guardian* on May 23, "only the churlish can stand aside. A crazy man of middle age, in shabby clothes, with battered curly black hair and a sallow skin, danced through the crowds at Piccadilly this afternoon. He had a huge Coronation headscarf round his neck and waved a Union Jack and sang 'We are the Tommies of the Queen.' Yet he did not seem very odd in the exalted mood of London today."

Many make it clear that they will combine their tribute to the Queen with a Bacchanalian celebration of stupendous proportions. This will be made easier by the pubs' remaining open for four hours longer than usual. Six hours of drinking for a population used to two is likely to yield unforeseen results.

It is difficult to decide whether the night of the Coronation will be a bacchanalia in its fullest orgiastic sense, because under ordinary circumstances Britons, particularly of the lower middle and upper working

classes, are rather repressed by conventions which are a modified hang-over from Victorian prudery. There is no British "Kinsey Report" to enable one to give a semi-statistical analysis of the British approach to sex. But British men certainly give the impression of being much less interested in women than the average Continental or North American male. It was notable at the 1951 Battersea Pleasure Gardens, which in almost any Western country would be an excuse for young men to "pick up" young women wholesale. But at Battersea one could find many small groups of young girls and other groups of young men arriving separately and leaving separately. Almost never did the twain meet.

There is some indication that under the stress of a great celebration, when it is considered that "anything goes," many of these repressions go. Last New Year's Eve in Trafalgar Square was described by Tom Driberg, Labour M.P., and journalist:

There was a fair sprinkling of GIs, colonial visitors and foreigners, no doubt reflecting on the myth of English undemonstrativeness and reserve; but most of the crowd seemed to consist of adolescent louts, who charged around in gangs, physically assaulting every woman they could see—two or three holding her down while each in turn kissed her violently on the mouth.....

After last New Year's Eve.....more than a hundred feminine undergarments were picked up in the Square..

It is always unsafe to predict the behaviour of such unpredictable people as the British under such unusual circumstances. But certainly the popular feeling about Coronation Night is that it should be celebrated like a London New Year's Eve, a South American Carnival and July 14 in Paris all rolled into one!

Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints.—SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

What gunpowder did for the war, the printing-press has done for the mind; the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of special education, but every reading man is his judge.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE GREATEST REPUBLICAN

ON the historic day when the final draft constitution of India was signed by the members of the Constituent Assembly in Delhi Mr. Ratnanayake, the present Home Minister of Ceylon, was present. As he revealed in one of his speeches the hall was bereft of all furniture but for a table and a portrait of Buddha. He asked one of the members why they had only Buddha's portrait there. He replied that it was because he was the greatest Indian.

He could have added even more aptly that he was also the greatest Republican.

It is time that many of us reminded ourselves that the Great One was the son of a king but a Republican chieftain of Kapilavastu. Buddha was born in the Republican State of the Sakyas. He died in the capital of another Republican State, namely Kusinara, of the Mallas. During his lifetime he moved through a number of Republican States, for one of which, of that of the Vajjians he seemed to have developed a great liking.

Republican States flourished in India from the 3rd century before Christ to the sixth century after Christ when the last etiolated Republican State of Lichchavis was merged in the Gupta empire. They are enumerated by Panini, described by Greek writers and are discussed elaborately in the Santi Parva of Mahabharata. But it is mainly in the Buddhist scriptures that we have a good idea of their constitution and working.

