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THE magic breath of the God of cure
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Whatever your pain, it drives, be sure.
O, have an eye, lest other things lure.

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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.

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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

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ON THE COVER: Sri M. Chalapatni Rau, Editor, *National Herald*, snapped on arrival at the Meenambakkam airport on Monday.

June 6 1953

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SWATANTRA

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras-4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Subscription rates (including postage): for one year: inland Rs. 20; foreign: £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: inland Rs. 10; foreign: 18sh., or \$4.

Editorial

MADRAS GOVERNMENT'S NEW ELEMENTARY EDUCATION SCHEME

THE new scheme of elementary education in Madras State was explained by the Director of Public Instruction at the conference of Inspectors of Schools and Presidents of District Boards that met at the Secretariat on Monday. "Our principal objective in this new effort," he said, "is to prevent pupils from becoming physically and mentally incapable of productive activities because of their schooling." For this purpose, we are told, the burden of long school hours will be reduced, and the pupils will have one half of each day free to remain with their families and participate in their work in and outside the home. For the children of families who do not work with their hands, arrangements will be made for organised social work by the pupils themselves or for some work in the village or in the school. Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education, who presided over the conference, claimed that the new step would "revolutionise the entire system of elementary education." Sri Rajagopalachari, the Chief Minister, was even more optimistic. "I feel we are laying the foundation for a very big thing," he said. "We are really on the brink of a very historical change. It is not merely a change in the educational practice. It is a change in the whole of the life organisation towards progress. It is not merely an affair of a school or schoolmaster, but the affair of the entire people."

WE notice that in some quarters the scheme has been received with extreme scepticism. As the scheme applies only to children of 11 years and less, doubts have been expressed as to whether these children of such tender age can be expected to learn farming or any of the occupations covered by the scheme, whether in fact adolescents cannot be more befittingly brought under its purview. There is no reason why the better should be made an enemy of the good, but the plea for extension of the benefits of the scheme to adolescents as well in the higher grades of the educational system will be hard to refute, if the Chief Minister's claim on behalf of the scheme is to have any validity in the integral reality of the administration. As quoted

above, C. R.'s claim was to the effect that the scheme was nothing less than an affair of the entire people, a change in the whole of the life organisation towards progress. If so, it does not seem to be correct to restrict merely to elementary school children under 11, a revolutionary change conceived as an affair of the entire people, an essential step in the whole of the life organisation towards progress. Are the protagonists of the scheme so faint-hearted that they dare not apply it except to the most helpless section of the school population?

WE believe in this new scheme of the Government much more than the Government themselves seem to do. If all that the Chief Minister and the Education Minister expect of the scheme is not to be confined merely to wordy propaganda, we do not understand why its application should not be extended to secondary and college students. These are precisely the pupils in whose case the danger of their "becoming physically and mentally incapable of productive activities because of their schooling" is of the most serious kind. Long years lie ahead before the contribution of children under 11 to the content of progress can take practical effect. But the case is different in the case of secondary grade pupils and college undergraduates whose schooling has a direct bearing on the "progress" to be achieved in the immediate future. We are all for the Government scheme. But it has started from the wrong end. That should be rectified, or there should be no exemption from the operation of the scheme to any section of pupils at least in the secondary education system.

IF teachers have not responded enthusiastically to the scheme, the psychology underlying their apathy is worth study. It might very well look to the teachers that the scheme is the thin end of the wedge for a double shift system of three hours each in the mornings and evenings, imposing on them, double work for the same wage under the cover of a six hour day? If this is a misapprehension, it should be cleared, and we urge the Government to do so to enlist the support of the teachers, so indispensable for the success of any scheme.

CAESAREAN BIRTH

O TELL

where should be the Andhra Capital?

In Kurnool,

to gather wool?

Or on the top of the Seven Hills,

to be yellow about the gills?

Or is it to be a Caesarean birth

betwixt heaven and earth?

DHANUS

Notes

DAMNING, BUT JUST

"THE press in India has as yet no relation to the country's needs," observed Sri M. Chalapathi Rau in his presidential address at the third conference of the Indian Federation of Working Journalists held at Trivandrum last week. It was a damning indictment, but just. Nothing is left now of the traditions that influenced the Indian press before the advent of freedom. In its place we have a cheap commercialism of a primitive sort given to sordid and salacious displays. Of the primitiveness of the Indian press, Sri Chalapathi Rau says that it is "that of hairy apes who are merely aping techniques which have no relation to Indian social needs." Is there no hope of the press passing beyond its present rootless condition and attaining robustness and health? Sri Chalapathi Rau holds that it can and must, and to that end he calls upon the working journalists "to discard the intellectualism which has become an aid to ease, imitativeness and inertia, and to develop the spirit of campaigning and zeal for public interest." We do not know if intellectualism is in itself an evil or there is too much of it in the Indian press or it is inevitably a source of effete tendencies. In Sri Chalapathi Rau himself we have as captivating a combination of intellectualism and vigour as may be desired, and the rarity of it, let it be hoped, will not shut out the endeavour and the aspiration. There is no doubt, however, that the mission of converting the press into a competent instrument for fulfilment of the country's needs is all-important. Whatever be the handicaps besetting the mission, it is the journalists alone, constituting themselves into an "intellectual proletariat" that can shoulder it effectively. And they can hope for no more invigorating stimulant than the great work of the Editor of *The National Herald*.

INDECISION BREEDS WASTE

"It is a sad state of affairs indeed that under Swaraj and the

Congress Government of Shri Nehru, the strong and the bullies can have their own way but the weak must go to the wall." These words were spoken by Sri K. R. Karanth in his presidential address at the Akhand Karnatak Rajya Nirman Parishad held at Devanagere last week. They indicate the bitter sentiment roused among Karnatak people by the wobbles and prevarications of the Central Government's policy in the matter of linguistic States. It was open to Pandit Nehru, if he believed that linguistic division is not in the national interest, to say so clearly and stick to his word. There would have been protests, but they would have died down quietly under the impetus of the overwhelming desire of a vast body of citizens in the country to suffer no change in the Prime Ministership. But the moment Pandit Nehru gave in to the Andhra demand for a separate State after Sri Potti Sriramulu's death, he surrendered his power of stemming similar demands from others. It is no longer possible to withhold linguistic States from clamouring minorities who feel themselves dismembered in continuing to be included under different State administrations. Advocates of mergers between different linguistic regions like Sri Rajagopalachari do therefore no service to themselves or the bosses of the Central Government in this atmosphere. The twist to political sentiment given by the formation of the Andhra State cannot be unwinded in this generation. Much harm will be saved if the inevitability of further extensions of linguistic division is acknowledged without equivocation and adjustments to it made promptly with vision and administrative sagacity. For example, the creation of a Karnataka State after the Andhra State is a foregone conclusion. If it is met half way, waste can be eliminated, and the throwing away of a few crores on a temporary Andhra capital averted, with Hyderabad established straightaway as the permanent capital of Visal Andhra.

SIDELIGHTS : :

ANDHRA legislators have made a mess of the capital issue. It must be said to the credit of the Communists that they alone of all the Andhra legislators gave a definite lead and canvassed public opinion in favour of it. They took the view that the capital should be located at Vijayawada and the High Court at Anantapur and lost no time in proclaiming it from the house-tops. In asking however for separate locations for the capital and the High Court, the Communists fell into the same pitfall as the framers of the Sri Bagh Pact, and disregarded commonsense, public interest and practical administrative convenience. There is everything in favour of locating both the capital and the High Court in the same place, and nothing to justify separating them and stationing them in different localities. The High Court and the Secretariat attract a great inflow of population from all over the State, and often the business of the visitors is spread over the two institutions. It is cruelty to compel them to make two journeys to different places divided by a great distance at double the expense where one could suffice. Anyone with some knowledge of administration knows that the relation between the Ministry and the Advocate-General is close and intimate and he has to be available on the spot for daily consultations. As leader of the bar the Advocate-General is also inseparable from the very set-up of the High Court. The judgment of sane people everywhere in the world has endorsed the wisdom of not separating the High Court from the Secretariat and treating them as a vitally inter-connected organic combination. It is no service to the Andhras to inflict on them the dreadful discomforts and heavy economic handicaps bound up with flinging the High Court far away from the capital, even though this, along with several other similar fantastic propositions, was included in the Sri Bagh Pact seventeen years ago.

So far at least as the issue of the

capital is concerned, the Communists have been clear, precise, unambiguous. Quite the reverse has been the case with the other parties among the Andhra legislators. The Krishikar Lok Party upheld for a while the claims of Tirupati but abandoned them eventually and changed over to Kurnool. The greatest distinction in the matter of non-committalness over the location of the capital belongs, without doubt, to the leader of the Congress Party, Sri Sanjiva Reddi. He gravitated towards Kurnool, apparently without any will of his own, propelled thereto by the pressure and force of stronger minds. As for Sri Prakasam, he specialised throughout in over-emphasising that no finality attached to any decision, and in the midst of avowals of no-finality he arrived at Kurnool as the final choice. The decision for Kurnool was taken on a wave of indecisiveness, and its announcement synchronised with keen public disappointment over Sri Prakasam's last minute, unexpected acquiescence which made it possible.

Sri Prakasam seems to have thought that if Kurnool is not selected as capital, the Rayalaseema legislators will secede and the Andhra State itself will be in jeopardy. He consented to Kurnool to save the Andhra State whose very formation, he felt, might otherwise be imperilled. Anything in the nature of a sacrifice attracts Sri Prakasam as a magnet, and from the moment he conceived of the choice of Kurnool as a sacrifice to unity, all doubts vanished and he took upon himself the burden of getting Kurnool accepted, as a matter of duty. Right and wrong and all other proprieties were immediately buried in Sri Prakasam's boundless capacity for self-deception.

IN the whole of Andhra there is perhaps no town which is so ill-fitted to be the capital of the State as Kurnool. It is not centrally located. It is not easily accessible. There is no food in plenty, no housing accommodation, and no local public of a robust political calibre.

Every one of the inherently sound tests for the choice of a capital is violated in the case of Kurnool, and an enormous outlay will be required for overcoming the initial difficulties of the location. Even Sri Tenneti Viswanadham, to whose lot it fell to move the resolution advocating the location of the capital in Kurnool, does not seem to have been convinced of the worthiness of his brief. Unconvinced himself, it is not surprising that he completely failed to convince others.

The choice of Kurnool as capital has taken the life out of the Andhra State. The currents of life in the State are elsewhere. They will bypass the capital, which, adorned with a big name, will be condemned to an inadequate existence mocking its nominal status. The so-called act of unity among the parties on which the town is reared to metropolitan dignity will mask the fiercest resentments that will urge the politics of the State into chronic disruption.

Vijayawada is the nerve-centre of Andhra, the heart from which its life-blood flows, and just as the heart cannot be located in the leg, the capital of Andhra cannot be located at Kurnool. The choice of Kurnool is an abnormality that has to be rectified, and if it is not rectified it may cost all those responsible for it the positions they have been holding in public life.

THIS week is memorable to Swatantra as it marks the advent on the staff of Sri Manjeri Isvaran.

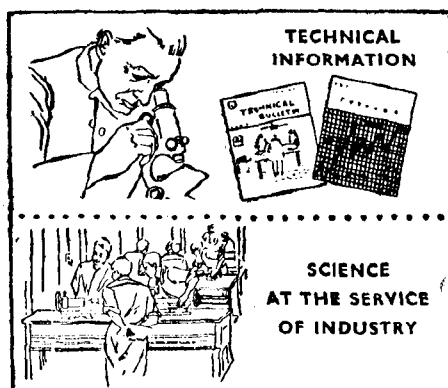
He will be the Literary Editor. Traces of his handiwork are evident in this issue, but they are merely a beginning. Not only is he a master of English prose, he is fastidious and untiring in his attention to the details of type-setting and printing and in his search for more and evermore pleasing harmonies between the content of writing and its clothing in letter-press. An agreeable improvement in the appearance of every page of the journal may be looked up to by readers in consequence of his association with its work. The weekly and the periodical press cannot fall back on the excitements and sensations comprised under "news" in the dailies. It can become distinguished only with the distinction contributed to its pages by gifted writers. In terms of quality, Swatantra has been blessed by the goodwill and active support of some of the greatest figures in the country's journalism. On occasion they have made it scintillate with brilliance. But these giants in their generation have been all too few and in the quest for successors to build a bridge between the old and the new, the effort has been greater than the fulfilment. Isvaran is just the man to achieve a reversal of this inadequacy. Apart from being a renowned writer, he is renowned for a keen eye to spot out talent and a genius to spur it to its finest expression. Under the care and tutelage of such an adept, Swatantra will overcome some of the defects of its unenterprising publisher and become brighter than it has ever been hitherto. SAKA

The mark of originality is not to think, say or do something entirely new and alien, but to have the power of distilling a food from a poison; of taking in from the world around all that is vital and of rejecting the rest as refuse; and finally, of giving out to the world what has been made in one's inner self, a fulgent conviction, in such a way that when a man presents his gospel people exclaim: "Never mind spake as this man." This is the originality we claim for genius.

CONRAD NOEL

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ISTAT CHAS

NEW HOPE FOR THE CHILDLESS

By DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: 28th May 1953. For the first time in history, doctors of the world are gathering for a concerted effort to relieve one of the greatest causes of unhappiness, the barrenness that afflicts 10 per cent of all married couples. This week-long First World Congress on Fertility and Sterility, opening in New York tomorrow, will draw about 1,800 medical men from 52 countries.

It is a fact of psychology well known even among laymen today that a wholesome family relationship is almost essential to the development of a normal individual and to his happiness in life. By the same token, it is plain that the strength and happiness of a nation—which is after all, fundamentally only an aggregation of individuals—rests on this same cornerstone. The chief requisite of a normal home, assuming the marital love that already should exist, is that the wife have babies. The failure to have babies is one of the greatest causes of connubial dissension and eventual divorce.

Recently compiled statistics indicate that the marriages of about 15,000,000 Americans are barren, and, in this connection, it is notable that today a fifth of American marriages end in divorce, compared to an eighth of them a generation before that and a tenth another 20 years back. To a certain extent, the instability of modern life is contributing to the increase of the incidences of both sterility and divorce.

The suicide rate, also a sign of national decadence, is far higher in this and many other highly civilized nations than it would be if family life were happier. The annual number of suicides in the United States is over 17,000, which is considerably higher than the homicide deaths. The relationship of suicide and sterility is well recognized in Sweden, where the medical profession is devoting itself so diligently to the problem of sterility that the nation holds undisputed world leadership in

this field of study. One of Sweden's greatest fertility specialists, Professor Axel Westman, will report on Swedish research at the forthcoming congress.

Doctors specializing in this field point out the significance of Russian experiments which have brought great strides in animal husbandry. The knowledge gained from these studies is applied to humans to further build up the population and support the purposes of the socialist revolution.

The scientists who will convene in New York are not concerned with the problem of bigger populations but rather with happier populations. The Biblical injunction "Be fruitful and multiply" is not only the statement of a religious purpose. It is the expression of a psychological principle essential to a full life, particularly for the woman. A woman has not really completed her emotional evolution, actually has not grown up to her potential degree of maturity, until she has had a child. It is an innate craving, physical as well as emotional, and will not be satisfied by success in the field of the career woman. In a man, the urge for parenthood is important but less strong, and its fulfilment serves primarily to bolster his ego. He is saddened, however, if he sees his mate heartbroken because of her frustrated desire for motherhood.

OR he may, instead, become hostile toward his wife, if her reaction takes the form of illogical resentment toward him, as often happens. She may complain constantly to him, making him the butt of her grievance against fate, harping on the subject itself or on extraneous matters which are merely the excuse for venting her spleen. And so the day may come when he feels he can no longer stand her nagging and thus the once-happy home is destroyed.

Already, even though the treatment of barrenness is just coming into recognition as a speciality, techniques are known which will provide a normal childbirth in a large proportion of cases of sterility.

greatest benefit of the congress will be in increasing the public's awareness of these matters.

"Sterility in the female," said Dr. Abner I. Weisman, of New York, associate secretary general of the International Fertility Association, "can be helped in more than 50 per cent of cases. As far as males are concerned, about the best we can do now is educate the parents to watch out for things that may cause boys to be sterile in adulthood, such, for instance, as injuries suffered in violent games like football."