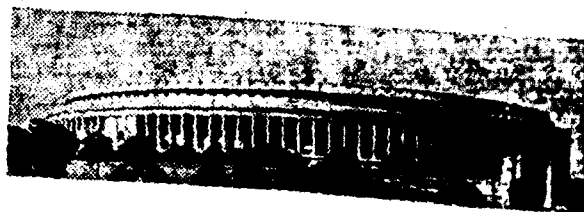
It is clear from the Great One's life that he was an admirer of the Vajjian Republic. On the other hand he was not oblivious to the dangers threatening a republic. Both of these are made evident in his reply to Ananda's question on the Vajjians. Says He in the Mahaparinibbana Sutta: "So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians hold these full and frequent assemblies, meet together in concord and carry out their undertakings in concord and act in accordance with the ancient institution of the Vajjians, so long as they honour and esteem and revere and support the Vajjian elders and hold it a point to hearken to their words, so long may the Vajjians be expected not to

decline but to prosper." The chief dangers according to Buddha facing the Republic are the internal dangers of disunion and lack of respect for tradition. This advice substantially agrees with the view of Bhishma in Santi Parva. Says Bhishma: "The Gana leaders should be respected as the worldly affairs depend to a great extent on them. The spy and the secrecy of counsel should be left to the chiefs for it is not fit that the entire body of the Gana should hear these secret matters.....The internal danger is chiefly to be guarded against. The external danger is not of much importance. The Ganas are torn asunder by their enemies by creating dissensions and offering bribes; so it is said that unity is the chief refuge of the Ganas."

Buddha is also credited with having given the Sangha a Republican constitution on the basis of the Vajjian constitution. We have enough details of the procedure of Sangha meetings in the Chulavagga and Mahavagga. Buddha told Ananda that the Sangha can, if it felt so, alter the lesser rules but the Sangha met and decided against it. Each meeting of the Sangha must have the necessary Quorum and the whip who got together the Quorum was called the Ganapuraka. The vote of the majority prevailed generally except in nine cases, the chief such exception being when it went against the Dhamma. There were three methods of voting, open, whispering and secret. In the last, wooden pins of different colours were distributed and their use explained. Each proposition was read twice or four times. The first reading was known as Jnapti. Then it was decided whether to have one more or three more readings. The second reading called Pratijna really initiated the discussion. A proposition when passed was called a Kamma or an Act. The rule of the majority was known as Yebuyyasika. All these show a surprising correspondence to modern parliamentary practice.

It was but fitting that one who gave such a Republican constitution to the Sangha should have presided in spirit over the inauguration of the Indian Republic.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

JOHN FOSTER DULLES called for a press conference, but would not let correspondents put questions on the spot. They were asked to put their questions down in writing twenty-six and a half hours in advance. From out of a hundred questions so put, he chose fifteen questions for answer. He claimed that they covered the subject matter of all the questions put. But actually he touched on neither Kashmir nor the Chinese eight-point proposal—although about twenty-five of the questions put were on these two subjects. He thus exercised a most vigorous censorship on the questions. Theoretically, of course, the American way of life believes in not imposing a censorship even on news—let alone questions!

Dulles, I regret to say, gave a poor performance, and was no patch on Stevenson. He had a most soporific delivery, and he drawled out his syllables. He confined himself to the most platitudinous sentiments. It was obvious that he was no believer in free discussion. He was over-fond of quoting himself in the course of his answers. But what he had said a few months ago or even a few years ago did not seem to be any more brilliant. Mr. Jinnah, I know, once gave a press conference at which he permitted no questions at all. But I have seen even Mr. Jinnah answer questions shot at him with great patience and good humour. Mr. Dulles' refusal to face correspondents' questions was in remarkable contrast to the Soviet Deputy Minister of Cinematography, M. Semenov, who only last year answered our questions without their having to be put down in writing beforehand. It is obvious that the term "press conference" implies the participation of more than one person. Otherwise, Mr. Dulles could as well have offered to

send individual replies to the questions by post after he reached Washington.