Each partner is apt at times to blame the other for their deprivation. The fact is that the fault is exclusively in the man in only 5 per cent of the cases. In the other 90 per cent of cases, usually two or three of various possible contributing causes are involved.

In 25 to 30 per cent of cases of barrenness in the wife, no organic fault can be found, and a search

must be made for psychic causes. To the layman, it is astonishing what effects these mental or emotional factors can have. They can, in fact, produce the usual organic symptoms, including absence of ovulation.

NATIONAL organizations for the study of fertility and sterility have existed for several years. It was at a meeting of the Brazilian society concerned with this subject, at Rio de Janeiro in 1951, that the International Fertility Association was organized and the first plans made for the world congress which will open here tomorrow under the auspices of the international group and the American Society for the Study of Sterility.

The conference will include 22 specialized sections. These will include two veterinary medicine sections, for veterinarians are doing much research with animals which throws light on the reproductive problems of humans.



The wedding of Kumari Kalyani, daughter of Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan, Chairman of the Simpson Group Companies, Madras, with Sri Sundaram, son of Sri R. S. A. Sankara Iyer, banker, Kallidai Kurichi, was celebrated on 28th May 1953. The marriage and the reception in the evening were attended by over 10,000 people, including the elites of the country. The couple were the recipients of countless presents of great value. All the workmen of the 15 companies in the Group totalling about 6,000 were present at a dinner given specially for them on the 30th May.

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN

By P. N. S.

NO series of Test matches after the war between England and Australia has aroused such keen interest as the one that will be beginning next week. For the first time the two countries seem of equal strength, whether we attribute it to the rise of English cricket or to the decline of Australia from her eminence. That England looks forward to regaining the 'Ashes' will be an understatement; she does so with a sense of robust optimism. But the manner in which the Australians have begun the tour suggests that England's task will not be easy. It has become evident already that England's captain will have a very hard task, calling for the highest qualities of leadership. It also became evident that the one man cut out for the job is Len Hutton, the first professional to lead England in Test matches. And the choice of the selection committee for the post has been obvious.

It was Leeds in the early thirties. A big crowd was watching with awe young Don Bradman wielding the willow like a scimitar to break English hearts. Like a bullet the ball shot forth again and again from his bat to find its mark—the boundary—unerringly. And in that vast crowd watching the Test match was a young, lanky youth. He followed Bradman's batsmanship with more than youthful glee; he followed it with a purpose and made mental notes for his own use in building up a career, which the ambitious youth determined must be no less great than Don's.

The years had flown by but the scene was once again an England-Australia Test match at the Oval in 1938. Another big crowd tense with excitement was watching a lean young man batting against the Australian giants. Suddenly the tenseness was broken by a pandemonium of clapping which then gave way to the song "For he is a jolly good fellow", which the crowd took up. Meanwhile, Bradman, who was leading the Australians, advanced to the

young batsman, who stood waving his cap in acknowledgement of the cheers, and preferred a warm handshake to the accompaniment of greater cheers. For the young man had just then broken Bradman's Test record of 334.

The hero of the day was none other than Len Hutton, who last season wore the crown of England captaincy as to the manner born.

The story of Hutton's career is the triumph of character over adversity. Len Hutton was born in Pudsey 36 years ago, and Pudsey is in Yorkshire where cricket is treated as much a business as a game. With the deeds of many famous Yorkshiremen ringing in his ears, Hutton grew up in an atmosphere of cricket. Rhodes had retired from the game but was still at the nets teaching the young ones as only he could. Herbert Sutcliffe was still there playing the game with lordly disdain. And there were scores of others from other counties—Hobbs, Hammond, Tate, Woolley, Allen, to name only a few—names sufficient to fire the imagination of any ambitious youth.

SET on his goal, Hutton grew in cricket with purpose and steadfastness. From the first shot he treated the game as a career and advanced far more rapidly than his playmates. At the age of 17 he dared to score his first century for Yorkshire, a feat no other player had done before. Meanwhile the keen eyes of the critics discerned in young Hutton a batsman out of the ordinary. Though there was nothing daring or glorious in his methods, they found Hutton's cricket flowering on a matchless technique that was ready to take heavy toll of bowlers at the proper time.

The year 1938 found England regaining her glory in cricket. Hutton and Charles Barnett, Denis Compton and Bill Edrich were some of the youngsters who filled English hearts with hopes for the future, and pride. And when Hutton in the first year of his appearance against Australia broke Bradman's record and set up

his own of 364 runs—a figure still to be lowered—England overflowed with joy.

That record-shattering innings at the Oval brought out the character of Hutton in no uncertain manner. For 13 hours 20 minutes in sweltering heat he showed amazing powers of concentration and battled superbly against an attack spearheaded by the great O'Reilly.

Charles Macartney, wrote of this innings thus: "Hutton displayed sterling batsmanship. His graceful off-drives, cutting and glides to leg and ideal temperament all revealed him as undoubtedly destined to fill the shoes of his country tutor, Sutcliffe, as England's opening batsman for years to come. . . . Hutton achieved a wonderful performance. His was an amazing feat of physical endurance and patience. His innings contained remarkably few mistakes."

THEN the sky suddenly darkened, and for a moment it seemed that the world had heard the last of cricketer Hutton. During a physical training course during the war Hutton's left arm got severely injured and 46 stitches were inserted to repair the damage. Fortunately the arm recovered but it was two inches shorter than the other arm. With this handicap many other cricketers would have given up the game. But Hutton was differently made. Bat in hand he came back to the middle and, through periods of struggle during which he had to face the fury of pacemen like Lindwall and Miller, he adjusted his technique and overcame

his disability. And in the 1950-51 tour of Australia, Hutton was the master just as Jack Hobbs was in his days. And his innings of 38 during the 1946-47 tour in a Test is still talked of as reminiscent of Victor Trumper.

AFTER the Second World War the ranks of amateur cricketers in England had become much depleted. When Norman Yardley laid down the reins, the job of finding an England captain from the amateurs proved such a difficult task that F. R. Brown, in his forties, was called forth to lead England against Australia. But this sort of thing could not go on for long. So when India toured England last summer, the M. C. C. broke a time-honoured tradition and decided to appoint a professional to lead the country in Tests. And with Denis Compton badly out of form, the obvious choice was Len Hutton. The successful manner in which Hutton bore the burdens of captaincy without in any way affecting his batting skill is recent history.

Neville Cardus, writing recently about Hassett and Hutton as captains, calls them a perfect match—"two stern captains, both on the watch, both quick at the main chance but prepared not to get to blows for hours, both endowed with the humour that reveals self as clearly as it reveals others." He adds that "by the rubber may well be settled which of the two captains is the more enterprising." And if Hutton fulfils English hopes, the pride of Pudsey will surely become the pride of England.

THE QUEEN'S CASTLES AND PALACES

By MONROE JOHNSTON

The palaces of a queen are always surrounded by an aura of romance and fantasy, and those belonging to Elizabeth are no exception. Even mystery lurks in some rooms forever sealed.

WINDSOR CASTLE is the kind of place where the unlikely becomes likely. For 1,000 years it has been a home away from home for England's rulers. It has catered to their relaxed moods and fanciful whims. It has been a royal enclosure where, free from the always-curious public eye, a monarch could relax. It is the best known of all the royal palaces.

How many palaces are the Queen's, under the Queen's control, under the control of the State but at the Queen's disposal? This seems to be an unanswerable question in England.

The official spokesman at Buckingham Palace says: "If you are writing of the royal palaces, you can only mention four—Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, official residences; Balmoral Castle and Sandringham House, private residences."

The Ministry of Works, which maintains those palaces under the control of the State, says it has responsibility for Buckingham Palace (except certain private apartments), Windsor Castle (except certain apartments), Hampton Court Palace, Kensington Palace, St. James' Palace, Kew Palace, the Palace of Holyrood, Marlborough House and Frogmore House.

It is certain the Queen has the control of Osborne House, Clarence House, Abergeldie Castle, White Cottage, Royal Lodge and York Cottage. And it has been reported that Queen Elizabeth may "reopen" Osborne House, given to the nation by Edward VII.

In addition, the Queen has a historic right to residence in the palaces of the ancient Scottish kings. Should she so desire, she could have such storied castles as Dumbarton, Stirling and Falkirk renovated and

made over as royal residences. As a child, the Dowager Queen Mary resided at Dumbarton Castle.

The Ghost Of Windsor

It is not known whether at the death of the Duke of Windsor his holdings will revert to the Crown. Fort Belvedere on Virginia Water, now empty, was one of his official residences. From his own money, he also purchased hundreds of acres around Stoke Climsland in Cornwall.

William the Conqueror came, saw and was conquered by Windsor's "pureness of air and pleasantness of situation." The height of land with its Saxon earthworks and valuable timber lands then belonged to the abbots of Westminster. The Norman Conqueror swapped royal demesnes in Surrey and Essex for possession, and from that time it became a favourite hunting-box.

Elizabeth is the 41st sovereign to reside at Windsor. Her return last year to the grounds, which hold the bodies of her father, grandfather and great-grandfather, was marked by subdued cordiality. The memories of that bleak February day when all that was mortal of King George VI was lowered through the floor of St. George's chapel were still too fresh.

PRIOR to her return, the castle and grounds were closed while Windsor's large stall of handymen prepared the place for royal occupation. Drainage and plumbing facilities were overhauled; sidewalks and roads repaired; stone-work and metal-work renewed. In the banquet and reception halls, dozens of seamstresses stitched and fringed the giant carpets frayed with age.

The castle's keepers still recall how the Queen, when a princess, exclaimed over Windsor's ghost stories. Her favourite spectre was the famous Herne the Hunter who on eerie

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moonlight nights rode with his hounds through the Great Park's forests.

But equally exciting for the young princess was the story of the ghost of George III. When the third of the Hanoverians went mad, he was confined to a suite of rooms overlooking the north terrace. In moments of sanity, he might have seen the winding Thames below and the distant green fields of Eton.

Nine years later the king was dead. But the ghost of the dead king lived on. Guards treading the north terrace came to tell of glancing up at the window of the king's apartment and seeing his pale figure standing at the parted curtains, his hand raised in salute.

SO bedevilled by the apparition were the guards, says legend, that they came to fear their nightly vigil on the terrace. But with the death of William IV and the ending of Hanoverian line, the spectre apparently went into retirement.

Sovereign queens seem to have formed a peculiar attachment for Windsor. Victoria, Anne and Elizabeth I all spent long periods at the castle or in the vicinity. Victoria's protracted stay following the death of her consort did not endear her to the nation, which felt its queen should forget she was the "Widow of Windsor" and again enter into national life.

The heraldic "ER" which adorns a lintel of the royal library tells the world the present Queen is not the first Elizabeth to leave her mark on the timeworn fortress. In fact, the famous north terrace owes its origin to "Good Queen Bess" who, with her courtiers, strolled along the battlements waiting for the latest word from her favoured "sea-dogs."

The women in Windsor's life have not all been royalty. Lady Mary Grey was sentenced to the castle cells for daring to marry beneath her. She married Queen Elizabeth's gentleman porter.

Most of Charles II's mistresses spent some time in Windsor's halls. They formed a happy little harem and Queen Catherine rarely took affront at the unusual situation. Nell Gwynn and Louise de Keroualle, whom the King created Duchess of

Portsmouth, reigned over the harem after the departure of the fiery Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland.

Proud of his showpieces, King Charles kept Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller busy at the palette, painting the glamorous creatures. Even today the sweet features of such "belles dames" as Frances Stuart and Elizabeth Hamilton look down from the walls of the King's Closet.

The private apartments where Queen Elizabeth lives are not thrown open to the public. But in her absence the State apartments where visiting royalty are entertained are open for public inspection and from these one can gather the splendid scale on which royalty lives.

The walls of every chamber are lined with canvases worth the king's ransom that has been paid for them. Among the old masters represented in the State apartments are Rubens, Van Dyck, Holbein, del Sarto, Durer, Rembrandt and Lawrence.

Gobelin tapestries, Roubillac sculptures, Grinling Gibbons woodcarvings, Louis XIV furniture and embellished silver and crystal work that vies with the best in Versailles make the rooms royal in every sense of the word.

THE collection of armour and weapons around the grand staircase and in the guard chamber are considered among the finest in the world. The mail of Henry VIII and the Stuart princes, perfectly preserved and well maintained, is especially notable.

Elizabeth's Early Home

Windsor Castle, its parks and forests, form a domain in themselves. The thousands of acres the Queen now owns embrace estates that are extensive in their own right. Included in these are Royal Lodge, Sunninghill, Fort Belvedere, Frogmore and Cumberland Lodge. The land holdings of the Queen at Windsor also include golf courses, the Ascot race track and a private aerodrome. Virginia Water, the largest artificial body of water in Great Britain, forms the southern boundary of Windsor's Great Park.

Royal Lodge nestles near the middle of Great Park and is a little more than three miles from the castle. The lodge will be remembered for its intimate connection with George VI.

When, as Duke of York, he moved his family of four into the comparatively small home, it was in a sorry state. None of the monarchs since George IV had taken much interest in this parcel of land.

The late king set about turning it into a comfortable home. It was converted into a typically English country residence, charming and unassuming. Pale pink in colour, it is surrounded by lawns and flowers. The only other building standing in the neighbourhood is the Royal Chapel of All Saints, built by Queen Victoria.

IT was at Royal Lodge that Elizabeth, as a princess, kept her famous aviary which at one time contained 50 prize birds. In the grounds of the lodge stood Y Bwthyn Bach, "The Small House," presented to the royal princesses by the people of Wales.

This thatched cottage was the centre of the Queen's childhood world. She was responsible for its care and it offered her excellent training in domestic work. Here she used to entertain other members of the royal family to tea, serving them scones and cakes cooked by herself in the miniature stove in the kitchen. Y Bwthyn Bach and Royal Lodge will always hold a high and tender place in the Queen's memories.

It seems highly unlikely that the Queen will reclaim such historic palaces as Hampton Court, Kensington and St. James. As "grace-and-favour" residences, all three are fully occupied by either officials of the royal household or distinguished public servants or their widows. The occupants pay no rent or taxes but must take care of their own light and heat.

Queen Elizabeth supervises allocation of "grace-and-favour" apartments. Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse and Queen's Treasurer, is in charge of day-to-day administration. Sir Ulick is a "grace-and-favour" tenant. One of the apartments at Hampton Court is occupied by Mrs. E. C. Kennedy, widow of the heroic captain of the merchant cruiser *Rawalpindi*. Her son married ballerina Moira Shearer.

Prince Albert's Purchases

Prince Albert, England's last prince consort, was the greatest royal land investor since Henry VIII. Britain

wonders whether the Duke of Edinburgh may take an interest in adding to the royal demesnes.

During his consortship, Prince Albert purchased Osborne House and its lovely grounds on the Isle of Wight; Balmoral Castle with its 11,000 acres; and Sandringham with its then 7,000 acres. He also enlarged the royal holdings at Windsor.

Bought by the Prince Consort in 1861 as a country estate for Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, from part of the accumulated revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, Sandringham in Norfolk was the favourite residence of the Prince and later of his son, King George V. The original outlay was £220,000 (\$1,100,000). Since its acquisition, the royal family has spent an estimated £1,000,000 putting it in shape.

IN his short reign as king, Edward VIII brought the greatest changes to the royal estates. In the interests of economy he reduced the number of retainers at Sandringham from 700 to 300. He instituted a system of pay bonuses for all workers. He transferred the royal racing stud to Hampton Court and the magnificent Windsor "Grays" to the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace. He leased to nearby farmers a great proportion of Sandringham's farmland. He ordered an end to pheasant rearing and drastically cut the size of the dog kennels.

When his brother, the late King, came to the throne, these orders were countermanded and all notices handed the retainers withdrawn. The late King also reintroduced the custom of flying the royal standard at Sandringham when in residence there. Edward had dispensed with this on the grounds that he was never in one place long enough. Frequently the royal standard would be flying at Buckingham Palace when Edward was at Fort Belvedere. Using his private aircraft, he was constantly on the go. The royal standard could never seem to keep up with him.

On his trips to Sandringham, he used his own aircraft, the regular train service or a private car unmarked with the royal ensign. George VI always used the royal train or the official-bannered car. In the reign of George VI, every facet of life

at Sandringham was "royal." Those who know the present Queen say this situation will continue.