Mr. Dulles did not have a grand reception in Delhi—although, of course, he thanked the people of India for the affection which they showered on him. Dulles denied that either he or Eisenhower had suggested that Asians should fight Asians. He attributed this statement to Communist propaganda. One has only to refer to President Eisenhower's speeches to find out that this statement is contained in the official texts. The policy of "disengagement" is nothing but the doctrine of "Asians must fight Asians." It consists in building up armed forces in Asian countries with generous dollar aid, in the hope that these forces will meet any Communist rising when the time comes. Syngman Rhee's divisions will be increased by a third, and the American soldiers will be withdrawn from the front. Similarly, Chiang Kai-shek of Formosa will get larger dollar aid. In Indo-China, the U. S. Government is already paying half the cost of the war. It was Mr. Harold Stassen, an American Presidential aspirant in recent years—and a member of Mr. Dulles' entourage—who pointed out that a mere 100 million dollars out of a total budget of 5,800 million dollars is devoted to work "which advances the broad security and humanitarian objective of the Mutual Security Programme." The Dulles doctrine makes the mistake of thinking that security can be bought with dollar aid to corrupt and tottering Governments in Asia.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Deputy Chief of the British Parliamentary Labour Party, is reported by the London

Times to have declared early this month:

It was additional evidence of the sheer incompetence of the leaders of the Government including the Prime Minister himself. (Opposition Cheers). He had come to the House one night in a flamboyant mood, determined to be interrupted. He shouted cheeky and abusive sentences at the Opposition and paused for the ironical cheers to come back at him from them. He lost his temper, and a Prime Minister ought never do that, though all were human and all had done it in their time. (Laughter). The conduct of the Government had been scandalous and incompetent, and they deserved the censure which he had the honour to move. (Opposition Cheers).

There are many points about this quotation which will be of interest to us in India, with our own Prime Minister and with our own Opposition leaders. But it was not in a flamboyant mood that the Prime Minister of India appeared before Parliament on the last day of the budget session. He made his statement on the international situation with unusual calmness. India's role at this juncture is especially difficult and delicate; and Pandit Nehru spoke with the fullest realisation of this role. It is no mean consolation to India that the Chinese eight-point proposal is on the same lines as the Indian resolution on Korea, which was passed by the United Nations General Assembly. It is even more heartening to learn that the U. N. Command has decided to make the Indian resolution the basis for negotiations at their resumed meeting.

It is quite clear that the new moves from Moscow and Peking are definitely calculated to lessen international tension. Pandit Nehru therefore did not seem very happy with those who took a different view. But now Mr. Dulles claims great cordiality and near-identity of views between Nehru and himself. Ambassador Allen has gone to the extent of saying that the foreign policies of the U. S. and India are nearly the same. Neither Dulles nor Eisenhower has given up the demand for proofs of Russian good faith. In the past few months, moreover, it seemed to many observers that even if Presi-

dent Eisenhower did seem willing to meet the Russians half-way, his Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, always tended to pull him back from doing so.

The Republican Administration of the U. S. A. does not as yet seem to have woken up to the new atmosphere of potential understanding which pervades the world, thanks largely to the recent moves of the Soviet and the Chinese Governments. India has a great role to play in bringing about this transition from war-psychology to peace-psychology. The fact that India has been proposed as chairman of the neutral commission to deal with the outstanding issue of Prisoners of War is some measure of the impartiality which is confidently expected of her by both the old and the new democracies of the world. It is not easy to come up to the expectations of the various Governments and peoples of the world. But, in the spirit of the Rig Veda, India will strive, and will seek.

There is a great deal of difference between the way we look at developments in Asia and the way in which some countries of the West look at them. Nobody can convince us that the struggle of the people of Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam is not a struggle against colonial exploitation. But the French Government seem to have convinced the American Government that the struggle of the French was a crusade against World Communism.

It is quite true that the leadership of the Nationalist movements in these countries is Communist. But if the Communists have assumed the leadership of the peoples in these countries, it is entirely the colonial powers that are responsible for it. Even the Prime Minister of Laos had to point out that his people do not see any reason why they should fight for the continuance of French rule in their country. With the prospect of truce in Korea not so distant, it is difficult to internationalize the little Laotian war. The attempt was at first made by propagandists to depict the situation in Laos as a move from Moscow and Peking. But this attempt failed.