Balmoral Castle, the great mansion of white Crathie granite on the River Dee at the foot of Craig Gowan in Scotland, was another of Prince Albert's bargains. It was bought in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife for £31,500. It was Queen Victoria's favourite residence. There, among her kilted gillies, she was at her happiest.

Stories Of Holyrood

THE most fabled of the Scottish residences is the palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh. It has a sinister history of murder, intrigue and mystery. It was said Victoria had no use for this palace because it was haunted. The old queen once swore she had seen beds moving around in an uncanny manner.

Chief royal palace in Scotland, Holyrood, was home to Mary Queen of Scots for six tragic years. Reminiscent of a French chateau, the palace forms a quadrangle with the historic apartments on one side and the State apartments on the other.

Begun in 1500 on the site of an old Augustinian abbey by James IV of Scotland, it was burned to the ground by the English Earl of Hartford in 1544. Rebuilt, it was sacked again in 1547. The ill-fated Queen of Scots took up residence there in 1561. Here occurred her memorable interview with John Knox, the murder of Rizzio and her hasty marriage to Bothwell. The palace was enlarged to its present extent by the Duke of Lauderdale in the reign of Charles II. In 1745, prior to his fabulous march into England, "Bonny Prince" Charles held his gay court here beneath the frowning guns of Edinburgh Castle.

Hampton Court, Wolsley's great palace on the Thames, has not been occupied by a reigning sovereign since 1760. The State rooms and the ornate gardens were thrown open to the public by Queen Victoria. Nearly 1,000 rooms in the palace form separate "grace-and-favour" apartments.

When Cardinal Wolsley planned his country home he was the wealthiest and most powerful subject in Henry VIII's kingdom. His home was designed to "show-up" the royal

palaces. So successful was he in this plan that the King decided to give up his old fashioned homes and move into Hampton Court. Accordingly he stripped Wolsley of all his lands and goods. A year later, Henry took possession and began an embellishment of the palace which made it the most renowned in the Western world.

In the reign of William and Mary, this palace saw a second great rebuilding. Commissioned to enlarge it, Sir Christopher Wren designed it in the classic renaissance of the day. The gardens were replanned in the formal manner of the French. Its incomparable collections of canvases, tapestries, furniture, plate, armour, weapons and carvings make it one of England's proudest possessions.

St. James, the official court to which all foreign diplomats are accredited, was originally built by Henry VIII on the site of an old hospital for "fourteen maidens that were leprous." While fire destroyed its east wing in 1809 and while alterations and decorations have almost entirely defaced the Tudor work, its many turrets and pleasant beauty still make it the favourite palace of many Londoners. After Wolsley's downfall, it was deserted by the King and it was not until William III that it again became a sovereign's home.

The unimposing brick palace in Kensington Gardens has an unhappy link with Queen Mary's childhood. After her spendthrift mother plunged the family head over heels in debt, the Tecks were evicted from Kensington Palace. It is said that one room in this palace remains forever locked.

AN air of mystery surrounds rooms in a number of the royal palaces. In Windsor Castle the room where George III spent his days and nights of madness is always under lock and key. The room in Sandringham where George V died is never opened. A vault in Holyrood House where the body of a newborn infant was discovered was sealed forever.

The palaces of a queen are always surrounded by an aura of romance and fantasy. In these stern days, England feels she can stand a little more of these elements.—Copyright N. N. F.

LIFE WITH AN ARTIST

By MRS. DEVI PRASAD ROY CHOWDHURY

DEVI Prasad's works being so much in demand either in the form of art or literary enterprise, his name frequently draws the attention of the public eye. The desire to investigate this man is, as is to be expected, rather prolific. But the photographs of the artist which appear intermittently in the journals in connection with his works and the rumours that are woven around his name, do not present him as a very inviting personality. Yet irresistible curiosity brings many a stranger to the premises of the school and our residence.

Visitors come to our place at odd hours—not always to meet the artist but for the sake of sight seeing, if I may say so. The School of Arts is much talked of. It is a fashion to pay a visit to the place.

Once a gentleman from Bengal came to Madras in connection with some dance. One evening he took it into his head to pay a visit to our artist. When the watchman announced his presence, he was immediately told to usher him in. My husband gave him a cordial reception which encouraged the stranger to repeat his visits. Though he looked rather dubious and funny at the outset, he gradually changed his attitude and became less reserved. One day he could not check himself any longer and came out with the thought that was disturbing his mind: "Why was Devi Prasad so easily accessible? Does he not know that it eliminates the awe which encircles his name so long as he remains unapproachable to the general public! His position demands a certain amount of isolation." To substantiate his view he cited the instance of another public figure who kept himself aloof from all social contacts. Though I was quite amused at the time, an afterthought made me wonder whether there was not some truth in what he said. For I have noticed on several occasions that men who came with trepidation before the stalwart figure of the artist with his severe expression, became bold enough to

assert themselves, the moment they found that the veil of mystery had been lifted from his person.

THEN there were the young tourists, men and women, who came to meet Devi Prasad and pay their respects to him. They had some sort of connection with Shantiniketan, the place where the great poet of our land—Rabindranath Tagore—spent most of his life. Their loyalty to the poet made them blind to the defects of the institution. To them all that was connected with the name of Tagore was beyond criticism. The enthusiasm in this respect was more pressing among the women members of the party. When my husband denied the existence of Tagore music as such—according to him it was a mixture of old classical tunes with the folk songs in a crude form, on which the poet experimented to popularize the songs written by him—the young ladies were shocked beyond words and in their excitement tried to prove by argument the falsity of his belief. But when the artist squashed them at each point, one of them admitted most pathetically that she was incapable of arguing with him and that she would bring another who shared her conviction to do so. At which my husband followed the only course left to him and that was to withdraw from arguing and turn the trend of the conversation.

Mr. Beverley Nichols, author of the *Verdict on India* paid a visit to the artist's studio in the School without the latter being aware of the fact. Perhaps his motive was to give surprise visits to the places of importance in order to present them to the public of the Western countries in their true colour. In his enthusiasm for the mission he carried his experiment to the extreme. He recorded his impression about Devi Prasad after seeing him at his workshop, if I may give that name to his studio, and without even peeping into the room where the artist's finished works were exhibited. We were therefore surprised to learn from a

friend that he had given a page to Devi Prasad in his book describing him as a brilliant conversationalist and hardly touching the subject for which he is known throughout India and abroad. If all Mr. Nichols's verdicts were based on such inadequate inspections, one could not be blamed if one doubted whether his information was dependable.

On another occasion a judge of the Madras High Court, an Englishman, came to see the artist while he was busy modelling. Since the peon had definite orders not to disturb him on any account, he most politely explained his position to the gentleman. A judge to go back because the artist was busy, and a white man to boot! It was unthinkable. So he took the law into his own hands and knocked violently at the door of the studio. The door came slightly ajar and a mud-besmeared figure in khaki apron came out. He looked tired and preoccupied. That he was displeased at the disturbance was evident from his expression.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" said he. The judge retorted in a vexed tone: "Will you please tell Mr. Chowdhury that Justice B. is waiting to see him?"

WHEN the man in the khaki apron declared himself to be the wanted individual, the Englishman was furious and went away with threat to report him to the Principal for playing the fool! In all probability he discovered the truth before he carried the threat into effect and cursed the Government which put at the head of an institution a man whose proper place should have been with those who were mentally deranged!

Being the wife of an artist, I have a few advantages to counterbalance my numerous difficulties. It is interesting to be present at the meetings of reputed personalities and undoubtedly I enjoy this privilege.

Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the well known poet of India, has sporadic inspiration to visit our artist. Their ideas and attitude towards life are poles apart and yet they thoroughly enjoy each other's company when they meet. They have one common ground and that is, they are both in love with music. When the poet comes to our

place, the rooms vibrate with the sound of classical Hindustani music. Harindranath was aware of my husband's love for the art but he had a pleasant surprise when he found how well the artist's ears were trained to respond to and take up the strains of any tune that he sang. Not having learnt scientifically Devi Prasad does not open his mouth in public but with a sympathetic listener by his side, he becomes completely oblivious of his drawbacks and throws his sonorous voice into the air. Then start exclamations of appreciative words such as "Sabash", "Bahutacha", "Chalo bhai" from both sides. The little timepiece goes on tickling away the hours but who cares to listen to that? All work has to wait when artists are inspired!

WE have occasional visits from yet another lover of music. This is Sri Dilip Kumar Roy of Pondicherry. These are very rare, of course, since in this case also nothing common exists between the two men except their zeal for music. Dilip Kumar is a believer in the theory of renunciation, while Devi Prasad worships "Shakti,"—manifestation of power in any form. To him life is all real and every bit of it must be lived to the brim. Negation of life finds no place in his thoughts. Dilip Kumar usually sings *bhajan* songs in praise of God, whose tunes are in most cases of a lighter strain. Devi Prasad bids for pure classics, to be sung in the "Thungri" style, which brings in his mind's eye the figure of a beautiful woman each of whose movements beguiles and inspires the man.

Another uncommon personality who pays annual visits to our bungalow is Sadhu Onk from Nandi Hills, in Mysore State. He began his life as a revolutionary under the banner of Sri Aurobindo Ghose of Calcutta, the Sage of Pondicherry as he is called now. He was convicted while very young for complicity in some cases of that period and spent a long span of his life in captivity. Twice he attempted to escape from prison and was recaptured. As a result his period of incarceration was enhanced. While in jail his outlook on life underwent a thorough change and he started what he called his life of *sadhana*. It is interest-

ing to hear him repeat the story of his life's experiences. He is a thinker. When he comes we have animated discourses on philosophical subjects. I, as often is the case, remain in the background and try to amass as much wisdom as my receptive power would permit me to do. Sadhuji is very accommodating, yet at times even he finds it difficult to accept all the views of the artist as gospel truth. But indomitable Devi Prasad asserts himself till the end.

I must now describe an incident connected with an unexpected visit to our home from an exalted personage. This was none other than the Countess of Willingdon, then Vicerene of India. She came to pay a visit to Madras, the place where she spent a considerable period of time when Lord Willingdon was the Governor, for which city, I presume, she had a soft corner in her heart.

It was the month of December. The Christmas holidays were about to commence. My husband was packing up his things to go to Ootacamund to do some Government job. I had no intention to stay back. Since Ooty would be too cold I decided to go to Bangalore with our son.

My husband took a fancy to some Persian carpets and purchased a few for our drawing room. These I had no desire to leave at the mercy of the rats. Since we were not aware of a "Pied Piper" who could rid us of these pests, we had to take to the only course left. We rolled them up with naphthalene balls after spraying them well with Flit, D.D.T. still being an unfamiliar substance, and then dumped them on the chairs.

I left for Bangalore a day or two before my husband, being quite satisfied with my precautionary measures. The morning of the day the School was to close the artist received a 'phone message from the Government House to say that the Vicerene

was coming to see his works and the School. He was in a fix. Within an hour's time he had to arrange the classes which were in a disrupted condition, spread the carpets in his drawing room and bring it to its normal state, and last but not least, make himself presentable to receive the guest.

When he came down quite ready for the occasion, the students who passed by threw a furtive glance at their guru to examine his sudden transformation. But no sooner had they fixed their eyes on him than their expression changed into that of wonder mixed with amusement. In order to conceal an outburst of laughter, they turned their heads and hurried away from the place. This disconcerted the artist, but he had no time to make enquiries and bring them to task for their funny and unmannerly behaviour. He looked daggers at them and bit his lips with suppressed anger. A doctor friend who was staying at the premises discovered the root of all this trouble. He pointed out, to the perplexity of the artist, that one of his socks was white while the other was black! What was to be done? There was no time to lose. Quick came the inspiration of the artist. He brought his black pigment and instructed the friend how to turn white into black by some bold touches of the brush! It must have been a sight to see the doctor kneeling beside the artist and performing the task briskly. For the first time and perhaps for the last, the hands which were practised in holding the surgical instruments held the brush of an artist!

PECULIARITIES and abnormalities are the basic foundations of my home. While people have to move about from place to place in search of variety and entertainment, change of scenes and atmosphere is a normal event of my everyday life.

Art is human intelligence playing over the natural scene, ingeniously affecting it toward the fulfilment of human purposes. A complete civilization would be coincident with complete intelligence. Life in such a state would be identical with art. The degree to which civilization is disordered is evidence of the extent to which random impulse and irrational habit still govern our actions and dispose our lives. The arts of statesmanship and human society are still amazingly primitive. Prejudice, guesswork, special interests, and phantom fears still threaten for long to usurp the place properly belonging to reason in social affairs.

IRWIN EDMAN

LABOUR-CAPITAL DISPUTES: NEED FOR A NEW APPROACH

By R. R. GIDUGU

THE General Council of the Indian National Trade Union Congress, meeting on May 19 at New Delhi, pleaded for "active encouragement and recognition to trade unions as an indispensable force in the economic development." How can this resolution be implemented by the Government, or by any industry, considering the position of trade unions in our country?

Divided as they are in three main groups—Communist, Congress, and Socialist—trade unions here in India are neither fighting for the welfare of workers, nor for the progress of the industry.

While the Communist-controlled trade unions launch on strikes for every simple demand only to achieve their political goal, the Socialist unions whip up the fighting spirit in the workers, take it to a high pitch, and finally pacify them only to strengthen their party. And the Congress-controlled unions, formed mainly to wean away the workers from the Communists, tactfully negotiate with the managements of the industry, and see that the workers are given an increased wage of Rs. 2, where Rs. 10 is due to them—thus showing to the workers that they alone could bring about a "substantial increase" in the workers' wages. This has, no doubt, succeeded, and it is no exaggeration to say that the INTUC has greater following than its Communist, and Socialist counterparts because of this strategy.

Trade unions, because of the divisions among them, shattered the morale of the workers, and this is the reason why every justifiable strike is fizzling out. If the trade unions have to be recognised as "an indispensable force in the economic development" of the country, they must find out a new approach to the Labour-Capital relations, especially when the trade is facing a slump forcing many establishments to close down throwing away a number of workers out of jobs, and when a

rapid progress of the country is aimed at under the First Five Year Plan.

Whatever may be the defects in the Five-Year Plan, it is the duty of every citizen, every trade union and every industrialist to help the Plan succeed, since it was prepared in a good spirit. Its success is undoubtedly a stepping stone to prosperity, and its failure will be a disgrace to India in the eyes of people abroad. Industry and Labour have definitely a big role to play for the success of the Plan, and here a new approach is needed.

The General Council of the INTUC noted "with concern that there has been a marked deterioration in the labour situation during the last six months." But has it considered the various difficulties facing the organisers of industry? No. Though it took "a serious view of the crisis in various industries" it attributed it to "ill-conceived and unjustified rationalisation."

IN all fairness to the industrialist, we must admit that he is today upset over the condition of his trade. Today, his products face severe competition abroad, and inside the country the consumption is affected because of the fall in the purchasing power of the people. But the workers demand wage-rise, bonus, leave, medical facilities, uniform, transport, and what not! If the industrialist expresses his inability to meet all the demands in view of his difficulties, the labour leaders ask him to curtail his personal expenditure, dispose of his car, and come to the office on foot as the workers do. And the threat of strike and Government intervention, of course, is there. But they do not bother about the accumulation of stocks, heavy expenditure on repairs to machinery, other periodical expenses, and taxes at every point. Labour is ready to share the profits of industry, but not the losses.

This attitude must go. Trade union leaders, before they claim

recognition for their unions, must sit with the industrialist, consider his problems and soft-pedal their demands. After all, an industrialist is not inhuman.

While the worker can wash off his hands immediately after his day's toil is over, the industrialist still sits in his office, broods over market rates, export duties, and licences—he is always worried both inside the office and at home. The workers must be prepared for a voluntary cut in their wages if the industry is facing a crisis, just as the organiser does with his profits.

THE industrialist, on the other hand, must come into direct contact with the workers very often. He should not entirely rely upon his executives, who like to brow-beat their subordinates just to show off to their boss that they are keeping rigid discipline in the establishment. A smiling talk by the industrialist with the workers will have a magnetic effect on them. Where increments, presented with abuses, would not

enthuse the workers in their job, a smiling face of the boss would inspire the workers to stick on to their machines even during off duty hours. I have known a prosperous establishment, where workers often go slow—not because their conditions are bad (their conditions are far better than in any other industry) but because they have a sadist executive over their heads. Such men must be eliminated in the interests of the industry.

There is economic depression in the country. Many well-established concerns are closing down affecting thousands of workers. Trade unions must make a new approach to solve the problems, and they can really help the working class if they care to consider the difficulties of the industrialist, who is today prepared to face a considerable drop in his profits to keep his workers employed. Trade unions must think of a new policy for better understanding of the industrialist, if they have the country's economic development at heart.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH

By SHYAMALA

THOUGH I call myself a South Indian actually I am more of a North Indian. Mother tells me I was born at Coimbatore but I think it would be more correct to consider Delhi as my birthplace because my earliest memories are those of Delhi and its surroundings. I have lived in Delhi practically the whole of my short life of twenty years. I myself am surprised how all of a sudden I was overcome by a desire to see my birthplace and a few days back I joined a party that was about to leave for the South.

My first introduction to the South was Madras—a place where people strongly believe in simple and unconventional ways of living. One realized for the first time in life that a perfectly comfortable meal could be had without sitting sedately at a table and saying "Thank you" after every dish is passed round. In

Madras almost every household contains a delightful object called the 'Oonjal' or 'swing'. It is a large wooden plank usually placed in a covered courtyard and hung from the ceiling with the help of four strong iron chains. This 'swing' would be in action practically the whole day. In the mornings the children perch themselves on it, in the evenings the gentlemen of the household collect on it and in the afternoons the ladies rock themselves to sleep on it with the help of the musical sounds caused by the hinges at regular intervals. I was so struck and fascinated by this 'swing' which served the three-fold purpose of amusing the ladies, the gentlemen and the children of the household that I remarked casually to a friend of mine that it would be a grand idea to take one such to Delhi. The comment has had disastrous consequences.

ces, because the friend has not visited me ever since, thinking I would solicit his help to put through the plan!

From Madras I proceeded to the State of Travancore-Cochin and saw the most enchanting landscapes on the way. Tall cocoanut palms lined the two sides of the railway carriage and one felt one could almost reach out and pluck the nuts as the train sped along. The country I passed through was green and rich with vegetation, unlike the vast stretches of arid land I saw when travelling from Delhi to Madras. The gardens that lined the railway track had little cottages built in the centre on raised platforms where women, with just a loin cloth on their bare, dark, bodies stood unconcernedly and looked on. The younger girls, however, were more fully clothed and they often wore a blouse or an upper garment. It is amazing how far the climatic conditions of a particular region determine not only the dress but the very mode of living of its residents. A day's halt at Trivandrum made me realise that life in this part of the country could not be anything other than what it was. The heat is so great and the climate so wet and humid that one has, of necessity, to manage with the least possible clothing.

FROM Trivandrum to the Cape—the southernmost tip of India—is a run of about fifty-five miles and it is covered by car in less than two hours along a first class concrete road. As we drive along, the land becomes narrower and narrower until the southernmost point is reached near the confluence of the two seas—the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. At this point is situated the sacred temple of Kanya Kumari which attracts pilgrims from all over India. It is difficult to go right up to the image of the goddess and see very much because the sanctum sanctorum is dark and not well lighted. But the temple has a historical significance because of its existence from time immemorial. A place of greater beauty and importance from the architectural point of view is the Padmanabha temple in Trivandrum

itself. The whole place abounds in massive columns and beautifully carved pillars which depict most of the Indian deities and are a fine example of oriental architecture.

Returning from Trivandrum I visited a number of places, namely, Alwaye, Coimbatore, Mysore Bangalore and Ootacamund. The bracing climate of Ootacamund and the natural beauty of Alwaye deserve special mention. At Bangalore I had the peculiar privilege of meeting Sir C. V. Raman. He was kindness personified and he did me and a friend who accompanied the rare honour of inviting us to his Research Institute and showing us round. His enthusiasm is something remarkable and his explanatory talks regarding the objects he showed us were thrilling and illuminating. At Ootacamund I was fortunate to be the guest of another of India's distinguished men—Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. His courtesy, affability, charm of manner and versatility created a deep and abiding impression in me. Mysore, of course, had its splendid array of colourful gardens and palatial buildings, reminiscent of royal splendour. The city still continues to retain its original grandeur and it is a rare sight when the whole place is lighted up in the evenings. The panorama, as seen from the Chamundi Hills, resembles a star spangled sky on a clear and cloudless night. The people, I must say, have still not forgotten the olden days. Even an ordinary peon with his laced turban and stately walk, has a tremendous air of importance about them.

BACK home again, I can sit down and reflect on this hurried life of one and a half months. All that I can say is that the South has been a pleasant and a novel experience, with life lived so differently from what I have seen and yet so fascinating! The beach in Madras is one of the most unforgettable features. When you enter the waters, as the high and curling waves dash on the shore the 'feel' of the sands being rapidly scooped out from under the feet is an enjoyable sensation which remains with you for ever after.

SWATANTRA

Literary Supplement

BULK FOR BULK

SHORT STORY

By

M. S. ANANTARAM

Suddenly, a silence that could be felt fell upon the little party gathered round the bundle . . . she forced open the packet and the whole household burst into shrieks of hysterical laughter at the sight of the contents.

IT is perhaps better to possess great wealth and a poverty-stricken conscience than to be the owner of many comfortable and eminently profitable things which do not include anything so intangible and non-negotiable as a moral conception of right and wrong. To give grudgingly and sparingly at the dictates of duty is surely better for the well-being of one's own soul than to give away nothing at all. Yet a comparatively rich man who haggles with his conscience in this way is frequently regarded with more scorn by his neighbours than is the reputed millionaire who frankly admits that his charities not only begin at home but end there also.

My Uncle was the owner of many broad acres of the most lucrative kind, acres which had been purchased with the accumulated profits of a distinctively successful profession at the Bar and Bench. He was also the possessor of a conscience which, while it proved to be both inextinguishable and insistent up to a certain point, was distinctly tractable and amenable after that point had been passed. His charities were certainly numerous but of more than doubtful quality; for the business instincts of my Uncle on the Bar and Bench had been carried into his private life and allowed to dominate his public benevolence to an extent which was well calculated to disgust any charity tout who was not acquainted with the peculiar character and temperament of my Uncle. During a famine following a season of unprecedented rains which turned the opulent paddy-fields into silted wastes, he supplied several bags of rice to the poor from the countryside, and the poor grumbled aloud because the rice proved to be nothing more than the refuse of a dealer's yard which resolutely declined to become rice when cooked. Other benevolences emanating from the same source comprised a second-hand and most unreliable time-piece for the Town Hall, and a few tattered old Law journals to the Free Reading Room and Library.

MY Uncle's talent for buying in the cheapest markets was very apparent in his management of the domestic affairs, although the quality of the goods supplied for personal and family use was above reproach. He purchased his supplies from Madras, and every order from diamonds to

dog-collars and gum-pots to gramophone records was carefully scrutinised by my Aunt.

His catering too was so perfect that the store-room was never inconveniently full nor yet alarmingly empty as to necessitate an emergency visit to the local suppliers. My Uncle had made a lifelong study of the law of supply and demand, and could calculate the household requirements with such exactness and nicety that although he never parted with an anna till the last moment, the outgoings and incomings were so admirably regulated that everything was provided in time to avert the famine, which, to the uninitiated observer, frequently appeared to be imminent.

It was my Uncle's custom to pay a visit to Madras late in October to purchase the Deepavali presents to the family. The 'good cheer' was most carefully selected, in accordance with a list previously compiled by my Aunt, and the goods were purchased only on the Deepavali Eve in order to avoid the probability of its contents being surreptitiously and prematurely used by the younger members of the family.

ON the morning of October 23, of a certain year which will long be remembered by my Uncle and Aunt, my Uncle duly arrived in Madras in a faded alpaca long-coat—a relic of his father's halcyon days on the Bench—and a turban tied round the head more to camouflage the shining skull from the raging rays of the sun than as an ornament to the head. The roguish pigtail managed to escape the multifarious folds of muslin and kept tune to his rollicking gait as he trudged along the tarred roads of Madras in search of an attractive clothshop. Armed with his moneybag and a particularly prodigal list of the requirements of the household for the great festival, he entered Dewalram's, gasping and sweating, sweating and gasping. For a moment he stood at the entrance, regarding the words 'Grand Deepavali Sale' woven in red on a white background of cloth and fluttering above the shopdoor, then with a wink and a squeeze to his money-bag he stepped resolutely inside. His attrac-

tive personality was eclipsed by his less attractive outfit and it took sometime for the shopboys to notice him. Beginning well at the counter he purchased a Benares silk saree with real Brussels lace for his wife and a blouse to match—for my Aunt was more modern than her antiquarian husband—, pretty silk *pavadais* for his daughters, a sailor suit for his youngest son, and silk clothes of all shades for the more grown-up ones. He did not buy anything for himself, for his ideal in life was supreme selflessness.

AND when my Uncle, feeling that he had, on this occasion at least, established a record in generosity, extricated the money-bag from about his waist to pay the bill, the shopkeeper was surprised to see only silver coins in the bag, rupees and small change, for my Uncle gave no chance to forgers of currency notes, not forgetting that there were the utterers too. Addressing my Uncle, the shopkeeper in very polite tones asked as to how he had not purchased anything for himself on such a festive occasion as that, and so as a pleasing souvenir of the most delightfully extravagant hour of his life, he ordered for a Mysore *dhoti* and an *angavastram*, of a hundred and twenty counts, with thin lace of gold streaking the edges like lightning in the summer sky. The shopkeeper complimented him on his austere yet exquisite taste, and as he was thus flattered out of the shop, the poverty-stricken conscience already referred to arrested him quite unawares and in a most disagreeable way.

"What about Sister?" it whispered.

"Hang her!" answered my Uncle mentally. His lavish generosity had evaporated with remarkable rapidity; the delight of spending money was gone also. He felt strangely disinclined to reopen his money-bag. But suddenly he thought of the bond executed by his brother-in-law, which was proceeding swiftly with accumulated interest towards its destination and death. One more week and the bond will be a mere scrap of paper. So he hurried back to the counter and bought some cheap cotton clothes for his sister and her husband and children.

HE stopped for a while at a little booth across the kerb, purchasing crackers, boxes of percussion caps and a toy-pistol, multicoloured matches and candles for the Deepavali fireworks. Then drifting on to Deva Bhavan he bought four pounds of sweets for his family consumption. His charity purchase in this direction was a pound of half-exposed, three-day-old *laddus* and *jelabis* which he got gratis for his four pounds of fresh sweets. Then feeling exceptionally virtuous, my Uncle shuffled down the steps of Deva Bhavan, with the bundles tucked under his armpit. When he entered China Bazaar, half-a-dozen rickshawallas clustered round him and began to pull him and his bundles hither and thither. And while he was struggling to get out of their clutches, cursing and elbowing, a car came and drew up near him, and he saw the familiar figure of his friend, an advocate practising in his court, in the back seat of the car.

"If your Honour"—for my learned friend always honoured the Bench both inside and outside the court-hall—said he, stepping out with officious zeal, "if your Honour is bound homewards it would be my pleasure to give your Honour a lift."

My Uncle was taken aback by the suddenness of this incident, and in all the awkwardness of the moment and covering his confusion, murmured excuses and said that he was going in a different direction. His friend was appearing in a case which was *sub-judice* in his Honour's court.

"My car is at your Honour's disposal wherever your Honour goes," said the advocate whose one idea was to win the case.

To refuse the request of an eminent advocate was mean enough, and to be seen driving together with him under the circumstances would be criticised by the suborning touts who are a pest to our law courts. My Uncle was on tenterhooks. Conquering such conflicting emotions he at last got into the car and huddled the packages by the side of the chauffeur on the front seat.

Seeing this my learned friend asked, "Deepavali presents, eh?"

The answer was a low grunt.

My Uncle then directed the chauffeur to Mylapore and addressing the friend, added:—

"I have got a package to be delivered at my sister's."

"Your generosity is unsurpassed!" exclaimed the advocate.

My Uncle dreamt he smiled. The expression on his face was not particularly soft perhaps, but even a hard smile is better than none at all.

THE car sped along highways and alleys and drew up at the door of my Uncle's sister. In the meantime, my Uncle, answering my learned friend in monosyllables, was making mental calculations of the money he had spent, and so absorbed was he in the process that he was not aware that the car had stopped. My Uncle who was a staunch student of science and a believer in 'bulk for bulk' forgot that the small packet contained silks and satins while the large one coarse cotton clothes. He roused himself and directed the chauffeur to take the small packet inside and deliver it. The chauffeur made a dash, delivered the bundle, and returned in a jiffy. Clambering up, and gripping the steering wheel for life, he started driving in feverish agony, anathematizing in undertones the pothouse keepers pouring in petty drams. He was not a believer in small doses. He wanted to reach the tavern before it was closed, before the last drink was called. He was sure of an extra eight annas from the extra gentleman inside.

MY Aunt was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her husband when she was blinded by the glaring headlights of an approaching car. She cursed cars and cardom, for she had a holy terror of things petrol-fed. And the car, instead of proceeding on its way, as every other car did in that street, drew up in front of the house, and my Uncle alighted with the ponderous-looking bundle. My Aunt was mightily glad at the sight of the car and the unusually big package but when the car drove off, she did not approve of my Uncle's arrangement in arriving in another's automobile, much less in an advocate's. And when my Uncle entered the house, my Aunt elevated her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders in an exasperating way, which proved far more

eloquently than mere words could do, that her mental criticisms were the reverse of complimentary.

And the situation was not improved by the irritating restlessness of Kittu, my Uncle's first-born, who kept looking at the big bundle and making shrill enquiries as to what it contained.

"Is there a blazer coat for me father? Where are the crackers, father?" he asked, tilting his head, like a magpie, and swaying his body from side to side.

"I'm afraid you are getting to be a greedy boy, one would think to hear you speak that you lived with your *Athai* and never had a Deepavali present."

"Don't nephews who live with their *Athais* ever have Deepavali presents then?"

"Only when they are supplied by the thoughtfulness of some kind relations."

"Are you a kind relation, father?"

"What a question to ask, you stupid boy?" cried my Aunt, who was getting busy with the package. She had not the patience to untie the knots or to get a knife but instead tugged at the twine and broke it, the sound coming like the explosion of a squib. Suddenly, a silence that could be felt fell upon the little party gathered round the bundle, a silence that was accentuated rather than broken by the chiming of the grandfather-clock which struck seven with great solemnity.

MY Aunt forced open the packet and the whole household burst into shrieks of hysterical laughter at the sight of the contents. My Uncle laughed too, but the effort turned his face pale, then purple. And trembling violently, he roared:—

"The driver has made a mistake, the stupid, idiotic, criminal bungler! This is my sister's packet and she has got ours."

"But are you sure?" asked my Aunt; "you never told me you gave presents to your sister."

"I'm not always boasting about my charities," snapped my Uncle, tying up the bundle hastily. "This is the result of generosity, the reward of displaying a thoughtful regard for

the well-being of others. The fool of a chauffeur delivered the wrong bundle, and a package containing five hundred rupees' worth of goods has been given to my sister. Am I to call it a misfortune, disaster, calamity, or tragedy?" he perorated.

"Shall I go and get it, father?" asked Kittu, feeling that he ought to say something.

"You can hold your tongue and stop grinning," snarled my Uncle.

"There's scarcely anything eatable or wearable in the house," said my Aunt wearily, "and at Deepavali time too. We shall either have to obtain our supplies from the local shops or else to live on that rather doubtful testimonial of your thoughtful regard for the well-being of others."

"We shall do neither," said my Uncle with decision.

"There's my friend's car and I shall go to Madras and get back the things. If my sister is not a congenital idiot, she will have the decency and good sense to realise that a mistake has been made."