The Iranian ballet, which is on show in Delhi now, makes the mistake of passing off much that is non-Iranian as the genuine product. There are three Iranian folk items which are wonderful, but there are about half a dozen items, including two rather longish ballet numbers, which are wholly in the Western (Russian) ballet style. The language of the Russian ballet is hardly suited to the genius of Iran. The girls are very pretty indeed; but when we have said that we have said everything in favour of the group.

If the team gives us a two-hour programme composed entirely of

folk-dances, they will be a very great hit. There is much that is common between their folk items, and the folk dances of Kashmir and Punjab—to say nothing of the Kazhaks. The costumes of the dancers in these items were remarkably like those of the Punjabis and the Kashmiris. As for the music, the Iranians are supposed to base their music on *keeravani* raga, while we have *mayamowla gowla* as the main raga for Karnatic music, and they have *Sankarabharam* in the West. But we had not much evidence of *Keeravani*—and what there was did not display great originality.

LIGNITE: NEW FACTOR IN INDIA'S ECONOMY

By JAIROY JOSEPH

NEYVELL—At the siren's hoot at 4 p.m. giant cranes swing their buckets into the blazing sky. Dumpers roar and lunge carrying mud or stone, and scraper loaders stagger through the heavy mud. Looking like strange pre-historic monsters, these chugging machines work feverishly to dig a new life for India out of the earth.

At midnight the men and the machines go to their rest. They work at night to escape the sun's heat. Behind them is another day's work. Tomorrow they will start again at 4 p.m.

This is the scene at Neyveli, South Arcot, where a new future is opening up for India. This is the now-famous lignite mine.

Lignite, as the world knows, is soft brown coal that can be put to a wide variety of uses. In South Arcot, as nowhere else in India, this coal stretches over an area of approximately 100 square miles with a layer 60 feet thick. This rich deposit lies 170 feet beneath the earth's surface. It is there, waiting to be dug, and to be used for the benefit of all India.

The Government of Madras is digging an experimental quarry 550 feet square. The deposits if unearth-

ed at the rate of a million tons a year, will last 2,000 years.

Working with H. K. Ghose, Indian mining engineer, is Paul R. Eyrich of the United States Technical Cooperation Administration (Point Four). Eyrich, whose services were lent by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, came on a year's contract in 1951. But now the job is seen to be so great that he is staying longer.

The Government of India has loaned machinery for operations from the Bokharo mining project.

If lignite can be mined in quantity at Neyveli the entire face of South Indian economy will change for the better. For although enough bituminous coal is mined in northern India to serve present needs of the country, transport difficulties and costs have made it impossible to get coal from the north in sufficient quantities.

South Arcot lignite contains 30 to 35 per cent moisture and compares well with lignite obtained elsewhere in the world. Experiments are under way to determine the best conditions for forming the coal into briquettes.

When mining is fully developed, it is expected there will not be any fuel shortage for industries. Already there are thoughts of building a powerful

iron and steel industry in South India that can use South Arcot lignite for smelting.

A thermal station would provide cheap electricity—a matter of deep interest to all who have endured electric power cuts because of a failing water supply.

As raw material for synthetic liquid fuels like petrol, for alcohol, acids and waxes and many other chemicals and plastics, lignite is invaluable. In America many families use coal for home heating. This may well be copied in some parts of India. Fire-clay and China clay found above lignite layers can be used for making porcelain and bricks.

Digging takes place in a 12-square mile area north of Neyveli rail depot between Cuddalore and Vriddachallam. Workshops and laboratories cluster near the pithead, and labour quarters are springing up. The region slopes down to a pleasant green valley on the south of the railway where the lignite awaits extraction.

Mining operators in an effort to trace the veins of lignite dig artesian wells which prove a boon to peasants who thereby get enough water for at least two paddy crops a year. The wells, numbering about 300, also help mining operations by reducing underground water pressure.

The story of the discovery that can bring new prosperity to India dates back to the thirties when a villager digging for water found instead a strange, brown substance. A chemical laboratory in Madras observed

that when the substance dried it was like coal.