THE car was ready but the chauffeur had to be found. It was well up to ten o'clock by the time he returned after his 'fill.' He drove madly and was cursing the car for going zigzag on the road. After speeding along for twenty miles, it gave up the ghost and subsided into silence, within seven miles of Mylapore. The chauffeur applied the usual remedies to restore animation without producing any visible effect, so my Uncle left the man under the car and got out to await the arrival of any bus going to Madras. He waited, and waited in vain, for it was past eleven, and the suburban services had already run their last bus. He talked savagely to himself, cursing his folly and his idea of 'bulk for bulk.' The man still lingered beneath the belly of the vehicle, his body stretched supine. He had been enjoying a rest under the scanty shelter afforded by the car and sleeping off the effects of the liquid of high potency he had liberally imbibed. But when my Uncle coughed and turned round enquiringly, he made a feeble pretence of using his tools.

IT was an hour before the motor began to hum again, and then so feebly did the heart of the machine beat that it took four hours to return home. Under the circumstances, my Uncle had thought the retreat expedient, planning another course of action.

The whole household was astir, preparing for the auspicious morning bath when my Uncle sneaked into the house. He felt awfully poorly, for he had such a doting attachment for his wife, which in a man of lesser attainments would be utter henpeckedness, and it hurt him, her sarcasm, during the moments of minor domestic crises.

"I think we shall have to be content with your cha-ri-ty, your charity," said my Aunt, seizing the situation assiduously.

My Uncle dropped limply into a chair, and groaned at the awful vision which those few words had conjured up in his mind.

The three-day-old *laddus* and *jelabis* appeared on the festive morning, but my Uncle would have none of them. He had a cup of *kanjee* sent to his room where he was seeking solace from a chapter of his favourite *Ramayana*. To him to be meltingly spiritual was as easy as to be materially carnivorous. At least the children are merry, he thought, hearing the explosion of the crackers, and being soon informed that the City bus had arrived, he slipped into his travelling clothes and started again on his ominous journey.

His brother-in-law appeared at the door followed by sister Visalam, and greeted my Uncle exuberantly:—

"Come in, come in, Seshu,"—my Uncle had come to the kingdom of his proper name—"we are so glad, so glad!"

UNCLE Seshu muttered incoherently and followed them up to the living room which lay on the top of a narrow staircase. He saw the slim figure of his sister attired in the Benares silk saree with real Brussels lace and his heart missed a beat and a gentle warmth crept about the region of his midriff.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CHINESE ELECTORAL LAW

- All citizens of 18 and above have the right to elect and to be elected irrespective of nationality or race, sex, occupation, social origin, religion, education, property status or residence.
- Women have equal rights with men.
- Deputies may be recalled by majority vote of electors.
- Candidates incur no election expenses. All expenses will be paid by the State.
- Every government from the smallest administrative group of villages to the Central People's Government will be elected.
- National minorities (approximately one-fourteenth of the population of China) will have 150 seats in the All-China People's Congress (one-seventh of the total number of deputies).
- Oversea-Chinese will have 30 seats in the All-China People's Congress.

"We have had a present, Seshu, such a splendid present," began his brother-in-law eagerly; "it contained everything one could possibly think of."

Seshu's eyes widened in horror and his parched lips moved convulsively.

"And the children were not forgotten, either," added Visalam, with a genuine moisture in her eyes.

"I know all about it," interrupted Seshu harshly; "pray, don't describe the contents to me. It was my parcel."

"Yours!" ejaculated Visalam and her husband in the same breath.

"Of course!" hissed Seshu, "didn't you understand?"

"I should never have thought of you, Seshu, never," interrupted his brother-in-law, hoarsely. "Forgive me for having so misjudged you. We thought—"

"It was someone else," continued Visalam hastily. "I am so glad to think that you remembered all of us. If you could only have seen our delight when the things were unpacked I am sure your generosity would have been amply repaid. And the saree, it was a dear, dear!"

HER husband nodded and coughed huskily, caressing the Mysore *angavastram* edged with lace of gold to match the *dhoti* he wore so well.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Seshu," he said brokenly, and the words disturbed my Uncle strangely, uncomfortably.

"But I don't want your thanks," he began peremptorily, "the fact is—"

"*Athimbare* realises that he misjudged you," hazarded Visalam, breaking in with a happy smile; "he should have known you better."

"The true facts of the case are these . . ." started Seshu, in legal language. "When I ordered the things it was intended for—"

"A surprise, of course!" interrupted Visalam again, smiling more happily.

"But you really shouldn't have spent so much on them," added his brother-in-law, in a half-hearted remonstrance.

"I never intended to do so when I gave my orders."

"You allowed your generosity to run away with you," said Visalam. "Quite so, I understand perfectly. I have done the same thing on a smaller scale of course, but heavens, what an awful lot of money it must have cost you!"

"It did," said Seshu ruefully, "but to make a clean breast of the whole thing, Sister, I must tell you what you could certainly have guessed by this time that I—"

"Derived even more happiness in giving away the things than we did in receiving. That is the usual story of the modest philanthropist but we don't believe it," said Visalam.

"Have a *jelabi*, Seshu, it is really so nice. I must congratulate you upon your judgment. And you will take a cup of cold water."

"No, thanks," said Seshu, shutting his lips tightly.

A little girl, with large dark eyes and wavy black hair, entered the room at this moment, munching a *jelabi*.

"Mother says you bought me this," she lisped, pointing to the mutilated piece in her hand, "and I am going to give you a big kiss for it, and then you must come and play hide and seek with us." With which she planted a juicy, full-mouthed, smacking kiss on Uncle Seshu's cheek, and laughed like a peal of silver bells.

SESHU hesitated for a moment and then took the child on his knee and kissed her on both the cheeks. He smiled for the first time in twenty-four hours, a bleak wintry smile, and then he laughed quite genially for the first time in as many years.

"I'll come and play hide and seek with you, my child," he said kindly, "and then I must go home to my little ones."

The child looked up at her kind grand-uncle with wideopen eyes.

"Have you left them alone on Deepavali day on purpose to come here and see us?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes," answered Seshu, averting his face.

"Well, it's really good of you," said the little girl, with a gravity beyond her age; "but you must go home again as soon as you have had a game with us or you will spoil the happy Deepavali of your little ones," she added in an impressive whisper.

So my Uncle Seshu, after playing hide and seek for one full hour, took the child's hint and the last bus home.

"I've decided to deal only with the local tradesmen in future," announced my Uncle Seshu, early next morning.

AND my Aunt to whom the remark was addressed smiled just as enigmatically as did her poor sister-in-law at Madras when *Athimbare* remarked that Seshu was the kindest hearted fellow in the whole world.

NEW BOOKS

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS By Bertrand Russell
The Bodley Head, London
9s. 6d. net

BERTRAND RUSSELL, well known as a philosopher, mathematician, and a writer on social topics needs no introduction to the reading public except to say that *Satan in the Suburbs* is his first attempt as an octogenarian at writing short fiction—a most difficult literary medium. "For some reason entirely unknown to me," he says, "I suddenly wished to write the stories in this volume, although I had never before thought of doing such a thing . . . All that I know is that it gave me pleasure to write them and that therefore there may be people who will find pleasure in reading them."

To the Hindu mind which has been fed at an early age on the tales of the *Panchatantra* and the Aesop's fables in English, every story here carries a moral, despite Russell's protest in the course of his preface.

Satan is the first tempter of Eve in the Garden of Eden. Today, according to Christian tradition, it is he who exploits man's weakness of character and brings about a nemesis. This notwithstanding the words in the Sermon on the Mount—"and lead us not into temptation"—addressed to the Lord God.

In the first story Satan "in the suburbs" acts through a self-styled Doctor named Murdoch Mallako who would create adventure to throw off the ennui of the well-to-do. There are four characters who come into contact with the tempter, besides the narrator of the story who feels pity for the tempted and fallen in the course of their lives, after temptation. The stories within the story related by the Doctor to his clients as those of his friends set an example of the ways and means to success in their attempts to achieve the hoped-for happiness although of anti-social ends. In every case there is miscarriage of the means and a tragedy results. In the words of the soliloquy of the narrator: (i) "Mr. Abercrombie was willing to let an innocent man suffer obloquy and prison

in order that he and his wife might have the empty pleasure of a trivial title." The losses in horse-races which would have been his ruin had been regained by the winning of the race-horse—a fact which confirms his guilt. (ii) "Mr. Beauchamp—a bible vendor—was willing to debauch the minds of schoolboys (and girls) in the hope of pleasing a heartless lady of easy virtue." But he gets caught by the Detective Inspector. (iii) "Mr. Cartwright, although he firmly believed in the pre-eminent merit of those whom the world delights to honour, was nevertheless prepared to cause them shame and misery and financial loss to provide himself with gross luxuries." (iv) Mrs. Ellerker had been guilty, so far as mere acts are concerned, of conduct quite as dreadful as the other cases. But she was "the hapless victim of Dr. Mallako and Mr. Quantox (her lover) acting in a sinister harmony." The second sub-story is based on the fact realized by Russell that certain parts of the Old Testament are not fit reading for the adolescent mind instinct with the questioning spirit. The third sub-story illustrates the ways of the missionary with the zeal for proselytizing the heathen, of his *modus operandi* of offering a white woman to a 'black chief' and the breeding of half-castes by the westerner who would lead an unembarrassed and varied life of sex enjoyment with black women, as is well known in India during foreign domination. These two sub-stories are brilliant satires on institutional religious leaders. The narrator himself learns the past life of the Doctor-tempter who is imbued with the hatred of society by his early unfortunate upbringing and environment. This Satan, unlike Marie Corelli's in her *Sorrows of Satan*, feels no pity for the fallen since the latter as a fallen arch-angel loses for ever his hope of redemption until every man conquers the temptation set up by him. Dr. Murdoch Mallako, the manufacturer of horrors who has

no pity in him, is shot by the narrator who goes insane soon after, either by fear or moral scruples, like Mrs. Ellerker. Though they would say the truth they would not be believed by the saviours of society.

The fourth story in the volume entitled "The Guardians of Parnassus" is a telling satire of how religion can breed hatred towards a colleague because the latter had once ill-used a woman. Nay, the hater when he commits suicide on hearing the death of the colleague wants to pursue his hate, even after death!

The last story "Benefit of Clergy" is also a satire on the ways of bringing up of a motherless daughter by a *padre* who would stifle the normal manner of her growth into womanhood. The lady, through a rich companion's co-operation, sets to marry a young man whom she comes to know from an advertisement which ends in love. But because she would not want a *padre* for husband—"No clergy need apply" runs the P. S. to the advertisement—on account of the crooked thinking of her father, and finds after her honeymoon that she has been cheated by her husband whose vocation was that of a priest, they separate. However, she is not untrue to the marriage tie in all her escapades. She earns her honest livelihood as a mannequin in a lady dressmaker's shop—she is so pretty—and gets to affluent circumstances. The husband too abandons his early career and finds employment for his talent as a manufacturer of scientific instruments. Later, the two meet by accident and live happily ever after. A truly Indian ending to the story.

Bertrand Russell is an out and out rationalist and his stories are mere satires on existing social and political institutions, the latter being exemplified in "The Corsican Ordeal of Miss X" and "The Infra-redioscope." The book has been beautifully served through decorations, clear and economical as woodcuts, by Asgeir Scott, to match with the perspicacity and nimbleness of mind of the author of these stories.

C. SUBRAMANYA AYYAR

The Field of the Cloth of Gold

By M. Krishnamurthi

Kala Kshetra, Adyar, Madras.
Rs. 5.

IN a famished land, if dreams and the benignity of poets can revive the the benignity of poets can revive the dying common man, the Muse stands justified in her purpose. Though the world of a poet—that of the great poet—is one of facts and phantasies, love-sick souls and suicide squads, nuptial joys and graveyard despairs, it is essentially a world built with words when words die to be re-born with newer and newer glow, with newer and newer meanings. A great poet is not one clever in using words, now balancing them between reason and emotion, at times harmonizing them to create a musical note; he must be a personality with a divine flame in the still centre of his being, to inspire and ennoble. "A great poet must be different. He must be different not only from the common run of mankind, but also from all other poets . . . Great poets are alike in only one respect, they all hate banality." True poetry must, especially in this century, reflect the devil in god and the god in man; there is greater truth in Shelleyan athelism than in all the mystical outpourings of *The Hound of Heaven* or *Gitanjali*. Poets are too many when passions rule the senses, but they are too few when grammarians start to grind their gerunds. Our cautious, worldly-wise versifiers will beautifully succeed with our heavy-handed pandits, but will they find a place in the hearts of those who can enjoy poetry? Those who can enjoy life in all its infinite variety can only enjoy poetry. Poetry is not verse nor nursery rhyme but life made permanent with always an extended longing to die.

Attractive as the book of verse by Mr. M. Krishnamurthi is, it is a trifle too ornate for the contents it holds. He writes: "The poetic impulse, in its purity, is not the decorative impulse. Rather is it the urge for finality—that is, stability—of form. The urge is universal and is the one that sustains the creative processes." The stanzas in the volume never seem to flow from a fountainhead of thoughts and pressing dreams, but

appear laboriously, painstakingly decorative; here is form without finality, urge without burning passions, and a spirit, perhaps the poetic spirit, the cry or the laughter of which remains strangely muted. It is difficult to find the throb of animation in lines as these:

The bride, in billowing lace,
Now rises with the grace
Of the full-orbed moon!

Bowed 'neath her coronet,
She seems the shadow set
Within the plenilune!

A downright dose of Tennyson and Swinburne. To a student of poetry, the imagery hidden in these lines is as old as love and land, moon and madness.

In "The Spirit's Odyssey" which Mr. Krishnamurthi calls a dream-drama, the elfin-like quality of his verse seems to groan under his erudition.

M. S. GOPALAKRISHNAN

Twelve Peas in a Pod

By Marcella Hardy

Authors' & Artists' Association,
Madras

Re. 1-8as

THE collection offered by Marcella Hardy is not so many peas gathered in a pod but one long story of present day Indian life "with short rays of happiness and long shadows of sorrow."

Life to the wise must be simple and beautiful—it must fit in Reality as artlessly and gracefully as the peas fit in a pod.

Some of Marcella Hardy's 'peas' have just rolled out—irretrievably. "The Call of the Heights" and "Twixt Here and There," for example, though well written are nevertheless from the pen of a highly sensitive and disillusioned woman who has sought consolation in the arms of speculative philosophy. Dame Sophia is no opium vendor and life to the disillusioned must ever

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remain an insoluble tragi-comedy. While deeply appreciative of much that is beautiful in what is given to the public by way of entertainment and amusement, one feels, India in her present mood requires something robust, constructive, and positive. In the stories assembled here there is a serious lack of what may be called the portrayal of the positive character.

R. BEDFORD

There Shall be Peace: An Anthology

By N. Gangulee

Hind Kitabs Ltd., Bombay

Rs. 3-12as

IF all the words spoken and written on any single topic from the beginning of Time were reckoned, those on Peace will easily top the list both in the number of contributors as well as in the quality and quantity of the output. But the irony is that Peace is yet to come. She is still afar. We can at times hear in the distance the sounds of her laughter, the tinkle of her bangles, even the rustle of the crinkles of her sari, nay, we have had glorious visions of her lovely form and the blessings she would bring forth in her train, but alas, when we rub our eyes for clearer and surer vision, unable to believe our own eyes, she has vanished into thin air! She must be a very shy lady indeed and she has proved herself to be the most difficult lady to be wooed and won.

But what is really wrong with our peace offerings? The startling question arises immediately: do we *ALL* desire Peace and do we desire her with all the strength of our heart and all the strength of our soul? The truth is the world has imposed its own terms on her coming whereas Peace will come only on her own terms. We have sought in vain to hide our failings, our misgivings, our bickerings, our prides, our prejudices, our hatreds, our jingoisms and our hypocracies but she knows all, she hears all and she sees all. As long as there are colonialism, colour bar and attempts at imposition of one ideology as superior to another, Peace won't descend on the world. Korea, Indo-China, Kenya and Egypt are only the variegated symptoms of the

same malady of one nation or one race trying to exploit another. Talks of peace must be accompanied by acts of peace. The future of Peace is to be decided in the vast continents of Asia and Africa that were slumbering for centuries, now wide awake, seething with a strange, new life. One world and a world government can be established only by the voluntary surrender of their sovereignties by free nations and this can be achieved only if nations and races are free and equal. A step towards Peace, however halting and faltering it may be, is the establishment of the United Nations Organization. We have idealistic, grandiose plans on paper but the problem and tragedy of our age is that the advance of science has outstripped the advance of human character. Man has more or less remained the same as ever but the engines of war, destruction and death have assumed colossal proportions.

If it be any consolation to be reminded meanwhile of the very wise pronouncements of world-famous men and women on Peace and the means of achieving it, the book under review comes in handy and fills a long-felt gap. Dr. Gangulee as one who believes in "the capacity of ideas to influence human conduct", (quoted from the Introduction to the book by the anthologist) has made a collection of the sayings and writings of politicians, scientists, philosophers, poets, religious leaders and literary men on Peace and if words can have any effect on History, (present or future, for obviously they have had none on the past), these surely must have. Mahatma Gandhi, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, Dr. Radhakrishnan, and Lin Yutang rub shoulders with Goethe, Romain Rolland, Freud, Einstein and Churchill. Those who believe in collecting signatures for Peace and holding peace conferences which are by no means peaceful will find Stalin and his brand of peace-lovers missing in the anthology. Miss Vera Brittain has contributed a delightful and thought-provoking preface to the book. The book is "dedicated to the sacred memory of the Apostle of Non-Violence and Peace, Mahatma Gandhi."

R. RAMAMURTHI

OTHER JOURNALS, OTHER MINDS

Art of the 'Profile'

IN the course of an article entitled "Literary Profiles" in the Triveni Quarterly for April 1953, Mr. D. Anjaneyulu makes interesting observations on the art of pen-portraiture which is a vital feature of modern journalism. Here are two masters of the craft:—

'I.D.'—I.D.' are familiar initials to readers of the "Hindustan Times" and represent Mr. K. Iswara Dutt . . . Iswara Dutt took the reading public of Madras by storm over two decades ago by his sparkling booklet "Sparks and Fumes," which was in fact a collection of sketches published earlier in Swarajya and elsewhere. The thirteen portraits (the number was more accidental than ominous) were marked by keen insight, and fair judgment. The analysis of character was shrewd and subtle and the expression was lucid and luminous, with a phrasing that is crisp and convincing . . .

Shrewd and subtle, lucid and luminous, crisp and convincing.—Should the art of the 'Profile' press into service apt alliteration's artful aid?

'M. C.'—Readers of Shankar's Weekly are often in the habit of eagerly looking out (after a glance at the cartoons) for the scintillating sketches appearing under the pseudonym of 'Magnus' or the initials 'M. C.' The man with the mighty pen, hiding under his inadequate mask is, of course, the formidable editor of the National Herald, and the popular leader of working journalists, M. Chalapathi Rau. The 'imaginary interviews' with 'the pillars of society' and 'people of importance' are brilliant sketches, done with savage satire and purposeful parody . . . Gifted with a marvellous memory 'Magnus' has acquired a deep scholarship that has served to refine the sharp edges of his massive intellect. His wide literary background provides him with a cultivated taste and has helped the evolution of a splendid, if gorgeous, style, scintillating with epigrams and sparkling wit that reveal his closeness to Lytton Strachey and Philip Guedalla, two writers who seem to have influenced

him most in the manner of his writing . . .

'M. C.' is not influenced by any English writer of full-blown biographies or microbiographies. Chalapathi is Chalapathian as Milton is Miltonic or Churchill is Churchillian.

Poet of Elves and Fays

WALTER DE LA MARE, the poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday in April of this year. Already a Companion of Honour, he is the only person to receive in the Queen's Coronation Honours the Order of Merit—the highest distinction that the monarch of England could bestow on an individual. Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, John Masefield, T. S. Eliot are some of the titans in literature who are recipients of this strictly limited order. In "The De La Mare I Remember" which she contributes to John O' London's Weekly for April 24, 1953, Naomi Royde-Smith, the British novelist, sets forth her impressions of the poet whom she met for the first time over forty years ago. The person she imagined after reading *The Return*, "a writer of beautiful, elaborate prose . . . was a lean ascetic with a high forehead, haunted eyes and a rather quelling power of silence. But the being she met "was short and sturdy with the face of a Roman emperor, dark, slightly curly hair, brown almost golden eyes and an enchanting smile. His faun's ears stood out a little from his head. His blue serge suit with a round jacket gave him a faintly nautical air and he was far from silent."

"De La Mare's genius was fed by an absorbing curiosity about people, especially about people he met for the first time. He would fasten on a newcomer as a bee does on a flower, ignorant of the process through which the extracted nectar would presently become his own authentic honey."

This is an example of pen-portraiture at its simplest and most high, written with delicate perception and not with a dictionary. MITRA

SHORT STORY: DEFINITION

It is a shot with a Leica.

Loneliness

EVERY second forges a heavy link,
every minute solders it,
every hour lengthens the chain,
that drags the day like a carcass,
wearily; more wearily still the night
that bears within its womb
the stillborn child of another day,
another and yet another,
when you are away,
My Dearest!

Were I a profligate
to whom no values exist,
that took his pleasure
the instant he found it,
whatever the place, the time,
were I the kind
that drowned his head and heart
in drink,
or doped himself in some opium
den,
meetings and partings
would have meant nothing to me;
not the meanest blade of grass
would have stirred within the world
of my particular make.

Go, Beloved, godspeed, I wish,
godspeed!—even the plummet can't
sound
the pain in my cry,
and all heaven hangs helpless
to echo my cry!
Man has been lonely ever,
I have borne with patience,
shall always bear
my loneliness,
no matter what vultures tear my
guts.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

★

CAT AND KING

A Cat was looking at a King, as
permitted by the proverb.

"Well," said the monarch, observing
her inspection of the royal
person, "how do you like me?"

"I can imagine a King," said the
Cat, "whom I should like bet-
ter."

"For example?"

"The King of Mice."

The sovereign was so pleased with
the wit of the reply that he
gave her permission to scratch
his Prime Minister's eyes.

A Fantastic Fable, AMBROSE BIERCE

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UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA

By ALFRED S. SCHENKMAN

(International Institute of Educational Science, University of Utrecht)

Then felt I like some watcher of
the skies,

When a new planet swims into
his ken.

THE Indian observer of universi-
ties quoted this to himself when
he finally discovered his own univer-
sities. For, so long had he been
sweeping the heavens for foreign uni-
versities, he had entirely forgotten
that India too had universities. One
day he noticed an object he hadn't
noticed before—and it turned out to
be his own university.

Now, our cartographer-astronomer
was more than scientifically trained.
He had a scientific attitude, an open
mind; and he decided to map his
university on the charts. To do
that he had to study it first. He
could not rely on traditional reputa-
tions. Because, for many years
Indian students of educational carto-
graphy had been taught to look at
Indian universities through the
wrong end of the telescope.

There is no doubt that originally
Indian universities were to produce
trained clerks. There is no doubt
that Indian universities still are too
much dominated by the clerkly tra-
dition. But, for the first time in his
life, this Indian observer, scientific
observer, of universities sees that
Indian universities are "not so bad"
as they are made out to be.

This does not mean that he sees
them to be good. But he discovers
that the faults are more the faults
of society than of the university
institutions. As Tagore pointed out,
"It is convenient for us to overlook
the fact that among Europeans the
living spirit of the university is
widely spread in their society, their
parliament, their literature, and the
numerous activities of their corporate
life. In all these functions they are
in touch with the great personality
of the land..."

But if we examine the Indian uni-
versities for a moment as universities
and not as institutions of a spe-

cial society, we see that they
compare not too unfavourably with
the universities of America or
Europe. Tagore claimed that "we
have in India all the furniture of
the European except the human tea-
cher." He was wrong. Teachers are
very much human in India. Unfor-
tunately too much so; they suffer
from the strenuous efforts made to
give them an inferiority complex. But
there are inhuman aspects of the
university system in India which
are imposed by society.

"We are made to tread the mill of
passing examinations (again Tagore),
not for learning anything, but for
notifying that we are qualified for
employment under organisations con-
ducted in English. Our educated
community is not a cultured commu-
nity, but a community of qualified
candidates. Meanwhile the propor-
tion of possible employments to the
number of claimants has gradually
been growing narrower, and the con-
sequent disaffection has been wide-
spread. At last the very authorities
who are responsible for this are
blaming their victims." (The italics
here are added by our Indian obser-
ver!)

Now, the Indian cartographer who
is making this "educationist's map"
is not a Bengali. He does not quote
Tagore out of a narrow partisan
spirit. But he thinks that Tagore
showed insight when he talked about
education. (All of the above, it will
be noted, was written in 1920). And
he reads one more passage from the
Poet before he finalizes his charts.

"Once upon a time we were in
possession of such a thing as our own
mind in India. It was living. It
thought, it felt, it expressed itself.
It was receptive as well as productive.
That this mind could be of any use
in the process, or in the end, of our
education was overlooked by our
modern educational dispensation. We
are provided with buildings and
books and other magnificent bur-
dens calculated to suppress our mind.

The latter was treated like a library-shelf solidly made of wood, to be loaded with leatherbound volumes of second-hand information. In consequence, it has lost its own colour and character, and has borrowed polish from the carpenter's shop. All this has cost us money, and also our finer ideas, while our intellectual vacancy has been crammed with what is described in official reports as Education. In fact, we have bought our spectacles at the expense of our eyesight....

"The Western education which we have chanced to know is impersonal. Its complexion is also white, but it is the whiteness of the whitewashed class-room walls. It dwells in the cold-storage compartments of lessons and the ice-packed minds of the school-masters...."

And then our astronomer-cartographer proceeds to think, to ponder, to compare. And here are some of the things he thought.

(1) The Indian universities are often very good institutions. But so long have we been told that they are third-rate, or rateless, that we generally believe it. It takes a strong personality, indeed, to go against the "vested interests" in this matter. And the vested interests are Oxford and Cambridge graduates who find it to their benefit to perpetuate an unholy myth. These interests are still very strong in India, despite "independence" and freedom.

(2) The traditional habit of always *under-rating* our own universities and *over-rating* the foreign universities is senseless and suicidal. If Indians would be less overawed by things white, by things Western, the nation could not but benefit. And among things white and Western, our Indian observer thought, are people—Americans and Britishers and Germans, etc.—as well as buildings and institutions.

(3) There is too much arbitrary rating of Indian universities. The belittling process started by the Oxbridge men of old is today continued by men who never saw the shores of foreign continents. Their rating of Indian universities is often as much related to fact as is the rating of the English-trained "scholars" who belittle the products of Calcutta, or

Madras or Bombay. And yet, a man trained in the Lucknow University is no less trained than one trained in Madras. And similarly, Saugor University and Patna University and the other Indian universities are, in some departments, of considerable rank. (But playing the game of "equivalences" gives many paper-shufflers an interesting, and sometimes profitable, pastime!)

(4) Our observer thinks of the training offered by Nottingham University and the University of Durham, and of the education given by such universities as Arizona, Liege, Lyons, Washington, etc. And he thinks (because he saw) that students in Nagpur and Delhi and Aligarh and Waltair do not need to feel so frustrated. Western universities, as well as Indian, have problems. And many Western universities have even fewer "facilities" than the Indian ones.

(5) Students in India are second to none in the West—and superior to many. The Englishman sometimes tries to make the Indian out to be an inferior type of being. It just isn't so. On the other hand the Indian student has to work in an atmosphere of unreality where unreal and unrelated-to-education examinations take each year a frightful toll of life. The destruction of life (save for breathing; That still goes on) wrought by the examination system in India is about as unethical, and as wholesale, as the destruction of thousands of people by atomic bombs.

(6) Tagore was right when he said that the Indian "cultured community" is a "community of qualified candidates." The candidates are inspected, qualified, and stamped. But it is not the fault of the universities that students have to study M. A. Final or M. Sc. (Previous) instead of "subjects." That is the fault of society. Though the very representatives of society "who are responsible for this are blaming their victims."

(7) Tagore was also right when he spoke about the difficulty that some students have in mastering languages. "There is nothing so terrible as the English language for

one whose mother tongue is Bengali." In his words, the mother tongue is for students what mother's milk is for infants. He was, even thirty years ago, pleading that education in India be given through the medium of the local languages. "If my plea, which then fell on deaf ears hypnotized by the repetition of foreign texts, still fails to go home, I can only hope that other voices will put it forward again and again."

Our Indian astronomer, who has been much bombarded these days by the frantic appeals to "retain English" thinks back to Tagore's wisdom and gets from it inspiration and consolation to help him bear the narrow-mindedness of the "vested interests". And he says to himself, as Tagore so well said: "There is one great difference between our country and a free country. In the latter only those students learn a foreign language who consider it necessary for finishing their education,—it is not necessary for their daily avocations because all the work of the country is carried on in its own language. In our country most of its work is carried on in English..... Therefore, I only say let the full courses within the university be cooked in English style and served on English utensils for those who can afford to pay for them, but let the rest of the guests, waiting outside, be given some of the food, if not on tables at least on plantain leaves laid on the ground."

(8) From the language problem, which is a very serious problem in India today, our astronomer-cartographer proceeds to think about the Indian university teacher. This teacher, who is one of the victims of society blamed by society, is not much different from the university teacher in other countries. He is sometimes competent and he is sometimes not competent. But, despite the Poet, he is human. Often he takes out his own frustrations on his students. Perhaps even more often he just ignores them, or treats them as inanimate beings. (He sometimes tries to make out a case, not unconvincingly, that this is because he is overworked). But there are instances, as in other countries, where the teacher teaches. And so our observer comes to the conclu-

sion that the Indian university teacher is sometimes as bad a teacher as could be imagined—and that he is sometimes as good. And that the situation in this respect is no different from what it is in other countries, or in the universities of other countries.

(9) There are numerous aspects of Indian university "politics" which are unsavoury, to say the least. That the Vice-Chancellors sometimes show vices and that the professors sometimes distrust the examiners is something that no-one denies. But the fact that distrust is a basic feature of the Indian university environment—the students distrust the teachers and the teachers the students, and both groups have little enough use for the administrator—doesn't mean that this is something which is *native* to the Indian university. It is superimposed by society, and it can be removed from the university environment when society wakes up to see the need of doing so. Besides, there are aspects of politics and of "human relations" in Western universities which are also unsavoury!

(10) And then there is the talk, in India education is the favourite subject for "leaders" to talk about. But because the problems are so complex the "leaders" skip the level of concrete reality and move to the heights of abstract generalities. ("The lowering of the standards." We must raise them. "The indiscipline of students." We must discipline them. "The number of failures." We must scrap the whole system.). In India everyone talks about education. And no-one does anything about it!

These are some of the things that our Indian astronomer-observer thought about, and pondered, and fretted over. And then he said to himself: "But I am a cartographer, not a philosopher. I have a map to draw." He takes out a blank map of the world—where India is drawn to a realistic scale, and not to a scale one tenth the size of Britain—and he proceeds to dot in, and to name, the universities of Aligarh, Allahabad, Bombay, Benares, Calcutta, Delhi and the other universities in this great subcontinent. He folds the map carefully. And then he says, with his best Oxford accent, "So-o! The desert has finally produced!"

FILMS

By

V. P. SATHE

★

ON 29th May 1929, when pictures had not yet begun to talk in India, Chandulal Shah, a young enterprising writer-director and Miss Gohar, the leading emotional actress and star of those days formed a company Ranjit with their studio on Dadar Main Road. On 29th May 1953 Ranjit completed twenty-four years of its uninterrupted operation during which it produced 126 pictures of all types—socials, historicals, mythologicals, detective thrillers, action-thrillers and slapstick comedies.

This is almost a unique record. For to begin with, barring Prabhat and Prakash, there is not a single concern existing today which is as old as Ranjit. Out of these two contemporary concerns, Prabhat has ceased production and is facing liquidation while Prakash had suspended production for some time and even now given over its studio to the workers confining its production activities to one picture a year directed by Vijay Bhatt. Even Ranjit is not in a happy position. Of late, there have been strikes by workers and other troubles; but in spite of financial crisis, Chandulal Shah had kept up the production schedule in full swing. And even today, Ranjit produces more pictures every year than any other studio.

Whatever the publicity blurbs may say, quantity rather than quality has always been the hall-mark of Ranjit, which once was described as a mass film production factory by the critics. This does not mean that Ranjit has not produced good pictures at all. On the contrary, Ranjit has made some really good pictures like *Jogan* and *Humlog* during the past ten years and pictures like *Tulsidas*, *Gauri*, *Tansen*, during the war-days and pictures like *Vishwa Mohini*, *Barrister's Wife* and *Acchut* in the early days of the talkies.