Spurred by this discovery, a private company began the laborious process of explorations but shortly gave up. Fuel shortage during World War II impelled the Central Government Geological Survey department to press investigations which disclosed a lignite-bearing area measuring 23 square miles. In 1947 the Government of Madras joined the search for coal.

Under the supervision of H. K. Ghose, three shafts were dug into the earth, and in one of them lignite was found. During excavations in 1951, R. S. Sanford, a U. S. mining expert, made a study and recommended acquiring the services of Paul R. Eyrich from the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

A total of 150 tons of material extracted through one of the shafts was enough to convince Eyrich of the richness of the deposit. Along with Ghose and a committee of experts he prepared the present quarry scheme which the Government of Madras has implemented.

As yet the future of the South Arcot mining project can be seen only in outline. Eyrich and Ghose are certain of one thing—that a vast amount of coal lies beneath the earth, perhaps a treasure of such proportions as to materially improve the life of all India. Certainly it is basic to industrial progress. Yet, large as it is, it is only one of countless discoveries already made and still to be made as India moves forward to a better life for all her people.

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R E G D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILIA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 85254.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koil East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

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.

Unfortunate Leadership

Recently some of the so-called Andhra leaders are advocating that the Andhra capital should be located at Tirupati. Commonsense reveals that Tirupati is not at all suitable as the capital of a State even temporarily and it is really our misfortune to have these people as our leaders.

I do not find any reason why both the capital and the High Court should not be located at one place for administrative convenience. The question of the Sri Bagh Pact does not arise at all in a temporary set-up of things. We have to honour the pact not word by word blindly but in a way beneficial to all sections of people.

BOMMAKANTI RAMA RAO.

Sex In Advertising

I wish we could throw an "iron curtain" round this country. It is considered absolutely necessary to prevent the entry of an infected person; but who ever thinks of quarantining the country against moral infections and perversions of sorts? The havoc that infected germs of vulgarity are playing with social health is incalculable. They escape public notice only because they are so ubiquitous. I mean the prostitution of the sex instinct for purposes of business.

If they have an automobile to sell they won't just narrate the excellence of its devices and comforts, they would not be satisfied even with a reproduction of the limousine. They would put in a buxom blonde complete with waving scarf and smiling teeth to appeal to the sex of the buying male. Advertising tooth paste, they would not be content with giving the medicinal properties of the cream; they would not even stop at showing excellently formed teeth—which any way are a gift of nature unrelated to the choice of the paste one uses. The teeth would invariably belong to a charming belle.

They do so because advertising is a business—one of the biggest bus-

nesses in the modern world—and business psychologists find that sex symbolisation can help sell more things. This commercialisation of sex is a gross and vulgar insult to womanhood. Is the Government unwilling or powerless to require advertising to be only factual, and in any case prohibit its irrelevant association with the female form?

We have a Film Censor Board. The film industry has a lot to say about the 'conservative' film censors. They cut out a lot, they complain. I wish they cut out much more. Is a scene to be cut out only if it is openly obscene? Is the scene of an Indian wife slapping her husband either decent or even realistic? Are those ghoulis looks of disappointed lovers any nearer to reality? These are not small things. They are like little pieces of dynamite blowing up our scheme of social organisation. These vulgarised attitudes, these gross expressions are like so much flood water eroding moral standards and disrupting social harmony. Why cannot these exaggerated, lying vulgarisations of social attitudes be considered fit stuff for the censors' scissors?

Perhaps the worst sinners in this respect are the pocket books of U. S. A. put on sale at the world's news-stands. The U. S. House Committee reporting on these pocket books observed that "the extent to which the profit motive has brushed aside all generally accepted standards of decency.....has become a national disgrace."

How can we allow the coming generation to graze on this filth and yet expect it to do great deeds and good by the country? Why cannot the Government strictly censor this 'literature' before letting it in. The Government amended the Constitution to curtail the freedom of political expression but has allowed pornography to play havoc with young minds. It is like putting things in reverse gear.

New Delhi.

E. K. MALKANI