Though Ranjit started by producing a social picture like *Pati Patni*, it soon specialized in swashbuckling melodramas. As with most of the other producers its first talkie film was a mythological *Devi Devyani*. Soon however Ranjit switched on to the production of social and swashbuckling melodramas. If I remember rightly *Vishwamohini* was the first slick, purposeful social starring Gohar and directed by Chandulal Shah; the picture dealt with the life of fallen women trying to make good. The credit for producing the first slapstick comedy also goes to Ranjit viz., *Char Chakram* directed by Jayant Desai with Dixit and Ghorey in the principal roles. Long before the Dumasian melodramas from the South like *Nishan* appeared on the film horizon, Ranjit had conquered India with such swashbuckling action-thrillers as *Toofan Mail* and *Nadira* which had established new box-office records for that time.

TODAY, Ranjit can claim to have made new stars; but there was a time when every star who became famous was signed by Ranjit at almost a fabulous price. In 1939, when the Motion Picture Congress was held in Bombay, I still recall that in the exhibition stall Ranjit had put up a slogan that "there are more stars in Ranjit than one can count in heaven." Ranjit's pay-roll for stars was the highest in India and compared in magnitude only to Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

As Ranjit became more and more commercial minded, it not only grabbed all the best available talent but it pandered to the box-office even at the cost of art. It championed the cause of reaction and orthodoxy and ridiculed modern educated girls in many pictures like *College Girl*, *Gunsundari*, *Shadi*. Then, in its zeal for mass production it sacrificed quality to such an extent, that it started turning out flops after flops after the glorious success of *Tansen*. As a result, for the past eight years, Ranjit has lost the leadership of the industry and naturally it has had to face for the first time in its glorious career financial problems of high magnitude.

But the change of fortune achieved

past policy of bidding for a star at any price or following established formulae. Chandulal Shah started encouraging new talent and new kinds of subjects. The result was a definite improvement in the quality of pictures. It is doubtful whether in the old days Chandulal could have ever produced a picture like *Jogan* or *Humlog* or undertaken such daringly different subjects as *Footpath* or *Papi* now under production.

Hence with the Silver Jubilee of his concern, one hopes that Ranjit will enter a new phase of its career and not only regain its past glory but earn for it a new prestige and reputation.

THE history of Ranjit, its rise and fall, is in a way the history of the Indian film industry. And while most of the concerns like Imperial, Sagar who were prospering in 1929 have closed down, it is no mean achievement for Chandulal Shah and Gohar to have weathered all obstacles and kept the banner of Ranjit flying high for twenty-four years. In fact, in an industry in which the life of most of the producers and their concerns is hardly five to ten years, this is an enviable record. And, if I am not mistaken, the partnership of Gohar and Chandulal Shah which had lasted for now twenty four years is a unique record of co-operation. For, in the film annals I cannot recall any other partnership which has lasted so long.

Picture Of The Week

Ever since *Nagina* proved a popular hit, its director Ravindra Dave has specialized in murder mystery dramas. *Naina* is his fourth essay in crime thrillers and it is better than at least *Motimahal* and *Lal Kunwar*.

The story of *Naina* is the opposite of that of *Awara* in a way. Instead of a good and respectable father and a vagabond son, we have a good and respectable son and a criminal father in *Naina*. The pity is that the son is not the focal character of the film; otherwise out of this conflict between the son and the father Ravindra Dave could have been able to evolve an interesting emotional, poignant, social drama, instead of a crude and unnecessarily complicated murder mystery drama.

It all starts like this. The foster brother of a decoit's son goes to warn the decoit not to have any truck with the son and ruin his reputation. On this mission he confronts a wrong man, gets involved in a fight and a murder, takes refuge in the house of a village girl, runs away when the police arrive on the scene and throws the girl off her horse and as a result she loses her eyesight. To make matters more complicated, the girl turns out to be the one to whom the foster brother is engaged in childhood and the girl's brother is arrested for murder, while the foster brother and his mother refuse to take the decoit's son, who is a police officer, into confidence. As the story proceeds, with everyone trying to find clue to the murder mystery, it gains in suspense, but the denouement in the end comes more as a disappointment than surprise. For the decoit is the obvious murderer and he dies in the lap of his son, who shoots him when he tries to escape.

AS the story is unfolded on the screen one cannot help feeling that the scenarist has not fully exploited the inherent conflict between the father and the son and the hero and the heroine. Instead the screenplay is rather confused and complicated; and but for the stock-in-trade tricks employed by the director to heighten suspense the picture would have failed to be interesting. As it is, it is interesting only upto a point; and the moment Geeta Bali regains her sight and yet pretends to be blind and the decoit's character comes to the foreground, the solution to the mystery of the two murders is obvious. From that moment till the end, the story proceeds in a forced mechanical manner. Unless and until the motif for murder is strong enough, all this mystery and suspense appear to be forced and meaningless. That seems to be the main short-coming of *Naina*. It also lacks light relief and catchy songs, though a couple of semi-classical tunes are beautifully rendered by Lata.

Competently photographed and directed, *Naina* is noteworthy for good acting by Geeta Bali and Abhi Bhattacharya. Biman Bannerji fails to register any emotion in his expression and acts with a blank face.

Others do not make any impression. Yet, considering everything, *Naina* is not a bad timekiller.

Star Of The Week

TWO years ago a countrywide contest was held to select a prospective star. It was sponsored by Kardar-Kolynos and Teresa (M. G. M.) Hundreds of girls from all over India entered the competition; out of them the judges selected after final scrutiny of twelve contestants Peace Kanwal, a charming, young Punjabi Christian girl as the winner. Her choice was later a subject of controversy as some critics preferred Chand Usmani, the runner-up.

Kardar signed both the girls. And though *Jeewan Jyoti* starring Chand Usmani went first on the sets, *Dil-e-Nadan* starring Peace Kanwal is being released first.

Peace Kanwal as her name indicates is a combination of East and West, a product of Hindu-Christian alliance. She was studying medicine in Ludhiana; but she gave up her studies and came to Bombay in search of a job. In fact, she did some advertising job before 'winning' the film contract in the famous K. K. T. contest. Peace Kanwal has the glamour and the looks of a film star. And in Kardar she was lucky to have the right kind of director; for Kardar has patience and the talent to teach a newcomer and groom her into an accomplished artiste. She was also lucky to be photographed by Dwarka Divecha who has so flatteringly photographed Suraiya in *Das-tan* and Nalini Jaywant in *Jadoo*. And

as luck would have it, her first picture has been selected as the opening attraction at Naaz, Bombay's latest air-conditioned cinema.

WITH so much in her favour, it would be surprising if she does not come off this real contest for stardom with success when *Dil-e-Nadan* is released. Though I have had the privilege to watch her work at Kardar Studios, it would be premature to forecast her future at this juncture. Of one thing however I am certain, she will not look affected or self-conscious as most of the newcomers do. The credit for this goes to Kardar and cameraman Divecha who made her feel absolutely at home and at ease while working in the picture. So there are all indications of stardom for Peace Kanwal, who will know her fate, in any case, on 14th June when *Dil-e-Nadan* is released in Bombay.

News Of The Week

The long-expected wedding of playback singer Geeta Roy and Gurudutt took place on Tuesday 26th according to Hindu rites. About thousand people from the industry attended the ceremony.

The muhurat of Raj Kapoor's *Shree 420* is being performed on 1st June which incidentally happens to be Nargis' birthday. Written by K. A. Abbas and directed by Raj Kapoor it will feature Raj, and two female stars.

Anil Biswas is likely to visit Budapest in June to attend the Peace Conference. He is also planning a visit to China.

THE NEW PRIMARY EDUCATION SCHEME

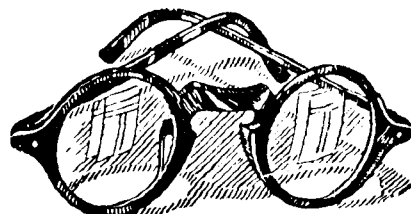
By T. V. G. PAL

SRI C. Rajagopalachariar's exposition of the idea behind the Madras Government's new scheme of primary education should set at rest the doubts expressed about it by some sections of the public. There has been, in the past few weeks, a spate of criticism of the scheme on the ground that it will be a leap in the dark, and that the Government may overshoot the mark if it attempts to experiment with the destinies of a generation of young children. The Chief Minister, addressing the Conference of District Educational Officers, District Board Presidents and Inspectors of Schools, the other day, categorically dismissed such fears and doubts as baseless. He said that the new scheme was propounded on the basis of a well-established educational technique older than that of Herbert Spencer, and was meant to correct an error which had crept into the educational system of India, and was affecting the vital power of the nation. "The modified scheme" he declared, "will lay a foundation for a very big thing. It is not merely a change in the educational practice. It is a change in the whole of our life organisation towards progress."

The modified system of elementary education can conveniently be described as via media between the craft-centred basic education scheme and the present system of primary education which is predominantly academic in character and complexion. The basic scheme, devised mainly under the inspiration and guidance of Gandhiji, involves a change in the system of teaching, and seeks to effect a silent revolution in the Indian rural life. The idea is not merely that some craft or other should be taught along with academic instruction, but that the entire education should be imparted through the medium of a craft. This is, indeed, one of the issues which is troubling the basic education movement, and hampering its progress.

While it is admitted on all hands that something should be done to reorientate our primary education system, opinion among educationists is divided with regard to the extent to which instruction in all subjects can be imparted through the medium of a craft, with the result that there has not been a whole-hearted attempt all round to push the basic scheme through. "There is," as Mr. G. Ramachandran, who has been appointed Adviser to the Madras Government, rightly observes, "lack of sincerity in working the scheme, and many, who are working the scheme, consciously or otherwise, are sabotaging it."

THE Madras Government's new scheme does not propose any change in the system of teaching. It only seeks to strike a balance between vocational education, and academic work, and pave the way for the introduction of universal basic education all over the State. In its broad outline, the scheme envisages a reduction in the "burden of long school hours which impair the health of children", and the provision of opportunities for usefully engaging themselves in village activities so as to improve their general knowledge, and their usefulness to the community. A school day in rural schools will be limited to three hours, and the school week will be extended, if necessary, to six days. Every school will be divided into two batches, and one batch of children will attend the school in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. During school hours, academic subjects—language, history, geography, mathematics, civics and moral instruction—will be taught, and for the second half of the day, the children should work with their parents and craftsmen at home, or in the fields. A vital feature of the scheme is that there will be no hard and fast general rule that the school should begin work at a specified time in the morning, or in the evening. It is pro-



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posed to give the largest possible latitude to suit the convenience of local people.

To understand the real significance of the projected reform, a review of the progress of primary education in our country is necessary. Before the advent of the British to India, there were indigenous schools in almost every village providing some kind of general education for the masses. During the British period, little attention was paid to the development of primary education with the result that the indigenous schools were forced out of existence, and in their place the present-day primary schools were opened. It is estimated that there are at present only 2,00,000 primary schools all over India, and they are barely sufficient to meet the needs of the teeming millions if all the children of school-going age were to be brought under instruction. In Madras State alone there are still 4,000 villages of more than 500 population without any kind of school.

TO add to this the curriculum in primary schools is predominantly academic, and has created a gulf between the home and the school. It not only does not provide for the teaching of any craft, but involves a lot of wastage and stagnation which have been the chief obstacles to the progress of elementary education in India. 'Wastage' as defined by the Hartog Committee means "the premature withdrawal of children from the school at any stage before the completion of the primary course, while by stagnation is meant the retention in a lower class of a child for more than a year." According to Dr. Mukerji, of Baroda University, about 77 per cent of those who enter the primary schools do not complete the minimum period of study to qualify themselves as literates.

The crying need of the hour is the eradication of illiteracy which is essential for the smooth and successful working of democracy. The advent of independence and the adoption of the system of adult franchise have cast additional responsibilities on each and every citizen of India which he will not be able to discharge unless he is a literate. The spread of elementary education cannot brook any further delay, nor can

it be postponed for better times. But any immediate large-scale expansion of elementary education cannot be affected unless the system is rid of the bottlenecks of waste and stagnation with which it is at present encumbered, and is placed on a healthy basis. The Hartog Committee, which inquired threadbare into the general system of education, attributed three main reasons for the existence of these two evils in the system of education—absence of compulsion, lack of proper teachers, and the abject poverty of parents compelling them to withdraw their children from schools so as to utilise their services for domestic work or some other labour which will fetch them a little remuneration. Of all these evils, the last is the most prevalent in rural areas, and accounts mainly for the gradual diminution of attendance in rural schools. A reform in this respect so as to promote education among the masses in the rural areas by providing full latitude for local needs is long overdue. It will be of interest to note that as early as 1944, a committee consisting of a galaxy of educationists, appointed by Madras University under the chairmanship of Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor, recommended the introduction of a similar scheme in its report on the post-war reorganisation of education in Madras Presidency. It stated that "it is easier for parents to send their children to schools if a sort of shift system is introduced. In a predominantly agricultural country children are being utilised for some domestic work, to carry food, etc., to their parents in the fields. It should be possible, therefore, by arranging in shifts, a morning shift between 7 and 11, and an evening shift between 1 and 5, to enable the children to get the benefits of schooling, and at the same time be of some help to their parents. If the schools work for six days in the week, the scheduled number of hours per day in the shift system will be made up in the total number of working hours per week."

THE Madras Government's new scheme implements not only this recommendation in a large measure, but goes a step further, so as to provide a vocational bias to the system of education. The main points of

criticism levelled against the scheme are that it will result in the lowering of standards in respect of academic subjects, that the vocational training that is sought to be given will be of doubtful value as parents and craftsmen are not skilled teachers, and that it seeks to perpetuate "Varnasramadharma" thereby disabling children of certain communities from aspiring for jobs. But a proper appraisal of the scheme will show that these apprehensions are based on a misunderstanding of the present situation. There is, in the first instance, nothing wrong intrinsically, in the system of part-time education which is in vogue in many advanced countries like New Zealand, Australia, China and Denmark. Further under the proposed scheme, according to a brochure issued by the Education Department, there will not be any diminution of standards as the periods of study in respect of the book-knowledge subjects will not be appropriated for vocational training. It is stated that elementary schools are at present having about 30 periods per week, of which 19 are allotted for teaching the Three Rs, and the remaining 11 periods are allotted for teaching subjects like drawing, music, etc., which are an apology for some craft. Under the new scheme, neither the syllabus nor the periods of study in respect of academic subjects, will be altered. It is only a question of adjustment according to convenience.

THE other 11 periods will be devoted for craft education under the village artisan or farmer. It should be conceded that the village farmer,

or artisan will not be in a position to teach the tricks of the trade to students in an impressive manner. But the emphasis of the scheme in this respect is not so much on the teaching of a craft to the students, as on inculcating in boys, in their impressionable years, the dignity of manual labour. "Let no one make the mistake of thinking," declared C. R., "That I want the children, between the ages of five and twelve, to produce furniture, or go to a blacksmith and produce metal implements. Children should learn to associate themselves slowly, and without any strain in all productive and useful work. The promotion of respect for manual labour is the major aim of the scheme."

The criticism that it is designed to perpetuate "Varnasrama Dharma" is a wilful perversion of facts by those whose minds are caste-ridden. It is not insisted upon that everyone should follow his parent's calling and none is barred from pursuing higher education if he is capable of doing so.

ON the contrary the scheme will deal a blow to unproductive labour in villages, and will root out the social distinctions based on so-called artificial status. Children of the rich and the poor alike will move together and interest themselves in manual labour. Thus the new scheme will not only bring more people under instruction without any detriment to standards but also create a new concept of social equality, and promote respect for manual labour which is essential for the progress of the nation.

As the Indian languages press expands and attains mass readership, its character will change, and not merely in terms of production and distribution. It is the Indian languages press with its increasing contact with the mass of the people which faces the dangers of vulgarization, manipulations and mollycoddling. These dangers have to be increasingly guarded against.

The Soviet press is a part of the Soviet socio-economic system, and freedom of the press as the Soviet understands it is part of the freedom which the Soviet measures by economic equality.

A country like India cannot be an imitative or slave country. There were two sets of traditions, the nationalist tradition and the Fleet Street tradition which the Indian press followed alternately and intermittently for a long time. It has lost both traditions, and in the absence of any other, is succumbing to the easiest of temptations even when it is not tired of the cheapness of commercialism.

In the collapse of traditions, a new one has crept in and has begun to replace the unwarmed. Americanization, which is fast becoming a substitute for Anglicization, has shown that it can lead to vulgarization of some features of the Indian press.—M. CHALAPATHI RAO, (Excerpts from presidential address at the Indian Federation of Working Journalists' Conference at Tiruvandrum.)

SOUTH AFRICA, A LIABILITY TO THE COMMONWEALTH

EX-SENATOR BROOKES' WARNING

(Dr. Edgar H. Brookes is one of the very few far-seeing statesmen of South Africa entitled to the gratitude of India. For years he was a member of the South African Senate, representing "native" interests, and consistently strove for justice for the Non-European. Due to ill-health, he resigned his Senatorship recently. Since retirement he has been active lecturing on the racial ship recently. One of his lectures in Natal was on India and South Africa, which is reproduced below from the issue, dated 10th April 1953, of Indian Opinion, edited by Sri Manilal Gandhi at Phoenix. His speech deserves wide publication in India.—P. Kodanda Rao, Servants of India Society, Bangalore.)

WE come now to South Africa, to the South African Indians, and to the relations between India and the Union. The years from 1907-1948, which might be described as the Gandhi-Smuts era, are over. While these two great men were both alive, there was always hope. Each recognised the essential greatness of the other. General Smuts, it is true, never seemed to bring to any question of colour in South Africa the complete and dauntless freedom which he brought to the world of international affairs. Yet he sincerely respected and admired Gandhi. Had he been less magnanimous in character, he might have substituted dislike and distrust for that respect and admiration, for Gandhi and the question of Indian rights in South Africa gave him little peace from the early days of responsible government in the Transvaal to his final political defeat. As the Peninsular War was to Napoleon, so the Indian question was to him—an apparent sideshow which in fact drained the life out of him and played its part in bringing him to disaster. All the essentials of the present acute problems were with us before Dr. Malan's government took over.

Not only were they not the special fault of the Nationalist Party; they were not even the special fault of the Afrikaner. The so-called "Indian question" has been the political grave of English speaking Natal, particularly of Durban, which has tended (is it too unkind to say?) to shake Dr. Donges by the right hand while waving two Union Jacks with the left. It was his English-speaking

supporters who, time and again, prevented General Smuts from going as far as his flair for statesmanship would have left him. His passing has left no man of equal political stature, and lesser men are left to face the situation.

The South African white men have no Smuts, and the South African Indians have no Gandhi. India, as we have seen, is non-Communist, but in its own way, not the American way. To keep it so is vital to the maintenance of free Western civilisation. If South Africa by her policies drives India into the opposite camp, she will be a traitor to world freedom and a direct helper of Stalin. What seem to be the almost trivial "domestic issues" of the Union thus constitute a potential menace to world peace of a most formidable character. There seem lacking at present on the South African scene Europeans who realise fully the gravity of the "Indian question" and at the same time have enough political influence to make their views matter, while much Indian leadership has been so intransigent as to make an honourable compromise all but impossible.

IN an article in its issue of the 14th January 1953, *Die Transvaler* said that the great question was whether Africa would range itself with the democratic West or Communist Russia or oriental India. But if the "democratic West" and "oriental India" part company, the former will soon be in mortal danger. "Do the Western powers," asks *Die Transvaler*, "realise what significance Africa has for them?" It is the idlest of dreaming to imagine the

Gold Coast or Tunisia allied with the Union to protect Africa against India, just because all the States concerned happen to be on the African continent. Do the Western powers, we may ask in our turn, realise what significance India has for them? Even when they are most exasperated with Mr. Nehru's neutralism, they do. And when they come to balance the Union, notwithstanding its uranium and its strategical position, against India (which they would prefer not to have to do, for there is still much friendliness towards South Africa), their decision cannot be for the Union.

AGAIN and again we have stressed the similarity of the problems facing the great world, and those facing the Union, which is a true microcosm. Even those irritating elements of unreasonableness which the West has found in Mr. Nehru's policy have their parallel in South Africa. It would be idle to pretend that the political leadership of South African Indians in the last few years has been conciliatory or 'easy.' The 'moral overtone' has been present there too, and perhaps sometimes the double standard of morality referred to earlier—complaisant as regards the Soviets, critical towards the Western powers. Moreover, the Union has had a problem all of its own to cope with in the fact that an influential section of Indian leadership attempts to combine Communism with Satyagraha—Marx with Gandhi, a portentous alliance.

Perhaps this picture may be thought a little over-critical. Perhaps Indian opinion may feel that it overstates the case. But even if it understated the case, it would still be the duty and the interest of South African statesmen to consider and, if possible, win over South African Indian opinion, just as it is the duty and the interest of world statesmen to consider and win over India.

India is, when properly known and loved, a pearl of great price, a potential friend worth cultivating; and that should be the approach, worthy of our common humanity, and completely justified by the facts, as those who know and love India can testify. That South Africa can also experience with its own Indian popu-

lation if it will. A man always has more of chance to bring out his truest and best self if he is approached as a man rather than as a "problem", and there is a great wealth of emotion and intellect in the Indian population of South Africa, available to the very few who know and love.

But India to the Western world is also a potential enemy; and a hostile India, making common cause with the Soviets and China, might do much to bring our world down in ruin. No amount of irritation with Indian leadership for not thinking as Americans think about present-day issues, no amount of wishing that India was not there, can destroy the fact that India is in fact there, and if not a friend can easily be a foe. So in the Union it is utterly futile to wish that the Indian population had never come here, fatuous and mischievous to talk about Indian "repatriation"—which will not and cannot take place—as a political programme, useless and dangerous to fasten only on the fact that the Indians can be 'difficult.' They are here, they are here permanently, and if they are not friends they can be formidable foes. For South Africa's own inner peace it is important that the Indian should be found a real place in the joint community. But South Africa also must act in this matter as a trustee of that Western civilisation of which she is so proud to be a part, and act with a due sense of her responsibility to the Western world from which she springs, but which has already suffered much by her irresponsibility in these matters.

TO me it seems that the Indian character itself should be considered. India fulfills herself in loyal service and cooperation. The best of Indian thought and practice is bound up with these ideals. India, respected and loved, has a fund of true friendship to give in return, "pressed down and shaken to gather and running over." To force this great people into bitterness, resentment and self-protectiveness, and finally into aggressive alliance with alien ideologies, would be a crime against world peace indeed, but most of all a crime against the very lovely thing—the soul of India, at its highest and best.

Few men have been more magnanimous and less given to cherishing resentments than Mahatma Gandhi. Yet his years in South Africa left indelible impressions on his soul. One wonders how many South Africans realise how wide an influence our petty exclusions and discourtesies have in the world. We cannot say that Gandhi would have been a Christian if it had not been for the South African Christians; he had other difficulties than an inconsistent colour bar to face, difficulties of philosophy and theology. Yet it makes one cold to feel how poor a picture of Christianity the Mahatma must have formed from his experiences in our land. Is it altogether fanciful to feel that if he had become a Christian he would have found in cooperation a stronger force than non-cooperation, and been able moreover to reconcile Moslems and Hindus in a way impossible to the best Hindu or the best Moslem?

HOW much of this is justifiable speculation must be left to the reader's judgment; but this we do know—that Gandhi came to South Africa a believer in the British Empire; that his experiences here played their part in determining him to break away if possible; and that it was Natal, with all its emotional loyalty to the Empire, which thus helped to give it the greatest blow it has ever had.

"Hardly ever," writes Gandhi in his Autobiography, "have I known anybody to cherish such loyalty as I did to the British Constitution..... The National Anthem used to be sung at every meeting that I attended in Natal. I then felt that I must also join in the singing. Not that I was unaware of the defects in British rule, but I thought it was on the whole acceptable. In those days I believed that British rule was on the whole beneficial to the ruled..... Never in my life did I exploit this loyalty, never did I seek to gain a selfish end by its means. It was for me more in the nature of an obligation, and I rendered it without expecting a reward." In January, 1897, he was mobbed by angry Europeans on returning to Durban after a stay in India, yet he raised a corps of 1100

South African Indians for ambulance service in the Anglo Boer War. In 1906 he organised a much smaller Indian ambulance corps in the Zulu rebellion, and though his great joy was in tending the Zulu wounded he was yet in the service of the white government of Natal, and even held (a little-known fact) the rank of sergeant-major. He organised an ambulance corps in England as late as 1914.

It is too much to suggest that it was only Gandhi's experiences in South Africa that made him turn against British rule in India. The years of decision were in India itself. But it is undeniable that the experiences of the Mahatma in South Africa formed him for his leadership in India, helped him to discover the method of Satyagrahs, showed him the evil of race prejudice, prepared him for disillusionment with the British Empire, led him by winding paths indeed, but steadily to his destiny, to his part in building a new world wherein the British Empire, as it was, can no more have a place, so that Natal in rejecting him ultimately rejected it.

IF our policy and attitudes could have such far-reaching effects in the relatively stable first quarter of our century, how much more important these must be in the uncertain age in which we live, when so much is in peril! With a policy which discriminates against Indians as Indians, South Africa becomes a liability to the Commonwealth, a liability to the United States, and its allies, a liability to the United Nations. If India went Communist, the effect on the world would be incalculably bad. No one is more likely to push her over to the Communist side than white South Africa, and no community is more likely to suffer from the victory of world Communism than white South Africa. There seems a lack of perspective, an inadequate sense of proportion, in running these risks in order that Mr. X may be elected to the Durban City Council, Major Y to the Natal Provincial Council or Dr. Z to Parliament on that "anti-Asiatic" platform which is the easiest way in Natal to become famous without ability.

CORRESPONDENCE

THIS SECTION IS OFFERED TO READERS FOR FREE DISCUSSION ON SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO THEM. LETTERS SHOULD BE BRIEF AND TYPE-WRITTEN.

Virtues Of Decentralisation

I am glad that "Medico" wrote in *Swatantra* denouncing over-centralisation.

Man is most happy when he is allowed to do the work he is most interested in unfettered, when his personality is not domineered and his ego is preserved intact and his soul is satisfied. Rupees, annas, pies do not loom large in the eyes of such a man.

In an over-centralised institution, a good man feels that he is but a cog in a huge machine and there is no opportunity for full expression of his individuality; whereas in a smaller institution he could pay his full personal attention and any retardation of its progress is considered a direct challenge to his personal reputation.

The little tings of bureaucracy who want to have all the keys of the administration in their own hands will protest that decentralisation will lead to the production of a number of Uckridgean schemes and waste of money. But are they infallible? No. Not by a long chalk. There is not one and only one method for attaining a particular object. Trial of different courses will prove which is the best amongst them. There is no use of the complacent, timid and unenterprising bureaucrats shouting blue thunder if their particular scheme is not followed. Have there not been reversals of orders which at the time of their issue were considered almost the acme of wisdom?

The personality of many upright and supremely courageous men who are languishing in silence, thoroughly frustrated, must be allowed to bloom forth. The State or society must see to it. In an over-centralised state of affairs, this can never happen. The bureaucracy at the top who are never on the spot are supremely efficient in putting up obstructive notes and giving "the official file a flick round."

Decentralisation saves time, paper and temper. One of its main advantages is that it permits and encourages officers to assume and exercise responsibility, and there is no doubt that responsibility,

when it comes early, is the parent, or at any rate the grand-parent of efficiency. Conversely, the inefficient often manage to thrive undetected under the protective care of the powers that be by offering adulation before them.

'K.'

Sri Bagh Pact Not Sacrosanct?

It is distressing to read the letter of Sri Jayanthi Ganganna on the Sri Bagh Pact, published in *Swatantra* of May 23. Evidently the writer has thoroughly misunderstood a pact for a mere pledge. He has overlooked the fact that the Sri Bagh Pact was a covenant entered into by the then representatives of the Rayalaseema people on one side and the people of the Circars on the other and the signatories were not mere individual leaders but representatives of the respective peoples. It is unfortunate that the writer has compared the sanctity of a covenant with a kind of election pledge that is often made by every political party or leader without the least intention of fulfilling it. The critics of the Sri Bagh Pact must first understand that the real parties to the Pact are the concerned people and not the individuals who signed it. The people of Rayalaseema ask the leaders to interpret the pact not as a narrow minded barter or exchange deal but with a broad social and economic point of view. The Rayalaseema districts, being backward educationally, industrially and economically, may have a chance of improvement if given some importance by the capital or the High Court being located there. Do the people of the Circars wish to see their own brethren recede into oblivion?

E. VARADA REDDI.

Chittoor.

Public Co-operation And The Bharat Sevak Samaj

Public cooperation for the Five-Year-Plan is no doubt being attempted by a national advisory council comprising all political parties. But this alone cannot achieve it. People's awakening to realise the Five-Year-Plan as their own is necessary. Can this awakening be obtained through high-pressure propaganda and publicity, either with the aid of State funds or funds raised by members of the party in power? Can this again be obtained by a central body consisting of representatives of political parties? Can a State-directed centralised Bharat Sevak Samaj under the Prime Minister cum Congress President and Congress politicians in the States become a Bharat Sevak Samaj of the people? There is every possibility of the Bharat Sevak Samaj becoming similar to INTUC in the field of social service. If public awakening is to be creat-

ed, politicians should give the pride of place in such a body to non-political social workers; those who are active members of the ruling party in power should not keep the reins of authority in their hands; there should be no centralisation; and permanent bodies of whole-time workers who raise their own funds, who command public confidence, and whose work is non-political in character should be encouraged with every aid by the State to cooperate for the success of the Five-Year-Plan. The cooperation of trade unions, Kisan organisations, cooperative societies with widened membership, and recognised social service agencies should be sought. There can be no organisation and establishment of a Bharat Sevak Samaj for the whole country by a few persons at the top. Local institutions that have spontaneously come into existence or recognised bodies of social workers should be regionally encouraged to cooperate in the Five-Year-Plan but such bodies may not evince enough enthusiasm to work under busybodies of multi-fold activities who have not established themselves as social workers by their past careers. Social workers need not stand on the formality of being invited into the precincts of the Bharat Sevak Samaj for giving their full cooperation to the success of the Five-Year-Plan. The real trouble lies elsewhere. Will the Government of

India and the State Government implement the new land policy and cooperative policy? And our attachment to the Five-Year-Plan may prove an embarrassment to those who profess but have no faith in it.

The need therefore is to build a cadre of non-political servants for rural India. With an unwavering faith in democracy as the best form of government to quicken human evolution towards world brotherhood, a firm belief in community organisations in villages as the essential foundation for such democracy, an unceasing urge to restore justice and decency to the actual worker of the soil and build as proposed in the Five-Year-Plan 'a new economy on a socially regulated and cooperative basis as an indispensable instrument of planned action,' the worker should start on his mission holding steadfast to his plans and programmes, treating all obstacles as only existing to build his strength and conquer them, rejoicing at every opportunity of service, and seeking no other reward than the joy of service to his fellow-men. The fostering by the State of bodies of rural workers as non-political, spontaneous cadres by giving them grants for definite activities will enrich public life and provide genuine centres for the Bharat Sevak Samaj.

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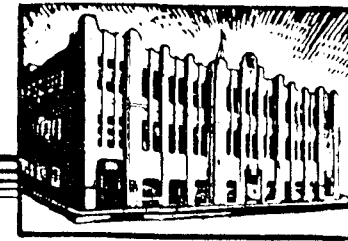
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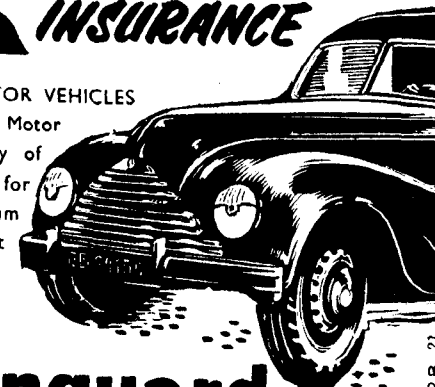
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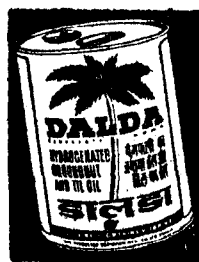
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